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OATHS : PARLIAMENTARY AND JUDICIAL.*

SHOULD THEY BE ABOLISHED?

IT is much to be regretted that the question which heads this article should have been raised in a manner singularly unfavourable to its calm and reasonable discussion.

The circumstances which have given rise to it, and which are forcing it on to a final solution, are too unhappily familiar to need recital here. But their result has been that a question of grave importance and interest, of which equally religious men might reasonably take, and have taken, different views, has been distorted into one between religion and atheism, or rather into one between religion and a single atheist, whose name certainly neither softens nor sweetens any controversy with which it is connected.

Those who advocate the abolition of the Parliamentary Oath are consequently, and in many cases most unjustly, accused of a desire to facilitate the entrance into Parliament of atheists in general and of Mr. Bradlaugh in particular. While, on the other hand, those who do desire this are able to shelter themselves under the plea that many whose Christianity is unquestionable are desiring the same thing.

Still more unfortunately the question has passed into the domain of party politics; the two great parties in the State having, the one all but unanimously, and the other very largely, espoused opposite sides in the dispute. This is nearly the same thing as saying that it has passed out of the domain of reason and into that of passion and unreason. For in England, nowadays, government *by* party—not at any time perhaps the most perfect form of government—is

* The word judicial refers, strictly speaking, to oaths of office taken by judges or magistrates. To avoid circumlocution, however, I use it in this article ~~as~~ signifying oaths taken in a court of justice.

passing into something very different—namely, government *for* party. A state of things, that is to say, in which parties are no longer formed for the sake of promoting principles, but in which principles are invented for the sake of promoting party; a state of things in which legislative measures are less and less considered with reference to their own nature and probable results on society, and more and more with reference only to their effect upon the fortunes of some one or other of our political parties. Once sucked into that vortex, all questions, however in their own nature apart from or above politics, are dragged down and swept round and round like fragments of a wreck in a whirlpool, to emerge at last twisted and battered out of all semblance to their original shape. In this English maelstrom of ours we see just now Parliamentary Oaths whirling about in company with Free Education, Labourers' Allotments, Compulsory Vaccination, Deceased Wives' Sisters, Female Suffrage, Sunday Closing, Local Option, and many another piece of social flotsam and jetsam, no one of them in itself of a party nature, but all of them capable of being utilized for party purposes, and being so utilized accordingly. In fact, English life is becoming so saturated and flavoured with politics of the baser sort, that we are being rapidly reduced to the condition of the pauper Scotch lunatic, whose insanity had taken the form of the belief that he was a rich man faring sumptuously every day, but who complained that though his table was always spread with the richest variety of dainties, yet somehow or other everything he partook of tasted of porridge.

At such a moment it needs some courage for a minister of religion, and especially for a bishop, to meddle with such a thorny question as this. Whatever he may say upon it will, in all probability, bring upon him the wrath, and, what is more to be dreaded, the misconception, of one or other of the parties, religious or political, engaged in disputing it; possibly of both, if he aims at being impartial. Nevertheless, in the interest of something higher and better than self or party, I venture to offer for the consideration of reasonable men a few thoughts which have influenced my own mind on this subject, and which may perhaps commend themselves to their minds. And in so doing I shall avoid as far as possible all the angry or unsavoury associations now linked with it. I shall try to argue it as I might have done if no such person as Mr. Bradlaugh had ever existed, or as if we had never known the blessings of party government, nor tasted the sweet reasonableness of a General Election.

It may, I trust, help to this end if I begin by pointing out that, whatever else our present Parliamentary Oath was designed to effect, it was never designed to keep atheists out of Parliament. It was and is strictly a political test, and political too in a sense and for a purpose happily quite remote from modern English politics. It is dynastic. Its

object is to secure in the council of the Sovereign the presence of those only who are loyal to the reigning dynasty. It binds the person taking it to "be faithful, and to bear true allegiance" to the existing Sovereign and his or her "heirs and successors according to law." It aims therefore at the exclusion from Parliament, not of atheists, but of traitors. It does not even, though it is an oath of allegiance to a Sovereign, exclude Republicans; for should the Parliament which imposes it decide at any time upon the ultimate abolition of monarchy, there would then be no "successors according to law" to whom to be faithful. All that it binds the Member of Parliament to is not to attempt to overthrow monarchy during the lifetime of the existing Sovereign, and meanwhile not to engage in any plot or revolution aiming at a change of dynasty. An undertaking which under the present dynasty we may safely pronounce to be superfluous.

It is clear therefore that the oath in its present form was intended to be a political and not a religious test, and that as a political test it is practically all but obsolete.

In the next place, we may observe that it does not even incidentally and indirectly act as a religious test; for no atheist that we know of has ever refused to take it; nay, on the contrary, the atheist whose case is now attracting such attention to it, was willing and eager to take it, and was only prevented from doing so by a vote of the House of Commons. Surely an oath which a pronounced atheist could only with great difficulty be prevented from taking, cannot be relied on as a religious test for the exclusion of atheists from Parliament. And further; it is manifestly impossible from the terms of the oath that it can have any such operation. For the atheist who takes it does not thereby declare himself a theist—as the Jew, if he had taken the oath to which Jews objected, would have had to declare himself a Christian. That oath being "on the true faith of a Christian," did necessarily imply that the person taking it held the Christian faith. But the atheist in taking the present oath is required to say nothing whatever as to his faith. He invokes against himself punishment by a Being in whose existence he has no belief. That punishment may not be a possibility in his opinion, but he is in no way bound to say beforehand whether it is so or not. He may choose to tell us this beforehand, and if he does he has no right to complain if we refuse to allow him to profane the oath by so taking it; but if he does not choose to tell us this, we cannot claim to go behind the oath and ask him what meaning he attaches to the words he is using. True, a highly conscientious atheist might decline to take even this oath because he would not even seem to believe in that which he disbelieved. But this is, so far as it goes, an argument not for but against maintaining the oath, inasmuch as it shows clearly that its effect is to keep out only honest and honourable atheists—that is to

say, precisely those who, if atheists are to enter Parliament at all we should be least desirous of excluding.

It follows then from these considerations, that the present Parliamentary Oath considered as a religious test is either wholly inoperative, or so partially operative as to be practically worse than none. If we desire a really efficient and sufficient test against atheists, we should draw up—not an oath—but a declaration which should disclaim atheism as distinctly as the declaration prescribed in the Act for “disabling Papists from sitting in Parliament” (30 Car. II. c. 2) disclaimed transubstantiation. Whether it would be desirable or wise to provide such a declaration is a question outside the scope of this article. All I contend for here is that, short of such a declaration, no test that we can frame could possibly “disable” atheists; and that as our present oath falls far short of this, it is as a means for “disabling” them practically worthless. It is therefore absurdly uncharitable to accuse those who would abolish it of desiring to help atheists into Parliament.

There are, however, other points of view in which Religion, and especially the Christian religion, is deeply concerned with this question, not only of the Parliamentary Oath but of all oaths whatsoever. The morality of oaths; their lawfulness, even if not immoral for us Christians, bound as we are by the words of the Founder of our faith; the justice or injustice of imposing them in particular cases; and even their desirableness and expediency in many cases—all enter more or less, and some of them very deeply, into the region of religion and morality; and it is with reference to these aspects of the question, rather than with reference to any merely passing political accidents or incidents attaching to it, that I propose here to discuss it.

Let us then divide our subject, as we preachers would say, under the four following heads, and ask

1. Is the imposition of an oath immoral?
2. Is the taking of one forbidden by Christ?
3. Is it unjust to require the taking of one in Parliament or in courts of justice?
4. Is it in the present day necessary or expedient to do so?

And in the first place, let us begin with defining our subject.

WHAT IS AN OATH?

An oath is the invocation of God—or of a god—a supernatural Being—to witness the truth of the statement made by him who so invokes Him. And this invocation always implies two things. First, That the Being so invoked supernaturally knows the truth or falsehood of the statement so made; and secondly, is supernaturally able to punish the person invoking Him, if he speak falsely. I say a supernatural Being, for this is of the essence of the oath, as

involving both *certain* knowledge of and power to punish falsehood here or hereafter. Invocation then and imprecation are the essential parts of every oath. The particular form of the oath and the particular ceremonies that accompany it, may vary indefinitely. The swearer may sacrifice an animal; or kiss a book; or lift his hand; or touch his head; or break a saucer. He may say "I swear;" or "thou hast said;" or "so help me God;" or "so help me, God and the Holy Angels;" or "God and the Saints." But all these ceremonies symbolize, and all these forms of words express, one and the same idea—I invoke an all-seeing Witness, I imprecate the judgment of an all-ruling Judge; and I tender this invocation and imprecation to you, my fellow-men, as the strongest assurance I can give you of the truth of my words or the sincerity of my promise—I give you, in short, my bond, conditioned in the heaviest conceivable penalties, that what I say is true and that what I promise I will perform.

I. This is the meaning and the object of all oaths, and it is just for this reason—namely, that every oath is a promise or testimony under penalty—that many object to it as, in its tendency, if not in its very nature, immoral. It practically teaches men, they say, that there are two standards of truth: one to which they may conform when they are not on their oath and one to which they must conform when they are so; and it teaches, they allege, that in the one case there will be a penalty for lying, which there will not be in the other; or, in other words, that it matters less to tell a lie than to swear one. And the result of this double standard of truth, they further say, is that the standard of veracity in common speech is lowered for all men; that—whereas every one should feel that every word he utters is spoken in the presence of God, whether He be invoked or no; and that every falsehood will be punished by Him, whether such punishment be imprecated or no, and that therefore every man should speak at all times as if he were on his oath—men, even religious men, have come to think that somehow or other it is not so, and that they may be more careless when they say than when they swear; or rather, to put it fairly, that they must be more careful when they swear than when they say. Now in this objection there is undoubtedly, at first sight, a great deal of force. The writer well remembers the first time he heard it used in conversation with himself by an eminent statesman, how powerfully it struck him, and how much he felt disposed to say to his distinguished interlocutor—almost thou persuadest me to be a Quaker! A little reflection, however, showed that this argument, striking as it seems, proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. The whole gist of it lies clearly in the objection to testifying under a penalty. It is this fact of a penalty, a very tremendous one, attaching to false-swearing which makes the difference to the swearer between it and false speech.

Obviously, therefore, testimony under any kind of penalty is, *on principle*, equally open to this objection. The amount of the penalty makes no difference as to the principle involved, which is that—penalty or no penalty—all men should at all times speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

. But those who are for the abolition of oaths have never yet proposed to abolish all penalty for false testimony. The witness who affirms or declares falsely is subject, presumably with their approval, to the same legal penalty as if he had committed perjury. Where then is the essential difference between the two cases? What is the difference *in principle* between saying, "I will speak the truth, so help me God," and "I will speak the truth, so help me the Judge of Assize and the Home Secretary," which is virtually what every affirmer says in a court of law. In both cases there is testimony under penalty, and therefore the danger of setting up a double standard of truth; one for the penalized and the other for the non-penalized statement. Doubtless the penalty in the one case is far more terrible and more certain than in the other; but if there is to be any penalty at all, the more terrible and the more certain it is the better, inasmuch as it will better answer its purpose of deterring from falsehood. The truth is that the oath does not assume nor teach that there are two kinds of truth; but that there are two very different states of mind in which men may be when called on to speak the truth. One a state in which they forget, and the other a state in which, because they have just been reminded of it, they remember that every word we speak is spoken in the presence of God, and that for it we must give an account to Him in the last great day. When we say therefore to a witness, "The evidence you give shall be true, so help you God;" we are *not* saying, "God will punish you if you swear falsely, and will not punish you if you only speak falsely;" but "God will punish all falsehood, and the oath you have just taken is to remind you of this; see that you forget it not." Is there anything tending to immorality in this? As to the argument that swearing in courts of justice, or elsewhere, causes much perjury, we may dismiss it very briefly. It does nothing of the kind any more than coin causes false coining, or sale of drink causes drunkenness, or bank-notes cause forgery, or the existence of a House of Commons causes many of its members to talk much blatant and pernicious nonsense, both in and out of it. All these things are not the *causes* but the *occasions* only of the evils connected with their existence, and may be useful or even necessary things notwithstanding, and therefore not to be abolished. And so with swearing. It is not the cause, it is only the occasion, of perjury; and if it be really necessary, it is not for that reason to be abolished.

II. But if the taking of oaths be not immoral, is it not forbidden,

at least to all Christian men? Has not our Lord distinctly and expressly said, "Swear not at all?" Can anything be clearer, or more precise than this prohibition? and does it not forbid absolutely and under all circumstances all kinds of oath-taking by Christians? Now certainly these words do at first sight appear to mean this, and nothing less than this, and in consequence oath-taking under any circumstances has been condemned from the earliest days of Christianity by Christian teachers of the greatest eminence. It was not left to George Fox to discover that all swearing had been forbidden by Christ. Justin Martyr and Tertullian, Jerome and Chrysostom, had said the same long before him; and even those of the Fathers who did not teach the absolute sinfulness of all oaths, did nevertheless generally dislike and disparage oath-taking. St. Augustine, for instance, though he distinctly affirms the lawfulness of oaths under certain conditions, yet feels the pressure of our Lord's words and of the parallel words of St. James so strongly that when he is obliged to deal with the subject in a course of expository sermons, he entreats the charitable construction of his hearers, telling them that he has avoided the subject as long as he could, and that he feels in sore straits as to how to instruct them upon it, and winds up by advising them to avoid all swearing when possible, as at any rate the safer course,* declaring that he himself would only swear under pressure of necessity: "*Magna necessitate compulsus.*"

In whatever way therefore the present controversy respecting oaths may be decided, the Church need feel herself in no way specially implicated in it, and certainly in no way specially concerned in maintaining our present practice of oath-taking. But do our Lord's words really forbid all swearing? If they do, it is certainly strange that He himself, on a most solemn and public occasion, accepted a judicial adjuration; that the greatest of His apostles should more than once have solemnly invoked God as witness to the truth of his utterances; † that an inspired Christian teacher—who, if he were not St. Paul, certainly represented Pauline teaching—should have based a great Christian argument on the idea of the oath, and have spoken of it with approbation as being for "men an end of all strife" (Heb. vi. 16–18); that another of His apostles should have pictured an angel in heaven as swearing by "Him that liveth for ever and ever" (Rev. x. 6); that the early Christians, while refusing to take heathen oaths—even to save their lives—on the ground that these involved the invocation of false gods, nevertheless

* The main grounds of Augustine's objections to swearing are its two attendant risks of profanity and perjury. After dwelling on these at length, he sums up his decision in his usual epigrammatic way: "*Falsa juratio exitiosa est. Vera juratio periculosa est. Nulla juratio secure est.*"—S. Aug. Sermo. cxxx. vol. v. Benedictine edition: Paris. 1837.

† Rom. ix. 1; 2 Cor. i. 23; Gal. i. 20.

did not refuse to swear by the health of the Emperor—an oath, of course, quite as much opposed as the others to the precept of our Lord; and further, that while Christian councils were not unfrequently held under the sanction of oaths, no one council ever forbade the practice. All this seems really inexplicable if our Lord's words had from the first seemed capable of no other interpretation than the strictly literal one which some would even now put upon them.

But in truth this is neither the necessary nor the true interpretation of them. The Sermon on the Mount, of which they form part, was addressed to our Lord's disciples as members of that new kingdom which He was then founding amongst men, a kingdom which He himself, in the conclusion of that sermon, describes as an ideally perfect one, whose citizens should be "perfect as their Father in heaven." He is giving therefore the ideally perfect laws of an ideally perfect kingdom; laws therefore which can only be carried out so far as those subject to them approach the true ideal of their citizenship, and which, moreover, assume that this approach is made equally by those concerned in obeying them in any particular case.* The law, for instance, of Christian almsgiving, which follows that as to oaths, bids us "give to him that asketh of us, and from him that would borrow of us not to turn away." But this law evidently assumes that the "him" it refers to shall be a true and perfect Christian, who therefore would not ask what was wrong or unreasonable, or seek to borrow what he could not repay. Otherwise, we should be bound to give to the begging letter-writer and to lend to the swindler, to furnish drink to the drunkard, a knife to a madman, or a revolver to a burglar. On this principle of strictly literal interpretation we should in like manner be bound never, under any circumstances, to "resist evil," though it were the evil of a brutal husband kicking out the brains of his wife, or a worse brute criminally assaulting a woman or a child. These are but samples of the evils and absurdities resulting from a literal interpretation of ideal laws—an interpretation, we may add, which does not raise but lower the true standard of Christian life, throwing us back into that slavery to "the letter which killeth," from which Christ came to deliver us, by teaching us that it is "the spirit that giveth life."

Our Lord's teaching then respecting oaths is to be taken as literally as, and not more so than, His teaching as to almsgiving or resistance of evil—namely, as setting before us the ideal of the Christian life at which we should aim; teaching us, in short, that for all Christians the aim of their life should be so to live and speak as that in their "communication,"—*i.e.*, in their intercourse with each

* I am aware that our Lord's words are by some held to apply only to the profane swearing of His day and to the casuistical excuses made for it. But it seems to me impossible to limit His words to this application only. "Swear not at all" surely means more than "Swear not profanely at all."

other—their “yea” and their “nay” should be ever as their oath. For that “whatever is more than this” (is—not evil—but) “cometh of evil”—the evil, namely, of the untruthfulness and suspiciousness of sinful men. But, granting even that these words forbid all swearing, as between Christian individuals, they do not touch the question of the lawfulness of the State requiring oaths. For no State, even though it be a Christian State, is bound to carry out the strict letter of the laws of the Sermon on the Mount. These laws are for a kingdom which “is *not* of this world,” and therefore no kingdom which *is* of this world can possibly incorporate them into its statutes. Influenced, elevated, softened by the spirit of them it may and ought to be; but literally governed by them it cannot be. No State which literally obeyed all the laws of Christ could last for a single day. Could any State, for instance, possibly forgive all its enemies—*i.e.*, all criminals—even until seventy times seven; or refuse to “resist the evil” of an invading army; or give out of the taxes everything to everybody; or make national loans to all bubble companies that asked for them? Such an idea is of course absurd, and yet men—members of peace societies and the like—talk loosely about the duties of a Christian State, forgetting that the kingdoms of this world are but imperfectly Christian, inasmuch as they are not yet “the kingdoms of God and His Christ,” and that until they are they cannot safely nor rightly act as if they were so; forgetting too one other awkward consequence of their principles—namely, that the State would in that case be bound not only to obey the laws of the Sermon on the Mount, but to enforce them—*i.e.*, to turn all our sins, negligences and ignorances into crimes, and so to aim at making men not merely moral but holy by Act of Parliament! We dispose then of the argument from Christ’s prohibition of swearing, as we do of the argument as to the double standard of truth, by the answer that it proves too much, that it lands us in absurdities and impossibilities which, because they are such, Christ could never have intended.

III. But if the imposition of an oath by the State be neither immoral nor anti-Christian, may it not be unjust? Is it not an injustice to interpose the barrier of an oath, which shall even incidentally bar the free-thinking citizen from the heaven of his desires—a seat in the Legislature; and if not unjust to him, is it not unjust to his constituents who have chosen him to represent them there? Where, it is exclaimed, are our rights as free British citizens to civil and religious liberty, if a man’s religious or anti-religious opinions are to keep him out of Parliament? Well, if every British citizen is born with a natural right to enter Parliament, or to vote for sending some one there to represent him, then undoubtedly it is an infringement of his rights to keep out him or his representative on account of his religious opinions as to an oath

or as to anything else. Natural rights are indefeasible, and are the basis of all law. But what if the British citizen has no natural right to be either elector or elected? What if the whole system of electoral franchise, constituents, elections—nay, even Parliament itself—be the mere artificial creature of State enactments, and changeable therefore from time to time, or wholly removable as the State may think fit? In that case it is clear that the British citizen has by nature—*i.e.*, by birth—just those electoral rights which happen to be in legal existence when he is born, those and no more. These may have since then been modified in his favour or against him, and the legal rights so modified, he of course now possesses, and no more and no others. The State may fix conditions for admission to its Legislature, which shall admit or exclude him, just according as these may seem best calculated to give the nation, what it really has a natural right to—good government. The State may admit or exclude felons, parsons, aliens, women, atheists, lunatics, idiots, or any persons or classes as it thinks fit; but in no case does it, in so doing, either recognise or violate any natural right; nor is it guilty of any injustice to the persons so excluded; provided only that it does not exclude them from mere whim or caprice, but only on the ground that they are not fit and capable legislators, and that their presence in the Legislature is, therefore, dangerous to the State. If, for instance, the State were of opinion that for some reason or other red-haired persons were unfit and incapable citizens, it would be perfectly justified *on that ground* in keeping them out of Parliament; and what the red-headed persons should do in that case, if they were wise, would be—not to clamour about natural rights which have no existence—but to try and persuade the nation that their red heads had nothing in them dangerous to the State; in which case their admission to Parliament would follow, as a matter of course. This, *mutatis mutandis*, is exactly what did happen as regards the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament. These were at one time so excluded because the nation then held that they could not be loyal to a Protestant king; and later on, because it held that they could not be loyal to the Revolution settlement and the Hanoverian succession. And accordingly “disabling” Acts and oaths of abjuration and supremacy, of formidable length and intricacy, were devised in order to keep them out. As soon, however, as the nation came to see that Roman Catholics could be as loyal citizens and as safe legislators as any one else, they were readmitted to the Legislature; not on the ground of their natural rights, but simply because the reasons which had operated for their exclusion were seen to exist no longer—*cessante ratione cessat et lex*.*

* It is curious, however, to note the slow process of this change of opinion, and the strong hold which even to the last the dread of Pope and Pretender had upon the

Supposing then, for argument's sake, that the State regarded atheists as dangerous legislators—and there is something to be said on that point—it would be quite within its rights in disabling them from sitting in Parliament until it should have changed its mind; and meanwhile, any claim for admittance on their part on the ground of religious liberty and natural rights would be just as absurd as it would be on the part of clergymen now, who are—as atheists are not—excluded from Parliament by special enactment.

Absurd, however, as the claim of natural right and religious liberty is in this case, on the part of any one, it is doubly and trebly so on the part of the atheist. For the word “nature” on his lips means—and can only mean—the existing order of things as physically constituted and governed by purely physical forces. The idea of nature as a divinely ordered system of things, the Author and Ruler of which might at least be supposed to have conferred certain rights upon His creatures, has for the atheist no existence. And yet it is only on this supposition of a Divine Father and Ruler of men that such things as inalienable natural or birth rights are conceivable. He, the Supreme Father and King, may have given to His children rights into which, according to His ordinance, they enter at their birth, and for the maintenance of which they can appeal against their stronger fellow-men to Him, the common Over-Lord of all. And of these rights the most sacred and the most precious may well be that of the conscience, which specially claims to be His voice in the hearts of men. But apart from Him, what is conscience but a physical sensation in the physical compound of atoms called man? And what is nature but the material environment of that compound of atoms? Nature, as the atheist views her, knows no right save force. The survival of the fittest, the extinction of the weakest, is her one and only social law. To talk then, in her name, of the rights of conscience, or of any rights whatever, is to talk unscientifically. If I could imagine myself, *per impossibile*, an atheistic statesman dealing with such a plea on the part of an atheistic citizen, I should say to him—“My good sir, I do not understand what you mean. I could understand your claim if urged by a Christian, because he claims religious liberty and the rights of conscience in the name of One whom he asserts to be my Master as well as his. But you and

English mind. The Parliamentary Oath required of Roman Catholic Members of Parliament on their emancipation in 1829 bristles with disclaimers and abjurations every one of which must have recoiled to the Roman Catholic taking it as an insult to himself and to his faith. And, strangest of all legislative absurdities, it required a disclaimer of mental reservation from one suspected of that practice; as if he could not reserve his mind as to that disclaimer, just as easily as he could respecting all other parts of the oath. This notion of binding by an oath not to swear falsely, those who were accused of believing that they might swear falsely, and this by way of strengthening their oath, reminds one of the old lady in Bath, who, hearing that a certain foot-bridge was dangerous for pedestrians, insisted ever after on being drawn over it in a Bath-chair!

I believe no such absurd and antiquated notion as this. Whence, then, do you derive your so-called religious or anti-religious rights? Why am I bound to respect the pain which what you are pleased to call your conscience feels at my laws, any more than I am bound to respect a pain in your head or in your stomach? All these pains may, of course, matter a great deal to you; but what do they matter to me, or to 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' which you know is the great principle of government which you and I have substituted for that stupid old maxim, 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God'? If the greatest happiness of the greatest number of English citizens is likely to be promoted by keeping you out of Parliament, kept out you shall be accordingly; or if it would be promoted, as it certainly would have been some years ago, by your being hanged or burned, then hanged or burned you shall accordingly be. Meanwhile, pray do not dishonour your noble principles and mine by your absurd pleas for religious liberty and rights of conscience."

No! religious liberty is not one of the natural rights of man. It is the supernatural gift of Him who supernaturally created man in His own image, giving him an immortal soul, and with it the sacred and imperishable right to serve his Father in heaven, unhindered by any man or men on earth. "Let my people go," was the challenge to a tyrant uttered long ago, by the leader of an enslaved and oppressed people, but he prefaced it with, "thus saith the Lord." He ended it with, "that they may serve me."* Only in that name, only for that end, has man the right to claim religious freedom from his fellow-man. The atheist who claims it, obtains it only by virtue of his disowned relationship to the Being he blasphemes, and by the authority of that Revelation at which he scoffs. Take away the idea of a God—Creator, Ruler, Father of mankind—and men have just as much natural rights against their fellows as have the cattle in the same field, or the wild beasts in the same forest.

So much then for the plea against Parliamentary Oaths on the ground of rights of conscience and religious liberty.

IV. There remains, however, the question as to the necessity and expediency of oaths, and this too is very largely a question of morality and religion. For nothing short of necessity, and that too for very important ends, can morally justify our requiring an oath from our fellow-man. For consider what it is we are doing when we administer an oath. We are exposing him to whom we administer it to the temptation and the risk of committing one or other, or it may be both, of two great sins—profanity and perjury. If the occasion of the oath be a trifling one, and it be therefore taken in a light and

* Exod. viii. 1.

trifling spirit, or if we could attain the object in view—namely, security for the truth of testimony or fulfilment of promise—in any other way, then both we who impose, and he who takes, the oath are guilty of profanity. For what is profane swearing if it be not the trivial or unnecessary invocation—*i.e.*, the “taking in vain” of God’s holy name?

A man in common conversation declares with an oath that he was—let us say—at a certain place at a certain time. What profanity! we exclaim, and justly so; for the introduction of God’s name on such an occasion, and in such a way, is wholly unnecessary, and therefore unwarrantable. The same man, it may be the very next day, solemnly swears in a court of justice to the very same fact, and we see no profanity in his oath. Why? Because the occasion warrants it. The life or the liberty of a fellow-creature may depend upon his testimony on this point, and accordingly we take all the security the oath gives us, we bind him in the heaviest penalty that we and he know of to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Even in so doing, although we run, and he runs no risk of profanity, we expose him to the risk of perjury. That, however, we cannot help; but, just because we cannot help it, we should be cautious never to administer an oath save on the two above-named grounds—importance of end and indispensableness of means. When both of these are not present; when the object aimed at is in itself unimportant, or when, though important, it can be equally well attained without the administration of an oath, then no oath should be administered.

Now, this being so, it is quite clear that the expediency and therefore the morality of oath-taking will vary with times and circumstances, what may be expedient or necessary in one age being neither expedient nor necessary in another. And it is clear too that, on this principle, the number of oaths required to be taken in our day should be much smaller than in former days. There were times in the history of this country when law was weak, and faith—or its too common substitute, superstition—was powerful. The fierce, half-Christianized barbarian, the equally fierce and hardly more Christianized feudal baron, or chieftain, or freebooter, held law and its penalties in small respect. His sword was freely and fiercely cast into the scales of justice, and right and mercy weighed but lightly against it. Nevertheless he was afraid, he was often terribly afraid, of unearthly powers. Against these he felt his strength and his courage gave him no protection. He who would have laughed at the threat of punishment on earth, trembled at the thought of that hell which the coarsely materialistic religion of his day pictured for him with such a ghastly realism. For such a man, in such an age, the oath—backed as it was too by the terrors of excommunication and social outlawry in this life—

was a real restraint, and against such an one it was a real protection. No wonder then that it was largely resorted to. The weaker State, the insecure monarch, the peaceful citizen, the unarmed priest, the feeble and timid woman, all eagerly sought to bind the stronger and fiercer members of society by a bond the strongest and the most enduring that they knew of.

Undoubtedly then the oath was in those days a real restraint on those whom nothing else could restrain. It was a triumph of moral and spiritual over material forces, and as such it marked a distinct stage in human civilization and progress. But, as time went on, the need for the oath diminished. As law grew gradually stronger, its penalties more certain, its terrors therefore greater, there was less and less need to replace or enforce them by the terrors of another world. The weak and the timid found by degrees that the constable and the judge could better keep in order the tyrant and the bully, than could the most solemn of oaths. While, on the other hand, the superstition, it is even to be feared the faith, which lent their terrors to the oath, were growing feebler, and the temporal penalties too that once attended the excommunication of the perjurer vanished altogether, and thus the time has come when law is strong and faith comparatively weak—that is to say, in other words, a time when oaths are at once less needed and less efficacious than once they were.

Unfortunately it was long ere men became alive to the fact and the extent of this great change, and the consequence was that oaths in vast numbers survived the need for them, and therefore the reverence that should have accompanied them. Perhaps there never was a time in the history of England when there was so much trivial and unnecessary, and therefore profane, oath-taking as in the beginning of the present century. Oaths—Parliamentary, judicial, official, promissory, municipal, commercial—beset the entrance to every profession and every office, and the exercise of nearly every function of public life. From kings to tide-waiters; from Members of Parliament to excisemen—peers, privy-councillors, baronets, knights, mayors, aldermen, clergymen, barristers, solicitors, soldiers, sailors, and marines—all sorts and conditions of men were all continually swearing on all sorts of occasions, until the whole country fairly rang with oaths. Truly we “swore terribly” in England “in those days,” and as a natural result profane and common swearing in common life was never more rife, while the more formal and public oath was so vulgarized and profaned as to be largely despised, until men came at last to a state of things such as that described by the scoundrel turnkey in “The Heart of Midlothian”—most probably a reminiscence of actual fact on the part of the novelist—when a “worthy minister” could “rap” (*i.e.*, swear falsely) “for as much tobacco as filled his spleuchan!” From much of this

terrible profanity we have been delivered by comparatively recent Acts of the Legislature, which have operated in two directions. One, that of diminishing the length and complexity of the oaths still administered, and the other that of greatly diminishing their number. The long and elaborate oaths of allegiance, supremacy and abjuration, have shrunk, after many lengthenings and shortenings, into the brief and simple form—"I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law—so help me God;" while oaths have been abolished and declarations substituted in a large number of cases, including of course a still larger number of occasions.*

And yet, when we examine those which remain, we are quite unable to discover on what principle some of these have been retained, while others have been abolished. Why, for instance, declarations should be substituted for oaths in the case of gentlemen-at-arms, yeomen of the guard, members of the household, members of municipal corporations, guilds, societies, and companies, and *not* in the case of archbishops and bishops, clergymen, peers, baronets, and knights on their creation. Perhaps the most curious illustration of the capriciousness of these distinctions is the case of clerical subscription. A clergyman, at his institution to a benefice, takes two oaths and makes one declaration—the oaths being those of allegiance and canonical obedience, the declaration being that against simony. Most persons will probably be of opinion that if there is to be any swearing on this occasion, the above order should be exactly reversed. Surely it is time to consider whether most, if not all, of these oaths might not with advantage go the way the others have gone before them, and simple declarations, where even these are deemed still necessary, be substituted for them.

Am I asked then what oaths would you yourself retain? I reply, those and those only which answer to the conditions which I have laid down in this article as essential to all oath-taking—namely, that they shall be necessary for a sufficiently important object. And if again I am asked which do you include under this head? I reply, first, certainly not the Parliamentary Oath, for it serves no important object—no religious object certainly, and no political one which cannot at least be equally well served by a simple declaration required alike from all Members of Parliament. I say, alike from all, for assuredly I would propose no special Atheists' Relief Bill. I would have no special provision made in their favour by allowing them to profane a solemn affirmation, any more than to profane an oath. Their presence in the Legislature is hardly a blessing so priceless as that we need break out an entrance there for their special and

* One Act alone (5 & 6 Will. IV.) for "the abolition of unnecessary oaths," repeals over one hundred Acts, or portions of Acts requiring oaths.

separate use. I would place all members of the Legislature on the same level of plain and simple declaration or promise. More than this the case does not seem to me to require, if it even require so much as this.*

In like manner I would abolish all oaths of office, or "promissory" oaths. The only value of these, as it seems to me, lies in their setting forth the nature and the duties of the office undertaken, and thus impressing these on the mind of the person undertaking it. But this end would equally be attained by a declaration, while the failure to discharge these duties is now guarded against by ample powers of dismissal. There is, in short, but one class of oaths which I would retain—namely, those taken in courts of justice, or in those legal processes which are connected with such courts—affidavits, sworn interrogatories, and the like. And I would do so because a court of justice is the one and only place I know of where a power beyond all legal restraint, or at least all immediate legal restraint or prevention, still remains and therefore still needs all the checks upon its exercise that we can devise. No barbarian warrior with his foe at his feet, no baron of the Middle Ages, with dungeon keep and right of pit and

* The history of the Parliamentary Oath can hardly be compressed within the limits of a note; but the following brief summary of it may be interesting, and perhaps instructive. The oath of allegiance, Blackstone tells us, sprang from the feudal system under which the vassal, in return for his lord's protection, bound himself by an oath of fealty "to be faithful to him, and defend him against all enemies," reserving only the rights of the superior lord. The oath to the superior lord, the king, as it could not be an oath of fealty, he having no superior, was termed the Oath of Allegiance, and was couched almost in the same terms with that of fealty, and contained the promise "to be true and faithful to the king and his heirs," and to defend him from "all ill or damage intended him." As "ill or damage" to the king and his heirs were threatened from time to time by various persons, and notably by the Pope and the Pretender, these were specially denounced and abjured in sundry declarations and oaths of abjuration and supremacy, devised from time to time. For instance—the Anti-Roman Catholic declaration of Car. II., which forswears transubstantiation, invocation of saints, and the sacrifice of the mass. The Oath of Supremacy, 1 Geo. I. c. 2, s. 13, which denounces "the damnable doctrine that princes may be deprived by the Pope, and declares that no foreign prince, person, prelate, &c., hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, supremacy, pre-eminence, or authority, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm." The Oath of Abjuration of the same date, which denounces and renounces all "descendants of the person who pretended to be the Prince of Wales," and vows allegiance to those of the Princess Sophia, with a fulness and at a length which makes it less like an oath than a legal and theological treatise. The Roman Catholic oath of 1829, which also abjures and renounces sundry dangerous opinions with great vigour and at great length. And then, happily for men's consciences and almost for their wits, a series of abbreviations of these oaths begins. The Act 21 & 22 Victoria substitutes for the Oaths of Allegiance, Abjuration, and Supremacy, "one uniform oath," a tolerably long one, and relieves Jewish Members of Parliament from the use of the words, on the "faith of a Christian." Then came the Act 29 & 30 Vict., c. 19, considerably abridging the one uniform oath of 21 & 22 Victoria, and repealing sundry remaining fragments of former Acts relating to oaths. And lastly came the Act 31 & 32 Vict., c. 72, which gives us the still more abbreviated and simpler form now in use, "I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors according to law, so help me God." The above does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of our Parliamentary Oath; but it is sufficiently so, I hope, to illustrate the principle underlying it all, namely, that the oath has been always that of a vassal promising to be loyal to and defend his lord against all enemies; never that of a legislator promising rightly and justly to discharge the duties of his high office. And thus it has been lengthened or shortened according as enemies to the throne appeared upon, or vanished from, the political arena.

gallows, ever possessed more tremendous power than that which is nowadays possessed by the witness or the juryman in a court of law. A word from his mouth may consign an innocent man to the gibbet, or to a lifelong imprisonment; may strip him in a moment of all his possessions, or blast him with a social outlawry as terrible as the terrors of the excommunication of old. Against such a power as this we do well still to take all the security that an oath can give us. For this reason and for this alone would I, while abolishing all, or nearly all, other oaths, retain this only. It is the only one which seems to me to completely fulfil the conditions which make oath-taking expedient or even morally right. It is the only one of which a man can say in the words of St. Augustine, "*Juro magnâ necessitate compulsus.*" I would retain it until either—which God forbid—it had lost for all men all its meaning, and therefore all its deterrent power; or until, on the other hand, the entire English people had grown so truthful, so deeply conscious that all words spoken are spoken in the presence of a Divine Witness and Judge, that their word should be to them as sacred as an oath.

- And if this consummation, devoutly as we may wish for it, seem, as alas! it does, too wildly improbable ever to be realized, I would fain that we should do all that we may or can to draw towards it by deepening in the hearts of men a love of truth and a hatred of falsehood; and to this end I am fully persuaded it would largely help us were our administration of oaths made as solemn, as reverent, as cautious, and as manifestly reluctant as we can properly or safely make it. If we may not hope ever to attain to a state of things when it shall be possible literally to obey our Lord's command, "Swear not at all," we may at least aim at and strive for a state of things when men shall realize, far more deeply and generally than they yet do, that whatsoever is more than the yea and nay of simple truth and honesty comes of the deep-seated evil of untruthfulness in the hearts and lives of men. It is to the correcting of this great root-evil, to the growth of a spirit of truthfulness amongst us, rather than to the dishonest wranglings of party politicians, or the honest but angry and misleading utterances of religious passion, prejudice, or panic, that we must look for the true solution of the question, "Ought we to abolish oaths?"

W. C. PETERBOROUGH.

PARNELL AND GRATTAN: A DIALOGUE.

PARNELL. Mr. Grattan's spirit, I believe?

GRATTAN. The same, sir, at your service.

P. At my service? Nay, pray don't say that, or I shall be more abused than ever. My enemies complain that I show no signs of it in my conduct.

G. Sir, it is not for me to——

P. No; but they had better suppose that you decline to inspire me than that I reject the inspiration. As for our party, it is enough that you do not disown us.

G. Disown you! God forbid! I congratulate you with my whole soul.

P. You have heard, then?

G. I have. I have followed your course but intermittently of late, having been, I will confess to you, but little attracted towards your followers. But I have heard thus much, that your triumph is assured.

P. It is. I hold both English parties in the hollow of my hand.

G. There are some who would cry out to you to close and clench it. They would be wrong, however.

P. They would, indeed. Where should we have been to-day but for the existence and rivalry of English parties? Nay, where should we be to-morrow if those parties or their rivalry were to disappear?

G. Rest you easy, sir. No such miracle will happen.

P. I have no fear of it; although, no doubt, we may crush their system in the act of profiting by it. Competing with each other, as they will compete, for the privilege of selling what they call "the integrity of their Empire," both parties may be swept away. A

good riddance of them, and of the detestable Government that has flourished by them.

G. You distress me, Mr. Parnell, by the manner in which you speak of England. We cherished no such bitterness against her in my day. If we strove with her for our independence, it was as one who claims a brother's share in an inheritance, not as one who seeks to wrest a weapon from a foe.

P. H'm! Your manner of setting about it was not strikingly fraternal. Your brotherly salute from a hundred thousand pikes, Mr. Grattan—

G. Was addressed, not to the brother, but the unjust guardian. We always distinguished between the English Government and the English people.

P. So do we. The one oppresses us, the other only looks on and applauds.

G. In the hottest of our struggles with Ministers and Parliaments we always believed that the English people wished us well.

P. No doubt. Irishmen are a credulous race. Still, they are open to conviction, especially after something like a century of experience. The simplest of us now understand the sense in which the English wish Ireland well. They wish her well because her sickness is a danger to them, and her moanings break their sleep. They wish her well as an unnatural mother wishes the child well whom she scarcely dares to murder, and has vainly endeavoured to kill by neglect.

G. Nay, but surely, surely, Mr. Parnell, the English people have often shown their good-will towards Ireland in good deeds?

P. When? and where? I should like to know of the English good deed that proceeded from a good-will; or, for that matter, from any will at all. Was England a benevolent, was she even a spontaneous, agent in the two most famous deliverances of our country during the last hundred years? Will you tell me that English policy in those transactions was the willing handmaid of affection and not the lagging slave of fear? Did England yield our independence to anything but the pikes of our Volunteers? You know, sir, that she did not. Did she emancipate our Catholics except from fear of insurrection and distrust of the half-Catholic army which would have to be summoned to suppress it? Ask O'Connell. And if now she is about to make her last concession—or her last *but one*—what generous instinct, what friendly impulse, in the English mind shall we have to thank for it? We have tied her hands, and she will restore us our liberties with all the good-will of the pinioned highwayman directing a plundered traveller to his coat pocket.

G. Your metaphor is misleading. England is under no physical

point at issue. It may be freely granted that the books referred to presuppose a wonderful knowledge of Divine truth, and allude plainly to different institutions and laws; but do they presuppose the entire ceremonial legislation—the so-called “Priests’ Code”—*as we have it?* There are indications, for instance, in Deuteronomy and Ezekiel sufficient to preclude the supposition that the priestly legislation was a *creation* of the exilic period; but are they conclusive against the view that it may be the *final codification of pre-existent usage* made at or about that time? It is clear, again, that the prophetic books imply that the Temple at Zion is the chief religious centre of the land, and that a distinctive pre-eminence attaches to it. Do they, however, show (which is the point at issue) that it was the *sole* recognized place of sacrifice? These are questions which, viewed in the light derived from other parts of the Old Testament, cannot be answered in the affirmative so confidently as Prof. Bissell appears to suppose. There are phenomena in the Old Testament of which, as it seems, the only reasonable explanation is to be found in some form of the critical hypothesis. Prof. Bissell passes over these too lightly, and fails at the same time to realize the *cumulative* force of the arguments which beset his own position. He has brought to light the improbabilities which attach to the critical hypothesis in its extremer developments; he has not shown that it cannot be stated in a form free from such objections, and entirely compatible with the reality of the Divine light vouchsafed to the ancient people of Israel.

In the department of Old Testament theology, a second edition has appeared of Dr. Riehm’s useful little treatise “*Messianische Weissagung.*” Some additional matter has been introduced into the first section, dealing with the nature of prophecy in general; the second and third sections, on the historic aspect of Messianic prophecy and its relation to New Testament fulfilment, are substantially unchanged. It is to be regretted that in the English translation (of the first edition) the rendering of the first section, the subject-matter of which eminently requires precision of statement, is apt to be very inaccurate: on pp. 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 29, 30, 32, 55 (and omitted in the quotation), 62, 242 (note 31), for instance, are passages seriously distorting the argument, and even reversing the author’s meaning. A more elaborate work on the same subject is Von Orelli’s “*Old Testament Prophecy of the Consummation of God’s Kingdom, traced in its historical development.*” The nature of this work is sufficiently indicated by the title; it consists, in fact, of a historical and philological examination of the passages concerned, and may be said to be the most satisfactory of existing works dealing with the subject. The standpoint of the author is that of a liberal orthodoxy. Dr. Edersheim, in “*Prophecy and History in relation to the Messiah*” (Warburton Lectures for 1880–4), surveys the course followed by Old Testament prophecy, characterizes the principles by which it is pervaded, and criticizes Wellhausen’s historical theories. In an Inaugural Lecture, *Das Zukunftsbild des Jesaja*, Prof. Guthe, of Leipzig, attempts, not altogether successfully, to distinguish an earlier and later phase of the prophet’s ideal.

The first volume of a translation of the second edition (1882) of Dr. Schrader’s “*Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*” has appeared in England during the past year. Dr. Schrader examines in detail the Assyrian and Babylonian allusions occurring in the Old

P. I do, sir. They are clean gone. Not a scale, not a fang, not a poison-bag left in the country. Tory and Nationalist, every man sent up to this Parliament by an Irish constituency, will stand erect and fight with his hands. Nothing that crawls or stings remains. The struggle will be less venomous if no less violent on that account. But I do not anticipate any very fierce contest; and whatever else it is, I mean it to be short, and I can make it so. Ere another year has passed, sir, we shall once again convene your Parliament in Dublin.

G. *My Parliament!* with Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Brien and Mr. — Nay, nay, sir, I protest you do me too much honour.

P. Not at all, not at all, Mr. Grattan. We know, I hope, how to pay proper homage to a great Irishman. It is as "*Grattan's Parliament*" that I have demanded the assembly which is to legislate once more for Ireland, and "*Grattan's Parliament*" it shall be.

G. Mr. Parnell, I have no claim—may I add, without offence, that I have no ambition?—to stand sponsor to it.

P. Why not?

G. You ask an embarrassing question, sir, and must excuse my replying to it. Courtesy was still the mode in my day, and truth ought never to go out of fashion. I know not how to combine the two in the present instance, and must therefore beg leave to remain silent.

P. What! and let it be said that Mr. Grattan was afraid to tell the truth to his countrymen, or that they were unable to hear it?

G. Nay, sir, if you put it so, you perforce unlock my lips. Let me say, then, that, though I shall look with pride and pleasure on the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament, I cannot contemplate with either emotion the men who will compose it.

P. Proud of the victory, yet contemptuous of the men who won it. That is a singular, and not, I should have said, a very worthy condition of mind.

G. Your reproof would be just if gratitude could not exist without admiration; but it can, and constantly does. I should be grateful to the most contemptible of men if he rendered me some signal service, and would reward him to the best of my means. But I should not honour him.

P. And you look, then, with contempt on the existing representatives of Ireland?

G. How can I respect them, if respect implies the recognition of any kind of moral or intellectual excellence? I speak, sir, be pleased to observe, of your followers, not of yourself. Your ability as a tactician and your high faculty of command are qualities which would extort my homage were it far more unwilling than it is. Mr. Burke could not frame an indictment against a nation, nor

I a hostile criticism on the man whom a whole nation recognizes as its chief. But your followers, sir, your followers!

P. Well, Mr. Grattan, and what of them?

G. Can you ask me? With the exception of one or two of them, whom literature has humanized, or a certain natural kindness redeems, are they in any way worthy representatives of a brilliant, a generous, a high-spirited nation? I say nothing of their origin and station. I trust I am superior to prejudices of that sort; though to you, Mr. Parnell, who *had* a grandfather—nay, do not deny it, the thing is known and has been forgiven—to you I may admit that I would prefer men who have had the advantages of the birth and education of a gentleman. But of that I say nothing. I am thinking of that higher courtesy which depends not upon mere refinement of the manners, but upon the mansuetude of the heart. I am thinking of that inward and spiritual urbanity which——

P. Which was illustrated, Mr. Grattan, when you spoke of an adversary as “a vulture of cadaverous aspect and broken beak.”

G. Sir, you forget yourself!

P. I suspect it is rather my memory that gives offence. But forgive my interruption; pray continue.

G. I am not here to deny that our blood ran hot in the old Irish Parliament, and that fierce words flew at times like pistol-bullets across the House. We were bitter—brutal, if you will—in our attacks upon each other; but the man who insulted his opponent took his life in his hand at any rate. He did not assail him from the safe vantage-ground of a custom which gives the unbalanced advantage to the foulest tongue.

P. As well give it to that as to the steadiest pistol-barrel.

G. Not so; for no man could be sure of his own superiority in that respect. But you have tongues among you which are consciously beyond all fear of rivalry in the warfare of the gutter. What is to put a check upon them?

P. What put any upon yours? If the duel has been a moderator of language in some assemblies, it certainly was not in the old Irish Parliament. So far from acting as a restraint upon “words of heat,” I believe it stimulated them. You abused each other at night for the pleasure of fighting the next morning, and made the House of Commons a mere ante-chamber to the Fifteen Acres. Minister and Opportunist, placeman and patriot—nay, judge and advocate—you were blazing away at each other from week’s end to week’s end, till the pistol-shots might have been taken for the popping of claret corks. Come, come, Mr. Grattan, you who were a serious politician, and yet would have had to play target to any briefless barrister or broken squireen who chose to pick a quarrel with you, you must be well aware that in the matter of decency and manners the House

of Commons of which you were so distinguished an ornament was a scandal even to the reckless times and rowdy society in which it flourished.

G. If there was passion in our language, there was its glow also in our thoughts. If the darts of our invective struck at times too deep, it was at least wit that barbed them. We did not hurl insults in cold blood like the Irishman of these days, or stab our enemies with the blunt dagger of malice. What has become of the wit and fancy, of the humour and the pathos, the crowding imagery and ringing cadences of Irish eloquence? What will you do, sir, on that great day which we both of us believe to be not far distant—that day which will be greater than the ever-memorable 16th of March by as much as the Parliament of a people is greater than the delegation of a sect—what will you do on that day when Irish Liberty shall lift again her ageless and unwrinkled front, above the kneeling, weeping concourse of her children, faithful to her through eighty years of exile? Who will fitly welcome her? who worthily render her the nation's homage?

P. Oh, we shall get "T. P." to write us something, I dare say. He is a dead hand at an address.

G. *Write*, sir! A *written* address, Mr. Parnell! Why, if you speak not, the very stones will cry out. And yet how can you speak? and who? Unless, indeed, there is some one among you whose lips may yet be touched by the living coal from the altar of his country.

P. We consider Sexton a pretty fair speaker; I fancy he would do the thing well enough.

G. Well enough! Ah, think, sir, what it is you are saying! What less than angelic tongue might aspire to hymn a resurrection such as this?

P. Sexton's tongue is hardly angelic, certainly.

G. O that my own poor words may be remembered in that hour, and that the marvel of their fulfilled prophecy, resounding in the ears and thrilling in the heart of the chosen orator, may fill them for him with an inspiration greater a thousandfold than mine. "I do not give up my country; I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

‘Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheek,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.’

Yes, it was true, thou Juliet of the nations, who hast awakened from thy death-trance, and whose Romeo has never died!

P. You do not think highly, then, of Mr. Sexton's oratory? . . .

I was saying, sir, that you seem to have no great opinion of Mr. Sexton as an orator.

G. No great . . . orator . . . Ah, pardon me; my thoughts were for the moment elsewhere. I have not noticed, sir, that he differs from the rest of you, save in being somewhat more fluent. But I do not—I trust you will forgive my plain speaking—I do not recognize in any of you one spark of the Irish genius for oratory.

P. May I speak with the same freedom on my own part, sir?

G. Surely, surely.

P. Then I will own to you, Mr. Grattan, that I am devilish glad you don't.

G. Ha!

P. Our native fluency—for you allow, I think, that we still possess that—has stood us in excellent stead in harassing the English Parliament; though, as long as Blue Books exist, I cannot admit even that quality to be indispensable. One of the finest, in the sense of the most effective, speeches for the purpose—that of exasperating the House of Commons—which I can remember to have heard from the Irish benches was delivered by Mr. Biggar without any assistance whatever from his great inventive powers. It was literally indeed, a delivery in the *accoucheur's* sense of the word. The speech was the offspring of a pregnant Blue Book, and he was four hours bringing it into the world.

G. And it is to such arts as these that the most brilliant and eloquent of races has descended!

P. Mr. Grattan, I will be plain with you. We have, indeed, descended, if you please to call it so, from the art of manipulating words to that of dealing with men and things. You may make the most of the humiliating admission: there it is. And, further, we make bold to think that it was from lack of aptitude for the last-named ignoble accomplishment that you and your distinguished contemporaries so signally failed to utilize the victory which you won in 1782.

G. Alas, sir! I am fully sensible of the mistakes which we committed.

P. "Which *we* committed"! History, sir, I must with reluctance tell you—history and your countrymen ascribe the largest share of that responsibility to you.

G. To me, Mr. Parnell? And why?

P. On the principle that to whom much is given of him shall much be required. You were fully fifty years ahead of your colleagues of the Irish Parliament in political ideas: it was not enough for you to be abreast of them in action, even if you did act, and I doubt whether you did not lag behind.

G. You refer, I suppose, to the question of——

P. I refer to all questions—or, at any rate, to every great question of the time. In each of them you were much in advance of your age. Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform——

G. Do not forget freedom of trade with England, sir.

P. A—a—yes, freedom of trade, an excellent policy for the time. On all these questions you were sound, and your opinions were relatively enlightened. Yet you achieved nothing.

G. Suppose nothing was possible!

P. Nothing possible! to a man who was for the moment the idol of a people, and they a people with arms in their hands!

G. Can a nation turn its weapons against its own prejudices? and it was *there* that the real enemy was to be found. Ireland wanted not power, but light; and though the night of religious intolerance was far spent, the dawn had not yet come. Have you really read your country's history so incuriously as to imagine that Catholic Emancipation was possible in the last century?

P. Add "and in that Parliament" and undoubtedly I must answer "No." But whose fault was it that that Parliament remained unreformed? You are silent; you regret the indecision that kept you neutral between privilege and the people at that supreme crisis in your country's fortunes. And you may well regret it. For by your inaction you condemned the Reform movement to defeat as surely as though you had thrown the whole of your influence against it.

G. I think you overrate my power of controlling events.

P. And I think, Mr. Grattan, that you do not think so. I think that, in looking back upon the events of 1782, you feel, and have long felt, that the reproach, not mine, but history's, which you have just heard from me is no more than just. What was the situation? The armed force which had wrung independence from the English Government was willing, nay, eager, to complete its work. The Convention of the Volunteers was for the moment a rival of Parliament, but what mattered a rivalry the object of which was not to depress, but to elevate? not to overthrow, but to reform? Far inferior men to yourself, sir, and men no less averse from violent courses, had the wit to perceive that. Mr. Flood, indeed, may have joined the Convention because you held aloof, but what say you to Lord Charlemont? You had in the Volunteer Convention a political engine of irresistible power, an engine which only needed the guidance and control of the one hand to which all men were looking in order to have swept away the rotten fabric of monopoly which then did duty for an Irish Parliament, and to have cleared the ground for the erection of a stable edifice. That one hand was yours, and it was withheld.

G. Was it for me to coerce the Parliament for which I had

won independence, and to coerce it on the very morrow of the victory?

P. Most certainly, knowing, as you did, the stuff of which it was made.

G. Was it for me to assume that it would not do right and justice except under military pressure?

P. It was for you, sir, and for any sensible man, to assume that what universal experience has demonstrated is true. What corrupt Parliament ever yet reformed itself except in obedience to outside pressure acting either upon its fears or upon the ambitions of its contending parties? Two-thirds of the Irish House of Commons were the nominees of a hundred borough-mongers. What miracle was to induce such a body to surrender its exclusive privileges of its own accord? The overwhelming stress of a national demand was needed, and it was there. The Volunteers gave voice to it.

G. What? An armed force, Mr. Parnell?

P. Yes. A citizen soldiery, Mr. Grattan. Come, sir, you had no scruples on the matter of pike and musket when English Ministers and Parliaments were concerned. Are not rights best won with arms in our hands?

G. Ay, from the foreigner, but not from our own countrymen.

P. A pretty sentiment, and one which might be valuable if our fellow-countrymen were brothers in fact as well as in theory. But Irishmen! sir, and in your day! *You* may have felt the fraternal emotion towards them all.

G. God knows I did!

P. But what, sir, as a practical man, could you expect of so bitterly divided a race, with a minority established in power? Such things, Mr. Grattan, are stern, grim facts which it is for men to deal with as what they are, and which no amount of noble sentiments and silver-tongued eloquence will do away with. No, nor any amount of impassioned denunciation uttered when sentiment has discovered its self-deception too late to undo its effects. Do you remember how you addressed your "brethren" of the Irish Parliament within eight years of your having freed them and missed reforming them? "The country is placed in a sort of interval between the ceasing of a system of oppression and the formation of one of corruption. Go on for ten or twelve years as you have done for the last five" [ten was enough as it turned out]. "Increase in the same proportion your number of Parliamentary places; get every four years new taxes, and apply them as you have done, and then the Minister will find that he has impaired the trade and agriculture as well as destroyed the virtue and freedom of the country. . . . There is no object which a course of corrupt government will not ruin—morality, constitution, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, industry.

A corrupt Minister issues forth from his Cabinet like sin and death, and Senates first wither under his footstep; then he consumes the Treasury, and then he corrupts the capital, and the different forms of the constitutional life and the moral system; and at last the whole isle is involved in one capacious curse from shore to shore, from the nadir to the zenith." Magnificent indignation! but just eight years too late!

G. To what, sir, does all this tend? I have listened with patience, I may even say with humility, to your very severe remarks on the political conduct of an erring but sincere friend of his country. May I ask what argumentative purposes they are intended to serve?

P. This, sir. You yourself have been commenting, with at least equal severity, on the intellectual and educational defects of my party, and I wished, with submission, to suggest to you that success in politics depends upon other qualities than those for which you and your contemporaries were so eminent, and to which you attach so much value.

G. I am obliged to you for the lesson, but I still . . . I do not quite perceive the application.

P. Do you not? And yet you were good enough a while ago to credit me with some fitness for leadership on the strength of what you called my faculty of command. Can you not, then, perceive that my followers also may possess qualities more valuable than the mere empty dexterity of the rhetorician? loyalty, discipline, comradeship, disdain of self-display, and readiness in self-effacement? Is it better that a man should speak brilliantly for his own glorification, or serviceably for the common cause? Nay, is not silence itself, in pursuance of a concerted plan against the enemy, better than the puerile personal quarrels in which the men of 1782 expended the energies which were needed for the service of the country?

G. Undeniably; incontestably; you talk the most excellent good sense, Mr. Parnell. But really, except it be for the purpose of pointing another harsh reflection at your humble servant, I am still unable to catch the drift of your remarks. Let it be granted that to succeed in action requires the qualities of a man of action, and that I and my contemporaries were merely a set of accomplished word-spinners, utterly unable to handle facts, to deal with men, to foresee and to control events. Let it be granted further that you and your party are *not* accomplished word-spinners, and that in your opinion you possess all the qualities of the man of action. You will think me very dull, I fear, but—what is the moral?

P. The moral is, Mr. Grattan, that whereas you and your associates, with your brilliant intellectual qualities, failed, I and my associates, with our homelier practical qualities—

G. Well?

P. Have succeeded.

G. Indeed! It seemed as if that *must* be the moral, and yet I could not believe it. We know the scriptural warning against boastfulness addressed to him who putteth on his armour; but, egad, I never before knew a man begin boasting before he had even begun to don helm and hauberk at all. Why, sir, you have not got your Parliament yet, though I lay no stress upon that, for I believe you will get it; but when you have, what then? Why, it is only then that your quality can begin to be tested. You talk of our failure. We won an independent Parliament which had at least lasted for eighteen years, when——

P. When it was put up to auction. If our's lives as long, it will assuredly not end in that fashion.

G. Perhaps not; but will it live as long? and may it not end in a fashion even more disastrous, if less disgraceful?

P. Disgrace is the worst of disasters. I would rather that an English brigadier should drive us out at the point of the bayonet than that an English Viceroy should buy us out with Castle gold. But have no fear, Mr. Grattan. We shall escape both fates.

G. I trust you may; but I confess I see a danger of the former. Reform will have secured your Parliament, or, since you are good enough to call it so, "my" Parliament, against liability to corruption; but have a care lest faction within its walls breed anarchy without, and the menace of civil war bring down upon it the heavy hand of England. What will be your relations with your House of Lords?

P. Extremely distant, sir. As at present advised, we do not propose to have any such House at all.

G. No House of Lords! That will not be "my" Parliament, then. If I was an Irishman first, I was a Whig Constitutionalist afterwards; and I would have stoutly resisted any attempt to depart in our own country from the English system of government by King, Lords, and Commons.

P. We have no such superstition, Mr. Grattan. We are resolved to dispense with one of the pillars of the State, and there are also some of us who believe that the edifice would stand as firm even if we knocked away another.

G. My offspring is being disfigured out of all recognition.

P. They are the mere changes of natural growth, believe me. It is often difficult to recognize the infant in the adult.

G. It is, and in disposition sometimes as well as in appearance. Children have had to be disinherited for a change of the former sort, and I begin to be mightily afraid that I shall have to disown this child of mine. You abjure the English party system, as I

understand. Do you hope to prevent a revival of it in Ireland, and how?

P. That is a point which we have not yet considered.

G. Aha! the practical men! So you have no more notion, it seems, of the way in which you intend to work your Parliament than if you were mere rhetoricians like myself.

P. Your enthusiasm for the recovery of our independence appears to have cooled considerably, sir. You think now, I should imagine, that the opening of our Parliament in Dublin would be adequately utilized even by a speech from the despised Sexton.

G. You might have spared me the taunt, but I admit its justice. I assumed too hastily that institutions might survive unaltered, although the men who mould and direct them should have changed. And yet—and yet I do not regret the impulsive utterances of my joy. I have faith unbounded in the genius and the future of the Irish race, and believe that the self-government of Ireland, even under forms the most repugnant to all my strongest views of what is essential to the prosperity and stability of States, will be overruled by Divine Providence to her happiness.

P. Spoken like a true Irishman, sir! Even the most cynical of Englishmen would not hesitate, I think, to admit that.

G. Nor will I abandon the hope that, with the restoration of Irish independence, the type of Irish representative may improve. Once more, I trust, we may see the nobility and gentry of Ireland joining hands with her peasantry, and vowing upon the ashes of their extinguished feuds that all alike, 'gentle and simple, landlord and tenant——

P. Excuse my interrupting you, Mr. Grattan, but the dramatic situation which your prophetic eye presents to you is an impossible one. The imagined actors in it will be struck out of the cast.

G. Sir?

P. We propose to buy out the landlords, and convert the tenants into peasant proprietors.

G. What! Mr. Parnell? Abolish the Irish gentry altogether? Again I find my judgment in revolt against your policy.

P. No one can regret it more than I do, but that is our settled verdict.

G. The capital, the energy, the intelligence of agricultural Ireland to be thus annihilated at a stroke! Then our commerce, our manufactures, our urban industries must indeed be speedily and largely developed, or we die.

P. We shall not die, but develop them.

G. I earnestly trust that you may. A free and growing commercial intercourse with the sister kingdom might yet afford the means of restoring prosperity to our unhappy——

P. We do not take that view, sir. The trading classes lean strongly to the belief that protection against the competition of English goods must precede any successful attempt at the revival of Irish industries.

G. Ah! now indeed you astonish me. When England is at last encouraging our productions, and admitting our products, you would exclude hers?

P. The wisdom of such a course is, I know, disputed. But the policy is favoured in this country, and I believe it will prevail.

G. Have you well considered its effect upon the minds of the English people? Have you reflected that it will do more to alienate them from you than any mere separation of Legislatures?

P. Why should we mind alienating those to whose friendship we are absolutely indifferent?

G. Your language, Mr. Parnell, strikes a chill to my heart. Has it indeed come to this?

P. Has it come to this? you ask. It is more than a generation since it came to this. And what is more, it may get beyond this when Ireland has once obtained her independence.

G. Beyond this! I cannot guess your meaning, sir, and I hardly dare to ask it.

P. Take courage, Mr. Grattan, and put the question.

G. What more, then, what worse can you do than estrange that nation on whom our future prosperity so greatly depends?

P. What more, sir? We can shake ourselves for ever free from the nation which has cursed us with our past misfortunes.

G. Separation!

P. It is you who have said it.

G. Ay! the word, the word. But the thought is in your mind.

P. Why should I deny it? It is in the mind of every Irishman who loves his country.

G. Mr. Parnell, it is impossible. God has joined the two nations together.

P. And it will be He who sunders them. Let Him guide the hearts of Englishmen aright, if it be still the will of Providence that England and Ireland should not be separated.

G. Then you will not of your own accord declare your diss—

P. We shall declare nothing. Ireland will subscribe her message of farewell to England with that significant phrase of the old-fashioned letter-writer—"Yours, as you use me." It is for England to determine its interpretation. But that, sir, will be our last word to her.

G. Then let it be my last word to you, that I disclaim the sponsorship which you would fix upon me. The assembly which

would sever the last tie between Ireland and England, shall not with my consent be known as "Grattan's Parliament."

P. We shall deeply regret its dissociation from a name so venerated by Irishmen ; but we shall bear it as best we may.

G. I would say more, much more. I would reason with you, plead with you, adjure you. But I cannot ; the day is breaking. I must be gone.

P. Farewell, sir. . . . The day is indeed breaking, and his is not the only ghost that has lingered. Loyalty, unity, brotherhood,—bodiless phantoms of a dead past ! you will never face the broad daylight of Irish independence. It is time that you, too, should disappear.

H. D. TRAILL.

THE BURMESE QUESTION.

IS Upper Burma to be brought under British administration, or is it simply to be reduced to the condition of a protected State under British control? In any case steps must be taken, as a preliminary measure, to assert our dominion over the country, and to exclude foreign intervention. But then the question will arise whether we are to take the government into our own hands, or whether the experiment may be tried of entrusting the internal management of the State to a selected native ruler. The solution of this question is now in the best possible hands; and we may feel confident that it will be fairly decided on its merits, after full consideration, not only of general principles, but also of local circumstances which cannot well be appreciated in their full significance without local inquiry. Still, it is impossible to feel indifferent to an issue of such importance, not only to the Burmese themselves, but also to all our Eastern subjects, by whom the course now taken by us will be anxiously watched as an indication of the present leanings of our Eastern policy. Nor, we know, are our proceedings in the East a matter of indifference to other nations which feel called upon to extend their colonies and their commerce. The example of annexation is catching, particularly now that the area left for appropriation in the East is rapidly being reduced, and that intending competitors must, therefore, bestir themselves, or be hopelessly distanced in the race.

Judging by most of what has been written on the question, one might gather that it lay in a nutshell. By appropriating Upper Burma, we are told, we should restore order to a harassed country, increase its wealth, and deliver its people from tyranny; whilst at the same time we should secure our own frontier and feed our own

trade. We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves on our good fortune and on our skill if we can succeed in making so good an investment out of an act of benevolence. The fact is, of course, that, unless we let our eyes travel a little beyond such obvious considerations as these, we must remain content with the merest surface view. Appropriation may quite conceivably be the best—indeed, the only proper—solution of the difficulty. But let it not be undertaken with a light heart, in the comfortable assurance that it will close the drama, and that all concerned will thenceforward live on happily ever after. The consequences must, under any circumstances, be eventful; and, though it would be impossible thoroughly to discuss so widely ramifying a question within the brief limits of these few pages, still a beginning may be made by directing attention to those aspects of the case which are most familiar to the present writer. The discussion may, in the first place, be shortened by avoiding, as far as possible, all trespass into the thorny domain of political morality. The principles of morality ought to be plain, and readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* do not need the lantern of special experience to throw light on them. It must be admitted, however, that these principles may be so applied as to produce very unexpected results. One would have supposed that moralists would be content to guide themselves by the plain rule—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house," and therefore would deprecate aggression except to the extent necessary for self-preservation. But some there are, no doubt, who honestly believe that it is our duty to institute a crusade against oppression and misgovernment whenever we come into contact with them; and others, again, who hold it a less evil to appropriate the possessions of others than to associate ourselves (as protectors) with a native government falling short of our standard of purity and liberality. The fallacy underlying such views might be sufficiently met by reference to another old rule enjoining us not to do evil in order that good may come of it. It may be also worth pointing out that Orientals do not necessarily like what is good for them; and that the Burmese may quite possibly prefer an easy-going native despotism, tempered by a resident, and leaving some little room for native aspirations and national self-esteem, to the best government we could give them.

These are, however, points which, at the present stage, it is only necessary to touch upon, in order to clear the ground for discussing the subject from the point of view of expediency. Here we at once become involved in a maze of complex and often contradictory considerations. The problem may no doubt be stated, as it has been stated, in terms of alluring simplicity: but, as men accustomed to such questions only too well know, there is but one way of simplifying them, and that is by leaving out of account all their puzzling

and troublesome elements. In any attempt to take a wide view of the present situation, the first point to grasp is that it has far more than a mere local significance. It has to be considered, not only as it affects the Burmese of Upper Burma, but also in its relations to our own Burmese subjects, to the peoples of India and their neighbours, and even to our European rivals in the East. There are certain sentiments which, it might almost be said, if fairly roused, would go far to band together all dark-skinned men against the whole white race; and it is at least sure that each move we make in the East is watched, discussed, and interpreted or misinterpreted by the politicians of every Oriental race which depends on us. In many respects the East may be regarded as a body corporate, and we cannot hope to isolate within local limits the results of experiments on any one of its members. Therefore, in considering what is to be done with Burma, we should not keep our eyes fixed too exclusively on the Burmese peninsula; but should take advantage of the experience we have gained in India and in other Oriental countries.

When, after the terrible disturbances of 1857, we entered on the task of restoring peace to the disorganized continent of India, it seems to have been considered that we had gone far enough on the path of conquest, and that we had more to gain by establishing a comparatively permanent order of things throughout the country, and so restoring confidence, than by enlarging our possessions. The princes of India, some from personal attachment to England or to particular Englishmen; many perhaps from the feeling that a general upset would imperil all existing institutions, including their own sometimes tottering thrones; and a few, no doubt, from a judicious forecast of the situation, had generally thrown the weight of their influence on our side. Their individual services were magnificently rewarded by grants of territory, privileges, and honours; but the Indian Government did not stop short there. Fully appreciating the import of the political lesson which it had learnt from the conduct of the loyalist princes, and realizing that they were still a power which, if properly directed, might add to, instead of detracting from, the stability of the empire, Lord Canning determined on once for all investing their dynasties with a character of permanence. Measures were accordingly taken to ensure the continuity of their rule by giving them the power of adopting successors in the event of failure of natural heirs; and the spirit, no less than the letter, of these orders has unquestionably been welcomed as indicating, on the part of the British Government, a disclaimer of its old policy of annexation.

This was obviously a very momentous change. So long as the princes who own, in more or less complete sovereignty, great part of India saw the red line gradually advancing on the map, some-

times in consequence of failure of heirs, sometimes as a penalty for misgovernment, they never could feel any security that their own turn would not come next; and, though they probably looked on our gradual absorption of the continent, morsel by morsel, either with the apathy of fatalists or with the feeling that it was but natural in a conqueror to pursue his career of conquest, still they could not be expected to get much beyond resignation in their sentiments towards us. All sorts of incongruous animals may be forced to live together, in apparent unity, as a "happy family," and we may quite conceivably witness, in the dim and distant future, Whig landholders politically associated with Socialist redistributors of landed property. But neither the mouse of the happy family nor the owner of fat lands can in their hearts relish the risk of some day being swallowed up; and all that can be expected of them is to make the best of a difficult position, and to deprecate the wrath to come by a respectful and amiable acceptance of existing facts. To an Eastern Prince it is certain that a sentence of disestablishment would be an even greater blow than to a Western landholder, both because the drop would be deeper, and because the power of recovery would be less. "Majesty without its externals" is proverbially "a jest" all the world over, and deposed Eastern princes seem to have no alternative but to sink into decay or to intrigue. Consequently, the feeling of relief must have been very great when the progress of what probably seemed an inexorable law of Nature was stayed, and the ruling families felt they were free to enjoy the restful stability which is so dear to the apathetic Indian mind. The deep effects of the change have recently been made plain by the genuine burst of loyalty with which the chief Indian potentates tendered their personal services, their treasures, and their armies to us, when war with Russia on the Afghan frontier was believed to be imminent. It must be remembered that all Indians are by no means so convinced of our military superiority as we are. They look to big battalions, whilst it is on quality, not quantity, that we are obliged to rely. Therefore, in throwing in their lot with ours in no mere conventional manner, but with the frankest heartiness of word and deed, they gave a genuine proof of their attachment to the order of things which Lord Canning's policy so largely contributed to establish.

In the present position of affairs, it is, perhaps, even more to the purpose to advert to the attitude of Afghanistan and Nepal—States unequal in importance and dissimilar in character, but alike the homes of spirited highland races, whose support we cannot afford to despise. Our main difficulty in dealing with Nepal is that it is hermetically sealed against European intrusion. The British representative and his small staff, with here and there a favoured guest, are alone exempted from the operation of this rule; and even they —

are kept closely within certain defined limits. The spirit of jealous exclusiveness from which these restrictions spring undoubtedly had its origin in the traditional dread of white invasion, beginning in the form of social intercourse, continuing by means of trade, and ending often in absorption. The Nepalese took advantage of their position, as holders of an isolated natural fastness, to keep off the thin end of the wedge; and they probably attribute their independence to the rigid consistency with which they have maintained their policy. A prejudice such as this, founded on the instinct of self-preservation, and deeply rooted in the conservatism of the Eastern character, must obviously be difficult to shake; but, even in Nepalese politics, there have recently been indications of declining suspicion and growing confidence. Quite lately increased facilities have been given to us by the Nepalese Government for obtaining Goorkha recruits, who have a natural love of, and turn for, fighting which would make them a valuable ingredient in any army; and the result of the revolution in Nepal, of which news has just reached us, has been—so we are told—to introduce into the Nepalese Ministry a new element of liberality and English education.

Even this limited amount of progress would be too much to expect yet from Afghanistan, where a people, naturally fierce among themselves and hostile to strangers, have known us best, or at least most generally, as invaders carrying fire and sword into their country. But here also some light is beginning to pierce the clouds of suspicion. The Ameer has of late most publicly and unreservedly thrown in his lot with us; and to those who have appreciated his earlier history, the natural suspiciousness of his character, and the evident doubts which he felt at one time of our intentions, his change of attitude is distinct evidence of the success of our efforts to instil confidence into his mind. Except in the actual matter of his installation as ruler of Afghanistan, which he no doubt attributed to our difficulties and to his own merits, almost everything told against us. His impression of us, with that one exception, must have been coloured, personally by his long residence among the Russians, whose facility of character and manner peculiarly adapt them for influencing Orientals; and politically by the knowledge that between us and the Afghans lay the blood of their brothers and the ashes of their villages. Before he could bring himself to accord us a loyal support, he had not only to silence the promptings of his own disposition and training, but also to stem a current of fanaticism and ferocity which, but for one moment neglected or miscalculated, might have swept him and his throne away. The strongest point in our favour was, no doubt, his belief that the Russians were still passing through the aggressive stage of their natural development, whilst we had retired on our laurels; and it will be obvious that, if he or others saw in

our movements anything to shake their faith in this view, much of the ground gained by a quarter of a century's abstinence from aggression might be lost. Whether or not it is worth while to incur this risk is a question which would depend on local considerations. Quite conceivably it may turn out that a stable Native government cannot be built up out of existing materials ; or that, even if the means exist for making the experiment, we could not depend on our protégés to maintain internal order and friendly relations with us as the controlling power ; or that we cannot effectually guard against foreign intrigues and frontier difficulties without taking complete possession of the country. These are matters which it is scarcely possible to examine exhaustively without minute and fresh local information ; all we can do here at present is to look at them in some of their more obvious aspects.

If we would think about Upper Burma and Great Britain as countries so completely isolated from the rest of the world that our mutual relations affected each other only, and would be unknown to, or at least disregarded by, every one else, the question would be a comparatively simple one. In that case all we should have to do would be to weigh the local advantages of complete appropriation of the country against its disadvantages and to strike the balance as well as we could. On the one side of the account we might enumerate greater facilities for trade, complete security against foreign intrigues, increased revenues, improved communications, and a far more highly organized administration ; on the other side, all the difficulties which would spring from introducing our foreign and rigid modes of procedure into a country which is in itself backward, and which is in loose tribal relations with an even less advanced bordering population of little known tribes, and all the risks and responsibilities which we should incur by completely suppressing national life among the Burmese. Mere abstract lists, however, such as these, convey but little to the mind ; and perhaps an easier way of comparing results would be by attempting to realize, in a more concrete form, the probable course of events in either case, and its consequences.

If we determined to appropriate the country, the first step would be to set up the machinery of a government. Judging by the systems which we have introduced into our existing acquisitions, the organization would be complete, elaborate, and even of an advanced type. Courts of justice would of course be a first need ; and they would be provided with codes of law, in themselves simple and lucid, but necessarily derived in part from the remote and unfamiliar experience of Western Europe, and liable to be overlaid and refined away by a bar nurtured on the wisdom of Westminster Hall, and trained to steer a difficult way through the conflicting decisions of several High and Chief Courts of equal standing. The establish-

ment of tribunals, which can and will make their decrees respected, would of course give confidence to capitalists, and money would flow into all enterprises. Trade would take a start, industry would be stimulated, and there would be a rapid extension of cultivation. The country would in fact put on a new face; and the contrast with the bad old times of stagnation and oppression would be vividly apparent to all. But by degrees the days of repayment would come. Burma is a country richly endowed by Nature, and still affording ample room for expansion; but experience in other parts of the world, both in the East and in the West, shows that free credit, as manipulated by a professional money-lending class, may be a dangerous boon to an improvident, easy-going race like the Burmese. Indeed, in some parts of Lower Burma instances of this very difficulty have already been observed. "In Rangoon," we are told, "are collected men of nearly all races, and to many of these, especially the Chetties,* the main object in life is to make money; they are more grasping than the fabled Jew, and to them resort the agriculturists for the means of buying cattle, which they have lost by want of care, and even to purchase seed-grain, which they should have stored, but have sold, tempted by the prices offered towards the end of the rains, and by their lust for the means of satisfying their desire for gambling, for show, and for *bon camaraderie* (sic). The result is appearing more and more year by year in the number of suits for redemption of mortgages, with which the time of the civil courts is taken up. . . . Latterly, as land has become more valuable, these suits have increased in number."† As soon as the struggle for existence became general, the weight of debt, incurred perhaps for forgotten shows and pleasures, would begin to bear heavily on the shoulders of the peasantry, and part of the odium, caused by the proceedings of the creditors to recover their often usurious claims, would fall on the government whose tribunals had supplied the machinery of collection. Why should we expect that the gay, improvident Burman, when fairly brought into relations with foreign money-lenders, should fare any better than the Indian cultivator, who is often a mere bond-slave to his Marwarce banker, or than the Russian peasant who has fallen into the toils of the Jew usurer? The natural endowments of the country may serve to put off the evil day; but in the long run there appears to be nothing to prevent the same sequence of causes and effects which in India culminated in the Deccan riots, and in Russia led to the Jew persecutions. Of course, even if such risks were directly in view, instead of being mere distant contingencies, no reasonable being would be deterred by them from seeking for the Burmese a properly regulated system of courts, and all suitable facilities for obtaining credit; but, in counting up the benefits which a government founded

* Hindoo bankers. †

† *British Burma Gazetteer* (1879), vol. ii. p. 550.

on Western models will confer on the Burmese, we must not forget that, to a race in their stage of civilization, our institutions may be as strong meat to babes, and that therefore we must not be too sanguine of the effect of even our most approved reforms.

If even justice and credit—which, to say the least, are among the most valuable institutions which we can confer on the country—will not be without some evils in their train, we need not be astonished if similar drawbacks attend other parts of our probable programme—such, for example, as vaccination, forest conservancy (which is often opposed as trenching on common rights), statistical returns, sanitation, municipal taxation, and many other “ations.” All these measures of progress involve close interference with the leisure and convenience of people who are naturally impatient of discipline, and averse to trouble. Moreover, the administrative trespasses into the routine of private life, which here need not cause anything worse than worry, in an Eastern country almost certainly imply a measure of oppression, and sometimes of extortion; for authority is viewed in the East mainly as a valuable property, or at least as a means of securing other people’s property, and, as it is almost impossible to divest petty officials of the idea that their unofficial neighbours were created for their benefit, fresh developments of the activity of Government are dreaded by ignorant people, not only as directly restricting their freedom of action, but also as discovering new places for the leeches to fasten upon. Whilst Leicester science shuns vaccination as the accursed thing—whilst the rights of commoners are selected by the extreme Left as one of their most telling cries in the battle of the classes—whilst half Europe protests against the quarantine regulations of the other half—and whilst London ratepayers groan under school-rates which are exceeded in many less wealthy communities, need we wonder that, to people accustomed to the careless, irresponsible life of children, a sudden awakening to the duties imposed by advanced civilization should be a difficult and even painful experience? For all that, it would be impossible for us to halt in our mission; the utmost we might do would be to temper our zeal, and soften our procedure. The Burmese would have to put their necks to the collar like other people, consoling themselves for the loss of ease by the far greater boon of deliverance from oppression. We on our part, in drawing up the balance-sheet shall have to remember that the question is not between Queen Victoria and King Thebaw, but between a highly organized administration on Western models and a protected government—infinately inferior in efficiency, no doubt, to ours, but still restrained from serious excesses by our vigilance, and certainly congenial to the people.

Such machinery as ours can be kept in motion by none but skilled and honest workmen; and education will have a long and uphill work to do in Upper Burma before the country can supply the

necessary agency. A certain surface-training may be easy enough to impart, but it is another thing so to mould men's characters as to fortify them, under the wearing strain of difficult and unpopular duties, not only against their own hereditary bent, but against the pressure exercised by family ties, social prejudices, and national tastes. Our assumption of the government would, therefore, practically deprive the Burmese of all but a subordinate part in the administration of their own country; and, even by those most convinced of the advantages of good government to Burma, it will be admitted that exclusion of the people of the country from the management of their own business would be no trifling drawback, not only as causing natural discontent among the governing classes, but also as preventing the growth of a healthy interest in national affairs, and isolating the governors from the governed.

The consideration, however, which has perhaps weighed most with advocates of appropriation is that, without taking complete possession of the country and its approaches, we cannot secure ourselves against the foreign intrigues, of which we have already had a foretaste. The danger is undoubtedly a real one. To an Oriental courtier-intrigue is, if not an ingrained habit, at least an absorbing interest and pleasure; and where on the one side of the frontier there are a number of dispossessed courtiers and officials, with no occupation to keep them out of mischief, and, on the other side, pushing foreign agents, saturated with the national pride which it is scarcely possible for men living among weaker races altogether to escape, and stimulated perhaps, by the excitement of a general scramble for territory, it is logically certain that the two will be drawn by their natural affinity for each other into communications and understandings, which, under favouring conditions, may easily ripen into plots. On the other hand, the greater the interest which the people are allowed to take in the management of their own country, and the more closely they identify themselves with its government the less will be their temptation to listen to hostile overtures from the enemies of England. Even, however, if it were possible, within an appreciable period, to foster among the Burmese a feeling of enlightened self-interest sufficiently strong to counteract the natural cravings of the intriguing spirit, it is certain that we could not depend exclusively on moral influences for the defence of our frontiers. By all means let everything possible be done to elevate the Burmese character, and to enlist their sympathies on our side; but, nevertheless, in the last resort we must trust to our own vigilance and vigour.

Does it follow, then, that because intriguing is a danger which cannot be counteracted by conciliatory measures alone, therefore security is unattainable without completely expropriating the Burmese Government? It is plain, of course, that the more

exclusive our control of the police and other administrative agencies, the better qualified we should be (provided always that we did not set the people against us by excluding them from all power) to detect or baffle underhand negotiations. But it may be assumed that, even under the mildest form of protectorate, we should undertake complete control of the Burmese foreign relations, and that to the outer world Burma would be for all purposes included within the red line. What is there to prevent us from going still further, and securing the approaches to the country by placing officials of our own on the frontier, supported if necessary by troops? There need be nothing in such an arrangement inconsistent with a large measure of internal autonomy; and, whilst it would put us in a position effectually to check aggression, overt or indirect, and to prevent interference with the free course of trade, it would probably tie our hands less in dealing with the many petty and often unfamiliar complications which must be expected to arise on a little-known frontier, than a system of the comparatively inelastic and centralized type which would follow from connecting the border with a province under regular administration. For the work of prevention in the interior, we could not, without superseding the Native Government, take entire charge of the internal police, and we should, therefore, have to trust to the goodwill of the governing body, to the exercise of influence, and to our own sources of inquiry. But, though a great deal can be done by such means, the utmost goodwill in the past of the Burmese Government would not make up for want of administrative efficiency; and, as native Governments are notoriously not always able to take care even of themselves, we could not invariably rely with certainty on their administrative machinery in times of need. Therefore, in so far as our security depended on police organization, we should be *pro tanto* safer if we kept the police in our own hands—that is, if we took over the country—than if we trusted entirely to the co-operation of a Burmese Government.

This conclusion of course touches only one corner of the question, even in the isolated aspect in which it is now being considered; but, so far as it goes, it supports the view of those who would be satisfied with nothing short of complete appropriation of the country. Whether on this account it is necessary for us to carry caution so far; or whether, for the sake of maintaining consistency in our policy, reassuring public opinion in the East, and conciliating the Burmese, it may be possible sufficiently to protect our interests by means of precautions less complete and stringent, is a question which cannot be satisfactorily decided without fuller knowledge of the facts than is yet obtainable from public sources. So far as present information justifies a conclusion, annexation, or as it may more correctly be called, appro-

priation, would be, at any rate for the moment, the safest and most cautious measure ; but it is at least probable that the more liberal plan of confining our intervention within the limits of a protectorate might eventually turn out both sounder and more secure. We cannot in Burma, any more than in India, depend permanently on mere force and address to secure our position. Man for man no Easterns are likely to be formidable rivals to us in the field ; but, if ever they learn the secret of combination, they may use it to overwhelm us by sheer weight of numbers. Therefore in the long run we cannot hope to touch firm ground in our future policy, except by enlisting the sympathies of the people in our favour. The Burmese have lived so exclusively under a severe despotism that it may be long before they wake up to a sense of nationality. But education is a powerful lever ; and there will be no want of foreign agitators, interested or disinterested, to remind them of their claims. Therefore the most prudent, as well as the most generous, course will be to forestall discontent by letting the Burmese feel that our dealings with them are dictated, not simply by self-interest, but also by consideration for their reasonable wishes, and even for their sentiments.

CHARLES GRANT.

LIFE, ART, AND NATURE IN BRUGES.

THE first day in Bruges is apt to be a trial. The monotony of a Gothic town is of a more than ordinarily depressing quality. Perhaps it is the effect of the angular roofs and windows, wearying to the eye as the diagrams of a book of Euclid. Perhaps it is the low-browed shops, the irregularly paved streets, the dull, unrelieved brown and grey of the houses. But for whatever reason, the effect is certainly dreary. "The old houses are very interesting," says Mr. Baedeker; but they are not, to use an expressive Americanism, gay. After an hour or two, one takes them grimly, almost as a necessary evil; and morbidly wonders how such an impracticable architecture ever came to be generally adopted. The little restaurants too, with their deserted rooms and sanded floors, are hardly inviting; and as the grey evening closes in, and the tall belfry tower grows indistinct behind a veil of dull rain, the forlorn impression deepens, and the tourist is apt to feel that there is something to be said for the Philistine companion who preferred to remain in Brussels. So the ordinary tourist rarely lingers here, and takes away with him little but an impression of narrow crooked streets, tall houses, which thrust jagged step-like gables against the sky—cobble-stone pavements, which hurt his feet and disturb his equanimity—and smells of an intensity and variety rarely equalled except in Venice.

The sights of Bruges have chiefly the peculiarity of unobtrusiveness. The few good pictures are hidden in out-of-the-way corners; the finer examples of Gothic architecture are in by-streets; and the churches are big and bare, and for the most part badly decorated. Indeed, these last are painted (it was done in the earlier half of the present century) with what Mr. Baedeker calls "polychromatic ornament," which sits uneasily on their pointed arches and gaunt stone pillars, as

out of place as a bit of Liberty silk might be upon some old Crusader's tomb. So, unless the tourist be of the School Board kind, he shakes the dust of Bruges off his feet without regret, and rarely if ever returns. For one must be really fond of art to take it in such concentrated ungilded doses, amidst such dusky surroundings. And yet apart from the pictures and architecture, if one gives this town a little time, wanders about the streets without a guide-book, and allows Bruges, so to speak, to tell its own tale in its own way, the place has a distinct charm. Not to mention the paintings, of which we shall speak presently, the atmosphere of the town itself soon grows delightful. The little sturdy brown houses of the poorer quarters of the town, with their irrelevant gables and heavy wood-work, carved quaintly here and there, and their dark interiors lit up only by a gleam of light upon some brass or copper water-jug or saucepan; the rows of old women lace-making, with their black cloaks and neat caps; and the long curling canals which wind in and out amongst the streets, have all a pleasant flavour of strangeness and interest. One soon learns to lounge on the parapets of the frequent bridges, to get continual if slight pleasure from noting the reflection of some bright mass of flowers in the dull water, or the blackened carving of some arch or gable.

Even amongst the pictures themselves there is a quiet satisfaction to be gained, such as could hardly be found amidst the long luxury of the Uffizi or Pitti galleries, or the cold corridors of the Vatican. It is nice to enter a grim, sparsely windowed house, and passing by the deaf custode up a rough stone staircase, to come upon a small vaulted apartment not much bigger than an ordinary bath-room, and find one of the finest Van Eycks in the world hanging there in an execrably bad light, and in a dirty old frame that Mr. Christie would not think fit to put on an oleograph. It shows that art is not altogether devoted to the indolent pleasures of the rich, to find pictures like this, which are of their kind inimitable, hung in obscure corners of church, gallery, or hospital in their native place, having been done evidently with little thought of public recognition, and little desire of personal reward; and it is pleasant to think that these stolid Flemish citizens and peasants have been able to find, since the first days of their national life, whatever comfort or delight they could gain from pictures or statues in records of their own people, done by their own artists. We see with pleasure when we look at the St. Johns, and St. Matthews, the Virgin Maries and Magdalenes of the great Flemish painters, that they are simply portraits of the peasants or citizens one might meet to-day in the Flemish fields or streets. These Virgins, with the big broad foreheads and small full-lidded eyes, and tall solid figures and stiff gestures, and placid homely faces; who sit upon their thrones as a

poor tenant might sit on the verge of a chair in the Squire's drawing-room—are but the women that one sees everywhere on the market-days at Bruges, walking in from the surrounding country in their long black cloaks and narrow-bordered muslin caps. A strong, tall, and, as a rule, good-looking race, are they, though their beauty is of a stern, thoughtful kind; and their deep grey or dark-brown eyes are little troubled with modern fretfulness or speculation. Conceive the very antitype of the brisk bustling Frenchwoman—and it will not be far removed from a picture of one of the *Flandreses*, with her slow movements, her ox-eyed gaze, her patience, her phlegm, and her massive physique. It is no uncommon sight to see one of these young women towing a large two-masted barge up to Bruges from Sluys or Ostend, while her husband or father stands contemplatively at the tiller, and smokes his big china pipe with great enjoyment. One day indeed, as I was sitting sketching outside the town, there came a bigger barge than usual, with the whole female side of the family for three generations engaged in towing it. The grandmother, the mother, two daughters, and a fifth woman, who must I think have been the Dutch substitute for a general servant; all harnessed five abreast, all bent double with the strain of the ropes; while behind them the great boat deeply laden with coal moved gently forward, and the big father smoked his pipe in dignified ease, steering indolently with his foot. Such a sight as this gives a shock to English notions at first, but on the whole the Flemish peasant women look happier than peasant women do with us, and though the poverty in Bruges and the surrounding country is both deep and widespread, it does not seem to be of that grinding kind, or to produce the same amount of misery, as its English equivalent.

But we have wandered some way from the painters, in order to give some notion of the people who form the subject of their paintings; for Van Eyck, or Memling, or any other of the great Flemish painters, did not care for theories in their art, but for facts. They picked up their St. Johns at the post-office or the bowling-green, and they stuck them bodily into their pictures, in gorgeous robes, but with no other alteration. Quaint little details and domesticities of urban or rural life peep out in the enthroned Virgins and martyred St. Ursulas, to find any parallel with which in Italian painting one has to go back to its very earliest days, to the time of Giotto and his followers.

The Northerners, in fact, used their art in a totally different fashion to the Southern nations. They made of it a broom rather than a banner; it was a thing for use rather than for display. In the finest period of Italian art there is no trace whatever of this intimate relationship between the painter and the every-day domestic life of his time, which is the very key-note of all Flemish painting. And even as far back as the days of Giotto, the simplicity of the Italian

was not only inferior in degree, but totally different in kind, to that of the Fleming. For Giotto and the Giotteschi, and indeed, speaking broadly, all the pre-Raphaelite painters, strove to be simple, if we may use such an expression, of malice prepense. Their simplicity was less a national quality than a revolt against the strained traditions which had been bequeathed to them by Byzantium. But in the early Flemish work the simplicity is wholly unconscious, it depends entirely upon the painter's inability to conceive his art in any other terms than those in which he conceived his life. Intellectually a limited people, and emotionally a restricted one, the Flemings held fast, with a devotion that was intense in proportion to the scantiness of its material, to the facts which they saw around them, and the truths which they comprehended.

The best Van Eyck in Bruges, and the one which has been in my mind whilst writing the above, is an "Enthronement of the Virgin," with a saint on one side and a priest on the other. The saint, though a magnificent piece of painting, is not an interesting one; and the Virgin herself differs little from the usual mild-mannered lady who is generally cast for this part in Flemish pictures. But the priest is an important personage, of as marked an individuality as one of Dickens's characters; and becomes almost a personal friend to those who pay two or three visits to the picture. He is a stout, curiously wrinkled, flabby-faced man, with a bald head and a triple chin, small pig-like eyes half opened, and heavy pendulous cheeks. Good humour, good living, and a little cunning self-interest, have puckered and wrinkled his face into a thousand creases; and he has just got into his splendidly embroidered robe of office, and is doing his devotion with a sort of perfunctory air, such as one may see to this day in almost every one of the Bruges churches. A wonderful piece of Zola-like painting, no less admirable for its character than for the magnificence of its technique.

There are some Memlings, too, at the Academy, but they are not so good as the celebrated ones in the Hospital of Saint John; about which, too, there is a pleasant story, which has probably been proved untrue by some German archæologist, as to how Memling painted them in return for the care with which the Sisters had nursed him in their hospital. The "Chasse de Saint Ursule" is a series of eight panels, painted in a small carved shrine, which I suppose contains some relic of the holy St. Ursula. These paintings are very marvellous in several respects, especially in the grouping of masses of figures, each wrought with the utmost intricacy of detail, and with an apparent power in the painter of realizing the utmost minutiae, even in scenes where he must really have worked from imagination. The colour is, when compared to the colour of Van Eyck, rather of the missal-painting order, though of its kind singularly beautiful, having a

clear richness of quality like that of a darkened Fra Angelico. But the great pleasure of the series, to most people, will undoubtedly lie in the marvellous rendering of character and expression in the various faces, on a scale so minute as to seem almost incredible. To my thinking, the religious element is in these works almost entirely wanting; at all events, the pleasure which they give is in no way dependent on that sentiment. However, even plate-spinning, when it is carried to a certain extent, gives intense satisfaction; and surely no plate-spinning in the world was ever so dexterous as this handling of Johannes Memling's. All round the room in which this wonderful shrine is kept, there is hung a quaint collection of early Flemish pictures, which will well repay examination, but of which I cannot here speak in detail; for there was a pompous official on the day I visited the gallery who shouldered every one round the room, much as one has seen a collie bustle a flock of sheep through a gate. He was not nice, this man, though he wore a shiny black dress-suit and the blue-and-white scarf of office, and was, I believe, laid on by the hospital sisterhood for this occasion only; for it was one of the festivals on which the hospital was open to the general public. It is a long, rambling edifice, standing in a narrow street over against the Church of Notre Dame, and is entered by a low-browed circular archway, with a finely carved and dimly coloured wooden statuette of some bygone bishop in a niche above the key-stone of the arch. On the other side of the roadway, against the wall of the church, rises a very realistic pieta, with kneeling figures of the Virgin and St. John, and a heap of earth at the foot of the cross with a couple of skulls on it. The whole of this erection—which was done, or at least restored, somewhere about the beginning of this century—is the only eyesore of its kind in Bruges. But there is in it a combination of tawdriness, vulgarity, and make-believe religion, very repulsive; and if the old bishop who looks down upon it across the street could have his way, I am sure that gilt pastoral staff of his would be used to some purpose.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is more remarkable as a curiosity than anything else, being an exact imitation in every detail of the original church of that name at Jerusalem. It was built about two hundred years ago by a pious layman, who undertook two separate pilgrimages to the Holy Land in order to carry out the scheme on which he had set his heart, and to ensure the correctness of each detail of the reproduction.

In the Palais de Justice the great attraction is a wonderfully carved mantelpiece, containing numerous panels with illustrations of scriptural scenes, garlands of flowers, statuettes, coats-of-arms, &c. It is more curious than beautiful; admirable, like so many of these old-world decorative objects, chiefly for the long patience of its

originator, and the evident enthusiasm with which he has done his work. There is an interesting and tragic story connected with its execution, something to the following effect:—There were two wood-carvers in Bruges, of whom the inferior was jealous of his rival, and succeeded in getting him condemned to death by the town council, by means of false witnesses, for the murder of a relation. But the council, being anxious to get the services of this great wood-carver for nothing, adjourned the execution of the sentence for a year, till he should have finished the great mantelpiece in the town hall; so he went to work every day in the Palais de Justice, and was led back to his dungeon in the evening. Towards the close of the time his innocence came out, and was conclusively established. Wherefore, on the morning after the mantelpiece was completed, the council came in state to tell him that he was free—and found him in his dungeon, dead. Thus runs the legend.

But it is not the mantelpiece, or the Memlings, or the architecture of Bruges, for which those who dwell within its walls care the most. The great feature of the place is undoubtedly the canals, which in places remind one vividly of Venice. There is a curious double circle of these round the town, the outer one of which affords as pleasant a walk as could well be conceived. Imagine a long, continually changing curve of water, bordered by tall ash and poplar trees, and dotted at irregular intervals with great grey stone gates, generally in the form of a large double tower and archway between, through which one catches sight of a street leading to the interior of the town. Imagine continual windmills, green banks of turf, irregular masses of red-tiled house and grey tower, and occasional peeps down a long vista of canal, stretching away into the surrounding country—for these canals sometimes run from the gateways without a curve or bend for miles to break their long perspective. To the little village of Dam, for instance, which is upon one of them, about four miles from Bruges, there is only one slight deviation, scarcely sufficient to hide its houses from any one standing on the bridge at Bruges. The description of any of these canals applies to all—a huge avenue of trees on one side, and a broad towing-path on the other; and on both sides wide stretches of flat agricultural country, chiefly growing wheat and flax. This flax industry, by the way, is not altogether a pleasant one for the pedestrian, since, after the flax is cut, it has to be steeped in the waters of the canal, and then spread out upon the fields to dry, at which time it smells abominably. Dam is a quaint little village enough, more Dutch than Belgian, in which a great disused Hôtel de Ville alone remains as a sign of former prosperity. This building is now turned into an hotel, or at least into a place where you can have a cup of coffee in a great bare kitchen, with huge beams of carved wood, and a

fireplace as big as a bathing machine. The old Flamand in charge shows you the pair of tongs, ten feet long, and one or two other antiquities of a mild nature, and is perfectly content with two or three sous, or indeed with nothing at all; for Dam is "out of the track of ships," not mentioned in any guide-book, and seldom visited by a tourist.

But it is from the less frequented portions of the town, and the environs of Bruges, that the stranger with abundance of leisure will derive the most satisfaction. Betwixt the inner and outer circle of canals which surround the city there lies a network of small quaint streets, and little, dusty, forgotten squares, in which nearly every house has a history. One cannot leave the town without passing across a bridge, and under a great fortified gateway—relics of the time when the city held its own valiantly: a kind of Northern Venice. The likeness, by the way, is not altogether a fanciful one; for in the great square, from one side of which the belfry "still watches o'er the town," there is a large building which bears no slight resemblance to the celebrated Ducal Palace, with its long tiers of low-browed arches, and massive wall above, pierced at wide intervals by pointed windows. The legends about the gates, and the belfry, and the old houses, are almost innumerable; are they not all written in Delapierre's "*Chroniques*?" And of these tales, one about the most picturesque spot just outside the town, the Minnewater, is perhaps the prettiest. The spot is, indeed, very beautiful; for there one of the canals opens out into a broad space of water to meet a little river which comes down from the surrounding country. There is a low grey stone bridge with two or three wide arches; great banks of reeds, like those in Mr. Millais' "*Chill October*;" a long row of great poplars, which stretch from the corner of the bridge towards the town; and by their side a solitary round tower, which stands out black against the sunset, and is reflected darkly in the water beneath. By the side of this bridge—which, by the way, is reported to have been the original of Longfellow's celebrated poem of the same name—and separated from it only by a little weir, through which the river tumbles into the canal, is a low marshy island, now cultivated as a nursery garden, but still full of bushes, pollard willows, and rank luxuriant growth; and it is about this island that the story of Minnewater is told, as follows: In the days when the Romans and the Norsemen shared the fortunate country of Belgium between them, there lived a maiden, whose father was one of the chiefs of the latter race, and, with the usual perversity of women, she must needs fall in love, not with the young Dane whom her father had selected for her, but with one of the conquered Belgians. How they met, and how they loved, and how they plighted eternal fidelity, differs but little from all other

stories of this nature ; nor are we surprised to hear that the despised lover saved the father's life, and was thenceforth of course hated more cordially than ever by the piratical old scoundrel. How her sweetheart went off to the wars ; how Minna put off her marriage to the young Dane whom her father had chosen for her ; and how, finally, when she could find pretext for delay no longer, she fled, with a single faithful slave, from the parental roof ; and what trials and sorrows she endured in her flight, all this follows naturally. But at last she came to a place of pleasant waters and luxuriant grass, on the borders of a little village, and, as the chronicler tells us, sat down in cheerful confidence to wait for news of her lover. The days passed on, and still the lover came not, and the cheerful confidence wore away, till one day the slave saw the light fade out of her mistress's eyes, and Minna died quietly, by the side of the stream—and of course, even as she died, there came a noise of footsteps, and a sound of rending branches, and her faithful Stromberg arrived on the scene. So, with the help of the slave, he diverted the water from one of the little courses which intersected the island, and made her bed reverently there for her in the bed of the stream, and then set to work to let the water into its old channel, till it flowed above the grave of his sweetheart. Then—for they did such things in these old days—he sat down to wait till his time too should come ; and we fancy that the words of old Sir Godfrey Mallory about Lancelot would apply here : “Then Sir Lancelot never spoke nor smiled any more, and pined and dwined away till he died.” And the water is called the Minnewater to this day : and so ends the legend.

After living for some time in this old-world atmosphere, one gets desirous of a change, if only to make certain that the nineteenth century is still going on—that one has not reversed Rip Van Winkle's experience, and, having gone to sleep, woke up in a bygone instead of a future century. The remedy is invariably to go to one of the two lungs of Bruges—Ostend or Blankenberghe—either of which is no more than a short half-hour's railway journey distant. It is one of the many accidental ironies of fate, that both of these towns should be, as far as their social life is concerned, of the most brand-new, flimsy, stucco-like description. Ostend is too well known to talk about here, but its little rival, Blankenberghe, which is even nearer to Bruges, is so new as to be comparatively unknown to the majority of English people. It is a wonderful, toy-like, little town, stretching one house thick along a mile of red-brick *digue*, in front of a great waste of sandy beach and the sea, whose waters are too remote to be terrible. Every variety of mock Grecian, fantastic Gothic, and hybrid Moorish architecture, is represented in the little villas that border the *digue*; and which for the most part have a

somewhat staring, low-necked appearance, from the prodigality with which they display all the treasures of their interiors to the promenaders. Asmodeus himself would have no cause to take the roofs off these houses, as the whole of the front wall appears in the majority of cases to have been bodily removed, so that the inhabitants of each villa seem to be living in a section of a house, very much the same way as they do upon the stage. This little town, despite a certain element of the ludicrous, has one characteristic which is very delightful to those who come to it from Bruges, and that is, its excessive brightness. Being built as it is on a ridge of sandhills, which border the whole line of this coast, it lies five-and-twenty feet or so above the surrounding country. The dazzling white of the little villas, freshly painted at the commencement of each season, beats back the bright light reflected from the sea upon the red bricks of the long promenade; till, on a really fine day, the effect is one of the most dazzling possible, and reminds the stranger of the Chiaja at Naples. Here one may see the ponderous German, and the even more imperturbable Dutchman, taking their pleasure in the most childlike fashion, to the music of perpetual bands, and with the help of innumerable donkeys. For if you go to Blankenberghe, it is the proper thing to do, whether you be maid, wife, or widow, schoolboy, lover, or sage, to mount one of the excessively small donkeys which stand in troops at either end of the *digue*; and so away along the shore, either for a canter on the sand close to the sea, or a solemn promenade up and down the hills and valleys of soft sand, which lie a little back from the water. Hundreds of little red-and-white and blue-and-white bathing machines; dozens of huge Japanese umbrellas stuck in the sand, with whole families basking in their shadow; an almost interminable line of Dutch fishing-boats, all moored in precisely the same position, at exactly equal distances from one another; banners and streamers and gilt balls, and pinnacles and weathercocks above your head, a mass of baking bricks beneath your feet; a vision of many big women in cool cream-coloured dresses and deep red parasols; a white sand, a steel-coloured sea, and a blue vault with a great globe of brightness in its midst; all of these made up my first impression of Blankenberghe. Just think of the change from grim, grey old Bruges, with its perpetually chiming bells, and its silent streets, its genteel poverty, and its general air of having dropped somehow out of the last century; to this latest mushroom of civilization, built of sand, sunshine, and stucco, and flaunting its money, its frivolity, and its fashion, in the very face of Nature. Nevertheless, here come all the worthy Brugeois, day after day throughout the summer, without any apparent sense of incongruity, but rather, I fancy, with a notion of being, in their way, Arcadians. Here do they gather

sufficient ozone, and here they get sufficient change, to make their dull town life tolerable. To see a stout Flamand of fifty or thereabouts solemnly punting, by the aid of a small tambourine, a minute india-rubber ball, to another burgher of similar aspect, which is the favourite way in which all ages and sexes take exercise on the *digue*, is enough to restore one's faith in human nature. How little, can there be wrong morally or physically, with a sexagenarian who can still gambol, though a trifle heavily perhaps, after the same toy which delighted him half a century ago; especially when he is able to do it under the eyes of four or five hundred wondering strangers.

The native element in Bruges consists of two classes; the small shopkeepers and peasantry, and what one of the latter described to me as "*la haute aristocratie Belgique*." *La haute aristocratie Belgique* takes its pleasure sadly enough, in a great empty clubhouse, at isolated balls at the Governor's residence, and in sloppily got-up dogcarts, which it drives with square elbows and loose reins as fast as it can through the streets. The peasantry turn in from the country, and the shopkeepers turn out from their shops, every Saturday throughout the year; and the whole town is then converted into a great open-air shop, the merchandise of which is either spread on the cobble-stones of the street, or Place, or displayed in little handbarrows and slightly constructed sheds covered with canvas, all of which are put up, or brought in, in the early morning, and taken away at sundown.

All this seems stupid and uneventful enough, and the strangers that you meet with in the streets of Bruges are not of a character to alter that impression. They are for the most part waifs and strays, whose social life has for some reason or other come to an end in their native land (I am of course talking of the English residents), and who have gone to Bruges because they could not live so cheaply anywhere else. The schools and convents are numerous there for the children, and there are but few shops to attract the women, and few temptations to expenditure for the men. Any one who orders a pint of champagne for dinner is looked upon as a millionaire; and the fact of putting on a clean shirt for the same meal, renders the man who does it a marked character. The town is permeated by a small stream of thin perpetual gossip, which leaves nobody alone and busies itself about every detail of his personal appearance, his expenditure, his relations, and his business. "What do you do with yourself all day?" said the old Scotch banker to me, before I had been in the town a week. "What do you do with yourself all day. How is it you are never seen about?" And from this time forth the estimable old gentleman asked me question upon question, and I supposed retailed the answers for the benefit of his clients. The gossip of a small English county town is pretty busy,

but the gossip of a small English population in a town like Bruges is perfectly incredible in its curiosity and the minuteness of its detail. After some weeks in the town, however, we get accustomed to this social inquisition, and even begin to take a share in it ourselves. A hankering to know what Brown has had for dinner, or why Miss Robinson didn't go to her convent yesterday, and how much Smith lost at billiards at the Café Foy, &c. &c., grows upon us daily. We get in the habit of talking to waiters, and shopkeepers, and children, and hotel managers, and in fact to any one who can minister to our insatiable thirst for useless information. The stir of the great world fades away, or rather concentrates itself into the rustic cackle of our bourg; and a great indifference to all life which is not bounded by the canals of our town, gradually overcomes us. Things are so much the same here, whether Bulgaria is united, or a Ministry overthrown; even the records of a great bigamy case, a new crusade, teach us faintly, as in old days the songs of the sirens reached the ears of Ulysses' sailors; and as we meet day after day the same people, we say to them, and expect them to say to us, exactly the same things. "One of the bells at the belfry is a little flat, at least so says my musical friend." "Mr. Blank has not paid for that jewellery which he gave to Mrs. So-and-so." "There will be a fête in the square on the 26th of October, only three months hence." "Mrs. Smith really ought not to go to England for a week, and leave that pretty daughter in charge of the children;" and so on, and so on. These are the things we say to each other day by day. We take them down as it were out of our mental storehouse every morning, turn them round and dust them, perhaps even polish them up a little bit, and then sally forth to offer them gaily to the first comer, who in due course passes them on. What does it matter that there are

"Wars and rumours of wars, and stories of sieges and shipwrecks,"

when we, like the mariners in the "Færy Queen," have "come into a quiet tide"?

Not the least curious part of this life is the dulness even of its scandal. There is a sort of weariness in the way in which the men and women here say nasty things to each other, which seems to confess that even this too doesn't matter; and nobody dreams of being much offended, or taking any gossip very much to heart. Perhaps one is most sorry for the children, though after all they need it least; but still it seems a bad atmosphere, socially and morally, for a growing life. After a time, all these peculiarities of the people and the place are accepted as a matter of course; and a strange sort of pleasure in the quiescence and the nothing-matter-i-ness of each day grows upon you. You realize how it is that people came here

for a week and stopped twenty years. It is like being on shore after a long swim, and a distinct effort is required to plunge again into the water.

“ Here, where the world is quiet,
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead leaves and stilled winds' riot,
In endless dream of dreams,”

exactly expresses the character of the existence. And here come, to enjoy that quiet, a strange patchwork of people, whose lives are only alike in one thing, and that thing—failure.

HARRY QUILTER.

THE SALVATIONISTS.

THE existence of a religious society which has within a few years of its foundation enrolled over half a million of members, all of whom have given unquestionable evidence of sincerity by denying themselves an indulgence that exerts a fascinating influence on the class from which recruits are mostly obtained, is a phenomenon worthy of serious and careful consideration. The majority of persons give very little attention to those contemporary forces which are building up history, and probably few have troubled themselves to study the organization or methods of work of the Salvation Army. It is for the most part regarded, even by members of existing Churches, as a troublesome interloper, causing unpleasant disturbance by its music and processions, and distinguished by coarse modes of expression which often appear to border on the profane. But to form an opinion from such superficial observation is manifestly unjust, and as the Army is apparently destined to have a powerful effect upon the religious and social life of England, it is in common fairness entitled to a more full and unprejudiced examination. A short account of the origin and history of the movement, of its present constitution, and of the nature of its teaching, can hardly prove uninteresting, and may suggest some serious considerations regarding the cause of its extraordinary success, and the attitude which the older churches should assume towards it.

The founder of the organization was William Booth, who for many years worked as a most successful minister in the Methodist New Connexion. His particular gift seems to have been mission preaching, and at Longton, Hanley, Newcastle, Stoke, Manchester, York, Sheffield, Leeds, Halifax, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bristol, Truro, his labours were crowned with a large amount of success. At Hanley

during one mission over 400 persons declared themselves as converts to Christianity, at Newcastle-under-Lyme 290, and at Sheffield 633; fifteen of those thus converted afterwards entered the ministry of different denominations. In 1861 the Conference of the Methodist New Connexion made objection to Mr. Booth's continuing mission work, and required him to accept a settled pastorate, but feeling that this was not his vocation, he severed his connection with the Methodist body, and determined, in conjunction with Mrs. Booth, who had already commenced preaching, to carry on an evangelistic mission independent of any established church. In 1865, he held services for a week in a tent erected at Whitechapel, and the number of utterly godless people who pressed in to hear the Gospel determined him to continue the mission work among them. In accordance with this resolution, Mr. Booth began preaching in the open air on a piece of ground by the side of the Mile End Road, and before winter came on was enabled to secure an old dancing saloon, to purchase a low public-house, and to convert them into mission halls. These places proving too small, a large theatre was secured, where thousands of those who had previously been altogether unaccustomed to attend any place of worship crowded the building. The fame of the work spreading abroad, invitations came urging him to extend his operations to the neighbouring districts of Bethnal Green, Limehouse, Poplar, &c., and after the work had been thus extended in the east of London, similar invitations were received and accepted from various provincial towns. About 1875 the enterprise, which had been gradually developing under the name of "The Christian Mission," was finally consolidated into its present form, and in 1878 its name was changed to that of "The Salvation Army," a code of "orders and regulations" being adopted, framed on those which are found in the manuals of the British Army.

The entire organization is under the absolute control of the "General," second to whom is the "Chief of the Staff," who has the carrying out of all matters connected with the appointment of inferior officers, finance, property, and supplies. For the purposes of the Army, the whole of England is divided into "territories," each under the command of a "commissioner," the territories being sub-divided into "divisions" under the command of "colonels," the divisions into "districts" under the command of "majors," the districts into "sections" under the command of "adjutants," the sections into "stations" under the command of "captains" with "lieutenants" to assist; beneath these are "sergeants" and others of lower rank. Officers of each grade are in subordination to those immediately above them, who are held responsible for their work and conduct. All commissions may be revoked or suspended by the simple order of the General. Officers of every grade are bound to wear the regulation

uniform constantly, the ordinary soldiers or members only when on duty. An important feature in the organization is the use of instrumental music; the bands are composed exclusively of members of the Army desirous of employing their talent solely for the furtherance of the salvation cause, and known to be thoroughly earnest and religious men. The rank and file of the Army consist of those who, having professed themselves converted, have, after examination by one of the officers, been enrolled and received a certificate of membership. This certificate must be renewed yearly, and is withheld in case of any breach of the rules. It is the duty of the divisional officers to take knowledge of all persons who appear impressed at any of the mission services, and endeavour to bring them to a decision. Every enrolled soldier is bound not only to give up all strong drink, to attend the Army meetings, both outdoor and indoor, two or three times a week, but to show himself active in good works—mercy, industry, patience, charity—and in devotion to the great object of the Army, the saving of the world.

With regard to finance, each corps or separate district is required, as far as possible, to maintain its own work, the pay of the officers being somewhat as follows:—

Married Officers	20s. to 27s. per week.
Unmarried Officers—Male	12s. „ 17s. „
Female	7s. „ 13s. „

The “General” receives no pay for his work, and the highest salary is £150 per year, paid to the Chief of the Staff. Most of the officers are also provided with the uniform. Ten per cent., or a tithe, of the amount collected by the corps is paid to the fund for divisional purposes; in addition, on one Sunday and one week-day in each quarter, collections are made at every station for the “Imperial” fund, which comprises the general management, foreign work, training homes, and the maintenance of the sick. This fund also receives considerable support from the public in the form of subscriptions and donations, and from profits made by the trading carried on at headquarters, principally among the Army members, as well as from the sale of the Army paper, *The War Cry*, which has a very large circulation. A complete balance-sheet is published each year, audited by Messrs. J. Heddon and Sons, chartered accountants; the accounts being shown under seven heads—viz., foreign missions, training homes, rescue homes, sick fund, building fund, spiritual fund for home mission work, trade. The total amount raised and expended during 1884 was £74,665 18s. 6d.; the Army during this period consisting of 2,332 officers or paid evangelists employed in 637 stations at home and abroad, and in 570 village missions.

Looking at the very recent origin of this organization, the question naturally suggests itself—To what cause can such extraordinary success, attained in spite of the stringent requirement that every recruit must become a total abstainer, be attributed? How is it that this particular body of evangelists has been able to attract the attention and win over the allegiance of multitudes who had previously been hostile to, and rejected every form of religion, notwithstanding all the efforts made by other religious bodies in recent years to attract and influence them? Is there anything in the doctrines the Salvationists teach, or in the way in which they are presented, to account for the Army's success? With regard to their teaching, the most careful examination will only show that there is absolutely nothing in the doctrines they hold to afford an explanation; these may all be found in the Book of Common Prayer, and in the teachings of most evangelical denominations. The following *précis* is gathered principally from Mrs. Booth's writings and addresses:—

"The Gospel is good news; news without which man must have been lost; news of the free, measureless, undeserved, reconciling mercy of God offered to man through the vicarious, infinite, glorious sacrifice of His Son, to the end that all may be saved from sin here and from hell hereafter. It is news given for a definite, practical end, and involves conditions, the first of which is the necessity of a change of mind towards God, as illustrated in the parable of the Prodigal Son. The father's heart was yearning for the son all through his wanderings, but he could not be reinstated in the father's love, because he needed a change of mind. If he had come back to the old homestead with the same rebellious spirit he would still have been a rebel and a prodigal. In the very nature of the case, until there was the necessary change, a righteous father could not pardon him. Just so God must adapt the conditions of our salvation to the mental constitution He has given us; otherwise He would reflect upon His own wisdom in having given it to us at first. When God purposes to save a man, He must save him as a man, not as a machine, and therefore God cannot pardon the sinner irrespective of the state of his mind and heart. God has provided for man's inability to return to Him, induced by man's rebellion, by the gift of the Holy Ghost, by sending His Spirit 'to convince the world of sin and righteousness and judgment,' to open man's eyes and make him realize his desperate condition. Then the Gospel meets him just where he is, on the one condition that he will abandon his evil ways, 'and do works meet for repentance.' The power of the Holy Spirit, given to all who ask, enables man to obey, to lay down the weapons of rebellion, to accept Christ and follow Him. Man cannot save his own soul, for although it is an indispensable condition of salvation that he must abandon his evil ways, he cannot do this of himself; but he can *will* to be saved and can wait on the Lord in the path of His ordinances, in the path of obedience, and this is absolutely necessary to salvation. No drunkard can wait for Him while he abides in his cups: no man indulging in conscious sin can find the Lord. The Gospel aims not merely at saving, but at restoring, man; he must be made right as well as treated as if he were so, changed as well as justified. One reason why so many souls are lost is because they will not say 'Yes, Lord,' to some condition which the Spirit puts upon them: they are kept back by the right hand or right eye, which the Holy Ghost has told them they must cast off or pluck out.

"Forms and ceremonies, whatsoever they be, are nothing except as they

represent real spiritual life, truth, and action. The Gospel sets forth Jesus Christ not as a *system* of truth to be received into the mind, but as a real, living, mighty Saviour. It is not the body of Jesus which was laid in the sepulchre that delivers us, but His spiritual presence, and thus what the Law tried to do by its constraining power from without, the Gospel does by inspiring power from within. Man could not keep the Law in the letter, but united to Christ he can keep it in the spirit. Christ fills the believer with His love and this enables him to keep the Law, for love is the fulfilling of the Law. Salvation necessitates witnessing testimony, on the part of those who know Christ, to their famishing, sinking fellow-men. A great deal of what is called religion ignores this necessity, and is but a mere transition from the world to religion of the selfishness of the human heart. Much of the religion of the present day ends in getting as much from, and doing as little for, God as possible. This is not following Christ. He had not where to lay His head. He carried in His soul the sorrows and sufferings of all our race; He was a Man of sorrows—not His own. He had no reason to be sorrowful, for He was the Father's own Beloved, and He knew it; but he was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—the griefs of this poor lost world, and they were sometimes so intolerable that they forced the blood through His veins. Christians must possess His spirit and follow in His footsteps. He lived not for Himself; He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Christians are called to follow Him by what He did for them."

As has been already said, these doctrines are essentially those that Wesley and Whitefield taught; they are held by the Church of England as well as by most of the orthodox denominations. A special feature, and unquestionably one of the principal reasons for the success of the Army, is the stress laid upon the necessity for all disciples of Christ to become themselves evangelists, the obligation laid upon every Salvationist soldier, not only to attend regularly the mission services, but to be personally occupied in the work of saving others. Another cause of their success is that the tone of thought and modes of expression of the evangelists are adapted to the people they address, and even the music, however objectionable to educated tastes, exerts a powerful effect upon this less critical class. The bands and processions excite interest, and by this means many persons have been induced to attend the services who else would never have come. The officers of the Army, being for the most part drawn from the same class as those whom they address, are better able than others to speak to them in language which they can understand and appreciate, and having in many cases been themselves converted from a state of sin and degradation, they are able to use the record of their own personal experience with powerful effect upon their old comrades. Hymn-singing, reading, preaching, have all one aim in the Army, to awaken emotion and touch the hearts and consciences of hardened men and women. "How can people," asks one of the Salvationists, "who have utterly separated themselves from religion for years be expected to find a description of the beautiful and sublime interesting? But let them be at once charged, in the plainest language available, with folly and

sin, and their attention, even if their enmity also, is secured. Those appeals are most listened to which violently shake the conscience and break the heart." The system of inviting, from sinners who have been converted, public testimony to the change from misery to happiness experienced since conversion, often produces great effect upon their late comrades, especially as their appearance confirms the truth of what they assert; for one striking feature in the Salvation Army is, that its members as a rule appear full of happiness and enter into their religious exercises with a delight which proves that they are a source of real enjoyment.

The persecution to which the Salvationists have been subjected has greatly helped their cause. The best feelings, even of the lowest classes, are moved at the sight of young women abused and strong men ill-treated, yet offering no resistance, while the only cause for such treatment is the desire of the sufferers to do a kindness to their persecutors. Perhaps the chief danger to the future progress of the Salvation Army is the probability that this persecution may cease.

A still more important reason for the marvellous progress made by the Salvationists is that they have enlisted so much female power and enthusiasm in their service. Men and women are in every way treated as equals, and the devotion shown by the women-soldiers in pleading with and preaching to the roughest men and women of the towns, in visiting the poor at their own homes, in carrying on the work of the Army in the poorest and most dangerous districts, is extraordinary. Many men who have been raised from the lowest depths of wickedness have admitted that they were first impressed by the pleadings of the women. The Army possesses another great advantage over other denominations in the fact that its officers are all as poor as the people they address, who therefore feel no misgiving that those who come to them with the Gospel message can be actuated by any other motive than that of love, or have any desire to patronize or bribe them.

Such are some of the principal causes of the extraordinary success attending the efforts of the Salvation Army, a success that no one will deny who, having first considered the magnitude of the work, will examine for himself the character, past and present, of the lives of a large majority of those now zealously working in its ranks. It remains to consider the effect its continued success is likely to produce upon other churches, and the attitude they should in wisdom and charity assume towards it. "In the case of those which are full of life, and are evidencing by their action that they possess the Spirit of Christ, the success of the Salvation Army will rather help than injure their work. A sincere, intelligent, earnest member of the Church of England could scarcely be induced to leave his own

beloved Church, with all its venerable associations, its sacred ordinances, pure teaching, orderly and beautiful ritual; and solemn liturgy, to join the ranks of the Salvation Army, which has nothing to offer that his own Church does not afford, whilst it rejects much that he holds to be of vital importance; for as the Salvationists acknowledge neither Creeds nor Sacraments, he cannot, however much he may recognize the goodness and greatness of the work they accomplish, but be deeply conscious of the terrible loss and danger involved in such defects.

Where, however, Churches, of whatever denomination, are without life, the very intense, aggressive spirit of the Salvationists will probably attract and draw away many of the most earnest-minded members. The wise and Christian policy for all Churches, and especially the Church of England, is undoubtedly to hold out the right hand of fellowship to the Salvationists, to recognize that they are dealing with a class that all denominations have hitherto failed effectively to touch, that they are doing a work beyond the present power of any existing Church, and seem especially inspired to attract the attention of men and women of the very lowest class who have refused to listen to all other teachers. Moreover, there is not only no antagonism on the part of the Salvationists towards the Church, but much sympathy, which may, by the exhibition of Christian charity and courtesy, be so deepened and extended as to prove a blessing to both; while it may, on the other hand, be destroyed by any manifestation on the part of the clergy of that clerical pride and unchristian bigotry that have already so largely alienated the Wesleyan Churches, and turned those who might have been friendly helpers into bitter antagonists, to the destruction of much true religion both in church and chapel. Every real Christian, and every real philanthropist, must rejoice in the thought of the vast number of intemperate, profane, wicked, and licentious persons who have been converted by means of the Salvation Army to temperance, virtue, and the fear of God. That their language grates upon the ear, that their methods are oftentimes coarse and unattractive to more cultured minds, that there is much that is objectionable in their style of address, and much that is defective in their system from the point of view of the older Churches, is unquestionably true. Time will probably correct a great deal of this; and meanwhile the Salvationists, in spite of ill-treatment and often of great personal suffering, are proclaiming the Gospel to multitudes who previously refused to listen, many of whom, though impressed, never join the Army. Other Churches may gather them in, and so long as they are saved the Army will not complain.

The work of the Salvationists has already changed masses of our fellow-countrymen from enemies into friends of virtue and religion,

has made those once lawless and disobedient into useful law-abiding citizens. Every one of the enrolled members is pledged to temperance, honesty, and charity, to fear God and obey the law, and if this were all, the agency that has accomplished so much would deserve the kindly sympathy and hearty support of every Church, every patriot, and every philanthropist.

As the Society of Friends appears to have been raised up for the purpose of protesting against war and lifeless ceremony, at a time when war was idolized and outward form had almost crushed out spiritual religion, and having now accomplished its mission is apparently dying out; so the Salvation Army appears to be raised up for the purpose of protesting against the prevalence of selfishness in religion, against a profession of Christianity which begins and ends in proclaiming "only believe that you may save your souls, then make the best of both worlds." Its mission seems to be to force upon a selfish generation the vital truth that real Christianity is incarnate unselfishness, idealized and embodied in Christ, the author and finisher of the faith; when this is accomplished and the older Churches have become thoroughly inspired with the enthusiasm of unselfish love, its mission, too, will have been fulfilled.

FRANCIS PEEK.

RECENT EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE duties of Great Britain towards South Africa have been but rarely recognised by the statesmen chosen to govern our Colonies, and there has been a nervous shrinking from looking the subject fully in the face. It is quite immaterial what party has been in power; the Colonial reins have been handled with the same nerveless grasp for a great number of years, under a succession of Ministers, each most anxious to put off the evil day when some decided action must be taken. This has not been so much due to a want of aptitude on the part of the Ministers for the work before them, but rather to a feeling of uncertainty as to the action that was required. The questions are too complicated and too full of details to allow of any man engaged in other business mastering them in a short time, and the advice offered and information received from several quarters differs so materially that it is difficult for any man who has the power of forming a judgment to come to any precise conclusion. It is the same, in a lesser degree, with the governors sent out to the Cape Colony. They have generally arrived in the middle of one of the numerous crises which abound in South African history; they have not had time in a few weeks to master the various questions; they have to take action and propose measures before they have come to a just determination of the merits of the various questions, and thus become pledged to a line of conduct which may carry them far away from the goal they would wish to reach. The question as to the part Great Britain should take in South Africa, as the dominant power, has not yet been fairly threshed out, and, until this subject is fully grappled with and mastered, it is useless to hope for peace or prosperity within the country.

The Cape Colony, though aspiring to be the dominant power in

the future, has avowed over and over again her entire inability to cope with the native question or to guard native interests beyond her own borders. She has allowed that her only interest regarding Bechuanaland is the preservation of the route to the interior, and all who know South Africa must acknowledge that she is quite unable and unwilling to do the justice to native tribes that Englishmen and English Cape Colonists feel is due to them.

Moreover, it has been discovered by our rulers that it is more easy to obtain money for a war every few years than for a smaller amount annually paid out to keep the peace, and consequently affairs are allowed to drift on periodically until native tribes are on the verge of extermination, and then a war clears the atmosphere for a time.

South Africa had arrived at the most important turning-point in her history at the time when Sir Bartle Frere took over the government. The native tribes throughout the length and breadth of the land were discontented, and anxious to unite together against the white man. At the same time the emigrant Boers in the Transvaal, having suffered defeat by natives, and having spent their last shilling of public money, had allowed Sir Theophilus Shepstone to declare British rule without fully allowing that they desired it.

The natives rose successively in all parts of the country, and our military operations entirely altered the aspect of affairs. We were too successful, and at the same time we lost our prestige with the Dutch. The Gaiikas, Galikas, Griquas, Bechuanas, Zulus, and Secocoeni's people were broken up, the balance of power was altered, and the Dutch, having now no fear of native aggression, turned their arms against those they had always looked to for assistance.

It was our imperative duty at this point to take care that, having reduced the natives, they should not be exterminated; but in this we signally failed, and the difficulties which we have met with during the last five years have been our Nemesis. The emigrant Boers acted towards the British troops as camp followers do to an army—as we vanquished, they plundered the dead and dying. Thus we have spent millions in disturbing the balance of power in South Africa, and at the same time have not benefited one iota the loyal English and Dutch, but have practically handed over the lands of the natives to disaffected robbers and marauders.

Had we but followed the wise counsels of Sir Bartle Frere we should have saved ourselves at least the Bechuanaland expedition. For we have been obliged to carry out in 1885 the very course he proposed to pursue in 1877—namely, the establishment of a British Protectorate as far as Shoshong, on the western border of the Transvaal. On May 13, 1878, he stated:

—“By refusing to accept the position of a protecting power, habitually acting as arbiter in inter-tribal disputes, we escape nothing save the name of

responsibility. Its realities are already incurred, and when at length we unwillingly undertake the burden of dominion, we shall find it greatly aggravated by delay and neglect. . . . To declare such a protectorate as I have suggested appears to be a large scheme of annexation, but it is not so in reality. It is simply an authoritative declaration of facts."

It is doubtful whether the Government at home did in any measure change its policy in regard to South Africa between 1878 and 1881 so far as native tribes are concerned, for in such matters it is kept to one line by the feeling of the people of England; but the eyes through which it could view matters locally had not now, in 1881, the same penetrating power they had in previous years. The Royal Commission which in 1881 formulated the Convention for the retrocession of the Transvaal had it in their power to legislate for the benefit of the native tribes outside that territory, but they unfortunately differed in their views. Sir Hercules Robinson and Chief Justice de Villiers conceived that they were diminishing the causes of conflict with natives beyond the borders by providing that there should be one British Resident at Pretoria, who should be the medium of communication with chiefs outside the Transvaal, and should control the conclusion of treaties with them; while Sir Evelyn Wood held the view that it would be impossible for a British officer resident in Pretoria to ascertain, without aid, their complaints, wishes, and intentions, or to exercise that peaceful influence over them so desirable in the interests of South Africa.

Unquestionably, Sir Evelyn Wood was right, and the Convention was scarcely signed before the Boers of the Transvaal took advantage of the situation, and disturbances broke out on the South-Western border.

On October 19, 1881, Montsioa complained that "the treaty you make with the Boers is no treaty; they break it every day;" and he brought to notice that Machabi and Moshetti's command, with others from the Hartz River, had crossed the Transvaal border and attacked him, driving his cattle into the Transvaal.

At this time there were still two white border agents, Messrs. King and Daumas, in Bechuanaland who had protected Mankoroane and Matlabani since 1878; but the High Commissioner suggested to the Cape Colony the propriety of their removal, and, on the Cape Ministry agreeing, he announced to the native chiefs that the Government did not intend to continue colonial representatives outside the colonial border. And yet at this time the British Resident at Pretoria was representing that Moshetti was using the Transvaal as a base of operations, and that Transvaal Boers were aiding him.

Under the plea of neutrality, everything was being done to assist the Boers in their nefarious warfare, and Sir Hercules Robinson

appeared to be quite unaware of the mischief he was permitting, which would afterwards have to be repaired at so great a cost.

While Moshetti and Massau were aided with arms, ammunition from the Transvaal Government, and by armed volunteers, the loyal chiefs, Mankoroane and Montsioa, were denied the power of obtaining any assistance through the Cape Colony in either arms, ammunition, or men, the High Commissioner having issued a proclamation forbidding British subjects to give any assistance to those friendly chiefs.

In January, 1882, Mankoroane requested permission to raise a force of police in the Cape Colony and to buy ammunition, but was refused by the High Commissioner, though at this time the Transvaal Government was openly supplying Moshetti with ammunition, and Massau was raising 300 Boers to receive half booty and a farm each in Mankoroane's territory, should they succeed in driving him off.

In March, the Civil Commissioner at Kimberley reported that 500 Boers, with the sanction of the Transvaal Government, had gone to attack Mankoroane at Taungs; but the High Commissioner, with regard to this, merely considered that the Convention line must be maintained, and that the native tribes outside should be left to settle their own differences. And again, in April, the Civil Commissioner at Kimberley reported that Mankoroane was surrounded by Transvaal marauders, among whom were the notorious Gert van Niekerk and Adrien de la Rey. The High Commissioner, during all this time, does not appear in any manner to have assisted the friendly chiefs, but on the contrary he indirectly gave assistance to the Transvaal marauders, to which special attention was called by the British Resident in May.

In June, the Secretary of State appears to have had his attention directed to the extraordinary condition of affairs, and inquired, "Whether a friendly chief on the Cape frontier should, under such circumstances, be precluded from obtaining arms and ammunition from the Cape Colony for his defence against the white marauders who are attacking him?" The High Commissioner, on receipt of this communication, appears to have now considerably altered his views, and stated that the British Resident predicted the destruction of Mankoroane and Montsioa inevitable, unless intervention took place, as 400 white volunteers were out assisting Massau and Moshetti. He added, "It is very painful to be obliged to disregard such appeals for help from Barcki and the other Batlaping and Barolong chiefs, who have always been amenable to our influence, and proved themselves our faithful allies in time of trouble," and stated that nothing could be done unless the territory were annexed to the Cape Colony, or a British Protectorate established, but did not recommend either one or the other. He also sent home a

proclamation, showing that the white marauders were to be rewarded with farms taken from Mankoroane, and stated that Mankoroane could easily have defended himself successfully if the adjoining States had enforced neutrality on their subjects; and he pointed out that the Transvaal, if it had really been in earnest, could have put an end to these discreditable proceedings by calling in its subjects, or confiscating their property.

In August, the High Commissioner cabled home the terms of the peace between Massau and Mankoroane, by which the present Stellaland was taken over by the Transvaal marauders, and says, "these terms are substantially those proposed by Kruger to Hudson (British Resident), and have obviously been dictated by the freebooters. Mankoroane has reluctantly accepted them, being compelled, he says, by dire necessity." He then makes a most singular proposal to the Secretary of State. He proposes to inform the chiefs that they can make what arrangements they like, and if they choose they can give their lands to the freebooters. And yet at the same time he calls it a scandalous spoliation of Mankoroane. He was also aware that the British Resident had advised Mankoroane to submit and make peace, and yet he informed the British Resident "the High Commissioner will not countenance such proceedings in any shape or form;" "the High Commissioner cannot conceive that any civilized Government would allow its name to be associated with acts of brigandage by arbitrating in the distribution of the plunder."

In August, the Secretary of State again refers to the report that the chiefs whose countries are being ravaged are unable to obtain the necessary means of defence, while their enemies have no difficulty in supplying themselves from the Transvaal State.

In January, 1883, the High Commissioner calls the Stellaland freebooters who are acting under Van Niekerk "white marauders," and he ends his report with the remark:—"For these reasons I think that if we are not disposed to intervene by force for the protection of the natives, we are at all events bound not to countenance in any shape the scandalous raids which are being made upon them, or to go out of our way to make things easy and comfortable for the marauders by acquiescing in their being brought, as fast as they require territory, under the suzerainty of the Queen."

On February 12, Gert van Niekerk issued a proclamation declaring James Honey an outlaw, three days after Honey had been murdered in cold blood under his authority.

In April, the High Commissioner stated: "It must, I think, be obvious that if it be necessary on grounds of public policy for the civilized States of South Africa to insist upon the natives beyond their borders being kept without arms, it is at the same time their bounden duty to prevent, if necessary by force, their own armed

citizens from taking advantage of the defenceless condition of such natives to spoil them of their lands and cattle."

It will be seen that throughout these statements there is a considerable vacillation and change of view, and it would be interesting to know to what extent this is due to the dual position of the High Commissioner, whether on some occasions he speaks from an Imperial and sometimes from a purely Colonial point of view.

On his arrival in London he speaks with much more certainty, and in May, 1883, points out that the time has arrived when the Convention must either be insisted on or abandoned, and that the policy which may then be decided upon will govern the reply to be given to the Transvaal Government, who have asked to be allowed to annex to their State "the territory which has been so unjustly seized upon by the freebooters, whose proceedings the Transvaal Government have throughout connived at."

During the autumn of 1883 the High Commissioner and the Transvaal Delegates were in London discussing the subject of a new Convention and an amended boundary line on the South-West by which Moshetti and Massau would be cut into the Transvaal. The Transvaal delegates then asked the Secretary of State if volunteers (*i.e.*, freebooters) cut into Bechuanaland (British Stellaland) by the new boundary line would have to leave the farms now occupied by them without compensation. To this the Secretary of State replied that he apprehended that it would not be necessary in all cases to remove the freebooters from the land taken by them, but when this measure is necessary it will be carried out by the mounted police force under the Resident Commissioner. He further informed them that the Cape Colony was not prepared to annex any portion of the territory in question. In December, 1883, the High Commissioner informed the Secretary of State that the few freebooters who would be left outside the new Convention line could be provided with farms inside the Transvaal boundary, and that there were only about fifty farms occupied in British Stellaland, and those mostly held by speculators. He also recommended the Rev. J. Mackenzie as the most fit person to act as British Resident in Bechuanaland.

The new Convention with the Transvaal was signed in London on February 4, 1884, and the High Commissioner left for South Africa a few days later. It is quite evident that, up to his leaving England, he was fully impressed with the necessity for removing the filibusters from Bechuanaland and restoring to Mankoroane and Montsioa the territory still left to them by the new boundary line. He quite recognised that the greater number of the filibusters were, under the Convention, cut out of the Transvaal, and he showed no desire to treat with them. While he was on his way out to South Africa, however, other influences were at work, and his Imperial Secretary,

Captain Bower, made a visit to Bechuanaland and was completely hoodwinked by Niekerk and the Transvaal-Stellaland freebooters. He returned to Cape Town about the same time as the High Commissioner, and reported his proceedings. In this report he describes his meeting with the notorious freebooter, Van Niekerk, who appears to have entirely outwitted him; he expresses astonishment at learning from him that there was no Boer laager and no aggressive movement contemplated by the Stellalanders; he appears to have been entirely misled regarding the condition of Mankoroane and his people, and stated, "he still retains sufficient territory to provide for the wants of himself and his people;" and with regard to the Stellaland freebooters he said, "I think it would now be impossible to expel these people from the lands they occupy, and I think it will in consequence be necessary to take steps to govern them."

Unfortunately, the High Commissioner accepted the inaccurate accounts of Bechuanaland given by Captain Bower, and was so influenced by them that he completely changed his policy with reference to the freebooters, as expressed at the Empire Club and in official documents before leaving London, and this he appears to have done without any reference to the Secretary of State.

To such an extent did he now coincide with the views of Captain Bower that in his instructions to Mr. Mackenzie he gave him authority to recognise the grants already issued in Stellaland by the freebooters if he agreed with Captain Bower that they could not be expelled.

At the same time he gave him a map showing the new boundary line, and placed him in possession of the arrangements to which the Transvaal delegates had agreed, with a view to prevent encroachments, and to maintain order on both sides of the border.

On April 22, Niekerk, the leader of the filibusters, wrote from the Hartz River in the Transvaal to the Cape House of Assembly, stating that he had no objection to Stellaland being divided into two parts, provided that the portion falling outside the Transvaal was annexed to the Cape Colony.

Mr. Mackenzie, on proceeding to Bechuanaland, signed a treaty with Mankoroane on April 30, by which the establishment of the Protectorate was declared over Mankoroane's country. On May 9, he announced the same Protectorate at Vrijburg for British Stellaland, by virtue of the treaty he had made with the Chief Mankoroane; this treaty has since been ratified by the Order in Council of January 27, 1885.

Mr. Mackenzie in requesting Van Niekerk, with the approval of the Volks Committee, to act as special Assistant Commissioner until a Commissioner should be appointed, said, "I now in the Queen's name impose on him, as the head of the people of

Stellaland, the responsibility of the temporary management of this district until its affairs are finally settled." This document was signed by Niekerk himself. A question now arose as to Niekerk taking the oath of allegiance, and he wrote to Mr. Mackenzie on May 21, stating that the people of Stellaland had sent a petition to the Cape Parliament for annexation to the Cape Colony, and wished to postpone all action. Niekerk then absconded from British Stellaland, some charges having been brought against him. A temporary government was established at Vrijburg by the Volks Committee, and it was agreed that the members should take the oath of allegiance.

On July 16, the Select Committee of the Volks Committee at Vrijburg deposed Niekerk, and on July 28, at a public meeting, it was declared that Niekerk and De la Rey were holding rebellious meetings within the borders of the Transvaal, and endeavouring to induce the inhabitants of Stellaland to oppose the proper maintenance of law and order.

On the other hand, Niekerk, in the Transvaal, issued a written notice, stating that the Volks Committee had no authority to surrender the country of Stellaland, and charging all persons who negotiated with Mr. Mackenzie with high treason.

Thus two separate Governments were established in Stellaland—that at Vrijburg, favourable to Mr. Mackenzie and the Imperial Government; that on the Hartz River, in the Transvaal, favourable to Niekerk and the Transvaal.

The course in this matter was now quite clear. The Transvaal should have been called upon to keep order within its own border, and Niekerk and his party in Transvaal Stellaland should have been restrained from crossing over to British territory, and from coercing those Stellalanders who had declared themselves to be loyal to the Crown.

That this was the view taken by the Secretary of State there cannot be a doubt, from a perusal of a letter to the High Commissioner dated March 14, 1884, desiring him to take steps for maintaining the new western boundary and preserving order in Bechuanaland; it concludes:—"It is important that this boundary should forthwith be distinctly defined in order to preclude doubts and disputes as to the limits of each jurisdiction, and if, unfortunately, the Government of the Republic should not be able to take part immediately in this work, it may be well that you should have the line marked for your own guidance. I shall await your reports on these subjects with interest, and with the fullest confidence in your prudence and discretion."

The importance of laying down the boundary line immediately is further confirmed by the following remarks from Lord Derby, dated October 18, 1884:—"The immediate origin of the recent hostilities is immaterial, because, whether Moutsoa or Moshetti was the

aggressor, it was the duty of the Government of the Republic to take effective measures to prevent its territory from being used as a base of operations by either party." And the High Commissioner's instructions to Mr. Mackenzie on April 12 proves clearly that up to that date he intended to carry out the instructions of the Secretary of State.

And yet, as soon as it was found that Mr. Mackenzie proposed a Land Commission in British Stellaland, and that those interested in land in consequence clamoured for his recall, all considerations for the instructions of the Secretary of State appear to have been thrown aside, and Mr. Rhodes and Captain Bower went up prepared not only to undo what Mr. Mackenzie had done, but also to make a new departure, to ignore the boundary line, and to treat with the very filibusters who, the High Commissioner a few months before said, were robbers, whose proceedings he could not countenance, and with whom he could not conceive that any civilized Government would allow its name to be associated.

On reading the record of the past, one is forced to the conclusion that there must have been some very strong reason to account for the extraordinary proceedings that at this time took place. There can be little doubt that great pressure was brought to bear by those interested in land speculations, but this may not account entirely for so sudden a change of policy adopted by the local authorities, of which the Secretary of State was not made aware. The principal guiding line may have been a desire to save something out of the general wreck of Bechuanaland by the sacrifice of British Stellaland. It would appear that Mr. Rhodes and Captain Bower had determined to adopt the desperate risk of treating with the Hartz River freebooters, and handing over Stellaland to them, provided they would assist in preserving Goshen intact. In any case, there can be little doubt that the freebooter Nickerk managed to persuade both these gentlemen that he had the most pacific intentions and very great power, and that he could extricate them from the difficulties in which the High Commissioner had involved the country. The action of these gentlemen at this period shows that they entirely misunderstood the sentiments and character of the Dutch freebooters. Nickerk and other leaders no doubt possessed great power over their followers, so long as their actions were entirely aggressive, but they could have little or no power in restraining them except by making large promises of something in the future, far greater than that which they saw in their immediate grasp.

Mr. Rhodes having by what the High Commissioner terms his "disinterested advice" secured the recall of Mr. Mackenzie, went up himself into Stellaland to cancel all Mr. Mackenzie's acts, and to assist in this he asked for the aid of Captain Bower, who in his

turn brought up the Republican flag of Stellaland which Mr. Mackenzie had taken down to Cape Town.

Mr. Rhodes, on August 4, telegraphed that a large Boer meeting under Niekirk, in the Transvaal, had determined to put Mr. Mackenzie out of Vrijburg, and on the following day he said that the opposition of De la Rey and Niekirk was a dangerous factor, and that he would endeavour to reconcile them, as a divided Stellaland was dangerous.

On August 7 he telegraphed from Vrijburg that the town section had accepted Mackenzie and were in fear of an attack from Niekirk's party, who had proclaimed a separate government on the Hartz River in the Transvaal; on the same day from Vrijburg was telegraphed the news that Niekirk had disacknowledged the British Resident, and had called upon leaders of disaffected Boers to sit as court-martial on all persons who had negotiated with Mr. Mackenzie on a charge of high treason. And yet in spite of this treasonable action of Niekirk, Mr. Rhodes proposed to treat with him, and to act on entirely different lines to those of Mr. Mackenzie.

These proposals the High Commissioner accepted. Mr. Rhodes said, "My policy, if it can be called one, is contained in a few words—viz., to try and effect a reconciliation with the Niekirk party, and to obtain their co-operation in dealing with the people of Rooi Grond, or at least their neutrality."

On August 26, Captain Bower reported that he had met Niekirk and his party in the Transvaal, and that they were very unreasonable and violent, their object being war at any price; but he was persuaded by M. Niekirk that he and De la Rey had been endeavouring to restrain the more violent; he then gave the conditions that he himself had proposed to the freebooters, which the leading papers in the Cape Colony have stigmatized as a disgraced document.

"1. The agreements made by Mr. Mackenzie with the Volks Committee and proclamations issued by him are cancelled.

2. That pending annexation to the Cape Colony, Stellaland continue its own Government, recognising, however, the Imperial protectorate, and subject to the condition that all executive acts must be taken in concert and with the consent of the Deputy-Commissioner.

3. That the land titles, as issued by the former, *de facto*, be recognised at once.

4. That the Commissioner of Bechuanaland hold a court to investigate cattle thefts, committed either by the Boers or by Mankoroane within the last twelve months, and date be fixed for the opening of such court, which date shall not be taken later than September 20.

5. The officers of the Stellaland Government to be nominated by the Stellaland Government, in agreement with the Deputy-Commissioner.

6. In the event of Deputy-Commissioner requiring a force of burghers to ~~cart~~ provisions to Montsipa, a burgher force to be supplied by Stellaland, to be paid from Imperial funds, the commandant receiving £25 a month, and

he burghers 10s. a day whilst employed, officers and men providing their own horses and arms, but ammunition to be provided by Government.

7. In the event of the Commissioner of Bechuanaland requiring a burgher force to quell native disturbances, a burgher commando to be furnished by Stellaland, which will be paid by the Imperial Government whilst employed.

8. Twenty-five burghers to be at once enrolled to patrol the country and stop cattle thefts.

In addition to the foregoing, I have promised that if a peaceful settlement is arrived at, I will recommend to your Excellency a loan of £5,000 to the Stellaland Government. I have explained that I have no authority to promise your Excellency's consent, but will recommend it most favourably."

The High Commissioner, in telegraphing to the Secretary of State, entirely misled him regarding Captain Bower's negotiation with Nickerk, by stating that the large meeting of armed Boers was in Stellaland; whereas he should have said that it was on the Hartz River, within the Transvaal.

The negotiations with the freebooter Nickerk continued till September 8, when Mr. Rhodes made his final agreement with them, the Articles of which are as follow:—

"1. That all transactions entered into by Mr. John Mackenzie with the Volks Committee and the proclamations issued by him be cancelled.

2. Pending the annexation to the Cape Colony, Stellaland shall continue its own Government, recognising, however, her Majesty's protectorate, and subject to the condition that all executive acts must be taken in concert, and with the consent of the Commissioner of Bechuanaland.

3. That the land titles issued by the Government of Stellaland be recognised.

4. That in accordance with the proposal offered by Messrs. P. J. Joubert, Superintendent of Native Affairs, and H. Shoeman, member of the Native Location Commission for South African Republic, on the one side, and Mr. C. J. Rhodes, Commissioner of Bechuanaland, on the other, the proposal contained in copy of letter A. shall be adopted and copy of letter marked B. sent to the administration of Stellaland.

5. That with the object of Stellaland Government completing its affairs, the period of three months shall be reserved before Article 2 will come in force with its protectorate, and during that time the public shall maintain their rights and have them fulfilled in accordance with Article 4."

Further arrangements were made for the hoisting of the Republican flag of Stellaland, and the Union Jack was taken away for safe custody to Taungs. And yet the original object for this discreditable submission and concession to the freebooters was not gained—viz., their aid against the Goshenites.

Thus the Republic of Stellaland was again inaugurated by Messrs. Rhodes and Bower. Acting under the orders of the High Commissioner, the Republican flag was again hoisted, and the instructions of the Secretary of State as to the laying down of the boundary line were thoroughly ignored; and yet the Secretary of State was kept entirely in the dark as to what had actually occurred, the High

Commissioner sending on September 11 a telegram implying that the arrangement was made with British Stellaland only, for he stated, "Stellaland shall continue its own Government, recognising British protectorate."

Now the agreement with Nickerk was made for the whole of Stellaland both in the Transvaal and in the Protectorate, and it was made in Transvaal territory with Transvaal Boers, contrary to the wishes and in face of the protest of the people of British Stellaland.

The full report of Mr. Rhodes's agreement was sent home on September 24, but there is nothing to show the real state of the case, so that her Majesty's Ministers appear to have been quite unaware of the actual facts until months after the expedition had started for South Africa in November 1884.

Even the High Commissioner does not appear to have fully understood what had been done, as in his letter of October 8 to the Secretary of State he speaks of Nickerk and the Hartz River party expelling the Select Committee from Vrijburg as though it were all one territory. He also states that in his opinion the agreement made by Mr. Rhodes with Nickerk is more favourable than that made by Mr. Mackenzie with British Stellaland, and concurs with Lord Derby in thinking that the recognition of the existing Stellaland titles is preferable to that entered into with Mr. Mackenzie. There is this important difference between the two agreements which the High Commissioner entirely omitted to refer to. Mr. Mackenzie only satisfied the claims of the original volunteers subject to a Land Commission, and it was to this that Lord Derby referred in his letter of September 3. On the other hand, Mr. Rhodes guaranteed the whole of the claims without examination, including a large number in addition to those of the original volunteers. It is quite certain from perusal of the Parliamentary Blue-Books that the Secretary of State was not in possession of the real conditions under which Mr. Rhodes made his agreement until six or seven months after it was made.

In comparing these two agreements it may be well to observe that they have been contrasted by the Bestuur of British Stellaland, and it has been conclusively proved that that made by Mr. Mackenzie is best for all parties. They show that

"according to the agreement entered into with Mr. Rhodes, there will be no opportunity to compensate such losses of farms as mentioned in the preceding paragraph, by the granting of other farms to them, and besides creating considerable dissatisfaction, a fresh burden will be imposed on this country owing to its being obligatory to meet the pecuniary claims of the parties thus injured."

And they conclude with the following remarks:—

1. "Whereas the agreement made by Mr. Mackenzie will tend to bring a large and industrious population into the country which will cultivate the soil and in course of time cause Stellaland to become one of the most important districts in South Africa; the agreement entered into by Mr. Rhodes will gradually cause the territory to fall entirely into the hands of speculators, who living beyond its boundaries will do nothing to promote its welfare, in consequence whereof it will remain sparsely inhabited and uncultivated.

2. "Whereas the agreement made by Mr. Mackenzie is excellent and must prove most satisfactory to every well-meaning inhabitant of the country; the agreement made by Mr. Rhodes is vague in the extreme, and tends solely to promote the interests of a few to the great detriment of the majority."

Not only was Mr. Rhodes's agreement of a spurious character, having been made with persons who lived in the Transvaal, but it was also looked upon by those very persons as one which could be laid on one side at any moment, and acknowledged by all as having lapsed on December 8, 1884. What the weighty reasons are for holding to this agreement can only be surmised by those who know the intricate nature of political problems in South Africa; but it is interesting to note that the High Commissioner, having insisted on holding to this agreement month after month, has at last himself, on visiting Stellaland, found out the impossibility of adhering to it, and has been obliged to fall back upon a portion of that made by Mr. Mackenzie. Unfortunately, however, he still affirms that his arrangements are based on Mr. Rhodes's agreement. Now it is to be remarked that if he does justice to the country by acting entirely on Mr. Mackenzie's agreement, and ignoring that of Mr. Rhodes in everything but the name, he yet will be doing a grievous injustice in Bechuanaland, for there is still something in the background.

Mr. Mackenzie's agreement is based on a concession of the country from Mankoroane, while Mr. Rhodes's agreement rests on the validity of titles issued by David Massau in Mankoroane's territory—that is to say, it involves the recognition of the treaty between Mankoroane and Massau of 1882. Now, there was another treaty in the same year made between Montsioa and Moshetti upon which Mr. Upington has based his agreement with the Goshenites. And he, as Attorney-General of the Cape Colony, gives his opinion that one treaty is as good as the other, and that they must both stand or fall together. According to Mr. Upington's opinion therefore, if Mr. Rhodes's agreement is upheld, his own must be upheld also. In other words, the freebooters will be allowed to return into Goshen who were turned out by the expedition of 1884-5 at a cost of nearly a million of money.

There is yet another view of the subject. Under an Order in Council, the present Crown Colony, including Stellaland, was taken over by virtue of the treaties made by Mr. Mackenzie with Mankoroane and Montsioa. Now, if Mr. Rhodes's agreement is upheld, all acts of Mr. Mackenzie in Stellaland are cancelled, and therefore

Stellaland did not pass under the Crown by treaty, and consequently it at present remains a Republic, outside of the Transvaal and outside of the Crown Colony. But yet it has recently been declared by the High Commissioner to form portion of the Crown Colony.

It seems quite certain that the complicated questions which have arisen under Mr. Rhodes's agreement could not have occurred had the High Commissioner not also been Governor of the Cape Colony. The Commissioner of Public Works, Colonel Schermbrucker, has stated in the House of Assembly the necessity for the severance of those offices; he also has called attention to the extraordinary position of Sir Hercules Robinson, who was carrying out his duties as Governor in the Cape Colony by aid of his responsible Ministry, and as High Commissioner in Bechuanaland by aid of the Opposition, of which Mr. Rhodes was a leading member. There can be little doubt that the anxiety of the Cape Ministry to effect an agreement with the Goshenites was accelerated by the action of Mr. Rhodes in Stellaland and the Transvaal, it being considered in Cape Town that while acting as the High Commissioner's Deputy he had secured the sympathy of the Africander-Bond Boers in the north on behalf of the Opposition.

It is now proposed to make a few suggestions as to the future government of South Africa.

Those who have lived in South Africa and have become acquainted with the wants and aspirations of the people, are conscious that some measures are urgently required by which full justice may be done to all classes. Even in the Cape Colony, where there is a responsible Government, the people are dissatisfied with their own legislation. The English feel impeded in their forward progress and coerced into inaction by the standstill Boer element; the Boers complain that they have magistrates who do not know their language, who do not comprehend their wants, and that they receive but scant justice; while the natives assert that whatever may be the law in the letter, it is practically felt that in enforcing it there is one code for the black man and another for the white.

Throughout South Africa there is a general feeling of discontent among all classes; each sees that there is something wrong, but no one has yet brought forward any panacea which will suit all races. For many years past the question of federation has been raised, and in 1871 Mr. Moltino, Prime Minister, moved a resolution that the colony should be divided into three or more provincial governments. With this object in view, two years later, in reply to a very urgent appeal for the separation of the western from the eastern province, the Secretary of State suggested the possibility of placing each of the great divisions of the colony under provincial governments, subordinate to a general legislature. The sentiment of certain politicians

at Cape Town, however, has for many years been extremely averse to any form of local self-government being accorded to the provinces; they hold steadily in view the prospect of South Africa being governed in the future directly from Cape Town. Their motto has been "unification" in contradistinction to that of "federation," and they have not been averse to lay aside the interest of the whole of South Africa in order to retain and increase their local pre-eminence. This is one of the most important factors affecting recent events in South Africa. In May, 1875, Lord Carnarvon, in a despatch to the Governor of the Cape Colony, referred to the serious disadvantages, both as regards security and disorder and material progress under which the several colonies and States are placed, by the absence of any defined and consistent policy governing questions of vital interest to all; and he proposed on the part of her Majesty's Government that there should be a conference of delegates, representing the colonies of South Africa, under such presidency and with such assistance as her Majesty's Government could give. The object of this conference was to consider a uniform policy with regard to the natives, the sale of arms and ammunition to them, the arrest and surrender of criminals, and minor territorial questions. To this proposal the Cape House of Assembly gave a rude rebuff by passing a resolution that any such proposal regarding the Cape Colony should come from its own Government. Lord Carnarvon rejoined by requesting the Governor of the Cape Colony, in his capacity as High Commissioner, to ascertain whether the conference might not be held with advantage between one or more of the Republics, the colony of Natal, and the province of Griqualand West, without reference to the Cape Colony. "We have here an instance of a difficult position in which the official acting as High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape Colony is constantly placed. As Governor of the Cape Colony he must consider the proposal for the conference as contrary to the interest of that colony, but as High Commissioner he must further the object of the conference as far as he can among the States lying beyond the Cape Colony. In the autumn of 1875 Mr. Froude visited South Africa, and spoke in public as to the advantages of federation. On the withdrawal of the proposal for a conference by Lord Carnarvon, the Cape House of Assembly expressed its willingness to assist the Imperial Government in settling the difficulties which had arisen with regard to British jurisdiction in Griqualand West, and negotiations were then commenced as to the annexation of the latter by the Cape Colony. In consequence of the disturbed state of the country during the next few years, little was done to further the general question of federation, but every effort was made by the Imperial Government to force Griqualand West into a union with the Cape Colony. The

question that now arose on this subject was "annexation" *versus* "federation;" the Cape Colony wished to absorb Griqualand West into its unity, while Griqualand West itself wished to remain a separate colony in conjunction with Bechuanaland, as one of a federation of States. Griqualand West had been solemnly promised time after time by the Imperial Government that it should not be annexed against the will of the people; but these promises were treated as jests, and it was annexed to the Cape Colony against its will, by negotiations carried on during the autumn of 1879.

This was a fatal error in the administration of South Africa. Griqualand West was essentially an English province; by absorbing it into the Cape Colony its influence became swamped by the overwhelming Boer interest of that colony, while at the same time its inhabitants were rendered discontented towards the Home Government by this breach of faith.

After this accession of territory and riches to the Cape Colony, the prospect of any federal union or conference became very problematical, as it was obviously to the interest of the colony to avoid federation where it wished to absorb.

During the years succeeding 1879 many changes have taken place in South Africa, but probably the most important is that due to the extension of education among the people, and the political wakening-up of the Boers under the tuition of the "Afrikander-Bond." A federal union was in 1883 proposed by this party, with a motto, "Africa for the Afrikanders," which is intended to mean the boycotting of English traders, and the extirpation of the native tribes. The Boers had been politically asleep for the last fifty years, and their sudden awakening caused a shock throughout South Africa. Emissaries were sent through the country preaching sedition and recommending separation from Great Britain, and proposing a separate flag for South Africa. The loyal portion of the country was supine, and gave no voice on the subject; both the Ministers and the Opposition endeavoured to make capital out of this political revival, and each strove with the other to secure the Dutch vote. In the midst of this excitement, the filibustering expeditions in Bechuanaland came to a head, culminating in the violation of her Majesty's protectorate. A cry for assistance now arose from the English colonists and the Dutch loyalist section, but the Cape Ministers, fully impressed with the idea that the extreme Dutch population were going to carry everything their own way, went to Bechuanaland, and there made concessions to the filibusters without any considerations as to the vindication of British honour, and tentatively approved the handing over of Goshen to these marauders; proceedings which her Majesty's Government refused to confirm. In doing this the Ministers clung to the belief that British troops

would never again cross the Orange River. The passage of British troops into Bechuanaland with so much alacrity and discipline, completely upset the calculations of the seditious, and before the disaffected Boers could gather together and make any stand the peace of the country was secured.

A revulsion of feeling now took place among the Dutch population of South Africa; they had, since the retrocession of the Transvaal, treated the English population with contumely and contempt, imagining they were masters of the situation, and that England would not venture again to dispute affairs with the up-country Boers. When they found out, however, that England was determined to see justice done, whether to Boers or natives, and had the power and will to do it, they gave way and showed their readiness to let bygones be bygones, and work together as a united loyal people. But there are not wanting those who assert that the snake sedition is "scotched, but not killed."

The enthusiastic addresses recently sent in on the termination of the Expedition from the principal towns and districts of the Cape Colony by Dutch and English inhabitants are sufficient evidence of the important change which has come over the minds of the majority.

A question now arises as to the future Government of South Africa. Would it be better for the "unification" process to continue, and to risk the experiment of allowing the Cape Colony gradually to attempt to absorb the whole of South Africa, or would it be more desirable to elaborate some federal scheme by which the various provinces of South Africa can be brought under one head, or can some other scheme be devised by which South Africa can be made prosperous on other lines?

However desirable it may appear in theory for the Cape Colony to continue its present scheme of unification, it is evident to all those who understand the country that this is not a practical solution. It is not probable that the colony of Natal would submit to be absorbed in this manner; the native tribes are most averse to the Government of the Cape Colony, and the States to the north of the Orange River are far too well aware of the future before them to allow of any such absorption. It is obvious that for many years to come the Orange River will divide the country into two distinct political sections, and the sooner that this division is recognised the better for the prosperity of South Africa. It is the ambitious scheme of those who guide the Cape Colony towards "unification" which is markedly affecting the peace of the whole territory. The second proposal as to "federation" is equally impracticable, unless the Cape Colony were broken up into two sections, because it so largely preponderates in population and riches that it would either

require a proportion of representatives who would swamp the votes of those of the other States, or else it would not be adequately represented, and in consequence would be coerced by States who in the aggregate are not more powerful than itself. Some third scheme, therefore, must be devised by which a solution may be arrived at.

The greatest impediment at the present time to the peace of South Africa is the dual position held by the High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape Colony. As Governor he is subject, in a great measure, to the wishes of the people of the Cape Colony, as High Commissioner he is under the direct authority of the Secretary of State in regard to matters outside the Cape Colony. Should there be any disparity of views, as there is more often than not, between the Imperial Government and the Colonial Government regarding native affairs, he is placed in a most anomalous position. Some may assert that the Imperial and Colonial policy ought to coincide, but this cannot be, as the policy of the several colonies differ among themselves, and the English and Boer view as to treatment of native tribes essentially differs.

During his tenure of office the High Commissioner and Governor may play many parts. If he is a strong man, he may for a time succeed in persuading both sides to combine in a united action, or he may play the Home Government against the Colonial Government, and either have his own way or cause a block according to his measure of skill and ability; if he is a party man, he may side with either one or the other, according to whether he is actuated by self-interest or good principles; if he is a weak man, he may try in succession to carry out the instructions of either party, and may probably at the end be declared a decided failure.

In whichever direction he wishes to move there is no firm footing, and there is the risk that he will slip and fail. The only apparent solution to this difficulty is to at once sever the two positions and allow them to be held by two different functionaries. Having once accomplished this, it is desirable to arrange that whatever scheme is elaborated care must be taken to allow of its eventually developing into a "federation" under a Governor-General. The simplest method of carrying this out is for the High Commissioner to undertake the government of the whole of the country outside the Cape Colony and the negotiations with the free Republics, while the Governor of the Cape Colony restricts his duties entirely to that colony.

The immediate effect of this would be to place under the High Commissioner Natal, Zululand, Basutoland, Griqualand, and Bechuanaland. The Cape Colony should be called upon to find troops for all internal disorders within its borders, so that the Imperial troops might be entirely withdrawn, excepting sufficient Marines and Marine

Artillery for the defence of the naval station. The troops might also be very much reduced in Natal, as under a new and equitable system peace may be secured in South Africa. The saving effected in the reduction of troops would allow of the granting of a moderate amount for the Civil List of the High Commissioner, until arrangements are made for drawing a revenue from the territory which he will rule over. The principal difficulty with regard to the High Commissioner that arises is with regard to the seat of government, and as it is proposed that in the distant future he should be a Governor-General, it is not desirable that much money should at present be expended on his residence, as it is probable that it may be changed from time to time, and that it may eventually be fixed at Cape Town or Graham's Town.

In the meantime, the Boers are steadily pressing onwards in their system of extirpation; within the last month they have succeeded in killing David Massau in the stronghold of Mamusa, they have captured all his cattle, and the Koranna tribe at Mamusa has ceased to exist. It is said that they are now about to turn their arms against Moshetti, and experience enables us to know that his Barolongs cannot exist in the Transvaal for more than a few months. The Boers will next overflow into Bechuanaland, will squat there, will pick quarrels with the natives, and will irritate them so that they may rise against the British Government. The Boer programme is to so arrange that the natives in Bechuanaland may be exterminated by our own police force and magistrates.

CHARLES WARREN.

ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE "EUMENIDES" AND "HAMLET."

"IT is a dull play" was the criticism which more than once met the ear of the spectator of the "Eumenides" as given at Cambridge this December, 1885. The music, the *mise-en-scène*, the spirit, grace, and beauty of the actors, all had their full meed of praise, but it was somewhat at the expense of the poet, who was felt to have kept his audience a long time listening to a story which contained very little incident, character painting, or fine poetry. The remark, together with the reminiscence which the play suggests of one which has never been thought dull, must have set more than one spectator pondering on the different kind of interest demanded by an Athenian and an English audience; and the question, how it is that human nature changes its demand for particular kinds of interest with the progress of the ages is a problem of perennial interest.

Perhaps we may imagine the difference between the kind of attention given to dramatic representation by Athenians and by modern Englishmen, if we conceive a child thinking he is to be taken to see Madame Tussaud's, and finding himself among the Elgin marbles. The demand for a story, as we understand the words, in connection with the drama, would probably impress a Greek much as the demand for the accessories of waxwork among sculpture would impress us. It was not that they were wholly without any conception of this kind of interest, there is a great deal of it in the "Iliad." The conversation between Helen and Priam on the walls of Troy, for instance, has much of the vivid expression of individual character which a modern playwright seeks to produce. But this kind of interest must have been deliberately renounced by the great dramatists. They chose that austere simplicity which is, to our taste, so undramatic. The play of various

human character is present in the poem which was to them at once their Bible and their Shakespeare, at least, as unquestionably as it is in any modern poem, but the sharers in Homer's immortality reject his method, and if we look for that kind of interest in their work, we shall find none at all. The paradox involves the whole difference between the ancient and the modern view of this our human life, with all its issues of right and wrong, sweet and bitter, true and false. Much light is thrown on this difference by carrying out the comparison suggested above, and setting the "Eumenides" beside a play of Shakespeare's so similar to it in plot that we should certainly have credited the English poet with copying it, if he could have read Greek. The similarity of position between Orestes in the Greek and Hamlet in the English play brings out strikingly the radical divergence between the spirit of the two writers and the two nations.

The common elements are indeed remarkable.* Orestes and Hamlet have both to avenge a beloved father, who has fallen a victim to the guilty passion of an unfaithful wife; in each case the adulterer has ascended the throne; and a claim of higher than mere mortal authority demands his punishment; for the permitted return of Hamlet's father from the world beyond the grave may be set beside the command of Apollo to Orestes to become the executioner of the wrath of Heaven. These similarities—though they are probably quite accidental—are sufficiently important and specific to bring out in all its marked contrast the opposite feeling with which the two pictures, in their main outlines so similar, have been filled in. Observe, first, that Hamlet is complete in itself. We do not want to investigate the murder of Hamlet's father—unlawful passion is the adequate and declared temptation which has caused his murder; we have not to get behind that motive, or to have its genesis in any other. But the "Eumenides" is a manifest fragment. We begin in the middle, the first start of the play implies a past. Orestes appears flying from the Furies, the shade of his mother arises to quicken their wrath—a curious combination of the resemblance of the play to "Hamlet" with its extreme divergence of spirit. It may be answered that this is a mere question of nomenclature, and that the "Eumenides" should in fact be regarded as the last act of the "House of Atreus" (as a graceful translator has named the whole trilogy). It is true that we must take the "Eumenides" not as a play, but as the last act of a play, and the remarks which follow so treat it; but if we go back to the first act—the return of Agamemnon from the siege of Troy, and his murder by Clytemnestra—the

* A French translator of "Hamlet" (Ducis) puts in the mouth of the Prince what is almost a description of the murder of Clytemnestra, as something from which he recoils.

story still implies and needs a past. Guilty passion is the theme of the "Agamemnon" just as it is of "Hamlet," but it is not merely by the singular purity of the tragic muse that the reader's attention is directed elsewhere; the guilty lovers have their wrongs to avenge; the daughter of Clytemnestra, the father of Ægisthus, each seem to call from their tombs for vengeance, as Clytemnestra herself does in her turn. We start with a record of sin, the *damnosa hereditas* is there from the first. The vicissitudes of an individual conscience and will are too slender a theme to bear the stress of the poet's genius, he must deal with a larger whole.

Here we have the modern point of view and the ancient in their most distinct contrast. To the Greek, the individual man is a fragment. To concentrate attention on *his* destiny was to shiver the snowy Parian block that the sculptor might have convenient material for carving isolated hands and feet. The ultimate object of all Greek attention was not an individual, but a group. Whereas we conceive the State as a collection of individuals, they conceived the individual as a fragment of the State. Our sympathies seek no larger resting-place than the desires and aspirations of an individual soul, theirs craved some corporate unity of which the individual was a mere member. We are accustomed to recognize this difference on the field of Politics; we feel that the ancient city was a more deeply felt reality than the modern nation, that patriotism was, in classical ages, available at a lower temperature than it is with us. But we do not recognize that the difference is as potent in art and in morals as in politics, that it created a different ideal of individual life,—that it set artistic attention in a different groove. And nothing ought so much to help us to realize this as a comparison of the two great dramatists severally of Greece and of England.

The Greek and the Englishman had something in common beside genius. The roscate glow that comes in the dawn of a nation's life was around them both. Æschylus lived in that brief gleam of splendour between the war which made Greeks discover that Greece was a unity, and the war in which they forgot it. Shakespeare lived in that steady, increasing radiance when England first awoke to feel her power and delight in her freedom. Both were animated by an awakening national life, both sung the glories of their country. But how strikingly the resemblance brings out the difference! We may take Henry V. as a sort of symbol of Shakespeare's pride in England; the hero king shines forth as a type of all that should gather up the loyalty, the patriotism of a subject of Elizabeth; his portrait is painted in Shakespeare's richest hues, and set in his clearest light. The whole play is full of a glowing pride in England, and defiance to her enemies, and this feeling finds its focus in the conqueror of Agincourt; the glory of England is summed up in the glory of an

Englishman. But, when we turn to the play in which the like sense of a nation's triumph bursts forth in the verse of Æschylus—like, but infinitely greater, for even the new sense of freedom, when the black thundercloud of the Armada rolled away, must have been feeble in comparison with the raptures that succeeded Salamis—when we turn to the play in which that rapture of relief is commemorated, we remark with surprise, that while it is filled with the names of Persians, real or invented, Æschylus has studiously avoided the name of a single Greek. That concrete embodiment of national pride, which was indispensable to the Englishman, was abhorrent to the Athenian. He is absorbed by a religious sense of the invisible bond which made his people one, of the Divine power which had fought on their side. "Who is their shepherd and their master? who leads them to the fight?" asks the mother of Xerxes, and we can imagine what an overpowering thrill of emotion went through the crowd of spectators as they heard the answer given by the humbled foes of Greece, "They are subjects of no man." Loyalty was a feeling which would have roused nothing but dread in an Athenian. The subject of reverence was the city, the invisible would endure no rivalry on the part of the visible. Æschylus was recounting the events in which he had borne a part: and doubtless the honour of the warrior was dearer to him than the honour of the poet. Yet all the more he felt that the interest of the drama of the deliverance of Greece must centre in a throne filled by no visible form. Shakespeare makes the most of Henry V.; Æschylus does not take cognizance of the very existence of Miltiades or Themistocles.

The different ideals which come out in these two national dramas are visible whenever we contrast the life of the modern and the ancient world. In some sense we are forced to realize this difference whenever we look backwards. We see not merely that the Greek was a different kind of being from the Englishman, but that he was trying to be something different. The ideal state of the wisest Greek would have revolted the practical moral standard of the least virtuous Englishman. Men are separated, not by their ideal of what is good, but by their ideal of what is best; for by the correlation of moral force the whole of life is altered when we alter its hierarchy of reverence. It is of no avail that two men should agree that individual life is sacred, and that membership in a State is sacred, if they differ as to which is to come first. From the ancient point of view goodness was invisible in the individual, the group was the smallest organism in which it could be discerned. Hence all that belonged to individual relation was comparatively uninteresting. The one strong emotion which forms almost the theme of modern art, which every one thinks he can draw from imagination and most people

* "Persæ," 216.

have known by experience, had a subordinate place on the Athenian stage. The love of man for woman, so far as it ever appears there, is something quite *secondary*, something more or less to be kept out of sight. In the guilty love of Clytemnestra for Ægisthus there is indeed something pathetic and tender, but it is hardly allowed to appear at all; we are made to feel that she hates her husband much more than that she loves her paramour; the sense of destiny is a much stronger element in the murder than the sense of choice. In the classical ideal man's love for woman is almost nothing. In the chivalric idea it is almost everything. In Hamlet we see the chivalric ideal stamped by the individuality of a great original genius. Hamlet thinks, on the tomb of the drowned Ophelia, that he loved her more than twenty thousand brothers. Ah, how like human nature! We seemed to have loved so passionately when we have lost. We *do* so love what is gone out of reach. While Ophelia was living, to be chilled or warmed by Hamlet's love, he took very little thought of her. Other feelings were not stronger than his love of her, perhaps, but quite as strong, and there were many of them. What a wonderful knowledge of the human heart lies in that combination of the cool lover and the passionate mourner! We know no other delineation of man's love that can be put by its side. An inferior artist would have painted so slight a love as Hamlet's for Ophelia only in the portrait of a slight character. Shakespeare knew that a love may be indestructible, and rooted in a deep nature, and yet in itself may be a small thing; for he knew the heart of man. We fancy that those words are the mere equivalent of the statement that he was a great poet. But we are now comparing Shakespeare with a poet as great as he was, and surely more original, who did not know the heart of man, and did not care to know it. He was not studying the springs of individual character. He cared only for that which was universal.

What Æschylus was studying was not the heart of man, but the mind of God. What is the Power that rules the world? What is the law by which He rules it? How may man approach Him? These were the problems that filled the mind of the poet. Whatever were those lessons which he learnt at Eleusis of the hopes of immortality, we may see that they had deeply impressed him, that in imagination he was constantly piercing the dread barrier of the tomb. Whatever deeply interested him must be supernatural. And the ordinary course of history, in his day, may almost be called supernatural. He had fought at Marathon. He had seen the whole might of Asia shattered on the rock of Greek freedom. He had seen his country defended from arrogant power as by a miracle. Hence in his desire to comprehend the law by which the world was ruled, and which he knew as destiny, there was a profound faith in

ultimate righteousness, though the faith was not wholly dominant, and much that was there also was inconsistent with it. The Mysteries give the key-note to his music; we compare him with Shakespeare to discover difference, for resemblance we must turn to Dante. He saw that quality in sin which to the imagination of Dante created an endless hell, as an inheritance of guilt; or from another point of view, as the passing over of guilt to fate. Surely in this vision he is not less true to reality than Shakespeare is. Who does not know how the errors of life hover to the eyes of memory in some dim region between sin and calamity, and change with the parallax of life's movement from the one position to the other? We never seem to have begun at the beginning! Always there was a past that domineered over our present! And then, at last, we feel that our life is moulded by the lives that have gone before, and thus that the seeming separateness of life is in part delusive. This idea seems to have haunted the Greek mind with a recurrent insistence of perplexity. When the object of attention changed from the group to the individual, that which lies at the very core of the individual life—the will—came into a new distinctness. A new interest in human character is a new belief in human will, and we recover the old point of view only with a certain effort. We imagine that will is denied where it is hardly conceived. Till each man became a whole in himself Will was only dimly conceived as a moving force in human affairs; that law of moral evolution which they knew as *Fate* was a much more distinct element in human experience. Hence Guilt was something different to them and to us, and throughout all their grandest poetry they seem always seeking to answer the problem of what it really meant. Orestes is vindicated by Apollo, but the Furies have much to say for themselves. We do not feel that the last word rests either with the God of Day or the Daughters of Night. The Goddess of Wisdom harmonizes both views. But though there is balance here, there is no variety. The drama, and all his dramas, is full of a sombre, awful monotony. Divine Law leaves no room for human character.

Turn to the other side of the contrast and mark the change. What a wondrous gallery of rainbow-hued variety rises up before the mind's eye at the name of Shakespeare. When we make his name into an epithet we give a picturesque synonym for *various*. No one type of character, feeling, or belief occurs as *Shakespearian*; the word suggests what is vivid and many-sided, and nothing else. This efflorescence of a wealth of various beauty for all the ages chronicles the first awakening of modern Europe to the sanctities, the interests, the ideals of individual life. It is an expression, on the field of art, of the spirit which on the field of theology gave us the Reformation, setting the human spirit face to face with the

Divine, and bidding it trust to no intervening entity—no external citizenship in the City of God—but as the sole creature alone with the Creator learn what mystic channels are opened between the finite and the infinite within the “abysmal depths of Personality.” It would not appear that Shakespeare had any special sympathy with the Reformation, it would even seem that so far as any religion had a hold upon his mind it was that of the ancient Church. At least, he, addressing the England of Elizabeth, the England which was ready to fight against all that was involved, for the men of that time, in the doctrine of Purgatory, makes a spirit from beyond the grave announce that he is

“Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day, condemned to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.”

But however little of a Protestant was Shakespeare the poet, his was the artistic expression of the same spirit that made Protestantism. The City had passed away, and for a thousand years the Church had taken her place. Now the Church, too, was called upon to yield, and the home was lighted up with a new life. Man was interesting not only as the member of the State, called upon to serve her with his life or his counsels; not only as a son of the Church, called upon to partake in her rites and submit to her decisions, but as a son, a father, a lover, a husband—as a *man*. As a learned bishop was describing the earth as a *new star*; as men were learning to regard this dark centre of the universe as a radiant wanderer in the heavens, so human life was clothing itself in a new brightness, and taking its place in that clear, open realm of Nature to the study of which the intellectual world was awakening with a passionate activity. And the expression of this truly named Renaissance, in the world of Art, may be summed up in the name of Shakespeare.

If Shakespeare be the best representative of this new spirit, Hamlet may be taken as its best specimen among his works. It is perhaps the most various of Shakespeare's plays. A little biographical incident gives us a double reason for claiming it as the most Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's only son was named Hamlet (or Hamnet—only a varied form of the same name). Nine years he experienced the wonderful fortune of having for a parent one who, if his works express his nature, must have been the most sympathetic of mankind, and then he went elsewhere and left, perhaps, a terrible spasm of longing in the heart of the poet for ever associated with a play consecrated to the love of a lost father. This surely is the dormant feeling in the play. Hamlet is much besides—the friend of Horatio, the lover of Ophelia, the patron of the theatre, the heir expectant of the kingdom. Something individual, something characteristic, comes out in all these characters. But he

is above all a son. What a profound filial tribute is there in his correction of the courtly eulogy of Horatio: "He was a goodly king." "He was a *man*." We fancy a double emphasis there. "He was a *man*, what matter whether he dwelt in a palace or a cottage?" "*He* was a man, unlike me his wretched irresolute son," The self-scorn marks, perhaps, the furthest point of Shakespeare from Æschylus. The elder self is too simple, too small to leave any space for any conflict of opposing principles. Between the two poets *Self* has taken a development which makes room for a dualism within, such as was undreamt of in the ancient world. There is none of that swerving—none of that sudden glimpse of the self from some mysterious point that seems at once beyond and within it, of which we have some examples from every modern writer who paints the heart, and so many in Shakespeare. Here the moral attitudes are entirely monotonous. The Æschylean version of the theme of Hamlet unfolds the problem of inherited guilt, and never turns aside to mark a single trait of individual character. There is a certain grandeur in Clytemnestra and weakness in Ægisthus, but we cannot say that Orestes bears the mark of any quality whatever, good or bad. There seems a sort of curious carelessness in all that relates to him, except so far as he is the engine of Heaven's wrath to the guilty queen. For instance, how impatient must the poet have been of all that paints individuality when he lights upon the trivial and impossible test by which Electra assures herself of the presence of her brother after his long banishment. She sees a footprint near the altar, she puts her own foot into it, and discovering that the mark just fits her, she comes to the conclusion that her brother is near. So her foot must have been just the size of a full-grown man's, for the deeds of Orestes attest that he could not have been less than full-grown. The incident, it may be said, is not the work of a more careless imagination than that which describes two duellists exchanging their weapons unawares. No, but the carelessness of Shakespeare is the mere indifference to a particular kind of probability which has nothing to do with human relations, and the carelessness of Æschylus is a want of interest in human relations. No one who realized the anxiety of a sister to know that a long-lost brother was near could imagine her drawing any inferences from the probability that their feet should be the same size.* But the meeting of the brother and sister demanded a kind of attention which the poet was not prepared to supply. It is not the characters of Orestes, of Ægisthus, of Agamemnon which interested him; his creations, if they are to be impressive, must be

* The device impressed even the contemporaries of Æschylus as somewhat absurd, and Euripides wrote one scene as an elaborate caricature of it ("Electra," 511-540). It is curious as almost the only specimen of parody in Greek art.

colossal. All the swaying of various impulse that occupies the play of "Hamlet" is by him condensed into a few lines where Orestes tells how the oracles of Apollo have denounced the most awful curses against him if he leave his father's death unavenged, and again in the one line where, for a moment shaken by the entreaties of his mother, he asks Pylades if he shall

"Through filial reverence spare a mother's life." *

This ideal conflict, which we know on the page of Shakespeare in association with all that is most human, most vividly imbued with personal idiosyncrasy, is set forth, in the Greek drama, in its purely abstract form. It appears not as a double consciousness, but as a changing Deity. The Furies absorb all interest to themselves; they are the embodied conscience, but also they might seem, from some points of view, the Greek equivalent to Satan. They are "daughters of night," they enter into conflict with the god of day, who shelters from them the object of their pursuit, banishes them from his temple with fierce invective, and forces them to surrender their victim to his protection. We are reminded of Satan by them more than by any other representation known to classic thought—sometimes even of the vulgar Satan with horns and hoofs, of Mephistopheles clamorous for his prey, for they inspire horror by their mere aspect, and their haunting presence is the worst torment they can inflict on their victim. And then, again, even in their more spiritual aspect, they take the same place as Satan, when he appears among the sons of God to bear witness against Job, or when he revealed himself to the Saviour as seeking to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. But we know these goddesses *both* as the Furies and the Gracious Ones; and it is surely an error to suppose that the latter expression is a mere euphemism, as we call a person "well-meaning" whom we find intolerable, or as they called the Black Sea "the hospitable." One felt at Cambridge that if such a thing had been possible, and not too suggestive of Harlequin or Pantaloon, there should have been some sort of transformation in the scene in which they become reconciled to the Goddess of Wisdom—that some hideous mask should have been laid aside, something that expressed a total change of aspect, and recalled the lines,

"Stern Lawgiver!
Yet thou dost bear the Godhead's most benignant grace."

The Goddess of Wisdom appeases the pitiless beings, she even induces them to take up their abode in the city which has dared to shelter from them their victim. The daughters of night are to have a place in the elect city, the nightingales are to fill their grove with music, and though here the passer-by may not set foot without impiety,†

* "Eumenides," 899.

† See the "Œdipus at Colonus" of Sophocles.

yet no Greek landscape is associated with images more remote from horror, nor is any Greek poetry fuller of solemn beauty than her vindication of the claim to reverence of that severe influence which to the bright Sun-god is visible only as hopeless remorse. The city which makes no room for this influence, which pays no homage to a righteous severity, misses, she declares, half of that which makes life blessed. To the light and lively Greek the sense of sin was almost as repugnant as sin itself, the two were often confused; Apollo, in face of the Furies, seems to express the spirit of art in face of the spirit of holiness—the bright pleasure-loving genius denouncing the stern voice that does but give expression to the conscience. But the Goddess of Wisdom shows us that even for the Greek this was not the ultimate truth. She gives a warning to all time—perhaps more especially for our times—when she bids the Athenians remember,* in words which we give, as they recall in their rhythm Wordsworth's well-known lines to Duty, and which in their feeling and moral truly sum up the spirit of the whole drama—

“Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,
 Glared anger upon you of old,
 Oh citizens, ye now shall earn
 A recompense right manifold.
 Deck them aright, extol them high,
 Be loyal to their loyalty;
 And ye shall make your town and land
 Sure, propped on Justice' saving hand
 And Fame's eternity.”

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

* “Eumenides,” 1005-1013, Morshhead's Translation.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE CHURCH.

IN the General Election now concluded ecclesiastical controversy has borne a prominent part. The clergy of the Established Church have raised their ancient warcry of "The Church in Danger," and have offered to an imaginary attack a resistance more impassioned than scrupulous. Whether the clerical party have done wisely in thus precipitating the question of Disestablishment and in proclaiming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with one political party, is a question which it is not now proposed to discuss. The effect of this panic has been to call the attention of certain churchmen to the existence of various scandals and mischiefs in the Church and to certain schemes for remedying them. After a lapse of two or three years we again hear the cry of Church Reform. Eminent clergymen have memorialized the Archbishops, have pointed out the evils, and have suggested remedies. Some of these evils there is no need to discuss. Very few apologists would be found for the present system of patronage, or for the inequality of clerical stipends. Most people would agree that the laity are entitled to a larger share in Church government than they now enjoy. But it is here that the difficulty arises. What constitutes the right to a voice in the internal affairs of the Church? How can that right be exercised within the precincts of an Establishment? No feature of the Church Revival which has marked the last fifty years is more noticeable than the growing desire among English Church people, both lay and clerical, for a larger measure of self-governing power. The various stages of this growth, its origin, and the result to which it will probably lead, are matters too large and too complicated to be discussed within the narrow limits now at our disposal. It must suffice to mention as leading instances in which this desire has been

manifested, the revival of Convocation, the creation of Church Congresses, and the rise and growth of Diocesan Conferences.

It cannot be questioned that the necessity for habituating themselves to the quiet and serious discussion, and, where possible, the settlement of their own internal affairs, has been forced upon the attention of English churchmen by the painful and even scandalous consequences which have arisen from promiscuous and constant recourse to the law courts, and the expediency of making ready for possible changes in legal status was emphasized by the spectacle of the sister Church in Ireland "suddenly deprived," to quote the late Bishop Moberly, "of the orderly but somewhat enervating direction of State control." These aspirations after reasonable self-government took shape, in the year 1870, in the "Parishioners' Rights Bill," which was brought into Parliament, but very little supported by churchmen out of doors. In the year 1871 another Bill, called the "Parochial Councils Bill," was introduced, and read a second time after an interesting debate.

The Bill provided for the election of a parochial council, of which the members were to be "communicant members of the Church of England;" while the electors to the council were to be "the parishioners entitled to vote at the election of churchwardens," who of course need not be in any sense members of the Church of England. The matter then dropped for a while, and the next step in the direction of local self-government for the Church, was the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. It is unnecessary to discuss the origin or effects of that Act; but it is to be remarked that, by providing that the process of litigation should begin with the three aggrieved parishioners, irrespective of any qualification of churchmanship, the Act recognised mere rate-paying as conferring a right to intervene in strictly ecclesiastical concerns.

It would seem that the Public Worship Regulation Act, whatever its merits, did not secure the object desired by those who are most urgent to extend the influence of the laity in Church matters. For a few years later a society, called "The National Church Reform Union," was founded in order the more effectually to secure those objects.

It is not a little remarkable that, although the list of vice-presidents and local secretaries of this Society contains the names of many able, accomplished, and devoted men; it does not include the name of a single person known to the Church as a theologian or ecclesiologist. Hence one is not surprised to find that the first act of this Society to which any amount of publicity or general interest attached was one which, though reasonably and even skilfully adapted to practical ends, was fundamentally and egregiously unsound in respect of those principles which lie at the very root of our con-

ceptions of the Church as a religious society. I refer to the "Church Boards Bill" of 1881, which was adopted and fostered by the Church Reform Union and brought into Parliament by a gentleman whose high character and ability deserve all respect—Mr. Albert Grey.

The Church Boards Bill, reproduced, in a more definite and elaborate form, all the characteristic faults of the Parochial Councils Bill of 1871, with one vicious peculiarity of its own. Whereas, by the Parochial Councils Bill, the members of the Board were required to be communicant churchmen, no such provision was contained in the Church Boards Bill of 1881. The ratepayers, merely as such, were empowered to elect a Board composed of any persons whom they might think proper—churchmen, dissenters, unbelievers, or notorious evil-livers, for no class was ineligible—and to the Board thus elected and thus constituted was entrusted absolute control over (a) the fabric; (b) the services; (c) the alms. An appeal was permitted to the Bishop.

This Bill was not read a second time. Owing to an unforeseen obstacle, the time for debating it was exceedingly limited. Mr. Grey delivered an able speech, which has since been printed and circulated, in favour of his Bill. Mr. Marriott, M.P. for Brighton, seconded him; and the writer of the present paper was moving the rejection of the Bill when the debate stood adjourned.

Next year a Bill was introduced under similar auspices, to amend the Public Worship Regulation Acts, by expanding the three aggrieved parishioners to a parochial body similar to the Church Board, and it is understood that Mr. Grey intends to introduce his Church Boards Bill again whenever a favourable opportunity may occur. Meanwhile, the attention of churchmen has been directed to the subject by the recent memorials to the Archbishops, and the controversies to which they have given rise, and it may not be inopportune to review the existing situation. I propose to speak of the need which has arisen, has been expressed, and has been recognised, the attempt which has been made and will be made again to satisfy that need, the reasons for disapproving of that attempt, and the remedy which might be preferred for a condition confessedly unsatisfactory.

And first of the need itself. What we need is a fuller and more practical recognition of the importance of the lay element in the Church, and its right to a voice in the management of its own affairs. And here we touch first principles. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind that the Church, to which the Divine promises are made, is not merely the clergy, but the whole "spirit-bearing body" (I again quote Bishop Moberly) of baptised persons. The Bishop's language on this subject, in the preface to his Bampton Lectures of 1868, is well worthy of quotation:—

- "It has been generally held by theologians (excepting always those of the high Roman Schools) that the retrospective acceptance of the whole Church, including lay people as well as Clergy, is necessary in order to give conciliar decrees their full Ecumenical character and weight. This view, the view of Gerson and his friends at Constance, and of the Gallican Church, of Archbishop Laud, and the Anglican High Church, of Janus in modern Catholic Germany, involves the truth for which I desire to contend; and borrowing the sentiment of my dear friend, the late Rev. John Keble, I venture to say that if the assent of the lay people is thus necessary even in the highest of all instances, the settlement of the faith, it is matter not of principle, but of convenience and wisdom to decide at what point, and in what proportion, this Christian Counsel shall be listened to and acknowledged. I have urged, and
- I feel very deeply the importance of the view, that the full co-operation of the laity of the Church, not as matters of benevolence or bounty, but as a matter of debt and duty, is not more absolutely necessary in practice, than it is indispensable in theory to the full powers and efficacy of the Church."

Now, just as the revival of Convocation showed the increased desire of the clergy for larger and more responsible action, and the institution of Church Congresses witnessed to a similar desire in the Church at large, and the rise of Diocesan Conferences showed the same feeling at work among the laymen of the respective Sees, so the various suggestions of "Parochial Councils" and "Church Boards" witness to the desire for self-government in the parish—a desire warmly entertained by many laymen, and assuredly directed against no just claim of the ministerial office.

I believe I shall have the general sense of Liberal churchmen with me when I say that in respect of the three points mainly contemplated by the Church Boards Bill the claim for self-government by the laity is just and sound.

I refer (a) to the management and decoration of the parish church, which in many cases has been created by the munificence of the laity, and in every case is the common sanctuary of all.

(b) To the management and distribution of the public services, which are the common devotions of all, presented and presided over, on their behalf, by the ministry.

And (c) to the disposal of those funds which, in conformity with the Apostolic precepts, lay piety offers to God through the suitable channel of the weekly offertory.

We may, I think, go a step further, and say that similar lay co-operation in control is desirable in all those multifarious matters in which the Church, through its parochial organizations, acts collectively in the parish.

Further, I may remind my readers that, in the opinion of many of those best qualified to judge, and notably of Dr. Pusey, it has been the disregard of lay opinion in these and such-like matters which has too often embroiled peaceful parishes, and embittered the relations between zealous clergy and faithful people.

Thus I have stated roughly, but, for our present purpose, I hope sufficiently, that need for the practical recognition of laymen's rights in the Church, which I have indicated as the first point for our present consideration.

II. My second point is the attempt which has been made in the Church Boards Bill to satisfy this need ; and our interest in this point is increased and made practical by the fact that, having been duly discussed and digested, this Bill seems recognised as the implement with which those who are most anxious to secure lay co-operation in the Church, are determined to work out their design in Parliament. What this Bill is, briefly and in its main outlines, we have already seen. But before leaving it, it would be well for us to consider carefully what it really means. It means the possibility that all control over our parish churches, their services, and our alms may be surrendered to a Board which the ratepayers as such have chosen. In many a Welsh parish the "ratepayers as such" would mean a constituency where Nonconformists are to Churchmen as ten to one.

In many an English parish it would mean a constituency quite capable of returning at any rate a working majority of Dissenters. In some parishes where the powers of evil were unusually rampant it would probably mean a constituency largely composed of, and influenced by, people engaged in the most infamous occupations, and professing the most abhorrent doctrines.

And for election to this Board there is no qualification. It is only an extreme way of putting the case to say that Mr. Bradlaugh would be eligible for the Church Board at Northampton, and would himself be an elector in the district of London where he resides.

And, putting aside all extreme or unlikely results, this Bill, in its mildest operation, means giving the control or mutilation of our parish churches to men who never enter their doors ; the management of our worship to men who regard it as an empty form or a grotesque parody ; and the administration of our alms to men who themselves do not contribute a sixpence to the needs of their brethren.

It means, at its best, the Baptist member of the Board finding himself compelled to regulate the hour and occasion of infant baptism ; the Presbyterian making arrangements for the confirmation ; and the Quaker deciding the day and hour for the celebration of the Holy Communion.

III. But the objections to the Bill, which constitute our third point of consideration, lie much deeper than any sense of incongruity or inconvenience.

We deprecate the heartburning, the jealousy, and the mutual recrimination, which would certainly be introduced into our church gatherings by the electioneering struggles of rival sects, or, worse

still, the conflicts between the powers of religion and those of vice, which would most certainly seize this opportunity for attacking the cause of God on its own ground.

And still more do we repudiate the whole conception which would allow the intervention, in the government of any religious body, of persons who do not belong to that body. Even where the case is only between the Church of England and the orthodox Nonconformists, we resent such an intervention as inconsistent with Christian liberty; as wholly contrary to anything which we should suggest, or our Nonconformist brethren could tolerate, in the management of their own affairs; and, further, as being wholly unsought by them.

But when it comes to the case as between a Christian church and the rate-paying parishioner who denies the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation of the Son of God, then we say that our most sacred principles are involved, and that the attempt to introduce the infidel, the agnostic, the pantheist, or even the Unitarian, into our Church government, is a deliberate blow at the Headship of Christ over His Church, and an insult to those who are jealous of His honour.

Nor do our objections end here. The Church Boards Bill professes not to deal with doctrine; but he must be a very short-sighted observer who does not see clearly that the Church Board, once constituted, will soon seek power to regulate, not the worship only, but the creed and the teaching of the parish church. And it is not too bold a conjecture to surmise that this attack would first be directed against the recitation of the Athanasian Creed, as being, ostensibly, a matter of worship; but being well understood to have a dogmatic significance of great moment. It is an open secret that certain members of the Church Reform Union separated themselves from that body because the others will not avow an intention which yet is not absent from their minds—*i.e.*, to relax the dogmatic position of the Church of England, so as to admit within it persons of all, and of no, creed. The formula of these extremists is “worship, not dogma, is the basis of unity.” In other words, it does not signify whether our public devotions are offered to God, to the sun, or to idealized humanity.

IV. I approach our fourth, and most practical, point. What is the remedy for the existing condition?

In the first place, those who are in favour of legislation in these matters, and approve of the idea of the Church Board, would wish to see some sort of qualification, other than rate-paying, for electors and elected. But, on the principle that construction is notoriously more difficult than criticism, it is not easy to say what this qualification should be. No one would risk a renewal of the profanities of the sacramental test; but some would be inclined to require both from candidates and electors a subscription to the Nicene Creed,

as being the surest and most august test of orthodoxy. Some would go further, and require a solemn declaration of *bond fide* adherence to the formularies of the Church of England, the *Lex precandi* being regarded as essentially part of the *Lex credendi*.

To a Board thus presumably composed of genuine Churchmen, yet confined to no one school of thought, its authors would propose to entrust large but defined powers. They would be careful to exclude any interference with dogma or doctrine; and they would limit the powers of the Board in Divine worship to matters which the letter of the rubric has left ambiguous. But, with these safeguards, they would yield to the Board, presided over by the parish priests, plenary power over fabric, services, alms, and parochial organization.

To those of us, however, who think that the day has gone by for Parliamentary interference in religious matters, the plan which would most commend itself would be an immense extension, under the sanction of the Bishops in each diocese, of the system of voluntary parochial councils, constituted on the dogmatic basis before indicated. What such a Board would lose by having no legal status or authority, it would gain in freedom from heartburning and jealousy, and in an elasticity which could adapt itself to the varied and changing needs of a transitional period. And from such voluntary association of priest and people in holy duties, we might hope for an abundant increase of such gifts as will enable the Church of England to use with dignity and wisdom that large measure of liberty and self-government which the near future is sure to bring her.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

CHURCH REFORM.*

THE subject of Church Reform has acquired a prominence during the past few weeks, through the agitation of the question of Disestablishment in connection with the recent elections, which it has not had for a long period. For a parallel we should have to go back to the attention turned upon the subject at the era of the First Reform Bill; the tracts on Church Reform written at that time make up several good-sized volumes in our public libraries. A willingness to consider proposals of reform and an earnest desire for it have been manifested in many quarters, the existence of which till a short time ago was unsuspected. Men dreamed of it idly as they do of things desirable indeed, but outside altogether of the sphere of what are called "practical politics;" now they show a conviction that it is urgent, and they are ready to assume its feasibility, as they are wont to do with regard to measures necessary to the preservation of any good which they greatly prize. Some there are to whom the conception of a National Church is very dear, and who are deeply convinced that the definite national recognition of religion through the existence of what we ordinarily understand by an Established Church might be, and ought to be, one of the most refining and elevating influences in national life, but who at the same time

* I have been invited to write this article because I was to a certain extent concerned in drawing up and circulating a recent "Memorial on Church Reform," by Cambridge residents, and also a "Declaration on Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England," by some Cambridge residents, "who concur generally in the political legislation hitherto promoted by the Liberal party," which touched on the subject of Church Reform. I have the advantage of knowing what some eminent men think on the subject, who took a more leading part in regard to one or other of these documents; but I must be understood in what I have written in this article to speak only for myself. It should be added that among those who signed both memorials, some no doubt only concurred in their general sense, and if they had been drawing them up themselves would have expressed a rather different view of what they held to be desirable.

feel so acutely the failure of the Church of England as it is to realize the ideal of a National Church, that the position still accorded to it by the State does not seem to them worth preserving unless by reform it can be made more truly national, and that speedily. Others who are less discontented with the actual condition of things, yet believe that it is only by carrying certain reforms into effect that Disestablishment can be averted. Personally they would welcome reform, but their sense of its urgency is due rather to what they conceive to be the state of feeling and opinion in the country.

The present writer does not altogether share either of these views. He believes that he is keenly alive to the faults and shortcomings of the Church of England, and especially to the operation of wealth and privilege and connection with the aristocracy and with Government, in causing her to lose hold and in hindering her from regaining hold of considerable portions of the people. He desires also and endeavours to do full justice to the feelings of Nonconformists in favour of equality of State privileges. But in spite of all this, it seems to him that the loss from Disestablishment and Disendowment, both to the Church herself and to the nation, would far outweigh the gain. The State connection and even the wealth of the Church will, it may be presumed, operate less and less in the future to alienate her from the people, seeing that the claims and the power of the people will be felt more and more, not only in Government, but in every department of national life. The chief danger of the Church, if disestablished, would be that she should become to a greater extent than she is at present the Church of the upper classes. And, on the other hand, whatever they may think now, it might well be that, when the time came, Nonconformists would be quite as much chagrined by the inequality between the Church and their own communities after disestablishment, an inequality due alike to numbers and the social position of the classes mainly included within her, and to spiritual claims and a great historic past, as they are by that which exists at present. And there might also be quite as little intercourse between Churchmen and Nonconformists as, unhappily, there is now. Further, when one reviews the marvellous awakening of the Church and the vast progress she has made in the past century, and the many signs of her vitality and ever-increasing practical efficiency and the amount of intellectual power and administrative capacity devoted to her service, it does not seem altogether quixotic to hope that her spiritual energies might suffice, even without the aid of the legislative removal of abuses and improvement of her machinery, to enable her to win ere long such a place in the affections of all classes of the people, and so to meet their moral and spiritual needs, that it would be impossible any more to dispute her title to be called the National Church. Once again, it cannot

be regarded as certain by any means that if the question of Disestablishment were brought before the constituencies now, or in a few years' time, the verdict would be in its favour. Without, however, feeling the urgency of Church Reform in relation to the question of Disestablishment quite so strongly as some appear to do, one may well rejoice in any movements of opinion which may make reform more practicable. In proportion to our love for the English Church and conviction of its actual worth should be our eagerness to do away with every blot and to obtain every possible improvement in her system.

The reforms which are proposed, or which are indeed conceivable, all fall into two classes broadly differing from one another.

I. There are some which involve no great constitutional principle either of the polity of the Church herself or of her relation to the State. The questions are of a kind which Parliament might have to entertain even after the Church was disestablished. They have to do with property and well-ascertained rights. In determining what changes should be made and how far they should go, many nicely balanced considerations may enter in. But they are considerations of ordinary justice and practical expediency. Such are proposals with respect to (*a*) the remedy of the disparity in the incomes of benefices; (*b*) patronage; (*c*) means of dealing more effectually with cases of evil-doing, neglect of duty or incompetence on the part of incumbents.

II. In a second class of proposals, on the other hand, certain principles in regard to the nature or position of the Church are or may be touched, about which there exists much vagueness and confusion of thought, and also not a little difference of opinion. I allude not simply to the idea of effecting alterations in the doctrine or ritual of the Church or the terms of clerical subscription, primarily through Parliament and without the consent of the Church. It is true also with regard to the grounds for advocating or resisting, and the manner of carrying out, changes of organization for increasing practically the self-governing powers of the Church, and for giving a share to the laity in the management of her affairs distinct from their action through Parliament, to which both the recent memorials on Church Reform give great prominence.

The difficulties in treating of either of these two kinds of reform are very different, but in each case they are grave, and I am very sensible that my qualifications for dealing with either branch are extremely slender. But it is natural that at the present stage those who from station, experience and knowledge would speak with more authority, should be slow to undertake the responsibility. And yet it is important that thought and discussion on the subject should be promoted, and that the opinion both of the Church and country with respect to it

should be maturing. "It is the duty of the younger to sacrifice themselves to the elder," was an apology which I once heard made by one of the junior members of a College meeting in taking upon himself to second a resolution which all wished to hear discussed, though scarcely any one was willing to pledge himself. It is a similar apology which I would now tender for myself. Crude as my remarks may be, they may be of some service if I can succeed in any measure in bringing out the points to be considered.

I. (a) *The disparity in the incomes of benefices.*—In connection with this subject I shall at once be reminded, and it is indeed well that we should remember, that as regards the tenure of property the Church is not a single corporation, but an assemblage of corporations sole. Lands and tithes were given, not for the support of the Church in general, but for the support of the Church in a particular place. The desire to benefit in time to come the descendants of the neighbours and friends, poor and rich, among whom one's time on earth has been spent, or at all events the place of one's abode, is pleasant and even laudable. It should be respected, except where through a rise in the value of property the income has come to be very decidedly above the average of clerical incomes, while owing to the comparatively small number of the population the demands are not great. No sound view of the nature of property can require that, rather than interfere in any way with a bequest, an expenditure which is harmful, or even manifestly wasteful, should be continued; this is now very generally admitted. But most Church reformers, I believe, would only propose the removal of the grosser inequalities. And even here the principle should be observed of adhering as nearly as could well be done to the intentions of the donor—the principle of *cy pres*, as I learn from Dean Plumptre* to call it. Sometimes it would be advantageous to endow some new district cut out of the original parish, or again to increase the benefice of a conterminous parish, the interests of which were closely allied. It may be hoped that in such cases the change in the destination of the revenues would not be felt to be a grievance, as it is when they go to a distance. How long the sense of such a grievance may continue is often seen in parishes where tithe is owned by a college at one of the Universities, where not only is the lapse of time ignored since the tithe was assigned to the college, but also the fact that for a long period before it went to some, it may be distant, monastery which did but little for the parish in return. The irritation kept up by recurring payments would, however, be avoided if provision were made for the redemption of the tithe, which, in the case of ownership by the Church, would be specially desirable. The rectification of inequalities has already been carried

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for December, pp. 777-78. He does not apply it to the question of locality.

into effect to a large extent in the case of episcopal revenues and those of capitular bodies. But here there was the difference that bishops and cathedral bodies exist for the good of wider areas. A redistribution of revenues can also already be made where the benefices are in the gift of the same patron. It is not easy to see any reason why it should not be possible with the consent of the patrons where they are not the same. Compensations between them might sometimes at least be arranged which would satisfy both; especially where the patrons were public bodies or personages.

(8) *Patronage*.—No one will venture to deny that measures ought to be taken to prevent evasions of the manifest intentions of the actual law of simony. But more than this, it can hardly be doubted that the public conscience will soon, if it does not indeed already, imperatively demand that it should be rendered impossible for a man either to buy himself, or for his relatives to buy him, into such a position of trust as that of minister of a parish. For it is scarcely better that it should be bought for him by father, brother, or uncle, than bought by himself. But if this is to be secured it will be necessary not only to abolish the sale of next presentations altogether, but to put restrictions upon that of advowsons. Otherwise, what is to hinder an advowson being bought with a view to the presentation of a particular person, and then perhaps sold again? In this respect the Bill brought in by the Nonconformist and Liberationist, Mr. Leatham, was far more worthy than that brought in by the Churchman, Mr. Stanhope, though the latter may no doubt have been influenced in making his milder proposals by the belief that nothing more stringent could be carried. It should at least be required that at the first vacancy after the purchase of an advowson the patron should not be able to present either himself or any person nearly related to him. In most branches of public service the purchase of posts of emolument and trust has never existed as an acknowledged system. In the army it has now been done away; its last stronghold, alas! is the Church. And though it prevails here to a comparatively limited extent, the sacred nature of the posts thus obtained makes it peculiarly revolting and mischievous. Defenders of the system, who happily become fewer and fewer,* have been accustomed to maintain that whatever is to be said against it theoretically, it does not work badly in practice. Even if this were to be admitted, it would remain true that it is harmful as being an offence to men's sense of right. But although the majority of those who have obtained preferment in this way may, especially in the present day, seem to make fairly respectable clergymen, according to the average standard of duty, and although even good men are to be

* Among this diminishing remnant it is perhaps not surprising to find the *Saturday review*: see the number for December 19.

found who will fall in, with a corrupt custom, I think it is certain that this class of clergymen is one chief cause of the weakness of the Church in many country districts which has of late been so clearly manifested. The whole conception of pastoral work among the country clergy as a body needs raising. But we do not look for this to those who, by their own money or that of their friends, have obtained country livings with the idea of passing an easy life and enjoying country pursuits and the good society of their neighbourhood. They are largely responsible for having dragged it down. They are not the men to minister to the spiritual and moral needs of the labourers and other villagers, and to aid in their solid and progressive intellectual and social elevation, and in return to win influence over them and the tribute of their respect and affection, as here and there we see a country clergyman doing, not from any exceptional gifts, but from his zealous toil and sympathy.

But other principles with regard to patronage are gaining acceptance in many quarters, which a few years ago the most hopeful reformer would hardly have thought it worth while to dwell upon. It is coming to be felt that the people among whom a clergyman is for a long period, perhaps for the remainder of his life, to minister have a right, which ought in some way to be recognised, to have a voice in his appointment. Few, if any, desire that the election of the minister of a parish should be vested in the people. In the few instances of this which already exist it is found to work very badly, and to be open to serious abuses. Moreover, it is contrary to the genius of the Church, and accords rather with Congregationalism thus to treat the people of a single parish or district as an independent unity. But it would seem to be an important and safe principle that a check upon appointments should be capable of being exercised from the side of the people. It might be an absolute veto, with the requirement that the grounds should be stated; or it might be open to the Bishop, or the Archbishop, if the Bishop was patron, to overrule their objection if it seemed to him captious. The constitutional question whether all parishioners, or, if not all, who among them; should exercise this right, I will consider further on.

A further question is, whether we should aim at the diminution of private patronage. That a task of such responsibility should be committed to private individuals, who may be wholly unfitted to judge of pastoral qualifications, and whose characters may not even be moral, and who at the same time may be little under the influence of public opinion, is, to say the least, a very anomalous arrangement. It is pretty generally agreed that there are advantages in the variety of kinds of patronage, but it does not follow that in diminishing private patronage we might not call some new form into existence.

In restricting the rights of private patrons in regard to the benefices in their gift, it would be necessary to offer them compensation, which, where the income of the benefice was a fairly good one, might be obtained by a tax upon it. On their receiving such compensation, the patronage would pass out of their hands. The best body in which to vest it would seem to be a Diocesan Board. Over such a Board the Bishop would preside, and there would probably be some other *ex officio* members, for example, the archdeacons; others would be clergymen and laymen elected by the diocese. It would be the natural tendency of such a Board to promote efficient and hard-working men among the unbeneficed clergy of the diocese. Even as things are now, many private patrons would gladly make over to such a Board their smaller livings, especially if it could have any collected funds at its disposal for the augmentation of small livings. The circumstances which led to the growth of private patronage, and which originally made it expedient, no longer exist. The lord of the manor was allowed to choose the priest who should minister in the manor, subject to the Bishop's approval—he was the patron, and held the *advowson*, as it came to be called, from *advocatio*—because he was the *advocatus* and *patronus* of the priest, the protector of his person and rights. But now patrons often do not reside, and may even have little or no property, in the parishes where they have the right of presenting to the benefice. Private patronage, no doubt, encourages men of good social connections to take Holy Orders; and among them we thankfully recognise there are many, especially at the present time, who make excellent and self-denying clergymen. It need not, however, be feared that gentle breeding and refinement and powerful friends will, under any system of patronage, count for too little in aiding a man's advancement.

Peers, Liberal and Conservative, and other great landowners who have many benefices in their gift, are usually credited with having offered the most effective opposition hitherto to the reform of abuses in connection with patronage. They have now an opportunity of proving that attachment and loyalty to the National Church which so many of them have recently professed, and which they no doubt genuinely feel, by forwarding the removal of blemishes which many of her most devoted friends have long mourned over, and her enemies cast in her teeth.*

* The Bills of Mr. Leatham and Mr. Stanhope were referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which reported on July 24, 1884. The following are the most important recommendations of the Report:—*Resolved*,—That the sale of next presentations be prohibited; That resignation bonds be abolished; That donatives be turned into presentative benefices; That if a fair method of compensation be adopted, the sale of advowsons be prohibited, with certain limitations; That the limitations shall be such as not to prevent the sale to—(1) Purchasers having a proprietary interest in the same or an adjoining parish, or in both parishes, of not less annual value than the income of the living in question; (2) Some public patron or set of trustees not having power of sale; (3) The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty Board under the provisions herein-

(c) *Clergy discipline*.—Improvements in procedure appear still to be necessary for dealing adequately with instances of scandalous conduct on the part of beneficed clergymen. The cases are comparatively rare, but whenever one occurs the injury done to the Church and to religion in the whole neighbourhood is great, especially if they are insufficiently punished. The Church Discipline Act of 1840 has been useful where the offender admits his wrongdoing, and prefers to accept the Bishop's sentence rather than to suffer the exposure of an open trial, and possibly a more severe penalty. It also enables the Bishop, with assessors, to try the accused formally, where he does not so submit, instead of sending the case on to the Court of Appeal of the province. Practically, however, from whatever cause, suspension appears to take place where deprivation would alone seem to be adequate, because, however sincere may be the wrongdoer's repentance, his ministrations must ever after be profitless in the place where the scandal has been created.

A few words will also, I hope, be permitted on the treatment of cases of neglect and incompetence. An important step was taken by the Pluralities Act of 1838, amended in 1850. A still further advance has been made by the Pluralities Amendment Act of the last Session. The advance consists chiefly (1) in the higher conception and fuller definition of "ecclesiastical duties." The Act of 1838 was chiefly concerned with the enforcing of residence. The utmost beyond this that a Bishop could look to was the performance of Divine Service with preaching twice on Sundays.

"The term ecclesiastical duties," says the Act of 1885, "shall include not only the regular and due performance of Divine Service on Sundays and holidays, but also all such duties as any clergyman holding a benefice is bound by law to perform, or the performance of which is solemnly promised by every clergyman of the Church of England at the time of his ordination, and the performance of which shall have been required of him in writing by the Bishop" (48 & 49 Vic., c. 54, sec. 2).

(2) In the larger powers conferred upon the Bishop for compelling the appointment and payment of a curate where neglect is proved ; (3) In the provision of a permanent machinery, a standing commission in each diocese, for giving effect to the law, which should act as a reminder that it is meant to be applied. But in many cases the mere appointment of a curate is not enough. He cannot be to the parishioners what the responsible minister of the parish may. There

after contained ; That in all cases, before the institution of a presentee to a living, public notice be given to the parishioners, and the parishioners shall have sufficient opportunity of submitting to the Bishop any objections felt within the said parish to the appointment of the presentee ; That if a certain number of the parishioners object to the presentee on the grounds of physical or mental incapacity or moral delinquency, the Bishop may, after inquiry (if he think fit) by a Commission, refuse to institute the presentee ; That Patronage Boards, partly composed of laymen, be established in every diocese, with power to purchase and hold advowsons and present to benefices ; That the churchwardens of any parish of which a benefice is vacant shall be members of such Patronage Board, *pro hac vice*.

ought to be some power of removing an incumbent who is incapacitated for the discharge of his duties by mental or bodily infirmity, and of whose recovery there is no reasonable probability, or who has been guilty of continued and serious neglectfulness. A pension might or might not be assigned after the manner provided in the Resignation Act of 1871. But that Act leaves it to the incumbent to apply, and the resignation must be by his own consent, or that of his trustees acting for him in case of his insanity. What is needed is a power under certain circumstances of compelling resignation. The Pluralities Amendment Act will, however, no doubt indirectly aid the Bishop in effecting this. If an incompetent incumbent is compelled to pay the stipend of a curate, he may sometimes see that it would be better for him to resign and receive a third or less of the revenues under the Resignation Act. It may be added that if there existed in the diocese a central fund for pensioning disabled clergy, the moral influence of the Bishop to bring about the most needful resignations, without the aid of legal measures, would be greatly increased; for the income of the benefice will often not bear the charge. Grants from such a central fund would also often call forth liberality in the neighbourhood where the particular clergyman whom it was desirable to pension resided.

II. I pass now to the far graver subject of those changes which involve great constitutional questions, ecclesiastical and civil, and which may be fraught with so much good or evil to the Church, and through her to the nation. In the first place, it may be well to clear the ground by observing that no scheme can be entertained for altering the doctrinal standards or ritual of the Church, or the terms of clerical subscription, by the action of Parliament, without the consent of the Church herself, considered as an independent body, with whom the shaping of such measures, if any, must primarily rest. Those who, with Lord Ebury,* have desired to secure, as they say, the Protestant character of the Church, by revision of the Prayer-Book, and on the other hand, those, like the members of the Church Reform Union, who have advocated a relaxation of clerical subscription, would probably not be indisposed to neglect this principle in order the more expeditiously to gain their object, if they thought it safe. But they are strong adherents of establishment, and it is almost certain that such mere Parliamentary interference with the Church's formularies would be speedily followed by disestablishment; for a very large number of clergy and faithful laity would choose disestablishment in preference to alterations so effected, and would join their forces to

* Lord Ebury moved, in the House of Lords, for the appointment of a Royal Commission, in 1860. Several pamphlets, &c., on the subject of Revision of the Prayer-Book appeared about this time; see names of many of them at beginning of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1861.

those of the Liberationists. We may therefore take it for granted that no serious attempt of the kind will be made. Changes in whatever direction as to subscription or doctrinal definition or ritual, if such there are to be, must proceed from the Church in her corporate capacity, though they would of course have to be ratified by Parliament.

This right of the Church is not, for the reason I have given, in danger of being in this way disregarded. And yet the view we take of it must be so intimately connected with our conception of the connection of Church and State, and of the proper arrangements for giving expression to the mind of the Church, that I shall, I think, be pardoned for dwelling on it a little longer. It is a right which has no doubt at certain times in our history been seriously infringed, as particularly in various acts of the civil power at the period of the Reformation Settlement. Yet it has not only never been formally denied, but it has been in many ways recognised both at that time, as, for example, in the very Deed which limited the power of the Church, the "Submission of the Clergy" of 1531, and in the Act of Supremacy of the first year of Elizabeth,* and again and again since, as notably in the review of the Prayer-Book by the Houses of Convocation prior to the Act of Uniformity of 1662,† and in the new canons made by the Houses of Convocation in 1865, which modified the form of clerical subscription. And indeed the Church, national though she may be, must have this independent existence, separate in certain aspects from the State, unless it is held that in becoming national she necessarily ceases to be also a portion of the visible Kingdom of Christ. For if she remains this, she must bring questions of moral and religious truth, and of her own organization and working, before all things to the test of the principles and laws of that kingdom. Even then if the whole nation is comprised in the Church, the Church must have a mind and conscience and voice of her own. For it certainly will not necessarily be the case that the same persons will be the most fitted to guide and set for the nation in things civil and in things spiritual; and the set of principles which they will have to apply in the two spheres will not be wholly the same. Without a certain separate corporate life and liberty of speech, the Church could not discharge her true function towards the nation; she could not witness worthily to those truths of which she is the appointed guardian. On the other hand, the check exercised by the civil power even under such circumstances often might be—in our own pre-Reformation history often was—most salutary. For the ecclesiastical and civil powers are each exposed to their own peculiar

* 1 Eliz. c. i. §§ 35, 36.

† See the preamble to the Act.

temptations. The theory of the relation of Church and State need not be different, whatever may at first sight appear, even when the Church and the nation are far from co-extensive. It is somewhat more probable that the civil legislature may disapprove of what the Church might wish to have enacted, or that it may require the Church to adopt changes of which she disapproves, on condition of retaining the privileges secured to her by the State, and that from one cause or other the alliance between the two may be imperilled. But that is all.

The importance of what is here urged may be made clearer by quoting a few sentences from an address by Dr. A. M. Fairbairn,* in which this point of view does not seem sufficiently allowed for. "Let us note this:—the right of Parliament to legislate for the Church cannot be questioned; it is, indeed, everywhere affirmed and conceded. But if this be so, then it ought to legislate in things ecclesiastical according to the mind and purpose and will of the nation as a whole, or of the collective people. But observe, if it be a complaint that Nonconformist members hinder reformatory or progressive legislation, how much greater would the complaint be were Nonconformists to legislate in behalf of their own convictions—in other words, to use their position as citizens and Members of Parliament to reform the Church of England into harmony with their own spirit and mind. . . . If it is to remain an Established Church, then Parliament must be to it a supreme legislative authority, and it must submit to have itself adjusted into relationship with the collective conscience, with the belief of the whole people. Let us ask Churchmen fairly and honestly to consider this question—Would you have us to sacrifice our dearest convictions by being silent? If we must speak—and if things continue as they are speak we must—would you have the Parliament and politics of England made into an arena for the discussion of the doctrines you hold, the rites you observe, the constitution you are to live under, and the ecclesiastical laws you are to obey? . . . It is possible for us then as conscientious religious men to offer only two alternatives—either the alternative of disestablishment, which means religious freedom, the right of the Church absolutely to determine its own constitution and administer its own affairs; or such legislative interference and control, with their inevitable political and polemical discussions and dissensions, as shall bring, or aim at bringing, the doctrine, polity, or practice of that Church into harmony with the conscience and mind of the people and their representatives." But there is another position which may be taken up by Non-Churchmen besides that here indicated. I can imagine that they might reason somewhat as follows:—"It is true

* "The Church and the People:" an Address delivered at a public meeting at Bradford, on October 26, 1885.

the National Church does not even approximately embrace the whole nation, and I am myself not a member; yet I believe that the Establishment of the Church is, on the whole, an advantage to the nation. There appears to me to be value in the formal national recognition of religion, which, so far as one can see, can only in this way be realized. My conscience revolts at the idea of taking away her endowments and applying them to some secular purpose, and so crippling her in the work which at present she is doing well. And this being so, and so long as it is so, I will treat her generously. I wish that she should have all reasonable liberty to manage her own internal affairs, and to adapt herself to new conditions. Whatever she proposes must of course come before Parliament before it can pass into law; but I will not factiously resist, I will rather promote it, if it seems not to be contrary to the interests of the nation." The notion of conceding this amount of freedom to the Church will commend itself the more to many minds on account of the immense increase in the business of Parliament and in the difficulty of dealing with it, which has created a strong disposition to look about for other bodies on which portions of it connected with particular localities or interests can be devolved.

The demand then that the Church may have freer play for the use and development of her proper legislative and administrative functions than she has had of late times does not seem unreasonable, or in any way contrary either to the ideal or actual relation of Church and State in England; nor does it seem beyond hope that this might be granted us. And among the improvements in her organization which this would necessitate, it is widely felt that one of the most important would be that the laity should have a more clearly recognised voice and part in the direction of the Church's measures and management of her affairs otherwise than through the action of Parliament. But when we consider what important principles are involved in the definition of "the laity" for this purpose, what defects there must be in any organization or system whatsoever, how many compensations there may be in a system theoretically most imperfect, how little fitted the majority of the clergy, and still more of the laity, are by knowledge and training to deal with the serious questions which would be sure to arise, and how discussions and the decisions following would be likely as in the earlier days of the Church to engender schisms, it is easy to understand how loyal and devoted members of the Church may shrink from the prospect, and prefer a great deal of immobility to the activity which would be obtained at such risks. And if I have taken part in the advocacy of such changes it is not without very grave anxiety. But the answer to those who would on these grounds dissuade us from them is briefly this. The Church of England imperatively requires

more power of corporate action if she is to perform adequately her appointed work. That portion of the Christian consciousness of which she is the organ ought to be able to find more easy and effectual utterance. And as regards the admission of the laity to new duties and privileges within her, it is in the first place one of the most sure means of increasing their attachment to her and the beneficent influence which she exerts upon them; while, on the other hand, we need the contribution of their practical wisdom and Christian experience, and of whatever labour they can give, in order that the thought of the Church may attain to as full an expression and her work may be as efficient as possible. It would seem then that we ought to enter courageously upon the new path, in the faith that the Church will be guided safely through the dangers with which it may be beset.

The path is new to us now, but is it new also, the whole history of the Church being taken into account? It may at first sight appear to be, but it is so in form, not in reality. Even indeed if we go back to the fourth, third, second century, and the apostolic age itself, we shall not find that the laity had rights of the precise kind which it is proposed now to give them. They assisted, however, at deliberations on important questions. Also their testimony to the fitness of those who should be their Church rulers, their Bishops and clergy, and assent to their appointment was required; and sometimes these were nominated by popular acclaim, as in the famous case of St. Ambrose. In Synods for deciding on questions of common interest to the Church in a particular region, or the Church throughout the world, each diocese, generally a single city, was represented by its Bishop. But then from the circumstance just mentioned, the Bishop was in a fuller sense its representative than can be said now.* Moreover, from the close intercourse that existed between him and his comparatively limited flock, he knew well their views, and he felt that he must justify his action to them on his return. The position held by the general body of Church people in regard to the government of the Church in early days, might in short be compared to that of the general body of freemen in meetings of the township or shire among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, who for the most part followed the leadership and listened acquiescently to the counsels of their chief men, but whose presence must at all times have exercised a subtle influence upon the latter, and whose common judgment and desire could on occasion make themselves felt decisively. If more clearly ascertained rights are

* The Church exercises a very real control still over the appointment of her Bishops through the influence of the public opinion of Churchmen on the Prime Minister for the time being. If it ceased to be so the system would become intolerable. But the Bishop appointed to a particular diocese cannot generally be regarded as in any special sense the representative of the feeling of that diocese.

now needed for the laity in regard to Church affairs, it is in the first place because nothing less than this will secure to them, or induce them to claim, their due place after such a long period in which they have not occupied it; and secondly, from similar reasons to those which have in part led to the growth of the system of representation for State affairs—namely, that the increase of population, and much greater size of dioceses, make it impossible for the same close intercourse to exist between the Bishop and all his flock.

But now comes the question of chief difficulty: To whom are any new rights of voting, electing representatives, and so forth, for the management of Church affairs, to be extended? How, for the purpose in view, shall we define "the laity?" We are met here by a radical difference of principle and aim between two bodies of Church reformers. There are some, among whom Mr. Llewellyn Davies and other active and leading members of the Church Reform Union may be taken as prominent examples, who contend especially for the idea of the nationality of the Church, and whose chief anxiety in pressing for reforms is that every citizen, as such, should be made conscious that he has a right to exert a direct influence upon the organization called the Church of England, and that he should have his power of doing so extended.* They appear not to desire any development of diocesan or central action. They would be satisfied that any adaptations to new circumstances or other changes that may be required should be appointed for the Church solely by the nation as a whole, through Parliament, without any direction or assent proceeding from an expression of the Church's mind collectively. But they have a scheme for enabling the whole body of parishioners, acting through an elected Board, to control the ritual observed in the Church, within the limits of the law and saving a right on the part of the incumbent to appeal to the Bishop; and again to object to a presentee to the benefice even on doctrinal grounds, while on their objecting the Bishop would have power to appoint some one else; and, once more, for giving them the right to apply to the Bishop for leave that some person, though not in Holy Orders of the Church of England, and not having subscribed any religious test whatsoever, should deliver an occasional lecture or sermon in the parish church.† To others, among whom the present writer must reckon himself, it appears that these reformers omit some of the measures that are most needed, and in what they propose endanger the true character and vitality of the Church. • We value highly the conception of a National

* See, for example, Mr. L. Davies's letter on "Church and State," in the *Times* of November 13; also the publications of the Church Reform Union.

† See Mr. Albert Grey's Church Boards Bill, 1881, which is approved in general by members of the Church Reform Union.

Church. We believe that in a very considerable measure the Church of England as established does even now minister to the well-being of the whole nation, and we hope that she will do so still more in the future. And relations between Church and State seem to us in nowise impossible in which the rights and true idea of the Church, on the one hand, as a body having a far longer history and wider experience than any existing worldly kingdom, and as necessarily guiding herself by her own principles, and of the State on the other hand, should be fully respected, and in which each should exert a beneficial influence upon the other. Meanwhile, valuing, on the whole, the existing connection of Church and State, both as Churchmen and citizens, we are content to bear patiently some things that are unfortunate and anomalous. But if it came to be a question of choosing between the preservation of establishment and the idea and fact of the Church as a society with a life of her own—a society which is spiritual, as contrasted with earthly kingdoms, and yet at the same time historic and visible—there can be no doubt what our course must be. In our opinion, this idea and fact would be compromised to an extent it never yet has been in our history, if power over the worship and teaching of the Church were given to those who, many of them, do not hold, and have not even any intelligent comprehension of, some of her most fundamental beliefs, and who have not in any full sense submitted to her training. In writing thus I know I am expressing the convictions of not a few of the younger clergy (some of them are fast approaching middle life), especially at Oxford and Cambridge and in London, who have the strongest popular sympathies, and take the keenest interest in all kinds of social progress, and whose minds are most open to all new scientific and critical knowledge. If the influence of the great Church movement of recent years upon the minds of clergy of this class is more marked than it is among the laity, this is not unnatural, since any fresh religious thought is most likely to appear first among those whose lives are devoted to the work of the Church and to theology. But there is nothing in their point of view which need be regarded as favourable to ecclesiastical and clerical domination, or be repellent to the laity; and there is, I believe, an increasing number of intelligent laymen who are coming to conceive of the Church and of the relations of Church and State in the same way. It is necessary to warn those older liberal Churchmen, whose opinions were fixed thirty or forty years ago, and who seem to have been hardened by the greater narrowness of parties and the sharper antagonisms of that time, so that they are unable, as it appears to us, to appreciate the true significance of the great awakening of Church life in this generation, that if they endeavour to force on measures which ignore this faith

that the English Church is a branch of the Holy Catholic Church, they will have to reckon with us as well as other classes of opponents. I say this with no desire of accentuating a difference from men who are worthy of high respect, and with whom, for my own part, I should doubtless agree on many subjects, but simply because it is most important that all strong currents of opinion in the Church should be recognised as clearly as possible if measures of reform are to be devised in a really statesmanlike spirit. I feel that without any breach of confidence I may further say—and this will rightly be held to have greater weight—that the restriction “who are *bond fide* Churchmen” of the Cambridge Memorial, in speaking of the admission of laymen to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs, expresses the conviction of eminent members of the Cambridge Divinity Professoriate, who are not generally supposed to be wanting in width and liberality of view, as to a point which they consider to be essential.

A Board elected by the whole body of parishioners might safely be entrusted with the management of all charities, and generally of the social side of the Church's activity; and personally I should be glad to see the parishioners allowed through such a Board or otherwise to object to a minister nominated to the benefice, provided it was on the ground of moral character or physical infirmity. In such ways actual facts would be recognised; the rector or vicar of a parish does in most cases hold a position in regard to the general moral and social interests of the parish which is acknowledged even by those who do not avail themselves of his spiritual ministrations. But if questions of doctrine or worship are to be affected, whether in the particular parish or through representation in the diocesan or central councils of the Church, it follows from what has been said that, both on principle and in view of what is practicable in the existing state of feeling among Churchmen, only genuine members of the Church should have a voice, and the right definition of membership for this purpose would seem to be that of being a communicant. I shall be reminded of the mischievousness of old communicant tests. But this is to cite a parallel which is no parallel—a misuse of familiar historical instances which is not uncommon. It was undoubtedly harmful that men should be required to communicate in order that they might enjoy posts of civil dignity and emolument. It would be quite a different thing to make it the condition of exercising a right which would have no pecuniary or other worldly value, and which only sincere members of the Church would greatly care for.

One other point must be borne in mind in planning for the introduction of the laity, even as thus restricted, to new privileges. Deep mysteries of the Christian religion, and even questions of ritual and general Church policy, cannot be wisely decided upon by a mere

counting of votes, in which each man's opinion is worth as much as another's. Fairly instructed Christian people may be good judges of the qualification of deep and consistent Christian character, and they may even arrive at a shrewd notion who are most fitted by learning and discernment for dealing with these high and difficult matters; but they ought, in most cases, and for the most part, to allow themselves to be guided by such men. Parliamentary representation for the conduct of the affairs of the State has of late come to be regarded far too much as a mere machinery for discovering what is the numerical majority for one side or other of each question, instead of as a means for arriving at the wisest and best thought of the nation, which may be a very different thing. This erroneous conception is not necessarily inherent in the idea of democracy. If it is dangerous to the State, the introduction of an analogous principle into Church life would be still more dangerous.

But whatever limitations are necessary in the number of those to whom new power in the management of Church affairs is given, or the extent of that power, none must be suffered to depend on differences of social rank. A strong effort must be made—it will require an effort—to induce working people to exercise such privileges, to find responsible work for them to do, and to maintain them in their position in spite of the coldness of richer neighbours. But it must be done, if the Church is really to win the affections of the people, and if she is herself to profit by a fuller knowledge of their needs. “There has been” (I quote from the last Charge of the late Bishop of Ely, delivered only a few weeks before his death) “a proud reluctance to take the people into our confidence, and to make them parties to the Church's cause, a reluctance to admit that this great Church Establishment can be in any danger, or can be helped by them.” Only here and there, it may be, will a working man be found who by education as well as character is fitted to take a part in such an assembly as a Diocesan Conference; but wherever there is one he must be brought forward. Many more will be able to discharge ministries among their own class; and we can also make a practice of keeping them informed on Church matters, and show them that we wish to know their opinions and desire to take them into account.

One word, in conclusion, as to the immediate future. The *Spectator*,* in an article with the general purport of which I cordially agree, has quoted with warm approval the language of the Bishop of Worcester regarding the necessity of the institution of a General Church Council, having, if I understood rightly, statutory powers; and it thinks that till such a Council is instituted, and Parliament is able through it to ascertain what Churchmen want,

* Number for December 19.

it will not be willing to legislate for the removal even of gross abuses in regard to patronage. But, be it observed, the Bishop of Worcester has made no suggestion with respect to those knotty points, how this Council is to be constituted, who are to vote for representatives in it, and so forth. Is it then to be expected that Parliament will feel itself fit or be willing to enter upon the discussion of these, or would it be desirable that it should do so? There would seem far more hope that we may first receive some instalments of reform in regard to those plainer matters; and meanwhile the mind of the Church on the more difficult questions must, in the first instance, be informally ascertained, through those Diocesan Conferences and other gatherings, of which the Bishop of Worcester has spoken with distrust and displeasure, which I must think unmerited. When a Bishop meets the laity of his diocese in these conferences, and hears their views, and lays before them his own, they, in fact, have already an opportunity of exerting an influence upon Church policy precisely similar to that which the laity had in the Early Church.

V. H. STANTON.

THE LITTLE PROPHETS OF THE CEVENNES.

THE Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the point to which during the seventeenth century French statesmanship tended. Richelieu, Colbert, Louis XIV., worked to make a France obedient to one will, strong enough to defy Europe, and to seize whatever would add to its prosperity and grandeur. By 1685 every Frenchman was called to fall down and worship this idol on pain of being thrown into the Bastille, or sent to the galleys, or the gibbet. Unfortunately for Louis XIV.'s reputation, there were certain Huguenots in the land who would not serve his gods nor worship the golden image he had set up.

The imperious command had been long delayed, partly through the influence of Colbert, but chiefly by the religious indifference of the King and his quarrels with the Pope. But life, through sundry infirmities, having lost its zest, the claims of morality and religion, as preached by Madame de Maintenon, began to look all-important, and Louis XIV. came to the conclusion that his own salvation and the glory of the French Monarchy required the extirpation of Protestantism from France.

In his "Politics Drawn from the Very Words of Scripture," Bossuet taught that "the prince ought to employ his authority to destroy false religions in his State," and that "those who would not suffer the prince to use rigour in religious matters, because religion ought to be free, were in an impious error. If they did these things in the green tree what would they do in the dry?" A Christian bishop, a man of heart and imagination, taught this doctrine; a merciless statesman, with the genius of a drill-sergeant, carried it out in the dragonnades and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The story of the great Exodus these infamous acts occasioned has often been

related, but the history of the vast numbers who were obliged by poverty to remain for nearly another century the prey of the persecutors is far less known. These unfortunate people had not only shared the persecutions of those who subsequently emigrated, but having no means to bribe the soldiers had to endure every indignity. They were sometimes taken from the plough and forced to church by goads like a herd of cattle; their wives and daughters were flogged, struck on the faces by canes, or dragged through the mud or over the stones by the hair; worst of all, they were compelled to abjure, a sin they felt so awful that it is related of one woman that each time she took the pen she fell down in a fit, and on the last occasion remained so long unconscious that her persecutors were obliged to throw her like a log over the back of a horse and take her to a convent. "For the space of four hours," writes another poor woman, "I was tormented by fifteen persons. I cried with all my strength, begging for the gallows and death. I was nigh unto death; and how happy should I have been if I had died. My house is a tomb, everything reproaches me; my own soul smites me sharply, that 'tis deplorable." Labouring men who had been thus forced to trample on their consciences would leave their plough at the sight of a Protestant coming along the road, and throwing themselves on their knees would call on him to bear witness that they had only yielded to violence. For it was violence of the worst kind to make the custody of a man's own children to depend on his willingness to abjure. Many a man has been hanged for offering the alternative of "your money or your life," but his crime was trifling to those who said "your children or your conscience." To save themselves from this horrible dilemma the people fled into the woods, where Louvois' soldiers tracked and butchered them by hundreds.

The Bible and the Church, the Gospel Message and the Sacraments: these are the antagonistic notes of the Reformers and the Catholics; and the men who were learned in the Bible and claimed to preach the Gospel as the servants of Jesus Christ took the place in the veneration of the people of the men who claimed to speak in the name of the Church, and alone to have power to administer the sacraments. "All the Huguenots asks is their fill of preaching," said Catherine de Medici; and Hooker remarks that among Huguenots the idea so completely prevailed that without a sermon there was no service, that their Catholic countrymen derided their meetings as "mere preach." No doubt they had very much the same idea of the preacher's function as our Nonconformist forefathers who spoke of "sitting under the Word," a phrase that suggests that the preacher was regarded as a channel of grace, and that in listening to a sermon a refreshment was experienced analogous to that pro-

duced in a plant by a copious shower. Thus the struggle always centred in the establishment and maintenance of public worship, and the statesmen who wished to destroy Protestantism were right in concluding that no greater blow could be struck than to close its temples and exile its pastors. Shorn of these locks, the Huguenot Samson could easily be put into fetters and rendered blind.

So the persecutions which heralded the Revocation struck specially at the pastors, and when that event took place terms were no longer kept with them, or with the worship they led. They were to quit the kingdom in a fortnight, and all the temples were to be closed. In a short time, excepting the handful who abjured, the whole body of Huguenot pastors were driven out of the kingdom and eight hundred temples were demolished. Among the ruins of that of Nîmes was long visible the stone that had surmounted the portico bearing the inscription: "This is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven." Is it possible that the first disciples could have felt deeper despair the day after the Crucifixion than did these unhappy Huguenot artisans and peasants?

The prudish Pharisees and light-hearted Sadducees who surrounded the royal gambling-tables at Versailles on Saturdays, and who on Sundays and Saints' days knelt devoutly before the painted image of one or other of these early disciples, these charming ladies spoke of the Peters and Johns of their own day as "those demons." Madame de Sevigné, who, with her friends, found life so agreeable that they were always "dying of laughter," again and again uses this epithet when speaking of the Huguenots, and commiserates her son-in-law, the Marquis de Grignan, who "had made a voyage of frightful fatigue in the mountains of Dauphiny in order to separate and punish some miserable Huguenots who come out of their holes to pray to God, and who disappear like ghosts the instant you seek them and want to exterminate them." These poor "demons" starving for a bit of spiritual food, sought the heights of the mountains and the depths of the ravines, that the mere sight of each others' faces, the mere words of friendly greeting, might strengthen their resolve to live and die in the Reformed faith. Two or three of the emigrant pastors, men with souls more than usually great, determined, notwithstanding the death penalty, to return and satisfy the spiritual destitution of the people. Assisted by a number of day-labourers and shepherds, they began to hold assemblies in out-of-the-way places, which, however, were constantly broken up and the congregations massacred. Seized one after another, these devoted pastors were nearly all executed. Claude Brousson, a man of the early martyr type, and Fulcran Rey were hanged; Isaac Homel, old as Rey was young, having led an insurrection in the Vivarias, was broken on the wheel.

De Basville, the chief agent in this tyranny, a calm, methodic, hard man, totally unaffected by religious zeal, opposed to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, secured his position as Intendant of Languedoc by oppressing the Protestants with more relentless fury than even the Government required. For thirty-three years this frightful man ruled Languedoc, and his own estimate of the number who suffered in that province alone was a hundred thousand persons, the tenth part of whom ended their days at the stake, on the gallows, or by the wheel.*

Under this reign of terror a condition of the public mind supervened which has rarely been paralleled, a condition so very different from ordinary experience that it will be well first to state the nature of the testimony upon which our knowledge concerning it is founded.

Special details are of course dependent on particular testimonies, but on the main outlines of the movement all the authorities, however antagonistic the spirit of their statements, are agreed. Flechier, Bishop of Nîmes, thought worthy to be numbered with Bossuet, Fenelon, and Massillon, as their four statues on the Place Saint Sulpice in Paris testify,—Flechier is the first authority on the Catholic side. He was nominated to the See of Nîmes in 1687. In his "Lettres Choisis" are several references to the fanatics of the Cevennes, and Letter cxxvii. affords a complete endorsement of all the salient features of the first outbreak. Next comes a work, in three volumes, "*Histoire du Fanatisme de nôtre temps*," written by D. A. de Brueys, a native of Provence. De Brueys, born a Protestant, was converted to Roman Catholicism and inducted into the ecclesiastical state by Bossuet. The first portion of this work, specially relating the first outbreak, was published in 1692, within four years of the events. De Brueys was a clever literary man, who achieved a permanent niche among French play-writers. His work is full of details, some of which he evidently got from Jurieu's Pastoral Letters. The third Catholic authority is the Père Louvreaux, a priest of the Christian doctrine, whose work, "*Fanatisme renouvelé*," appeared before 1701, and treats of the second outburst which took place between 1700–1702. His work was republished at Avignon in 1868, as an apparently Roman Catholic version of these remarkable events.

The Protestant authority for the first period is Pierre Jurieu: the grand Jurieu, as Michelet sympathetically calls him. He began to publish his Pastoral Letters in 1688; they were a kind of weekly or fortnightly journal, containing communications from the friends of the Huguenot cause, especially from those suffering persecution in France. The seventh letter contains a great number of testimonies to the sounds and voices heard in the air during September and

* Si-mor-di: "*Histoire des Français*," vol. xxv. p. 522.

October, 1686; and he has also given a very full account of Isabeau Vincent. For the second period we have most complete details in the collection now known as the "*Théâtre Sacré des Cévennes*." The editor, François Maximilien Misson, was a Protestant, holding the office of *conseiller de Parlement* at Paris, but who emigrated to England at the Revocation, and became tutor to the Earl of Arran. He was the author of a book that had a great success at the time, "*Nouveau Voyage d'Italie, 1691*," and of another, "*Memoires et observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre, 1698*." In 1707 he published the "*Théâtre Sacré*," and in the same year a translation in English appeared entitled "*A Cry from the Desert*." Both consist, for the main part, of the testimonies of twenty-six of the refugees from the Cévennes, who came to England after the Camisard war. Twelve of these persons took oath before two Masters in Chancery that their depositions were true. And the greater part of the testimonies were made in the presence of M. Misson and the English editor, the latter affirming that the utmost care was taken not to draw out wonderful statements, but that the witnesses were urged to be most circumspect, not to state anything of which they were not fully assured, and that in the familiar intercourse held with the deponents he never perceived anything contrary to the facts as stated in the collection published. There was every reason at the time for this caution, for the matter was regarded with little sympathy by the Huguenot emigrants in London and elsewhere.

II.

The Cévennes, the Vivarais, the Dauphiny compose a district worthy the scene of an epic grand as the Arthurian or the Carolingian Romances. The Cévennes, with the mountains of Auvergne, form as it were the crown of France, and contain all kinds of natural wonders. Italy and the Holy Land, Algeria and the sweet pastorals of our native country, all find there some representative scene. A land of surprises, of contrasts, its inhabitants are homogeneous with the country. Under the Cross for generations, the Revocation had wrought their passionate natures to an intensity of feeling seldom equalled in history.

The first signs of the coming spiritual eruption was that people everywhere began to hear strange sounds in the air: the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices. They did not doubt that this music was celestial. It was the note of coming war, the song of the angelic hosts, who, seeing the worship of the poor Cévennols overthrown, offered it up on their behalf. So the pious thought, and wrote their solemn testimony to their friends in Holland and Switzerland.

But a greater wonder was in store, of which this was but the

prelude. Suddenly, in various places, many persons, especially the young, were smitten with something which the historians call "ecstasy." They swooned, appeared without any feeling, then broke out into exhortations—fervent, eloquent, correct, well-chosen, appropriate, mostly in good French, which was not the language they ordinarily spoke, but which they knew through their Bibles and religious services.

Isabeau Vincent, a shepherdess, who could neither read nor write, was the daughter of a weaver who had forsaken his religion for a bribe, and who gave proof of his fidelity to the bargain by forcing his daughter to church by blows. At ten years of age she had seen a great horror: women and children sabred by cavalry, a temple set on fire while the congregation were at worship—so that the column of flame and the melody of the psalm ascended to heaven at the same moment. Poor and ill-treated, she fled to the house of her godfather. One day the ecstasy came upon her—the exact date has been preserved—February 12, 1688. On the first occasion it was a kind of stupor, but on the second no means would arouse her; she was insensible to pain and her eyes were closed. Nevertheless, she spoke, and that in a most fervent and edifying manner, calling on those present to repent, referring especially to her father and all who as he, had Judas-like sold their Lord for money. Her first sermons were in her native tongue, but as her audience began to include persons who knew and spoke French, she spoke in that language and in the most correct manner. What she said was rarely peculiar; she sometimes repeated portions of the Mass in Latin, and then refuted what she had recited. Physicians came to see her, but they found her pulse quite normal and every sign of bodily health. She never complained of being tired, even when she had been talking three, or even five, hours during the night, but went to her labour in the ordinary way. She was arrested, and after being led about in different places was confined in a convent. They shaved her head, took away her clothes, lest they were enchanted, and the priests came to exorcise her. According to De Brueys, she was converted to the Catholic faith, and led a pious life, but it must be always remembered that De Brueys was a dramatist by nature.

Isabeau Vincent was not alone. The ecstasy seized everybody. Between the month of June, 1688, and the end of February following, there arose in the Dauphiny, and then in the Vivarais, five or six hundred prophets of both sexes. The enthusiasm spread like a flood, or like a prairie on fire; every village, every hamlet, every gathering had its prophet. Few old people received the gift, it fell mostly on young men and maidens, and frequently on boys and even little girls. Three shepherd boys, Bompat, Mazet, and Pascalín,

respectively eight, fifteen, and twenty years of age, met just as the pastors at Geneva, and examined penitents, who on their knees confessed their apostasy.

But the most striking figure in this first outburst, after *la belle Yabeau*, was Gabriel Astier, a labourer, twenty-two years of age. On receiving the gift, his first efforts were to communicate it to his own relatives and friends. But, thanks partly to the persecution he endured, his followers became so numerous that he withdrew to Boutières, a wild district. The people gathered here from all parts, settling on the crests of the mountains and in the deep valleys like immense flocks of birds. Their assemblies for worship sometimes numbered three or four thousand persons. Pursued into this retreat by four companies of soldiers, General de Broglie and the Intendant de Basville had themselves to come and raise all the Catholic militia in the neighbourhood before these Huguenot peasants could be dislodged. Animated by Gabriel and the other prophets, who described their martyred pastors : Homel and Brunier, as looking down upon them, the first assembly attacked made a vigorous resistance, three hundred peasants being left dead on the field, while only fifty were taken prisoners. On the peaks of the mountains where they had worshipped, the people now saw the corpses of their friends standing out like black spots on the deep blue sky.

Gabriel was broken alive on the 2nd of April, 1690, and on the 4th of November, 1695, the noble-hearted Brousson, almost the only pastor who came to the help of the people, was hanged about sunset at Montpellier. Behind the gallows was a magnificent horizon which stretched away to the sea, and the story of the execution became a sacred legend which was repeated nightly in the cabins of the Huguenot peasants.

The prophetic fire had been stamped upon, but not extinguished. In 1700 it burst out afresh, and soon again becoming universal, was as much distinguished as in 1688, for the extreme youth of its subjects. According to several of the testimonies made in London in 1707, many children between the ages of three and twelve were among the prophets. Guillaume Brugière saw a little boy, three years old, seized by the spirit, fall on the ground, strike his breast, saying it was his mother's sins that thus caused him to suffer ; then he exhorted the bystanders to fight the good fight of faith, and repent of their sins, for these were the last times. Jacques du Bois had seen sixty children, between three and twelve, who thus prophesied. Durand Fage heard one night a little girl of eleven pray and preach a sermon three-quarters of an hour long. And the word of these young prophets had all the power that has ever attended analogous movements. Jean Cavalier, cousin of the famous Camisard chief, a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, went to a meeting in a barn from

curiosity. Several boys prophesied, each one piercing the young man's conscience more and more sharply. He resisted, striving to get out of the place, praying inwardly that God would fill him with horror for these things if they were not true. But all in vain : when the third little preacher took for his text the well-known evangelic invitation, "Ho ! every one that thirsteth," the whole assembly were in tears, and Cavalier among the rest. "I was ravished," he relates, "when this inspired boy said that the least and the most simple were of great price before God, that it was the most indigent who He wished to enrich ; only it was necessary to feel one's misery, to know one's spiritual poverty, to be hungry and thirsty, to be admitted to this banquet." The sermon over, he felt as if he had been struck on the breast with a hammer, which set all his blood on fire. He fainted and fell. As he rose he was struck a second time, and his prayers now were intermingled with sighs. After a short calm his agitation recommenced, and he was wholly occupied with the thought of his sins. The little minister called the young man before him, and spoke to him in a way that showed him that he knew all he was feeling. "The boldness of the young boy astonished me," he exclaims. "It was indeed a marvel to see an ignorant and timid child undertake to teach the people, to preach in a language he was incapable of speaking another time, of expressing himself magnificently, and presiding like a bishop in an assembly of Christians." The "little sorcerer" was his first epithet, now it is "this good little minister of Jesus Christ."

Not only children, but childish men and women displayed the prophetic power. Thus Claude Arnassan relates that a shepherd who was regarded as incapable of instruction, and who had moreover never attended divine worship, being taken to a meeting was on his return seized in the usual way and began to prophesy. A similar case is given by Jacques Mazel, and in a third a woman, considered almost idiotic, uttered discourses of so elevated a character, and in such good French, that her hearers said, "This ass of Balaam has a mouth of gold."

Two things have to be noted—first, that these prophesyings rarely meant more than preaching as their pastors would have done, and in occasional intimations of the approach of friends or enemies, or of other dangers which menaced them ; second, that the inspiration was not at command, but came in answer to prayer, and always commenced with the words "Mon enfant."

The less cultivated among the priests were not a little troubled, for the whole movement appealed to a mysticism which played a great part in their own religion ; the upper clergy and the fashionable abbés spoke of it with contempt, their pure minds for ever connecting it with scenes of libertinism. But the hardest and most impassive of men was in authority, and De Basville without more

ado seized about three hundred of the young prophets, threw them into prison, and sent for the Faculty at Montpellier to come and report on their state. The physicians examined the children carefully, found that they were in good health, and clearly not lunatics in the ordinary acceptation of the word. What then was the matter with them? The priests suggested demoniacal possession, but this was a little too much for men of science in the days of Newton and Leibnitz, so the faculty reported that the children were *fanatics*—a useful word, for it covered their ignorance, and sounded alarming enough to justify De Basville in any proceedings he thought fit. The youths were accordingly sent to the galleys, or draughted into the army; the younger children returned to their parents, with the caution that if they allowed them to prophesy their homes would be razed to the ground. Certain prophets peculiarly noted were then put to death. David was to be broken on the wheel, Floutier was condemned to the gallows. The latter was only twenty years of age, and shuddered when he saw the gibbet; but David encouraged him, and through his own awful sufferings (September 9, 1701) exhibited a constancy little short of miraculous. He prayed aloud and fervently as he approached the wheel, then being fastened awaited with the utmost firmness the blow of the executioner. One hundred and three times did the bar fall on his mangled body, it seemed as if the spirit within would not take flight, and he hung, his whole frame in fractures, pouring forth blood and prayers.

A reign of terror was again inaugurated. Day and night the militia hunted out the assemblies, horrible tragedies ensued; that at Creux de Vaic in the Vivarais, on the 14th of September, was a massacre. Homes were levelled, the father hanged, the sons sent to the galleys. On the 6th and 7th of November fifteen persons were shot at Tornuc, and eight near Uzès. The prophet Petit-Marc was hung on a cherry-tree in front of a church. Languedoc was a scene of desolation; in place of fruit the trees bore the blackened forms of the martyr prophets.

The movement now entered its last phase, and the prophets began to speak more than ever of the future. A Cevennot peasant girl announced that many evils were coming upon them, but that a new world would be made.

The younger prophets disappear, a sterner spirit is in the air. Men strong of will and fierce in passionate resentment come to the fore. Mazel, Conderc, and Segnier simultaneously receive a revelation confirmed by symbolic visions. The children of God are to drive away the priests and make war on the king. The other prophets tremble at this awful word, for it means nothing less than insurrection with inevitable destruction as a result; even those whose faith is most profound can only speak of the shepherd boy who in the might of God overcame the lion and the bear.

But suddenly there appears a prophet named Etienne who was thought to be dead, and who De Basville had forgotten in his cell. "The angel of the Lord has delivered me; God will soon raise in France forty thousand prophets at the head of whom will come a mighty monarch." He who had delivered England, who had been the chief actor in her Revolution, was now expected to be the saviour who should deliver France. The hopes of these poor Huguenots were in God and William of Orange.

III.

Allowing for the natural hyperbole of popular excitement, the physical phenomena connected with this movement are analogous to those that have taken place on other occasions, and capable therefore of natural explanations.

Jurieu devotes a whole pastoral letter to testimonies about the hearing of the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices in the air. Some thought that it might be the singing of certain persons met together in woods or the caves to worship secretly, and it seems probable enough that little companies might gather in very secluded spots, without being aware how far sound would travel, and how in a mountainous district like the Cevennes it would echo and re-echo. But supposing psalm-singing was too entirely suppressed for such to have been the case there were many other sounds, coming from a distance amongst the hills, that would produce the impression of "the sound of a trumpet and a harmony of voices." At the present day each sheep in a Cevennol flock wears a little bell attached to its neck, so that when they all move together the combined music makes a sound like the ringing of a great brass bell at a distance.* The shepherds and the herdsmen carry horns which they blow when they lead or gather their flocks.

How easy to magnify sounds like these, heard under peculiar states of mind, and especially at that mystic hour which is neither day nor night, that hour when all Nature seems to join in one common hymn of praise. Jurieu himself admits that in the Cevennes the miraculous character of these sounds might be contested, but the testimony from Orthès he evidently thinks cannot be doubted. Here it was reported that there was not a house but where there was a person who had heard this celestial music. But Orthès, standing on one of the outlying spurs of the Pyrenees is not a very great way from the pass of Roncevalles where Roland, Charlemagne's great-nephew, fell, and the legend that his horn was heard at nightfall calling for help, doubtless then as now filled the neighbourhood. It was from the lips of one who spent his early days in Orthès, a Basque of

* See Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes."

Huguenot descent, that I first heard that grand and lovely poem which this old legend drew from Alfred de Vigny :—

“Monts gelés et fleuris, trône des deux saisons,
Dont le front est de glace et le pied de gazons!
C'est là qu'il faut s'asseoir, c'est là qu'il faut entendre,
Les airs lointains d'un cor mélancolique et tendre.”

No better testimony, however, to their elevation and purity of heart than that these poor Huguenots should believe in the music of the spheres, and think that they heard

“The bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,”

and console themselves with the thought that it was the annunciation of the good news that Truth and Justice were about to return to men, bringing “Mercy throned in celestial sheen.” “’Tis the last persecution,” said Jurieu, “they will entirely cease in 1687. God will give a Protestant prince to France, and by a solemn edict of the prince, and by a great voice from heaven, the total destruction of Popery shall happen.” Sufferers as he and his people had been and still were, he did not credit the hardness and the darkness into which their persecutors had fallen, and did not consider that

“First to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.”

De Bruceys would have it believed that the prophetic outburst thus precluded was got up by the exiled pastors, inspired by their Mephistopheles: Jurieu. Du Serre, *un gentilhomme-verrier*, a Calvinist who lived in the mountain of Peyra in the Dauphiny, was chosen as their agent; and he it was who founded “this horrible school,” by getting about thirty children into his power, himself instructing the boys, and handing over the girls to his wife.

Granting that the enthusiasm of both Jurieu and Du Serre greatly influenced the movement, it cannot be pretended that an old glass-maker in a remote village of the Dauphiny, armed with a learned theological work published in Holland, could have got the public mind into such a condition that in a few weeks the whole country was spiritually in flames. At the utmost, Du Serre but struck the spark which ignited the tinder.

It is universally admitted that nothing more readily throws the brain into an abnormal condition than for its attention to be concentrated on some one point to the exclusion of every other. By a series of persecutions going on through generations, and now in their own times brought to a well-nigh unparalleled climax, these people had been forced to think of no other subject but Religion, and on Religion as represented by public worship and the pastoral office.

To be deprived of pastors, of the consolation of listening to the

preached word, was, from their point of view, to be left to die in a spiritual winter without food. For them and their children it was felt to be well-nigh a sentence of eternal death. And not only were their minds agitated by the thought of so overwhelming a calamity, but the final blow had been brought about suddenly, and with the most brutal violence. Their pastors had been driven into exile, hanged or broken on the wheel, their temples had been ruthlessly destroyed, they had heard the shout of triumphant derision, they had seen their brethren drop beneath the bullets, their wives and daughters insulted, their friends dragged off to the galleys, or hanging on the gibbet, and they had no words but the cry—

"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance,
They have set thy sanctuary on fire;
They have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land,
There is no more any prophet:
Neither is among us any that knoweth how long.
Have respect unto thy covenant:
For the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of violence."

The preliminary symptoms—the leaping, fallings, convulsions, heavings of the breast, gurglings in the throat—are not the things which strike us here, since they are by no means peculiar to this movement, but have more or less characterized every powerful religious agitation, whatever may have been the intellectual ideas at its basis; the distinctive feature on this occasion is the power of prophesy displayed by a whole people, and especially manifested by the young.

Is this extraordinary condition of things capable of any natural explanation? I think I am on the right track in saying that it was due to a preternatural excitement of the faculty of Memory, not simply of memory personal and individual, but of that unconscious memory which we receive from our ancestors.

The following case, given by Dr. John Abercrombie,* much abbreviated for want of space, while it is closely parallel in its physical phenomena to what Jurieu relates concerning Isabeau Vincent, shows most strikingly that memory is a power unlimited in its operation, and that in its unconscious workings it is most vigorous and overmastering where its subjects are least cultured and nearest the condition of the animal world.

A girl of seven years, employed in tending cattle, slept in an apartment next to one occupied by an itinerant fiddler, a musician of considerable skill, who frequently spent the night in performing pieces of a refined description. She fell ill, was taken care of by a lady, and eventually became her servant. Some years elapsed, and the family were often surprised to hear music during the night. At length the sound was traced to the sleeping-room of the girl, who, fast asleep,

* "Intellectual Powers of Man." Eighth edition, p. 304.

was warbling in a manner exactly resembling the sweetest tones of a small violin. It was found that after being two hours in bed she became restless, and began to mutter to herself; then uttering noises resembling the tuning of a violin, she dashed off, after some prelude, into elaborate pieces of music, which she performed in a clear and accurate manner. A year or two passed away, and she began to vary her performance by imitating the sounds of an old piano in the house, the singing of the inmates; and further on she began to discourse on a variety of topics. The justness and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information. She was known to conjugate correctly Latin verbs, and to speak several sentences in French. During her paroxysms it was almost impossible to wake her, and when her eyelids were raised, and a candle brought near the eye, she seemed insensible to light. About sixteen she began to observe those who were in the apartment, and answered questions put to her with astonishing acuteness. This affection went on for ten or eleven years. She was, when awake, a dull, awkward girl, slow in receiving any kind of instruction, without any turn for music, or apparently any recollection of what passed in her sleep. At the age of twenty-one she became immoral, and was dismissed. It is believed that she afterwards became insane.

The many points of analogy between this case and that of Isabeau Vincent led me to choose it out of others, but since it may be thought that its subject suffered from mental disease, I will mention another where there is no such suspicion—nothing, in fact, peculiar but a condition of primitive barbarism.

Dr. Moffat relates that after preaching a sermon on Eternity to some Africans, he heard a simple-looking young man repeat it all over again to a group of natives with uncommon precision: the very gestures being reproduced. On telling him that he had done more than the original preacher could do: repeat the sermon verbatim, the savage touched his forehead, and said, "When I hear anything great it remains there."

These two cases not only prove that Memory is a power of which it is impossible to limit the operation, but support what Hartmann says in his "*Philosophy of the Unconscious*:"—"The more limited is the range of the conscious mental activity of any living being, the more fully developed in proportion to its entire mental power is its performance commonly found to be in respect of its own limited and special instinctive department." Now this was exactly the condition of the little Prophets of the Cevennes. They were the least developed minds among the humblest and most ignorant of these persecuted Protestants. It is probable

that most of them could neither read nor write; we are expressly told that Isabeau Vincent could do neither.

Some may think that they repeated, like the African, only what they had just heard, either from their parents or the older prophets; but that this could not be is manifest from some of the cases quoted, and any one who studies the whole evidence must see that few popular movements have been more spontaneous.

People who have met with infant prodigies, who can repeat by rote long poems, must have felt that the wonder was in no way enhanced by the way in which the lesson was recited. The child knew the words but did not enter into the ideas. How different to the impression created by these child-prophets. Their parents in terror try to stop their mouths, even going the length of personal violence; fathers obey the awe-inspiring commands of their little sons, and at their bidding send for those with whom they have quarrelled, and an envenomed rustic dispute is healed in a moment; apostates kneel before these infant Samuels, and allow themselves to be interrogated on their secret motives; young men at the period of existence the least willing to submit to humiliation find their consciences probed, and yield themselves to the direction of boys several years their juniors.

No lesson just learnt, no lesson learnt at any time in their lives, consciously or unconsciously, is sufficient to explain this prophetic power—a power not simply the possession of one child here or there, but of hundreds. I conceive it was the result of an awakening in their minds of memories which had descended to them as all their other faculties. These memories recalled the very thoughts, the very phrases of countless sermons heard by their ancestors. If some one had taken notes of the sermons preached by these child-prophets I believe that they would been found to have had a family resemblance, and that resemblance would have accorded wonderfully with the ancestral type. The very fact that those who made the testimonies in London dwell scarcely at all on what the children said, but only in general terms speak of the pathos and excellence of sermons that sometimes went on for an hour, or even two, shows that the young preachers uttered nothing new or peculiar. And when, as in the case I have quoted from Cavalier's testimony, some account is given, it is clear it was altogether such a sermon as a fervent Huguenot divine might have preached in any generation. These prophecies were evidently the sacred thoughts expressed in the sacred language, nothing more and nothing less. If we are unable to conceive memory working at such a pitch, it is because our imagination, not being adequately sustained by knowledge, is unequal to conceive the degree to which this sacred lore had been burnt into the soul of a long-suffering people.

Edgar Quinet, as far back as 1825, asked the questions: "How far do the memories of the species reflect themselves in the individual? How do such memories harmonize with his own impressions? What law do they impose on his personal activity?" And with a kind of inspiration he replied: "He who would understand history must consent first of all to look into himself and become attentive to the movements of his own mind. He who truly does this will discover buried there the whole series of the past ages." This thought, sublime and vague, modern scientists declare to be the simple fact.

Professor Ernst Haeckel says: "Without the recognition of an unconscious memory in living matter the most important functions of vital matter remain totally inexplicable."

Professor Ewald Hering, of Prague, teaches that memory is a universal function of organized matter from the earliest existence of things to the present time. Memory is continuous. Though individuals die their offspring carry on the memory of all the impressions their ancestors acquired or received. We are, as the author of "Life and Habit" puts it, "one person with our ancestors."

So general a truth is necessarily controlled and limited by many considerations, one of which is stated strongly by Mr. Galton in his "Hereditary Genius," where he tells us that the consequence of Darwin's theory of Pangenesis is that a man is wholly built up of his own and his ancestral peculiarities, and only in an infinitesimal degree of characteristics handed down in an unchanged form. Applying this to the memory, we see that it is supported by experience, for it is clearly a man's own impressions and those of his immediate ancestors that this faculty most vividly reproduces. Now, in the case of these child-prophets, their own individual impressions were few and limited, and consequently those received from their immediate progenitors overpowered all others. What these impressions would be a moment's consideration of their ancestral history shows. Within a century and a half the ancestors of the people affected by this prophetic power had passed through a mental revolution; they had changed their religion, and that at the bidding of a teaching which spoke to them as individuals, who had souls entirely and distinctly separable from all the rest of the universe—souls that might be eternally lost or saved. This tremendous appeal had in most cases resulted in an actual interior struggle which had commenced for them a new period of existence in which they became peculiarly sensitive to religious teaching.

RICHARD HEATH.

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.

NEARLY seven years have passed since the writer of this article published in a London monthly magazine a short political essay, entitled "Is Home Rule Dead?" The title may be thought a little curious now. It was adopted then because the English journals had almost unanimously come to the conclusion that Home Rule was dead, and only waiting to be buried; and they were congratulating England over her happy delivery from a trouble. The present writer had just been returned, unopposed, for an Irish county in which he had never before set his foot—returned solely on the strength of his earnestness in the cause of Home Rule. But at the time there was a sort of pause in the activity of the Home Rule movement, partly caused by the failing health and fading influence of Mr. Butt. Those of us who knew were well convinced that the movement was only in its beginning and had not yet shown its real force, and the object of the article I wrote was to endeavour to convince the English public that it was a genuine and a national movement, and that the demand for Home Rule would never cease until Home Rule had been obtained. I think the events of the past seven years, and indeed the events of the past seven weeks, have given a very sufficient answer to my question. The most sceptical Englishman, if he has only eyes to see, will now admit that Home Rule is not dead, but, on the contrary, very full of life. Few men think any longer of asking whether Ireland is to have Home Rule: the main question is as to the precise form which Home Rule should take.

But just here comes up the new difficulty. Many Englishmen, some of them men of mark and importance in the political world,

say, "We are willing to give you Irish some sort of Home Rule; but, mind, it must not be the sort of Home Rule you want, but the sort of Home Rule you do not want." We will shape for you a scheme of our own; and our main object shall be to make it different from your scheme. For we are practical men, and we want to conciliate certain London newspapers, and the clubs, and the timid people in the country; and our strong point with them will be that we are not giving you what you want; that we are refusing to do anything of the kind; that we are only giving what we think convenient and safe for us in England." I earnestly appeal to all Englishmen of intelligence not to countenance this sort of absurd and idle device. If you want to satisfy Ireland you must give Ireland what she asks for; not what the writers in certain London newspapers think suitable for her. England is strong enough to rest her safety on justice; and in any case she cannot purchase safety by keeping Ireland in discontent. If the Irish question is to be approached, let it be approached by statesmen, not by pedlars and tinkers. If the Conservative party feel that for whatever reason they are not up to the level of this great experiment, let them give way and allow Mr. Gladstone to try his hand. Mr. Gladstone, at all events, is capable of appreciating the real force of the question and of translating a principle into legislative action.

The Conservative party, as it seems to me, lost a great chance when they made up their minds not to endeavour to conciliate Ireland by coming to some agreement with Mr. Parnell, and introducing a Home Rule scheme. A great cause was there lost for want of spirit, as Atterbury said of the failure of Bolingbroke and Harley. The Conservatives had much in their favour. They must have had the support of the Liberals—certainly of the Radicals—if they had brought in a decent scheme which satisfied the majority of the Irish people. The Radicals could hardly have stood up in the House of Commons and said, "We care nothing about the fact that five-sixths of the Irish people are in favour of this measure; we will oppose it because you, our political enemies, are in office." If the measure were satisfactory it would certainly have had Mr. Gladstone's support; and I for one refuse to believe in the ever-talked of, never seen, revolt of some of the Liberals against Mr. Gladstone. I will not say what I once heard a very clever man say of such rumoured revolts, and call them revolts of the cyphers against the figure. But I certainly do not believe in the possibility of any considerable number of Liberals breaking away from the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. The leader of Opposition is to his followers what Zeus was to his surrounding gods and goddesses. In the "tug of war" he could pull the whole of them his way, they

all tugging together with all their might and main. Therefore the Conservatives might have counted on the support of the Liberal party generally, seeing that they might have counted on the support of Mr. Gladstone. The Conservatives, too, have still a character with the people in the country for moderation and stability. People down in the country would accept with confidence from Lord Salisbury what they would look on with suspicion if it were offered by Mr. Gladstone, and would shudder at it if it came from Mr. Chamberlain. Besides, the Conservative party would carry the House of Lords with them. It may be said that Lord Salisbury could not carry his own party in the Commons and in the country with him. I admit that he could not carry the whole party at first. He could not carry the Ulster Tories, for example—sixteen of them I think there are. They now, with the two representatives of Dublin University, make up the whole sum of the opposition to Mr. Parnell in Ireland. The Ulster members would sulk, would perhaps even secede. We all know with what utter lack of appreciation Lord Randolph Churchill used to regard the services and companionship of the Ulster Tories, then a much more powerful body than they are now. We all know how pleased he used to be with the sacrifices which had to be made by his chiefs to conciliate them. They would sulk no doubt; they would hang back for a time; they would vote against everything that reason and sense and statesmanship could suggest. The members for Dublin University would neither sulk nor secede; they would follow their leaders very properly. It is quite probable that a few of the English Tory squires would also refuse to support their Government in any scheme of Home Rule. This, or something like this, must always happen when a Conservative Government attempts to do anything really worth doing. It happened to Mr. Disraeli; he did not allow himself to be much troubled by it. It ought not to have affected to any extent the serious counsels of Lord Salisbury. What Lord Salisbury ought to have done was to declare himself in favour of some scheme of Home Rule for Ireland, and then invite the confidence and co-operation of all parties in the shaping of the measure. I think the suggestion made in the *Daily News* was excellent. The suggestion was that Lord Salisbury should follow the precedent adopted in the case of the Redistribution Bill, and ask his opponents to go into council with him; and ask, too, the Irish members to lend him their help. Let, say, three men from each of the three parties go into a room together and endeavour to agree among themselves as to the principles of a Home Rule measure, and put their agreement before Parliament in the shape of a Bill. It will be said that I am assuming an agreement where no agreement might be possible. I am assuming an agreement certainly. I am assuming

that a small committee of rational men met to consider what sort of domestic government was to be given to Ireland, and agreed upon the principle that such a government was to be given to her in one form or another, could not find any great difficulty in coming to an understanding as to the main lines of a measure. It may be said that I am indulging in an unwarrantable assumption when I take it for granted that Lord Salisbury would under any circumstances or conditions consent to give a measure of Home Rule to Ireland. I do not know what Lord Salisbury's personal feelings on the subject may be; but if when he spoke his Newport speech Lord Salisbury had not in his mind the possibility of applying to Ireland some modification of the arrangement which connects Austria and Hungary, and was not in fact appealing for suggestion and counsel on the subject, then Lord Salisbury for once failed altogether to put his meaning into his words. I have heard Lord Salisbury make a great many speeches; I have generally found myself differing from his opinions and thinking his arguments unsatisfactory. But I have never found myself in the slightest doubt as to what the opinions were, and how the arguments tended. If Lord Salisbury's Newport speech had not the meaning which the whole public of these countries ascribed to it, I have no idea as to what meaning it was intended to have. I still venture to think that at that time Lord Salisbury was preparing to deal with the Home Rule Question after the fashion of a statesman. I am strongly of opinion that at that time the leaders generally of the Conservative party were bringing themselves up to the same point. Events, however, happening since then may have made a change. The Conservative Government have found, for example, that even with the help of the Irish Nationalist members they have not really a majority over the Liberals. Is it unreasonable to suppose that they may have argued in this way: "It is a dangerous experiment for us to deal with this Home Rule Question just now. A great many of our followers don't like it. We shall become very unpopular with them; they are not yet educated up to the mark; and after all the Parnellites cannot keep us in office with anything like a fair working majority if the Liberals choose to make a stand against us. Had we not better therefore refrain from playing this Irish card? Nay, had we not better go boldly in for playing an English card? Had we not better raise the Imperial cry, and say we never will yield to the Irish demand? Dismemberment of the Empire—that is our watchword. It is not too late; we have not gone too far even yet;" and accordingly the Conservatives shout their sudden "Jamais," and Mr. Gladstone is denounced as one who would sanction the "Dismemberment of the Empire."

This country is governed to an amazing and an alarming extent

by catchwords. It would sometimes almost seem that popular government in England is government by catchword. Lord Palmerston knew this so well that he often openly avowed at some particular crisis his intentions to capture the public by a phrase. Now the phrase "Dismemberment of the Empire," is to be the Tory policy of the hour. Would it not be well if some of us were to ask ourselves what it means? Would it not be well to ask ourselves whether precisely the same sort of argument was not employed at the time of the settlement of Canada in 1838, after the rebellion. Do we not remember, some of us, that Lord Durham used to be styled "The Lord High Seditious," because of his scheme of a settlement, which scheme everybody now acknowledges was the fountain and origin of all the subsequent peace and prosperity of the Canadian Dominion? Was the British Empire dismembered during all that period of the common history down to the Act of Union in 1800? Historically speaking, the Act of Union is an affair of the day before yesterday; a crude modern innovation; although to hear some Englishmen talk one might imagine it was in existence since the time of King Alfred. Of course one dismemberment argument rests on the assumption that if Ireland got a Parliament of her own again, she would at once begin to agitate for separation. I venture to think that to give her back her National Parliament is the best and the only way to prevent her from agitating for separation. There is no disguising the fact that Ireland at present is profoundly disaffected. She is disaffected not merely because she is badly governed, but because she is not allowed to govern herself. No self-respecting people could endure the present centralized system by virtue of which Irish representation is overborne at Westminster; no self-respecting people could endure the Dublin Castle system. Danger to the Empire?—why at the present moment Ireland is a source of uttermost danger to the Empire. Some Englishmen will say that they don't care; that they can always keep Ireland down. Exactly; if nothing happens—but, as Mr. Bright once said, I think on this very subject, in the House of Commons, accidents are always happening. There may be some great foreign war with England in the thick of it. Which would it be better for England then to have, an Ireland conciliated by the admission of her right to self-government or an Ireland burning with anger at the persistent refusal of her national claim? Let us think of these things and get their significance into our minds before we pay too much attention to the Dismemberment of the Empire catchword. When we hear the phrase used, let us insist on knowing what the man means who uses it.

I am not particularly concerned to vindicate the political consistency of Mr. Gladstone. No man who ever lived could be much

better qualified than Mr. Gladstone to make out a case for himself. But I cannot help saying that it is amazing to find so many persons reproaching Mr. Gladstone on the ground of his supposed sudden and recent conversion to the principle of Home Rule. What short memories some political speakers and writers have, to be sure! Why, Mr. Gladstone has been again and again denounced by English politicians and English newspapers on the ground that he has always been giving countenance and comfort to the advocates of Home Rule. He has never that I know of spoken one word against what I may call the principle of Home Rule; the principle that Ireland ought to have some form of government which might be really domestic and national, and which is not given to her by the centralized system established in Westminster. Again and again Mr. Gladstone has invited Irish members to bring forward some definite scheme, and let the country know what they meant by Home Rule. Again and again he has been denounced by Conservative press and platform because he would not bluntly tell these pestilent Irish that he would listen to no demand, proposal, or suggestion about Home Rule. For such is the wise and statesmanlike course which five out of every six English newspapers have been for years in the habit of recommending, urging, clamouring for. Not merely must English statesman refuse to grant Home Rule, but they must tell the Irish people that their appeal is not even to be heard; that their argument must not be taken into one moment's consideration. "We don't care what you say; we don't care what your claim is; we don't want to hear your arguments; you shan't have what you ask for, and there is an end of the matter. *Non possumus; jamais.* That is all we have to say; and if you don't like it, why, we are thirty millions against four or five millions, and we shall find a way of teaching you submission." I am sorry to say that not only Conservative writers and speakers have lately been using this thirty-to-four argument. I once shouldered a musket, or trailed a pike, in the army of English Radicalism, and I always understood that one great article of our political creed was that a nation's claim was not to be overborne by the mere numerical superiority and physical resource of another and a dominant people. Think of our eloquence and our fervour about Hungary, about Venetia, about Lombardy, about Poland, about Greece! Talk to us of your thirty millions against four millions! With what generous scorn and indignant invective we should have assailed the unlucky Tory who dared to bring up that old-timed, obsolete, ignoble argument, unworthy of intellect, and principle, and manhood! And now, behold, we have it from the lips of no less distinguished a Radical than Mr. Chamberlain himself. When in an unlucky moment during the debates on the Regency Question and the temporary disqualification of George the Third, Fox was led

away so far as to argue that the regency of the Prince of Wales was a matter of course and not dependent on the will of Parliament, Pitt saw in a moment the blunder his great rival had made, and smiting himself on the thigh exclaimed with an oath, "I'll unwhig that gentleman for the rest of his life." One could not wonder if some enemy having heard Mr. Chamberlain's thirty-to-four argument were to exclaim, "I'll unradical that gentleman for the rest of his life." In any case this sort of argument is not one which could be supposed to have much conciliatory influence over the Irish people. To be told "you shall not have what you ask, and if you want to know the reason why, we tell you that we are strong and you are weak," is indeed a reply that might make a prudent claimant hush his demand for the time, but it could hardly bring him into a temper of cheerful and affectionate submission. Madge Wildfire, in the "Heart of Midlothian," is told that if she does not give up the whereabouts of Geordie Robertson she will be whipped. She replies that the whipping might make her cry, "but could na mak' me tell, ye ken." So the intimation that Ireland has not a population large enough to stand up against England might make her keep silent for the time, but could not very well make her loving and loyal.

We have now got to a condition of things which will at all events put a little strain on this argument. We are brought face to face in a remarkably distinct way with this portentous modern question of the nationalities. There has been in modern days no such test of the solidity of imperial systems, no such solvent of unsuitable companionships, as this relentless principle. We have got to it now at last in Ireland. I venture to think that never in history was a national demand put forward with greater national authority than that which backs up the Irish demand for Home Rule—eighty-six members elected as Home Rulers and because they are Home Rulers—eighty-six out of one hundred and three; many of the eighty-six without a contest; many others with majorities of ten, fifteen, or twenty to one. Englishmen may say anything they like about the Home Rule demand on its own merits; but they cannot say that it is not a national demand. Think of any public question thus put and thus answered in England! For or against household suffrage, let us say; and the constituencies at the general election send in more than five-sixths of the representatives pledged to the household suffrage. Would not the question be regarded as settled once for all? Should we hear anything more except as to the best means of introducing the reform in the shape of an Act of Parliament? Now I should like to ask impartial and intelligent Englishmen to consider what must be the effect upon the Irish mind of the only answer that can be given to the Irish appeal. We

admit that any demand so sustained in England and for England would be yielded to as a matter of course; but it is quite a different thing with a demand made in Ireland and for Ireland. Your Irish demand is not to be listened to. Why? Because you are a vassal of the United Kingdom. That fact gives England a right to bear you down by force of numbers.

I do not fear, however, that such a point of view would long be accepted by practical statesmen. Just at present I think the attempt may perhaps be not to oppose directly, but to flank, the Irish national demand. I am afraid of mere waste of time over County Board schemes and other such measures for the extension of what is called Local Government. The statesman who is to settle this Irish Question, and to bring England and Ireland into reconciliation, or perhaps I ought rather to say into conciliation one with another, must not hope to do it by a County Board scheme. He must understand that the demand of Ireland is a national demand for national self-government; and that the acknowledgment of Ireland's claim will prove to be the best guarantee for the peace and stability of the empire. In a speech which I heard Mr. Bright make a quarter of a century ago on the French commercial treaty, he described that treaty as "a measure of justice to England and of mercy to France." I venture to describe a true Home Rule scheme as a measure of justice to Ireland and of mercy to England; of mercy to England as a relief and a reprieve to her from a system that stands continually in the way of her domestic legislation, and that converts the nation which might be a pillar of strength to lean on into a spear that at her sorest time may pierce her side.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ORIENTAL HISTORY.

IN spite of wars abroad and dissensions at home, France seems disinclined to forsake the leading place it has so long occupied in Oriental research. The first part of the account of the excavations carried on at Tello, in Southern Babylonia, by M. de Sarzec, the French Consul at Bagdad, has just been published at the national expense, and a more sumptuous volume can hardly be conceived.* The copies of the newly found monuments given in it are executed with a perfection that is realizable only in Paris. We can see in them the very grain and polish of the marble and the dried surface of the clay, while the inscriptions engraved on the marble, or indented in the clay, show even more clearly than on the originals themselves. The excavations, of which this volume is one of the results, have opened a new chapter in the early history of Western Asia. The remains discovered at Tello belong to the oldest period of Chaldean history—to a period, in fact, which until but the other day was believed to be enshrouded hopelessly in myth. They belong to an age when as yet the Semite was not in the land, or at all events was but just beginning to make his influence felt there. The inscriptions are all in the agglutinative, pre-Semitic language of Chaldea, and the monuments display the purest form of Accado-Sumerian art. We have recently learnt from a text of Nabonidos that Sargon of Accad, who marks the rise of Semitic power in Babylonia, reigned as far back as B.C. 3800, and since the Tello relics are of still older date, their hoary antiquity may be more readily imagined than defined. They do not, however, all belong to exactly the same epoch. Some are more archaic than others, and thus enable us not only to trace the early development of Accadian art, but to detect it almost in its first beginnings. We see, for the first time on contemporaneous monuments, the cuneiform characters growing out of their hieroglyphic originals—the picture of a leg, for example, passing into a series of wedge-shaped lines in which the primitive image is well-nigh lost.

The chief interest of the collection centres in the monuments of the less archaic class, which belong, for the most part, to the age of a king called Gudea. Among them is a number of stone statues, partly erect, partly sitting, which reveal to us quite a new page in the early history of art. One of the sitting statues has upon its lap the plan of the city divided into squares, which prove, according to Mr. Petrie, that the unit of measurement was the same as that of the pyramid-builders in Egypt. The pose and general style of the statues, too, bear a remarkable resemblance to those presented by the Egyptian

* “*Découvertes en Chaldée par Ernest de Sarzec.*” Edited by Léon Heuzey. Paris : Leroux. 1884. 6

statues of the Old Empire, and since the inscriptions which cover them inform us that the hard diorite of which they are composed was quarried in Magan or the Sinaitic Peninsula, it would really seem as if at that remote period a school of sculpture existed among the Egyptian colonies in Sinai which exported its works of art to Memphis on the one side, and to the cities of Babylonia on the other. It may be remembered that, according to the Chaldean historian Berossos, Babylonia received its culture from the fish-god Oannes, who rose out of the Persian Gulf.

M. de Sarzec's work was carried on under considerable difficulties. Besides the usual troubles of excavators in Oriental countries—the hostile attacks of lawless Arabs and the secret opposition of the higher authorities—he had to contend against the deadly influences of a malarious climate. The canals which once regulated the water-supply of Babylonia have long since fallen into neglect, the channel which formerly flowed past Tello is choked with soil, and one of the richest and most fertile of lands has become a pestiferous marsh. It is only during the winter months, when large tracts are under water and the air is humid with constant storms, that it is possible to work at all. For four years however, from 1877 to 1881, the indefatigable explorer continued his labours until the increasing attacks of the Arab tribes rendered even his fortified camp insecure.

The monuments discovered by him had scarcely arrived at the Louvre when the French Government despatched another *mission scientifique* to a more distant and still more inaccessible part of the ancient world. Since the excavations of Sir Kennett Loftus in 1852 no attempt has been made to disinter the ruins of the old Persian capital, Shushan or Susa. Scholars have turned longing eyes upon a place where so many secrets not only of the Persian past lie hidden, but of the older Elamite past as well; but Persia is even less open to European investigation than Turkey, and Persian fanaticism is difficult to overcome. Last year, however, a French expedition was sent, under the conduct of M. Dieulafoy, to Arabistan, with instructions to resume the long-discontinued excavations of Loftus on the site of Susa. M. Dieulafoy and his two companions reached their destination early in the present year. The Governor of Arabistan promised them every assistance, which, however, he took care not to grant, and the Frenchmen soon found themselves confronted by the bigoted hostility of the Persian priests. They set to work notwithstanding, and though the results they have obtained do not rival in interest and importance those of M. de Sarzec, they have nevertheless added to our knowledge of the ancient East, and have further shown how much room there is in Persia for future exploration and discovery.

The city of Susa was divided into two halves by a river now called the Ab Kharkha. The main part of the town was situated on the right bank, the temples, palaces, and citadel being on the left side. Here the mound which covers the ruins of the royal palace of Persia is still the most prominent object; to the south-east of it are the remains of an Elamite building belonging to the Susa of pre-Persian days, and measuring 800 mètres in breadth by 1,200 in length, while to the south-west are the ruins of the citadel. M. Dieulafoy's excavations show that the Persian palace had been built by Darius and

restored, after a conflagration, by Artaxerxes Mnemon. He has found that its walls were encrusted with enamelled bricks of exquisite colour and beauty. Lions, rosettes and other figures are represented upon them in green and yellow, the ground consisting of a turquoise blue. These enamelled bricks, however, were not a Persian invention. The Persians must have received them from their Elamite predecessors, since M. Dieulafoy has discovered that the old Elamite palace was also adorned with them, the bricks of this Elamite period being among the most curious of his discoveries. One of the patterns most frequently found upon them is that of a white tumulus surmounted by three towers. This is nothing more than a representation of Susa itself, which is similarly depicted in the Assyrian sculptures, and we may therefore see in these old Elamite bricks the earliest example of a coat-of-arms. Equally curious are some enamelled fragments upon which human figures are painted. The figure represents a king, as is plain from the staff held in the hand and the long dress covered with rich Babylonian embroidery. But the hands, feet and face are coloured black, which seems to indicate the existence of a black-skinned dynasty in Elam. M. Dieulafoy refers to the Greek legends which brought the Ethiopian prince Memnon from Susa, as well as to the Egyptian palmettes which accompany the figures. It is difficult, however, to understand how a black-skinned dynasty could have been transported from Africa to the mountains of Susiana; and the thin lips and bushy beards of the figures prove that they did not belong either to the negro or to the Nubian race.

In another part of the ancient Oriental world, the little-known interior of Arabia, interesting discoveries have also been lately made.* Our countryman, Mr. Charles Doughty, ten years ago made his way into the district north of Medineh and about half-way between Petra and Mecca, where the mountain range of Harra forms the valley of Medain-Saleh, the Egra of the Greek geographers. Here at the risk of his life he copied a considerable number of inscriptions which he has since placed in the hands of M. Renan, by whom they have been edited. The larger part of the inscriptions turn out to be in the Aramaic dialect of those Nabathean tribes who once extended from the frontiers of Babylonia to the Sinaitic Peninsula, and founded a kingdom whose capital was Petra. One of the best known of their kings was the Aretas mentioned by St. Paul. The inscriptions copied by Mr. Doughty are mostly engraved over rock-cut tombs, in which the Arabs of Mohammed's day saw the petrified dwellings of the impious and unbelieving Thamudites. As the overthrow of the cultured population to whom the tombs had belonged could not have taken place very long before the foundation of Islam, the utter forgetfulness of their real history displayed in the earliest documents of Mohammedanism, is a warning to us not to place overmuch faith in "Arabic tradition," even though it be associated with Biblical names.

The inscriptions are dated in the reigns of "Aretas, king of the Nabatheans, the friend of his people," and of other Nabathean princes of the first century with whose names we are already acquainted from

* See, more especially, "*L'Arabie avant Mahomet, d'après les Inscriptions*," by Philippe Berger (Paris: Maisonneuve, 1885), and M. Renan in the "*Revue d'Assyriologie et d'Archéologie Orientale*," i. 2 (1885).

numismatic sources. Mention is made in them not only of the Nabatheans, but also of an allied tribe called Sallemites. According to the early Jewish commentators on the Old Testament, the Sallemites were the same people as the Kenites of Scripture; they are, at all events, evidently the Solymi of Stephanos of Byzantium, who describes them as connected with the Nabatheans. One of the most curious of the inscriptions is a text cut in the rock above a niche, which throws light on the nature of the sacred stones that are found set up not infrequently in threes in different parts of the Semitic world. It runs thus:—"This is the place of prayer which Seruh the son of Tuka has had erected to Auda of Bosrah, the great god, in the month of Nisan, the first year of king Malchus." It is clear that one at least of the stones was intended to have symbolized Auda (or Aera), the chief divinity of Bosrah. It was a veritable Bætylos or Beth-el, "the house of god," in which a deity was believed to reside, like the famous black stone of the Kaaba at Mecca.

To the north-east of Medain-Saleh lie the remains of the ancient city of Teima, where a remarkable stêlê was discovered in 1880 by a French traveller, M. Huber. In 1883 M. Huber was again sent to the spot by the French Government, and succeeded in acquiring the monument for the Louvre, besides copying various important texts, though shortly afterwards he fell a victim to the fanaticism and cupidity of the Arabs. The stêlê is adorned with a bas-relief representing a deity standing upright in Assyrian costume, with a spear in his hand and the winged solar disk overhead, while below is the figure of a priest in the act of adoration before an altar. The rest of the face of the stêlê is covered with an inscription in an Aramaic dialect and in Aramaic characters of the fourth century B.C., which tells us who the priest was. The inscription is, unfortunately, greatly injured; what remains is read as follows:—"Let it be known to all that] the gods of Teima [have allowed Tselem-sazab the son of Petosiris, the priest of the god Tselem of Hagam, to erect this temple to his god Tselem of Hagam, and that the gods of Teima are not opposed to Tselem-sazab the son of Petosiris adoring here his god] Tselem of Hagam; but on the contrary the gods of Teima are favourable to Tselem-sazab the son of Petosiris, and his race, in the sacred enclosure of this temple of Tselem of Hagam. And whoever shall destroy this stêlê, may the gods of Teima destroy him and his race and his name from the soil of Teima. And this is the endowment which Tselem of Makhar, and Sangalla, and . . . the gods of Teima accord to Tselem of Hagam: from the open country, 23 date-palms, and from the royal domain 6 date-palms; in all 29 date-palms, year by year. And may the gods and men not allow Tselem-sazab, the son of Petosiris, to be driven from this place, and that it may be the same for his family after him." It is plain that the stone records the introduction of a foreign deity and his worshippers among the gods and population of Teima, while the name of Tselem-sazab's father indicates an Egyptian origin. However this may be, the recently discovered inscriptions and other relics of an ancient civilization revolutionize our ideas of the former condition of Central Arabia. We find the cultured kingdom of the Aramaic Nabatheans extending far into the interior of Arabia, where it is met by the civilized Himyaritic kingdoms of the South,

which supplement the deficiencies of its Aramaic alphabet by letters of their own. We may well ask, with M. Berger, what then becomes of the Arabic of the Kufeishites and of Mohammed? The answer must be in the words of M. Renan: "The Arabic so-called thus appears as an idiom whose original domain was extremely restricted. It was the peculiar dialect of the tribes near Mecca, and up to the present no epigraphic monument anterior to the sixth century of our era has attested its existence. It bears an exact analogy to Latin, a dialect spoken at first in a small country a dozen leagues only in size, but which subsequently won by conquest so extraordinary an extension."

A. H. SAYCE.

II.—SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE present depression of trade and agriculture has naturally led to a good deal of systematic investigation, of which we are now beginning to reap some of the fruits. In France, attention has mainly settled upon agriculture, and several interesting and important monographs have appeared, dealing with one phase or another of that subject. M. de Foville, for example, a first-rate authority—Chief of the Statistical Bureau in the French Treasury, and author of well-known statistical works—takes up the vexed question of *morcellement*,* and disposes of many prejudices current on the question. In the first place, he shows by figures that subdivision of estates is not increasing. On the contrary, the number of proprietors of land in France has been declining since 1875; the apparent increase, which the returns seem at first sight to indicate, being explained partly by the fact that these returns always reckon one proprietor as two if he has property in two neighbouring communes, and still more by the fact that they count every house as a property and every house proprietor as a landed proprietor. The only class of estate that shows any tendency to subdivision is the large estate, and that is due, Foville states, much more to the land speculator than to the testamentary laws. The middle class of estate, which is diminishing so seriously in number in Germany, has been able to hold its own; and in the very small rural property there is at present a positive tendency to consolidation, for subdivision has a natural limit at the point where a holding gets too small to be useful to work by itself, and that point probably stands higher in bad times. M. de Foville further goes on to show that subdivision does more good than harm; for the smallest estates have improved most, yield most produce, and have even—contrary to Balzac's prophecy—multiplied the cattle and horses of France. Part of the evidence adduced comes, curiously enough, from Limagne, the district Lady Verney draws her darkest pictures from, and this evidence goes to show that no district of France has improved more than Limagne during the last forty years, and that the improvement has been a direct fruit of the great subdivision of

* "Le Morcellement." Par Alfred de Foville, Chef du Bureau de Statistique et législation comparée au Ministère des finances, Professeur au Conservatoire des arts et métiers. Paris: Librairie Guillaumin et Cie.

estates that prevails there. An even more eminent authority than M. de Foville, M. Henri Baudrillart, the well-known political economist, has been making an investigation into the condition of the rural populations of Normandy and Brittany,* and comes to equally favourable conclusions regarding the small peasant owners of those provinces. This work of his is the first of a series upon the agricultural life of France which the author has undertaken under the commission of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and it contains a most interesting and complete account of the present state of the two provinces it treats of. He says that the very small proprietors of Normandy have undeniably made more progress than the larger ones, whether their progress be tested by the selling value of their land or by the amount of its produce, and that no sign whatever exists of any such excessive subdivision as would call for a change in the laws of succession. Moreover, in respect of these laws, he produces some remarkable proofs to show that the principle of equal division, which has been hitherto supposed to be a creation of the Civil Code, was really the recognised and common custom of Normandy long before the Revolution, and that it has had really little influence on the distribution of property, which at that time was very much the same as it is now. Of that class of very small proprietors, who are in reality labourers or artisans living mainly on wages, and whose land is only an auxiliary source of income to them, M. Baudrillart gives a charming picture, and finds that the double occupation tends to improve the intelligence and morality of the people as well as their comfort. The middle class of peasantry is the only one he expresses any anxiety for, and his anxiety in this case arises from the addiction of that class of peasantry (and that class alone, apparently) to the practice of voluntary sterility, which is not merely telling on the population rate, but producing still graver results. Though itself springing from brutalized thrift, it has led to libertine views of life, to such want of parental affection as has already raised the rate of mortality among the young, and to a general drying up of that spirit of commercial and industrial enterprise on which permanent and progressive prosperity depends. Brittany, though a poorer country, is entirely clear of this reproach, practising the better providence of late marriages—the average age for the man being thirty-four, and the woman twenty-nine—and combining with this practice—thanks to religious and social sanctions—the strictest observance of chastity known in France. Before leaving M. Baudrillart, attention ought to be drawn to a remarkable article he contributed to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in November, on Metayage, in which he contends that economists have prematurely condemned that form of tenure, and that its partial revival would be advantageous in certain parts of France in the present condition of agriculture. A question which has been long discussed in France is the question of agricultural credit, and a Commission was appointed by the Minister of Agriculture to inquire into that subject, has just issued its report† in two instructive volumes,

* "Les Populations Agricoles de la France." Par Henri Baudrillart, Membre de l'Institut. Normandie et Bretagne, Passé et Présent. Paris : Hachette.

† "Enquête sur le Crédit Agricole." Faite sur la demande de M. le Ministre de l'Agriculture et Publiée par les Soins de J. A. Barral et Louis Passy, Secrétaires perpétuels. Paris : Société National d'Agriculture de France.

containing a great deal of most valuable information regarding the existing conditions and provisions for credit, not only in France but in every country in Europe. The Commission concludes that under modern agricultural conditions credit has become more and more indisputably necessary for the farmer, and that in France at least it has actually become less accessible to him; and it recommends among other reforms the legalization of mortgages on movable stock, such as prevail and succeed so well in Australia; but it would confine the right of mortgage to strictly agricultural stock, and not extend it to movable goods generally, and it would not allow a loan to be obtained in this way for any but *bonâ fide* agricultural purposes alone. This arrangement would make property worth twelve milliards of francs available for backing up the small farmers' personal credit. M. Leon Hiernaux contemplates a still wider diffusion of the advantages of credit, and in an excellent work, entitled "*Organisation du Credit au Travail*,"* discusses people's banks, *monts de piété*, and the various other means that have been devised—or that might be devised—for bringing credit within the reach of even labouring people. He makes an occasional slip on points of detail, but on the whole his information is accurate as well as full, and his critical observations are very judicious and practical.

The second volume of Karl Marx's "*Das Kapital*"† has just made its appearance at Hamburg. It has been put together by the author's friend, Friedrich Engel, out of a great variety of MSS., written at very different times and left for the most part in a rather imperfect state. The editor has done his difficult task with as much judgment as care, and except for the work of arrangement and the occasional introduction of a connecting or explanatory sentence (not amounting in all to ten pages of the five hundred the book contains) he has published the MSS. as he found them. Materials still remain for a third and concluding volume, which is now under preparation, and will extend to excessive length a work already much in want of judicious abbreviation. The present volume has neither the importance nor the interest of its predecessor. It shows the same independence of judgment, the same schoolman's love of clothing his ideas in an elaborate network of logical or merely verbal distinctions, and the same knowledge of the details of actual industrial life, but its results are of little scientific or even controversial value. This is to some extent due to the less interesting and less frequented nature of the ground it travels over. The last volume treated of the production of capital; this of its circulation as capital. We have here nothing like the keen hunt after the source of profit which enlivened the other, we have merely a bald chronicle of the different names (or forms, if you like to call them so) capital may assume in the course of production and exchange. In a preface the editor thinks it necessary to vindicate the originality of Marx's exploitation theory of the origin of profit against the claims of the much over-worshipped Rodbertus, as if both Marx and Rodbertus themselves did not owe the idea to Owen and the early English Socialists. This subject of the nature and origin of profit has just received a most important contribution from the pen of Professor Böhm-Bawerk.‡ It is only the first part of his

* Paris: August Ghio.

† Hamburg: Meissner.

‡ "*Geschichte und Kritik der Kapitalzins-Theorien*." Von Dr. Eugen von Böhm-Bawerk. Innsbruck: Wagner.

work, and contains no more than a history of doctrine on the point, but that in itself is of great value. Every separate theory is subjected to most searching analysis and criticism, from the fructification theory of the Physiocrats, recently revived with some modifications by Henry George, down to the English abstinence theory and the exploitation theory of the Socialists; and the several shades, permutations and combinations of these theories, which have been adopted by successive economists, are always carefully discriminated. On the whole a better history of economic dogma has never been written, and we shall await with interest the appearance of the next volume, promised soon, which is to contain the exposition of the author's own doctrine—a fusion; we should guess, of the English abstinence theory and of Menger's service theory, under the general standpoint that value is not determined by cost of production so much as by anticipation of future utility, and that surplus value is the result of a true exchange of present for future value. On the social question two works of some value have been published by M. Adolphe Coste, whose "*Hygiène Sociale*" is well known. One is merely a *résumé* of various contributions for the recent Pereire prize,* but it goes over the whole ground of the leading social questions of Europe, and discusses their solutions. The other is more original—indeed it is marked by much freshness both of standpoint and treatment.† Though emanating from the school of Le Play the author rejects both the "patriarchal illusion" and "the co-operative illusion," as he terms them, and believes the social problem must be solved, if solved at all, by the interested management of capable employers, and the gradual outgrowth upon the larger industrial works of a small intermediary bourgeoisie between the great employers and the wage-paid workmen. To leap from the industrial arrangements of the future back to those of the past, M. Fustel de Coulanges, in a volume of important and exact researches,‡ such as he has accustomed us to, disposes very completely of Maurer's view of the German Mark, which may be said to have given birth to the modern theory, made so familiar to us by Sir H. Maine and M. de Laveleye, that primitive property was collective. He shows conclusively from contemporary documents that the German Mark, as described by Von Maurer, was itself a very modern institution, that there is no trace of collective property till the twelfth century, and that for at least seven centuries before that time the prevailing régime was one of landlord and tenant, very like the present English one. During most of that period the word mark seems to have been used for what we call manor, and commons are often mentioned in old charters, but always as part of the mark, the part which was not marketable and was therefore left for the common use of the proprietor and his tenants. Customary rights of servitude over these commons were sometimes claimed as an implicate of tenancy, but there is no trace whatever of common proprietary rights.

Other books besides Böhm-Bawerk's, mentioned above, show us that

* "*Les Questions Sociales Contemporaines.*" Paris: F. Alcan.

† "*Les Conditions Sociales du Bonheur et de la Force.*" Par Adolphe Coste. Paris: F. Alcan.

‡ "*Recherches sur quelques Problèmes d'Histoire.*" Par Fustel de Coulanges, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

German political economy, in spite of its preoccupation with historical investigation, is by no means neglecting dogma and system. Dr. Karl Walcker has now completed his "*Handbuch der Nationalökonomie*," which, though a little sketchy, is a very serviceable introduction to the whole subject, alike in its principles, history and applications. Professor Gustav Cohn offers us a more ambitious performance, the first volume of an elaborate system of economics.† He approaches the subject from the standpoint of the historical school, but with a greater disposition to recognise the operation of law in economic phenomena, and his work is marked by its firm grasp of principles as much as by its positive hold on facts. His chief differences from the other economists lie in his greater accentuation of the historical element in treating certain branches of the subject, and in the general arrangement of his matter. His three great divisions are: 1. The elements of economic life; 2. The forms of economic life; 3. The processes of economic life. The last head (occupying less than a third of the book) treats of the production, exchange and distribution of wealth, the whole usual staple of the science; and though the matter discussed in the earlier divisions is not quite new to economic textbooks, it receives a much more prominent and fruitful place. The author makes one very just reproach against this country. Germany, he says, counts its economic Reviews by the score, but England, where the science originated, is unable to maintain one. A scientific magazine encourages scientific work, and if we had an economic magazine we should probably have a better account to give of English work in that field than we have in the present Record. That work, however, if small in amount is excellent in its kind. "*Malthus and his Work*," by Mr. James Bonar,‡ may vie with German work in scholarly care, and beats it in lucid and agreeable diction. It is partly an analysis, partly an expansion of Malthus's ideas, and gives us a very complete and connected, and it may be added entertaining, account of the man and his thought. Mr. Mulhall's "*History of Prices from the year 1850*,"§ states in little bulk the result of much laborious and skilled research. It is a pity—for it lessens the scientific value of the book—that Mr. Mulhall has allowed us such sparing insight into his methods and processes; especially as in some cases where he does indicate them they seem to be specially efficient. Certainly the volume-of-trade plan for fixing comparative prices is superior to the old index-number plan of statisticians; and he is right in discarding the system of estimating the taxation of a country by its proportion to population, though here the omission of local taxation from the reckoning neutralizes the value of the results.

Professor Leone Levi gives us another estimate of the "*Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes*,"|| similar to those he published in 1867 and 1879. The numbers in each occupation are taken from the Census returns, and the rates of wages have been obtained, by private inquiries, from employers, trades unions, and other

* Leipzig: Rossberg.

† "*System der Nationalökonomie: ein Lesebuch für Studierende.*" Von Gustav Cohn, Professor der Staatswissenschaften an der Universität Göttingen. Erster Band—Grundlegung. Stuttgart: F. Enke.

‡ London: Macmillan & Co.

§ London: Longman, Green & Co.

|| London: Murray.

sources ; the results of these inquiries, which are given in considerable detail in an appendix, constituting a valuable collection of information regarding the remuneration in different trades, and the various methods of payment in vogue. The author does not claim for his estimate more than approximate precision, for available data on many important points in such an investigation—such as averages of overtime on the one hand, and days out of employ on the other, and even trustworthy budgets of working-class family expenses—are at present almost completely wanting. But though an approximation, the estimate is one of as much value and authority as circumstances admit of. Another interesting contribution to the subject of Wages is contained in Mr. Edward Atkinson's little book on the "Distribution of Produce." * It seeks to establish the proposition—exactly the opposite of the famous doctrine of Rodbertus—that "wages are a constantly *increasing* remainder over after *lessening* rates of profit have been set aside from an *increasing* product;" but his argument, while full of interesting and suggestive facts, is hardly enough to support such a conclusion, or any conclusion beyond the undoubted fact that the rate of wages is proportioned to the productivity of the labour it rewards. One thing he brings out clearly is that this result is not interfered with by the introduction of machinery; for it is in the machine-using trades that wages are highest, and at the same time the cost of production per piece lowest. The politics of money continues to provoke a good deal of discussion. "The Silver Question and the Gold Question," by Robert Barclay, a Director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce,† is a very lucid and effective plea for Bimetallism.

JOHN RAE.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—The first volume of "The Life of Sir Robert Christison, Bart, M.D.,"‡ is wholly autobiographic, and contains many interesting passages about Edinburgh, especially in its educational and medical circles. Sir Robert was born in 1797, and held a professorial position in the university fifty years before 1871, when he began to write this record. His knowledge of medical jurisprudence and toxicology gave him much more than local fame, his services as a scientific witness being celebrated throughout the kingdom. The marks are evident that the autobiography was only a first draft which its author had not opportunity of perfecting; but despite a dulness of style, aided by want of correction and proper arrangement of dates and events, a satisfactory picture of the man is drawn. His bodily and mental qualities were much above average, but rather from assiduous training and fortunate circumstances than original faculty. The most

* Boston : Roberts.

† London : Effingham Wilson.

‡ "The Life of Sir Robert Christison, Bart., M.D., D.C.L. Oxon., LL.D. Edin., Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, Physician to the Queen for Scotland, &c." Edited by his Sons. In two vols. Vol. I.—Autobiography. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

notable subjects he touches are the advisability of blood-letting in certain epidemical fevers, and the detection of poisons in connection with crime. There is a scarcity of remarkable personal incident.—In “The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles,”* Mr. Merriam has, in about one thousand well-filled pages, told the story not only of the editor of the remarkable provincial newspaper, *The Springfield Republican*, but of the United States during the thirty-three years of the editorial activity of Mr. Bowles. The double purpose destroys literary coherence, and injustice is done to the individual and to his country. Assent cannot be given to the thesis of the book that its subject was pre-eminently a man, to use the author’s characterization. On the contrary, the picture drawn is of a merely clever business temperament, almost without a spark of literary faculty, as his letters most of all illustrate. An acute watcher of political combinations, and a very practical manager of an independent newspaper, Mr. Bowles had not much more that needed celebration. Of his gallant battle against many years of ill-health, nothing that is not sympathetic can be said; and his family affairs are, if commonplace enough, quite able to bear public light.—Anything fitter for general reading than the late George Dawson’s “Biographical Lectures”† it would be difficult to recommend. His estimates of men and women of the political, military, theological and literary worlds, are as bright as they are sound. Regret arises that such fine critical faculty had not been exercised in a more precise field than that of popular addresses. As it is, no one of those who can really appreciate generous insight into character but will heartily thank Mr. St. Clair for carefully editing, and thus rescuing for the cultivated public, these remarkable productions of a strong original mind. Whether it is good Queen Bess, Cromwell, Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Carlyle, or others of the heroes and heroines of English fame, the essentials of their individualities are stated with a sarcastic and yet kindly shrewdness which makes this book one of the real gains of the period.

TRAVEL.—Horses, hounds, cheetahs or hunting-leopards, antelopes, boars, and tigers, are the topics of Colonel Barras’s “Our Indian Station.”‡ The long bow has its place among his family pieces which kill at unexpected distances, but sporting language has privilege, and embellishment will be forgiven. During the subaltern or “griffin” period, places and races cannot be seen except with the external eye, and sometimes the military mind remains in the circle where the only interest is the destruction of small or large game, beast and man. Thus much stated, some time might be perhaps pleasantly spent over these pages of rather wild adventure in the north-east of India, at “that hole” Aden, and at Mhow in Central India. A hunting soldier’s yarns can be enjoyed without reference to the irrelevant demands of the stylist.—It is to the sportsman that “Wild Life in Canara and Ganjam”§ will have the readiest appeal. Mr. Forbes had

* “The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles.” By George S. Merriam. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: The Century Co.

† “Biographical Lectures.” By George Dawson, M.A. Edited by George St. Clair, F.G.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

‡ “The New Shikari at our Indian Station.” By Julius Barras, Author of “India and Tiger-hunting.” London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

§ “Wild Life in Canara and Ganjam.” By Gordon S. Forbes, Madras C.S. (retired). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

his experiences on both the east and west coast of the Madras Presidency, and his acquaintance with tigers, leopards, bisons, ibexes, and other specimens of the Indian fauna was often more intimate than agreeable. A Government civil servant, he had special opportunities of knowing the native character, to which he does all justice; and he lets it be known that there is such a thing as charming natural scenery in the great dependency. The little book does not pretend to much, but it is attractive to a greater degree than many more ambitious performances. There are quaint coloured illustrations of country that by their very simplicity become effective.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sir Henry Maine's four essays on "Popular Government" * will not, we fear, add to his reputation. Their aim is good—viz., to test popular government, not by the deductive method which was alone possible a century ago, but by the actual experience of the new popular institutions which have sprung up since that time in most countries, both of Europe and America. Nothing could be more valuable than a thorough examination of this subject, nothing more worthless than superficial philosophizing about it, and Sir Henry Maine's work has too much of the latter character. But if the work cannot rank so high as it seems to claim to do in political philosophy, it offers a good deal of food for reflection and many suggestive pages which might be seasonably digested at present. The essay on the Constitution of the United States is the best and most valuable, but all are well worthy of an attentive perusal.—Banking is not a very taking subject, but Mr. George Rae has—thanks to a ripe professional experience and knowledge of the world, and to a really rare and genuine literary gift—contrived to make the dry bones live and leap, and to produce a work as interesting to the general reader as it is instructive to the professional one. † His object is not to discuss the principles of banking, but to describe the machinery in actual operation, and he has done so most effectively by means of a skilful use of the epistolary form, which gives him freedom and freshness, and of the stores of illustrative matter his memory suggested about the details and intricacies of his subject. The book is indeed a surprisingly good piece of work, and should be read by bankers and clients alike.—"The Ideality of Greek Art" ‡ forms the subject of Miss Harrison's most attractive volume of introductory studies. She leads up to this by a rapid sketch of the attainments of Eastern art, emphasizing the characteristics of each nation, the realism of Egypt, the symbolism of Assyria, the eclecticism of Phœnicia; the connecting link in the chain that binds East to West is found in the lion-swords of Mycenæ; the archaic period of Greek art is illustrated by the Gorgon Metope of Selinus. The doctrine of ideas, given in Plato's own language, throws the best light on the culminating idealism of the school of Pheidias. Perhaps, in considering the causes of this spirit of ideality, the writer should have laid more emphasis on the effect of climate and physical surroundings, and not have neglected

* London: John Murray.

† "The Country Banker; his Clients, Cares and Work. From an Experience of Forty Years." By George Rae. London: John Murray.

‡ "Introductory Studies in Greek Art." By Jane E. Harrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

to discuss political influences. Two chapters are devoted to the decline of Greek art, the Hermes of Praxiteles being chosen to represent the first tendency to earthliness and the portrayal of sensuous beauty: the Pergamene frieze to exemplify the relapse to the fantastic realism of the East. Miss Harrison does not in these pages lay claim to much originality: but her method of selecting individual monuments to illustrate the dominant features of successive periods, and of referring everything to the ideal standard of the best age, is simple and effective. The volume is itself a work of art, painted in language of consistent beauty.—Mr. Cotterill* has done good service to the cause of education by his proposed reforms in public schools. It is the honest work of a man who knows his subject, and can write constructively as well as critically. He bases his proposals on the belief that the duty of a public school is not to develop a precocious faculty for brain-competition, but to make the men of the future. The old motto of “a healthy mind in a healthy body” gains new meaning and a practical force in these pages. For Government competition, the “plague-spot” of any system that sets itself against unnatural forcing of mental powers, the author has definite proposals of reform; amongst other things, he would require all candidates to possess a certain physical soundness and a proficiency in gymnastic exercises which would obviate an exclusive and preternatural development of the intellect. His views upon self-help, mental and physical, are sound and sensible; indeed, the whole work is conceived in a spirit of manliness and liberality which will commend it not less to boys and parents than to the profession which it immediately addresses.—Mr. Swift Macneill’s account of “The Irish Parliament: what it was and what it did,” † will be read with considerable interest at the present moment. He explains the constitution of the Irish Parliament, both before 1782 and—what has been called Grattan’s Parliament—after 1782, and shows the differences and relations between it and the English Parliament; and he offers such an account of the working of the system—impartial in spirit and supported by abundant quotations from contemporary public men, both Irish and English—as is fitted to warn us against its revival, at least without serious modifications.

* “Suggested Reforms in Public Schools.” By C. C. Cotterill, M.A. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

† London: Cassell & Co.



SOME ASPECTS OF HOME RULE.

THE question of Home Rule for Ireland has lately become "the question of the day," what those whose division of time is still more minute call the "question of the hour." To see it become so all of a sudden is startling to none more than to those who have thought about the matter years ago, and who have felt all along that the time when it would be a great question must come sooner or later. I have lived long enough to learn at least two things. One is a comparatively small matter, the difficulty which any political thinker has in getting a hearing if he is not at least a member of Parliament. If he gets noticed at all, he is most likely dismissed as "irresponsible." The other goes deeper into human nature. It is the extreme folly of seeing a thing before the general public is ready to see it too. Such an one certainly gets no credit either at the time when he first sees the thing or at the time when the general public first sees it. It is possible that he may all the while be doing some good : but if so, he does it so slowly and indirectly that he cannot feel certain whether he is doing any. One who has long thought of Home Rule, who has for years been inclined to Home Rule, but who has looked on the people of Great Britain as so dead set against Home Rule that it was useless to say a word about it, is puzzled at the present state of things in a way which one who has not before thought about the matter will hardly understand. It is what he knew must come some time or other, but, for that very reason, it seems all the more strange when it does come. In August 1874, I wrote an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, headed "Federalism and Home Rule," suggested by the debate which had then lately taken place in the House of Commons on Mr. Butt's Home Rule proposals. I tried to point out certain analogies which seemed to me to be

mistaken, and I argued against Mr. Butt's particular scheme. And I did not see then so clearly as I do now—for events had not then made it so clear as they have since—how utterly the scheme of an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland has failed. But I saw then that the question was a serious one, arising out of real grounds in the past history and present state of Ireland; and I pleaded that the demand for Home Rule, or even for complete separation, was not to be “pooh-poohed” or thrust aside as unreasonable in itself. I hardly dare to quote what I wrote in March 1879, in an American periodical, the *Princeton Review*, in an article headed “Sentimental and Practical Politics.” But it came to this: that the question of Home Rule had been lately spoken of in very powerful quarters as a thing utterly unpractical and unworthy of serious notice, and that the fact that it had been so spoken of proved of itself, according to a certain law which I went on to explain at length, that Home Rule was going to become a very practical question before long. Now, it is worth notice that the year 1879 came just before the year 1880, and that from the year 1880 onwards, Home Rule was again heard of pretty largely. Again, in 1882, in my little book of “Impressions of the United States,” I spoke of myself—casually to be sure, with a view to soften a little Irish indignation—as one who had once spoken for Home Rule. I mention all this, not that I suppose any one cares for the exact process of conviction in my own mind, but because I do wish it to be understood that my conviction, whatever it may be worth, is the growing conviction of years, that it is not taken up on a sudden, because everybody is talking about the matter, or because Mr. Gladstone has been reported to take a certain view about it. I simply say now what I might have said some years back, only that then there was no chance of a hearing, and now there is.

We may begin with the fact that the attempt at an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland has failed. Between the different parts of Great Britain—that is, between different parts of the same island—it has succeeded; between the two great islands lying side by side it has not succeeded. It is not unlikely that Scotland and Wales may before long ask for somewhat more of local government than they have at present. But this is for the same reason which makes England also likely to ask for more of local government than it has at present. It is plain that the Parliament of the United Kingdom is set to do a great many things, English, Scottish, and Welsh, as well as Irish, which it would be well to have done by local bodies. But no part of the isle of Britain asks for the breaking-up of the union between the three parts of the isle of Britain. No one asks for Home Rule for England, Scotland, or Wales, or for any part of England, Scotland, or Wales, in the same sense in which Home Rule is asked

for Ireland. Home Rule is an elastic phrase, and it may take in total separation, the establishment of Ireland as a state perfectly independent of Great Britain, like its other neighbours of France and Belgium. As England and Normandy, once connected, have long been separated, so may Great Britain and Ireland, long connected and at last united, also be separated. Some Irishmen at least wish for this. But assuredly no one in the isle of Britain wishes for anything of the kind to happen within the isle of Britain. No man in Scotland wishes to bring back the state of things before 1603. But Home Rule is commonly understood to mean something less than this, to mean a modified independence for Ireland, such a measure of independence as shall not wholly sever the political connexion between Great Britain and Ireland, but which shall still make Ireland for many purposes a separate state. Now something of this kind we have every reason to believe that most Irishmen do wish for. While no Scotsman wishes to go back to the state of things before 1707, most Irishmen do wish to go back to something like the state of things before 1800. Whatever local feelings may exist, whatever local grievances may exist, in any corner of Great Britain, no one wishes to make such a separation between any of the parts of Great Britain as even the least extreme form of Home Rule would make between Great Britain and Ireland. In other words, the incorporating union between the several parts of Great Britain has succeeded; it has the consent of the whole people of Great Britain; but the incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland has failed; it has not the consent of the whole people of Ireland; a great majority of the people of Ireland wish to undo it.

And it is neither wonderful nor unreasonable that they should so wish. They have geography and history on their side. The map shows a great group of islands, which look as if they were meant to form a whole of some kind. Among these two are far greater than the rest, and of those two one is far greater than the other. The two great islands, though forming part of one group, lie so far apart as to be quite distinct from each other, further apart in short than the greater island lies from the continent.* And the greater island is surrounded by a host of smaller islands, most of them lying so near to the greater as to seem its natural appendages.† All this looks very much as if the natural state of things was for the whole group

* At one point of course Great Britain and Ireland come very near together. But the point where they come nearest is not the usual point of passage. The practical distance between Great Britain and Ireland is the distance between Holyhead and Kingston, as the practical distance between England and France is the distance between Dover and Calais. And that we instinctively speak of Holyhead as if it was in Great Britain bears on another part of the remarks in the text.

† The Norman islands, politically connected with Great Britain, and the Scandinavian islands, politically united with Great Britain, have each their own story. I am speaking of islands like Wight, Anglesey, Bute, which are practically part of Great Britain.

of islands to form a political whole of some kind, and yet for the connexion between the two great islands to be less close than the connexion between the different parts of the greater island or between the greater island and the smaller islands that surround it. In other words, the geography of the islands seems to point to Home Rule for Ireland, rather than either complete separation or incorporating union, as the natural relation between Great Britain and Ireland.

But the presumptions of geography may be, and often have been, overruled by the facts of history. Only in this case the presumptions of geography and the facts of history look the same way. There has been for many ages a close connexion between the history of Ireland and that of Great Britain. At first sight it might seem that the final result of that long connexion had been to win over Ireland to the likeness of Great Britain. A large part of the inhabitants of Ireland is of English, another large part of Scottish, descent. The English language has so largely displaced the Irish as the tongue both of natives and settlers that the natural speech of the island has become a mere survival. In all departments of law and administration Ireland appears as little more than a reproduction of England. By whatever means all this has come about, it works together with the geographical position of the islands to suggest that it would be hard altogether to sever every tie between them, and to proclaim that for the future they shall be to each other as foreign lands. And yet when we see by what means this close connexion between the two islands has been brought about, we shall not wonder that the smaller island should yearn for some change which may undo a past which must indeed be hateful. The story of the relations between England and Ireland is a story of conquest, and a story of such conquest as has no parallel in the history of Western Europe since the Saracen conquest of Spain. It is a story wholly different from anything which has ever gone on between any of the several parts, the once hostile parts, of Great Britain. Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen, have in past ages been enemies, and bitter enemies; they have had, and not without reason, deep and long-standing grudges against each other. But the enmity has been such as might turn to friendship, the grudges have been such as the course of time might heal over. For not one of the three nations of Britain has ever held either of the others in abiding bondage in its own land. Ireland was conquered by England; so was Wales; but Wales was not conquered as Ireland was. As far as outward show goes, Wales has undergone less of assimilation to England than Ireland has. The Welsh tongue is the tongue of Wales to a far greater degree than the Irish tongue is the tongue of Ireland. But that English has so largely become the tongue of Ireland is in truth the badge of such a conquest as Wales never

underwent. Wales was conquered, but the Welsh people were never proscribed or enslaved in their own land. Wales is a rare case of a conquered people being admitted to the political level of their conquerors, with very little of assimilation to them. It is hard to see that Wales has had any serious practical grievances since its incorporation with England under Henry the Eighth. Even long before that time the history of Wales was not at all like the history of Ireland; since that time it has been unlike indeed. Ireland differs from most other conquered countries in this, that the state of conquest, the process of conquest, has been prolonged for ages. Its only parallel in Europe is to be found in the south-eastern lands which have been in bondage to the Turk. The process of conquest went on for five hundred years; the direct results of conquest abide still. For five hundred years and more, a ceaseless war, almost a truceless war, a war utterly unlike war waged by one civilized nation against another, went on between English and Irish in Ireland. Then came conquest; then came revolt and massacre; then came a second and more thorough conquest; then came another revolt; then came a third conquest more thorough than all. And on this third conquest followed a century of bondage, a time when the Irish people were trodden down in their own land as no other people ever were trodden down outside the dominions of the Turk. Search and see what the Irish Penal Code of the last century was, and judge whether its memory is likely to have passed away. Then came disputes between the English conquerors of Ireland and the English of the ruling island. Then came a momentary independence of Ireland, which meant independence for the conquerors of Ireland, and not for her own people. Then came another revolt, another conquest, followed this time by an incorporating union with the conquering island. The Irish were forced into an unwilling union with a people whom they looked on, whom the facts of a long history forced them to look on, as strangers and enemies. And we think it something strange and unnatural that, as soon as they felt themselves strong enough, they turned round and demanded that such an union should be dissevered.

It is perfectly true that an impartial observer of English and Irish relations might say to the Englishman of our own day:

"Delicta majorum immeritus lues."

Certainly for a long time past there has been no lack of will on the part of Englishmen to do justice to Ireland. Measures upon measures have been passed with, we cannot doubt, the truest desire to remove any grievance that Ireland can complain of. But the attempts to do good have sometimes been awkward, and at the best they have been done in the style of a well-disposed master or parent granting something to a servant or a child. The boasted incorpora-

tion of Ireland with Great Britain on equal terms has proved a mere delusion. Ireland has remained a dependency. The commonest forms of speech used by Englishmen towards Ireland prove it. Ireland is always spoken of as something under our care, something which we ought to treat well, but which it is for us to treat somehow. And we are amazed when we find that the Irish, with the feelings of a long-oppressed nation awaking to a feeling of national life, show that they had rather not be treated at all, but would be better pleased to settle their affairs for themselves. Many of us think this perfectly right when Italy is set free from the Austrian, when Greece or Bulgaria is set free from the Turk. But when it is England that has played the part of Turk or Austrian, then "the case is altered, quoth Plowden."

Of course I allow, I have already allowed, that for a long time past we have played the Turk or Austrian in a way in which no recorded Turk or Austrian is known to have played the part. But for so doing we must not expect gratitude, for in truth none is due. We have tried to be good masters; but good masters are still masters. We redress, as we think, one grievance, and we think it ungrateful that the demand immediately follows for the redress of another grievance. We think that this is something specially Irish, specially unreasonable. Yet it is only the common law of man's nature. Raise a nation one step, and it wishes to be raised another; put an end to gross oppression, and it asks for political rights; grant political rights, and, if union is offensive to national feelings, it asks for independence. The Irish are doing only what every other nation would do in the like case, what we admire other nations for doing when our own interests or our own pride are not touched. But if our own interests or our own pride are touched, then we talk of turbulence and ingratitude. England has certainly, for many years past, tried to do justice to Ireland, or rather to show favour to Ireland. For this we expect Ireland to be grateful. But, as long as justice takes the form of favour, Ireland will assuredly not acknowledge the claim to gratitude.

And now at last the Irish question has come to the front. Home Rule is no longer snubbed as something lying "out of the range of practical politics"—that stage which always goes immediately before a question becomes the question of the day. The papers are full of arguments for and against the general prospect of Home Rule, full of particular schemes by which this or that thinker or projector deems that the general proposal may be best carried out. The columns of the *Times* have been open to contributions of all sorts and sizes, including some papers from eminent men opposed to Home Rule, which the supporters of Home Rule are bound at least carefully to weigh. Such a letter as that of the Duke of Argyll on

December 29, at least makes us stop and think. Now each man looks at the matter from his own point of view. To me the controversy comes specially home as continuing the issues that were raised when I wrote on the matter eleven years back in the *Fortnightly Review*. Besides all its other aspects, the question, in the shape of the different schemes of Home Rule that have been proposed, supplies a most interesting study in the science of constitutions. Its bearing in this way is forcibly put in an anonymous article in the *Times* of December 26, 1885, the third of a series headed, "What Home Rule means." The paper contains much belonging to other lines of observation, in which I cannot follow the writer, and some things which I cannot accept in lines on which I am better able to speak. Nor do I see my own likeness when I am said to be "a warm, almost a fanatical advocate of federalism." I might, I imagine, be as truly called a fanatical advocate of monarchy or of democracy, of great states or of small, of established or of unestablished Churches, because I hold that any of them may be the right thing, as any of them may be the wrong, in this or that time or place. I venture to see in the epithet a sign that the writer has no very clear notion what federalism is. But another side of the case, one which has been less noticed than might have been looked for, he lays bare with no small skill, though still with a certain confusion of ideas:—

"A partition of legislative functions between an Imperial Parliament and a local Legislature, however ambitious or however humble, involves a series of far-reaching and hitherto unconsidered changes in the English Constitution. The advantages of an unwritten and, therefore, an elastic constitution must disappear; there must be an instrument—a charter or a number of charters—accepted by the communities interested, and defining, on the one hand, the powers conceded to the local legislatures and, on the other, those reserved to the Imperial Parliament."

The writer then goes on further to argue that, as either the "Imperial" or the local assembly may attempt to go beyond its powers, some such institution as the Supreme Court of the United States will be needed to decide, on occasion, whether such excess of authority has taken place.

Now, all this is perfectly true, and indeed most important, with regard to some possible forms of Home Rule. If the relation is to be *quasi-federal*—an union strictly federal can hardly exist between two members only—that is, if the Parliament of Ireland and the Parliament of Great Britain are to be bodies independent of one another, with or without some common Parliament for "Imperial" affairs, the powers of all these bodies must be defined, and there must be some such body as the Supreme Court to rule whether the limit laid down has been strictly adhered to. And this possibility, and the consequences which might arise from it, have certainly not been thought of as they should have been. The change from an un-

written to a written constitution—a point noticed also by the Duke of Argyll—would be a very great change, and surely not a change for the better. But this objection does not apply to all possible schemes of Home Rule; it does not, for instance, apply to the scheme of Mr. O'Connor, in the *Times* of December 19; who would be satisfied with giving Ireland the position of one of those colonies which have the highest amount of local independence. It does not apply to any relation where the writer's own words, "Imperial," "local," "conceded," are in place. If there is to be somebody holding an "Imperial" position, while the other body is to be simply local, the relation is not federal, or even *quasi*-federal, and the consequences which follow on the federal relation need not follow from it. It is well to remember, though some popular phrases obscure the fact, that what is federal cannot be Imperial, and that what is Imperial cannot be federal. A federation cannot hold an Imperial position towards its own members; it possibly may hold an Imperial position towards some people or district lying outside the confederation. Something very like this last was to be seen in Switzerland up to 1798. But the Federal power in Switzerland or in the United States is not an "Imperial" power towards the members of those confederations; the Legislatures of the States and Cantons are not mere "local" bodies; the powers which the States and Cantons hold are not "conceded" to them; in truth the "concession" is the other way; the federal authority has only such powers as the States have chosen to "concede" to it. But they "concede" without power of recall,* without power of secession; on the other hand, what they do not "concede" they hold, not as "concessions," but of inherent right. In a federal system then a written constitution is needed, and some such power as that vested in the Supreme Court of the United States ought to be vested somewhere, and it clearly cannot be vested in either of the bodies which are in fact parties to a bargain. But all this need not be where there is, as the writer in the *Times* supposes, an "Imperial" power "conceding" something to a "local" body. The amount of authority conceded to the local body needs to be defined in a charter or Act of Parliament; there is no need to define the authority of the Imperial power. That stays as it was before: if it was boundless before, it remains boundless. The Imperial power keeps the right of interpreting or even recalling its own Acts. When the greatest possible amount of local independence was "conceded" to Canada and Australia, there was no more need than before to define the power of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. For that Parliament stayed as it was; and, though the fact seems to be forgotten, it did not give up the power of legislating for Canada or Australia. It

* That is, without power of recall by their own several acts. The relations between the Union and the States can be at any time modified in favour either of the Union or of the States. But they can be modified only by a change in the Federal Constitution, made according to a process laid down in the Federal Constitution.

is true that the Imperial Parliament is not at all likely to legislate for Canada or Australia against their wills; but that is not to the purpose. The power of so doing has not been formally taken away.

In fact, the minds of a good many people seem a little confused by this fashionable word "Imperial." It does happen to be the style of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and to the dependencies of the British Crown, that Parliament is Imperial. But it is not Imperial to any part of the United Kingdom, every part of which has, in theory at least, equal rights. The United Kingdom is, like Italy under the early Roman Empire, the Imperial land; the other dominions of its sovereign are provinces. And if a local and inferior legislature should be set up in any part of the United Kingdom, with powers "conceded" by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, while the Parliament of the United Kingdom still kept its existing powers, the Parliament of the United Kingdom might be thought to become Imperial towards that part of the United Kingdom. It would be so according to Mr. O'Connor's scheme, which would make Ireland a highly favoured dependency of Great Britain, but nothing more. The scheme set forth by Mr. Labouchere in the *Times* of December 28th is more complicated. Mr. O'Connor would have Ireland see to her own affairs only, and leave Great Britain to manage "Imperial" affairs; there would be no Irish members in the Parliament meeting at Westminster. In Mr. Labouchere's scheme Ireland is to have "representation in the Imperial Parliament upon Imperial matters alone." This, unlike the proposal of Mr. O'Connor, at once brings in that need for a written constitution of which the writer in the *Times* has spoken. Mr. Labouchere sees this clearly. He adds: "This would require a hard and fast definition as to what is Imperial and what is local, with, as in the United States, some legal tribunal of appeal." This last expression is inaccurate, as the Supreme Court of the United States does not act as a "tribunal of appeal" from any legislative body; but it is easy to see what Mr. Labouchere means. Mr. Labouchere here puts forth, only more clearly, much the same proposal as that of Mr. Butt in 1874, of which I said something in my *Fortnightly* article of that year. Mr. Butt meant the Irish members to keep their seats in the Parliament meeting at Westminster, and he certainly meant, though he did not put his meaning so clearly as Mr. Labouchere does, that they should not vote on matters purely English or Scottish. This last restriction is absolutely necessary if we are to have Irish members at Westminster. I argued in 1874 that, if the members for Great Britain were not to vote on the affairs of Ireland, while the members for Ireland were to vote on the affairs of Great Britain, this would be very like making Great Britain a dependency of Ireland. Mr. Labouchere makes it plain that this is not meant; but his scheme brings in the necessity of the written constitution, and that in a very awkward shape. It is surely a very

strange innovation to have members of Parliament who shall be members for some purposes and not for others. The Irish members would surely feel it a little unpleasant when the Speaker ordered them to withdraw, because the House was going to discuss a bill for the making of a railway or the disestablishing of a Church within England or Scotland only. It would look very like a badge of inferiority, inferiority balanced by special independence elsewhere, but surely inferiority then and there. These are all difficulties. I do not say that they cannot be got over; but they are difficulties. To make a written constitution, and to make two classes of members of the House of Commons with different rights, are very serious changes in English law and practice. Mr. O'Connor's scheme calls for nothing of the kind.

Mr. O'Connor's scheme avowedly treats Ireland as a dependency. But Mr. Labouchere's scheme really does so no less. For he would give Ireland a Viceroy, a Viceroy who is to be a member of the royal family. Now, if the Irish people like to have a Viceroy, and further like that Viceroy to be a member of the royal family, by all means let them have their wish. Only let it be understood that they thereby proclaim themselves a dependency. The presence of a satrap, proconsul, pasha, or delegated ruler of any kind, marks that the land that he is sent to rule is practically, if not formally, dependent on the land which the sovereign rules in person. That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland survived the incorporating union between Ireland and Great Britain of itself shows that that union was an union only in name; it shows that Ireland stands in a different position from England or Scotland, in neither of which is any Lord Lieutenant found needful. I am not arguing against a Viceroy, or against a Viceroy out of the royal family; I am only saying what the existence of any Viceroy means. And it may be well to add, what some people seem to forget, that members of the royal family are just as much the Queen's subjects as other people.

The Viceroy, in Mr. Labouchere's scheme, is to have the power of the "veto," to be exercised by the advice of a remodelled Irish Privy Council. "No arrangement," Mr. Labouchere adds, "is possible which would give the veto to the Imperial Parliament." Now, we must have a word or two about this "veto." An act, or treaty, or charter, or document of any kind, which, in so many words, gave a "veto" to the Imperial Parliament, or to any other person or body, would be a great curiosity, and one would like to see in what terms it would be drawn. There is a great deal of confusion about this "veto." The word is very freely used, both here and in America, and yet its use is inaccurate and misleading. It is certainly not used in the Constitution of the United States, and I can hardly think that it is to be found in any Act of Parliament. What a "veto" would really mean is a power like that of the Roman tribune,

who, besides the things that he could do himself, could hinder anybody else from doing anything. By uttering the word "veto," he could stop any act of the magistrate, the senate, or the assembly. But his power was purely negative, his active consent was not needed; if he held his peace, the act of the other power took effect. The *liberum veto* in Poland, by which any single member of the Diet could stop the passing of a measure, was not quite the same in form, but it was essentially the same kind of power. The question was put, whether any member opposed the bill; if no member did, it was carried. The so-called *veto* of the British King or the American President is quite different. It is not an occasional negative act, like the tribune's *veto*. What is meant by "veto" in this case is that the assent of the King in all cases, the assent of the President in every case save one specially defined, is needed by all acts of the British Parliament and of the American Congress. That assent may be given or not given, and in the American case it often is not given, and not to give it is vulgarly called "veto." There is even the very ugly verb of "vetoing" a measure. But this process is wholly different from the act of the Roman tribune stepping in to hinder something which, if he had held his peace, would have taken place in regular course. The assent of the King or President is part of the regular course; to refuse that assent to a measure is simply to use the same discretion which each House of the Legislature uses. If the King or President has a "veto" on the acts of both Houses, each House has equally a "veto" on the acts of the other. The thing most like the real veto among ourselves is when certain proposals have to be laid before both Houses of Parliament, and take effect, unless either House addresses the Crown against them. Possibly this process is what Mr. Labouchere means when he speaks of a possible "veto" on the acts of the Irish Parliament to be exercised by the Imperial Parliament. Or does he mean that every Act passed in Dublin is, as a matter of course, to be debated over again at Westminster? He objects to either process, but which process does he mean?

But this question of "veto" suggests other questions. The Viceroy is to have an Irish Ministry, "selected from the parliamentary majority, as with us." "The Viceroy would call on the leader of the majority to form a cabinet." One naturally asks, Is this to be done by virtue of a formal act, or is it left to be rather of conventional understanding, "as with us?" Many of us think that the main virtue of the whole thing lies in its being a matter of conventional understanding, and that everything would be spoiled if we tried to define cabinets, majorities, and so forth, by law, and tried to settle beforehand how they were to act in given cases. But the position of Mr. Labouchere's Irish ministry, whether defined by law or not, would not be at all "as with us." One would suppose that

the Viceroy is to act by the advice of the Irish ministry; but in one most important matter he is to act by the advice of another body. The so-called "veto," that is, the power of assenting or not assenting to a Bill which has passed the one House—for there seems to be only one—of the Irish Parliament, is to be "reserved to the Viceroy, with the consent of his Privy Council." Now "with us" the power of refusing has not been exercised for a long time, and is not likely to be exercised again, for this obvious reason. The King acts by the advice of his Ministers; the bills which come for his assent are either their own bills or bills which they approve of, and which they of course advise him to assent to. If a bill passed both Houses in the teeth of ministerial opposition, either the ministry would resign, or Parliament would be dissolved, before the formal question of the royal assent or refusal came on. But Mr. Labouchere seems to look on the refusal of the royal assent in Ireland as a possible thing; the Viceroy is to be guided in assenting or refusing by the advice of the Privy Council. Now, the ministers will of course be members of the Privy Council; but so will others as well, especially the members of former ministries. It is therefore quite possible that the ministry may be out-voted in the Privy Council. The Ministry may bring in a bill and carry it through Parliament, and then the Privy Council may advise the Viceroy to refuse his assent to it. And, if I understand the scheme, he will be bound to act on that advice, and not on the advice of his ministry. • What is the ministry to do in such a case?

As Mr. Labouchere discusses the "veto" at some length, it would seem that he means to give the Viceroy, acting by the advice of the Privy Council, a real power of refusing his assent to bills which have passed Parliament. He can hardly mean that the Viceroy is to act by the advice of a merely formal Privy Council, perhaps of two or three members of his Cabinet summoned in their character of Privy Councillors, who will of course advise him to assent to their own measure. And if Mr. Labouchere means something more practical than this, does he not see that, while he carefully shuts out from his scheme a House of Lords or a Senate of any kind, he is practically creating a nominated Senate in the shape of the Privy Council? He sets them to do the exact work which modern theories give to a "Second Chamber," namely, to revise the acts of the Representative Chamber. The bill passes the House; it is then debated a second time in the Privy Council, on the question whether the Viceroy shall be advised to give the royal assent or not. The only practical difference between this and the supposed duty of a Second Chamber would be that the Privy Council would not be able to make an amendment. Some time ago, in an article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October, 1884, I pointed out the anomaly of our having so illustrious a body as our Privy Council, and giving it nothing to do.

But I argued that the Privy Council could not be set to do the work of the House of Lords, because so many of its most important members were wanted in the House of Commons. Mr. Labouchere's scheme unconsciously gets over this difficulty; but it gets over it by bringing in one rather odd state of things. In his system the ministry could debate and vote on their bills twice over—first in the House of Representatives, and then in the Privy Council.

I have gone into Mr. Labouchere's plan at some length, because it is really a scheme for a constitution, and as such comes more within my own range than many of the arguments on both sides which turn on particular practical points. From this last even more important side, the whole matter must be, more than anything else, a balance of difficulties. From the immediately practical side there is a great deal to be said both for Home Rule and against it. And the facts on either side, and the influences from those facts, can be put by a skilful writer in a shape which seems altogether unanswerable till we see what is to be said the other way. Nothing, for instance, can be more powerful than the two letters of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen in the *Times* of January 4 and 5. Sir James Stephen eminently knows what he means. No man can see more clearly what he does see; no man can state more forcibly what he undertakes to state. It is a gain to clearness of thought to have any side of any question put in so masterly a shape. Sir James Stephen is always far more than an ingenious advocate; he always gives us one real side of the truth; the only question is whether there are not sometimes other sides of the truth which he does not give us. It is well to have the arguments against Home Rule, the dangers which are likely to come from Home Rule, set forth as they are by Sir James Stephen. It is needless to say that on many points he makes easy work of the scheme of Mr. Labouchere. It is a happy phrase when he speaks of a "Parliament the powers of which would be limited by a faint shadow of the House of Lords in the style of an ill-defined Privy Council." Above all, Sir James Stephen is to be thanked for boldly looking the possibility of complete separation in the face. We do not yet know exactly what Mr. Parnell and his followers mean to propose; it may be that they will propose the entire severance of the tie between Great Britain and Ireland. We must be prepared for such a proposal, and, if it is made, it must not be simply met with a shriek, with a cry that "the dismemberment of the Empire" is a thing wicked, unnatural, impossible, not to be met with argument, but to be shouted down or turned aside from with loathing. The phrase "dismemberment of the Empire," as a kind of technical phrase, is, I think, rather new. I fancy it might be found, as a rhetorical flourish, a good while back; it is one of several rhetorical flourishes which have lately passed into ordinary speech. But if it is meant to lay down, as an eternal principle, that

no part of the dominions of the British Crown shall ever, under any circumstances whatever, pass away from the dominion of the British Crown, I venture to say that such a doctrine is simply immoral. No nation that lays it down can meet other nations on equal terms. Moreover it is against experience; the "Empire" has been "dismembered" a good many times, and has been none the worse for the process. The separation from Normandy in one age, and the separation from the American colonies in another age, are commonly set down among wholesome events. So in intermediate times are the loss of Aquitaine and the loss of Calais; there are not likely to be many who yearn after Dunkirk or Tangier, and the "Empire" has contrived to live through a good many times of winning Minorca, and a good many times of losing it. If we once admit that complete "dismemberment of the Empire" is a possible thing, to be argued about one way and the other, then we can really better appreciate Sir James Stephen's terrible protest against that particular form of "dismemberment of the Empire" which is implied in the complete separation of Ireland. Yet it is possible that an equally powerful disputant might directly traverse some parts of his argument; it is certain that he might bring some facts on the other side to balance Sir James Stephen's facts. For my own part, if I felt myself capable of disputing against Sir James Stephen on this head, I should feel no call to do so; because, so far as I have a platform, complete separation is no plank of it. I still trust that some form of connexion between Great Britain and Ireland may be found which may give Irishmen such a measure of local independence as may satisfy their wishes. But I cannot shut my eyes to the possibility that the final choice may really be between the two very ugly alternatives of complete separation and complete subjugation. Perhaps this last may be what Mr. Trevelyan means by "absolute Imperial control;" only we should see our way more clearly in these discussions if speakers were not quite so lavish of their new-fangled phrases about "Empire" and "Imperial." If "absolute Imperial control" means that Ireland is to be treated as a conquered province, say as a Crown colony, that is perfectly intelligible, and it may come to that. That is the extreme possibility one way, as total separation is the extreme possibility the other way. We hope, but only hope, that some "half-way house" may be found between the two.

The whole matter, I repeat, is a balance of difficulties and dangers. It is clearly so in the extreme case of having to decide between holding Ireland by the sword and letting it go wholly free. It is equally so if it comes only to choosing between some two alternatives less extreme. That so it is, the historical moralist will perhaps whisper, may be the fitting punishment of past wrong-doing; but the alternative must be looked in the face. Something must be done; the present state of things cannot go on; we must give up the phantom

of our United Kingdom. But it is hard indeed to say what we are to put instead. It is hard to see how we can avoid doing injustice on the one side or the other. A demand most righteous in itself has been backed by doings most unrighteous. We should know far better how to deal with an armed revolt than with the steady defiance of the law which has been for a long time going on. Practical statesmen must judge on which side lies the greater wrong and the greater danger, in granting or in refusing a demand just in itself, but pressed in such a fashion. Practical statesmen must judge how, if we grant the wish of the majority, we are to provide for the safety of a minority whom we cannot in justice or in honour leave unprotected. Sir James Stephen makes short work of Mr. Labouchere's plan of guarantees; can we find any better? But one point of difficulty specially draws attention to itself from the side of geography, history, and the art of making constitutions. Students of those subjects may leave the practical administrator to find out the best way of protecting a minority scattered over the face of a large country. When the minority takes the shape of the inhabitants—at any rate of the great majority of the inhabitants—of a compact district set in a corner, political geography steps in. The point which sets me most a-thinking, because it comes most closely within my own range of study, is the case of the Protestant part of Ulster. In the sense in which we say that Ireland is no part of the United Kingdom, Protestant Ulster is no part of Ireland. In race, in religion, in feelings, in wishes, it differs as much from the rest of Ireland as the rest of Ireland differs from Great Britain. It is a kind of Granada or Crim Tartary—the more modern form of “Crimea” suggests other thoughts—where the remnant of a conquering people has kept hold on a corner of a land of which the rest has been won back from them. To a native Irishman the recovery of Ulster might seem very much what the recovery of Granada seemed to the Spaniard or the recovery of Crim Tartary to the Russian. And one who loved not either Irishmen or Spaniards might hint that some of the effects of making Mussulman Granada Spanish might serve as a warning against making Protestant Ulster Irish. If it came to fighting, the Protestants of Ulster could most likely defend themselves more successfully than the Moors of Granada or the Tartars of Crim; but it is surely the duty of Great Britain not to allow any such fighting. It may be that the Ulster colony ought never to have been planted, as it may be true that the English ought never to have settled in Britain; but the one settlement can no more be undone now than the other. The Protestant corner has as good a right to Home Rule as the rest of the island, and what is Home Rule for the rest of the island will not be Home Rule for the Protestant corner. Here is indeed a pretty question for constitution makers. It would be a charming experiment to give separate Home Rule to Protestant Ulster, perhaps on different

terms from the Home Rule given to the rest of Ireland. For, if we are to speak our minds freely, most of us would wish the really Irish members away from Westminster, while we should not wish the Ulster members away. Or it would be a more charming experiment still to have wheels within wheels, to let Ireland as a whole have Home Rule as against Great Britain, and to let Protestant Ulster have Home Rule again as against Ireland. A more daring thought still has sometimes cropped up. What if the Protestant counties of Ulster could be declared to be counties, not of Ireland, but of Scotland? Geography indeed, which might grumble a little at the two other schemes, would cry out aloud at this. For political purposes the British islands would cease to be islands; Ireland would no longer be the whole of one island; Great Britain would for the future be the whole of one island and part of another. We should thus lose the great practical advantage of our insular position, our freedom from the nuisance of artificial boundaries, and from the questions which arise out of them. There might be a Debateable Land between Ireland and Scotland, as there once was a Debateable Land between Scotland and England. I propose nothing; I simply suggest possible courses. Something must be done for Ireland; something must be done for Protestant Ulster apart from the rest of Ireland. What is that something to be?

When all that we can do is to choose between difficulties and dangers, to settle which, of many dangers and difficulties on all sides, we can best endure to face, the student, the professor, will do well to leave the choice among them to practical statesmen. But the habits of the student or professor may lead him to see some particular difficulties and dangers, and the causes of those difficulties and dangers, more clearly than other people; he may therefore be able to give some hints here and there which may be of use to practical statesmen. The United Kingdom, according to its present theory, cannot stand; the existing relation of Ireland to the rest of the kingdom is an impossible one. Home Rule for Ireland is the manifest dictate of justice; but it is not one of the cases in which we should at once say "*Fiat justitia; ruat cælum.*" For there is justice on the other side also; and we must, if we can, satisfy justice on both sides. We must look every possibility steadily in the face, even to the two extreme possibilities on either side, and then judge which of many evils on all sides is the least evil. For myself, I trust that some way may be found to give Irish Ireland some form of Home Rule without doing injustice in any other quarter. But I have never, in any context, as yet uttered the words, "Perish our dominion in Ireland." If I should ever, in any rhetorical flight, be led to utter them, I would ask that they may at least not be misquoted into the very different sentiment of "Perish Ireland."

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

IRELAND AND VICTORIA.

THE modern colonial policy of England has achieved, or is credited with having achieved, two results, which impress popular imagination :—it has relieved English statesmanship from an unbearable burden of worry and anxiety; it has (as most people believe) changed colonial unfriendliness or discontent into enthusiastic, or at any rate ostentatious, loyalty. Some politicians, therefore, who are anxious to terminate the secular feud between England and Ireland, and to free Parliament from the presence, and therefore from the obstructiveness, of the Home Rulers, readily assume that the formula of “colonial independence” contains the solution of the problem how to satisfy at once the demand of Ireland for independence and the resolution of Great Britain to maintain the integrity of the empire. My aim in this article is to show that this assumption is utterly unfounded. It derives such plausibility as it possesses from the gross ignorance of the public as to the principles and habits which govern the English State system. A mere account of the constitutional relations existing between England and a self-governed colony is almost equivalent to a suggestion of the reasons which forbid the hope that the true answer to the agitation for Home Rule is to be found in conceding to Ireland institutions like those which satisfy the inhabitants of New South Wales or Victoria. To render such a statement at once brief and intelligible is no easy matter, for among all the political arrangements devised by the ingenuity of statesmen none can be found more singular, more complicated, or more anomalous than the position of combined independence and subordination occupied by the large number of self-governing colonies which are scattered throughout the British empire. Victoria, which may be taken as a type of the whole class, is, for most

purposes of local and internal administration, and for some purposes which go beyond the sphere usually assigned to local government, an independent, self-governing community. Victoria is at the same time, for all purposes in theory and for many purposes in fact, a merely subordinate portion of the British empire, and as truly subject to the British Parliament as is Middlesex or the Isle of Wight.

Let us try in the first place to realize—for this is the essential matter as regards my present argument—the full extent of Victorian independence.

Victoria enjoys a Constitution after the British model. The Governor, the two Houses, the Ministry, reproduce the well-known features of our limited monarchy. The Victorian Parliament further possesses in Victoria that character of sovereignty which the British Parliament possesses throughout the dominions of the Crown, and is (subject, of course, to the authority of the British Parliament itself) as supreme at Melbourne as are Queen, Lords, and Commons at Westminster. It makes and unmakes Cabinets; it controls the executive action of the Ministry; who, in their turn, are the authorized advisers of that sham constitutional monarch, the colonial Governor. The Parliament, moreover, recognizes no restrictions on its legislative powers; it is not, as is the Congress of the United States, restrained within a very limited sphere of action; it is not, as are both the Congress and the State Legislatures of the Union, bound hand and foot by the articles of a rigid Constitution; it is not compelled to respect any immutable maxims of legislation. Hence the Victorian Parliament—in this resembling its creator, the British Parliament—exercises an amount of legislative freedom unknown to most foreign representative assemblies. It can, and does, legislate on education, on ecclesiastical topics, on the tenure of land, on finance, on every subject, in short, which can interest the colony. It provides for the raising of colonial forces; it may levy taxes or impose duties for the support of the Victorian administration, or for the protection of colonial manufactures. It is not forbidden to tax goods imported from other parts of the empire; it is not bound to abstain from passing *ex post facto* laws, to respect the sanctity of contracts, or to pay any regard to the commercial interests of the United Kingdom. It may alter the Constitution on which its own powers depend, and, for example, extend the franchise, or remodel the Upper House. To understand the full extent of the authority possessed by the Victorian Parliament and the Victorian Ministry—which is, in fact, appointed by the Parliament—it should be noted that, while every branch of the administration (the courts, the police, and the colonial forces) is, as in England, more or less directly under the influence or the control of the Cabinet, the colonies have, since 1862, provided for their own defence, and except in time of

war, or peril of war, are not garrisoned by British troops.* It is, therefore, no practical exaggeration to assert that Victoria is governed by its own Executive, which is appointed by its own Parliament, and which maintains order by means of the Victorian police, supported, in case of need, by Victorian soldiers. An intelligent foreigner, therefore, might reside for years in Melbourne, and conceive that the supremacy of the British Government was little more than nominal. In this he would be mistaken. But should he assert that, as to all merely colonial matters, Victoria was in practice a self-governed and independent country, his language would not be accurate, yet his assertion would not go very wide of the truth.

The local independence, however, of an English colony is hardly more noteworthy than are the devices by which a colony is retained in its place as a subordinate portion of the British empire, and any one who would understand the English colonial system must pay hardly less attention to the subordination than to the independence of a country like Victoria.

The foundation of the whole scheme is the admission of the complete and unquestioned supremacy of the British Parliament throughout every portion of the royal dominions. No colonial statesman, judge, or lawyer ever dreams of denying that Crown, Lords, and Commons can legislate for Victoria, and that a statute of the Imperial Parliament overrides every law or custom repugnant thereto, by whomsoever enacted, in every part of the Crown dominions. The right, moreover, of Imperial legislation has not fallen into disuse. Mr. Tarring† enumerates from sixty to seventy Imperial statutes, extending from 7 Geo. III. cap. 50 to 44 & 45 Vict. cap. 69, which apply to the colonies generally, and to this list, which might now be lengthened, must be added a large number of statutes applying to particular colonies. The sovereignty of Parliament, moreover, is formally recorded in the Colonial Laws Act, 1865 (28 & 29 Vict. cap. 63), which itself may well be termed the charter of colonial legislative authority; and the essential dogma of parliamentary sovereignty is not proclaimed as a merely abstract principle—it is enforced by two different methods. Every court, in the first place, as well in Victoria as elsewhere throughout the British dominions, is bound to hold void, and in fact does hold void, enactments which contravene an Imperial statute, and from colonial courts there is an appeal to the Privy Council. The colonial Governor, in the second place, though from one point of view he is a constitutional monarch acting under the advice given him by his Ministers, bears also another and a different character.

* See Todd, "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies," pp. 274-303, and especially p. 281, as to the position of the colonial troops in Victoria.

† See Tarring, "Chapters on the Law relating to the Colonies," pp. 79-85.

He is an Imperial official appointed by the Crown—that is, by the English Cabinet, which represents the wishes of the Imperial Parliament—and he is, as such representative of the Imperial power, bound to avert the passing of any Bill, and when he cannot avert the passing, then to veto any Act of the colonial Legislature which is disapproved of by the home Government as opposed either to Imperial law or to Imperial policy. Thus, a Victorian Act, even when sanctioned by the Governor, must pass through another stage before it finally becomes law. It must receive the assent of the Crown, or, in other words, the assent of the English Secretary of State for the Colonies, and unless this assent be either actually or constructively given it does not come into force.* When we add to all this that there are many occasions, which we can here only allude to, on which a colonial Governor can, and does, act so as to hinder courses of action which conflict with English interests or policy, it becomes clear enough that, as far as constitutional arrangements can secure the reality of sovereignty, the Imperial Parliament maintains its supremacy throughout the length and breadth of the British empire. It is of course perfectly true that Parliament, having once given representative institutions to a colony, does not dream of habitually overriding or thwarting colonial legislation. But it were a gross error to suppose that colonial recognition of British sovereignty is a mere form. It is in the main cheerfully acquiesced in by the people of Victoria, because they gain considerable prestige and no small material advantage from forming part of the empire. They have no traditional hostility with the mother country; they have every reason to deprecate separation, and—a matter of equal consequence—they believe that if they wished for independence it would not be refused them. England stands, in short, as regards Victoria, in a position of singular advantage. She could suppress local riot, or cause it to be suppressed, and she would not try to oppose a national demand for separation. Hence a complicated political arrangement is kept in tolerable working order by a series of understandings and of mutual concessions. If either England or Victoria were not willing to give and take, the connection between England and the colony could not last a month. The policy, in short, of colonial independence is, like most of our constitutional arrangements, based on the assumption that the parties to it are willing to act towards one another in a spirit of compromise and good-will, and though at the present moment the pride of England in her colonial empire, and the appreciation on the part of our colonies of the benefits, moral and material, of the supremacy of Great Britain, keep

* See Dicey, "Law of the Constitution," pp. 105, 106.

our scheme of colonial government in working order, it is well to realize that this system is not so invariably successful as might be inferred from the optimism which naturally colours official utterances. The names of Sir Charles Darling and Sir George Bowen recall transactions which show that a community as loyal as Victoria may adopt a course of policy which meets with the disapproval of English statesmen. The recent and deliberate refusal of the citizens of Melbourne to endure the landing on their shores of informers whose evidence had procured the punishment of an outrageous crime, combined with the fact that the populace of Melbourne were abetted in a gross, indubitable, patent breach of law by colonial Ministers who were after all, technically speaking, servants of the Crown, gives rise to very serious reflection, and suggests that, even under favourable circumstances, colonial independence is hardly consistent with that enforcement throughout the Crown's dominions of due respect for law which is the main justification for the existence of the British empire.* A student, moreover, who turns his eyes towards dependencies less favourably situated than Victoria soon perceives how great may at any moment become the difficulty of working an artificial and complicated system of double sovereignty. In Jamaica the hostility of the whites and blacks led to riot on the part of the blacks, followed by lawless suppression of riot on the part of the Governor, who represented the feelings of the whites, and the restoration of peace and order ultimately entailed the abolition of representative government. At the Cape the pressure of war at once exposed the weak part of the constitutional machine. The pretensions of the Cape Ministry to snatch from the hands of the Governor the control of the armed forces met with successful resistance; but the question then raised as to the proper relation between the colonial Ministry and the army, though for a time evaded, is certain sooner or later to re-appear, and will not always admit of an easy or peaceable answer.†

Any reader interested in the subject of this article should supplement this brief statement of the relation actually existing between England and her self-governing colonies by a perusal of Mr. Todd's most instructive "*Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies.*" But the statement, brief and colourless though it be, is sufficient for my argument; it shows that the proposal to give to Ireland the institutions of a colony is open to two fatal objections.

First.—The concession to Ireland of colonial independence would entail upon England probable peril and certain disgrace.

The peril is obvious. An Irish Cabinet armed with the authority

* Compare Victorian Parliamentary Paper, 1883, 2 S., No. 22, and the *Times* of Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 5, 10, 12, 15 and 18, 1883.

† See Todd, "*Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*," p. 283.

possessed by a Victorian Ministry would at once provide for the self-defence of Ireland, and an Irish army, obeying an Irish Executive and commanded by Irish officers, would be none the less formidable because it might in name be identified with an armed police, or, like the troops raised at the Cape or in Victoria, enjoy the ominous title of Volunteers. * If the colonial precedent were strictly carried out, British troops ought, on Ireland obtaining an independent Parliament, to be withdrawn from the country. The acknowledged danger of foreign invasion, and the unavowed probability of Irish insurrection, would, we may conceive, make the retirement of the English army impossible. But the presence of British forces—and forces, be it remarked, intended in reality as a check on the action of the local Government—would of itself place Ireland in a position utterly unlike the situation of Victoria, and would also involve both the Imperial and the local Government in endless difficulties and controversies. If any one doubts this, let him read the correspondence between Mr. Moltino* and Sir Bartle Frere, and substitute for the Premier of the Cape Colony the name of Mr. Parnell, and for Sir Bartle Frere the name of any Lord Lieutenant who might be unfortunate enough to hold office in Ireland after Mr. Parnell became Premier of an Irish Cabinet. Suppose, however, that by some miracle of management or good luck the Irish and English forces acted well together, and that the satisfaction given by a state of things approaching to independence prevented for the moment all attempts at separation, England might escape peril, but she would assuredly not avoid deserved disgrace. An Irish Parliament, returned in the main by the very men who support the Home Rulers, would assuredly pass laws which every man in England, and many men throughout Ireland, would hold to be unjust, and which, whether in themselves unjust or not, would certainly set aside Imperial legislation, which England is bound by every consideration of honour and justice to uphold. There is no need to demonstrate here what has been demonstrated by one writer after another, and, indeed, hardly needs proof, that at the present day an Irish Parliament would certainly deprive Irish landlords, and possibly deprive Irish Protestants, of rights which the Imperial Parliament would never take away, and which the Imperial Government is absolutely bound to protect.† If the English Government were to be base enough to acquiesce in legislation which the Imperial Parliament would never itself have countenanced, then England would be dishonoured; if Bill after Bill passed by the Irish Legislature were prevented from becoming law by veto after veto, then English honour might be saved, but the self-government of Ireland would be at an end, nor would England gain much in credit. The English Ministry

* Todd, p. 283.

† See, e.g., a letter by Mr. Lecky in the *Times* of January 13, 1886.

can, as long as the connection with a colony endures, arrest colonial legislation. But the home Government cannot for any effective purpose interfere with the administrative action of a colonial Executive. Given courts, an army, and a police controlled by the leaders of the Land League, and it is easy to see how rents might be abolished and landlords driven into exile, without the passing by the Irish Parliament of a single Act which a Colonial Secretary could reasonably veto, or which even an English court can hold void under the provisions of the Colonial Laws Act. It is indeed probable that wild legislation at Dublin might provoke armed resistance in Ulster. But a movement which, were Ireland an independent nation, might ensure just government for all classes of Irishmen would, if Ireland were a colony, only add a new element of confusion to an already intolerable state of affairs. Imagine for a moment what would have been the position of England if Englishmen had been convinced that Riel, though technically a rebel, was in reality a patriot, resisting the intolerable oppression of the Dominion Parliament, and you may form some slight idea of the feeling of shame and disgrace with which Englishmen would see British soldiers employed to suppress the revolt of Ulster against a Government which, without English aid, would find it difficult to resist or punish the insurgents. The most painful and least creditable feature in the history of the United States is the apathy with which for thirty years the Northern States tolerated Southern lawlessness and indirectly supported Southern oppression.

Secondly.—If colonial independence would be found in Ireland inconsistent with the protection of England's interests and with the discharge of England's duties, it would also fail to produce the one result which would be an adequate compensation for many probable or certain evils—namely, the extinction of Irish discontent.

It is by no means certain, indeed, that colonial independence would be accepted with genuine acquiescence by any class of Irishmen. People sometimes talk as if the demand for Grattan's Parliament were equivalent to the demand for self-government as in Victoria. No two things are, in fact, more different. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Constitution of 1782 presented in its essential principles the exact antithesis to the modern Constitution of Victoria. Grattan's Constitution rested on the absolute denial of British parliamentary sovereignty. Its aim was to make Ireland an independent nation, connected with England only by what has been called the golden link of the Crown. From 1782 to 1800 the British Parliament had no more right to legislate for Ireland than it has at the present day to legislate for New York; and no appeal lay from any Irish court to any English tribunal. But, under the Constitution of 1782 Ireland, though an independent nation, could

hardly, with any regard to fact, be called a self-governed country. The Irish Executive was in truth controlled by George the Third and his English Ministers, and as was shown during the debates on the Union, the Government of England possessed powerful, though unavowed, means for influencing the decisions of the Irish Legislature. The Constitution, it may be added, produced the effects to be expected from its anomalous character. It stimulated national feeling; this was its redeeming merit. It did not secure that the will of the Irish nation should be supreme; this, as appeared in 1800, was its fatal flaw. The Constitution of Victoria, on the other hand, rests on the complete acknowledgment of English parliamentary sovereignty, but the amplest recognition of British authority is balanced by the unrestricted enjoyment of local self-government. Hence Victoria manages her own affairs, but Victorians do not enjoy the sense of constituting a nation. Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the Irish leaders and the Irish people accepted the offer of colonial independence; we may be well assured that this acceptance would not produce good-will towards England, and this, not from the perversity of the Irish nature—of which we hear a great deal too much—but from difficulties in the nature of things of which we hear a great deal too little. The restrictions on the authority of the Irish Parliament would, one cannot doubt, be, as safeguards for the authority of the Imperial Government, absolutely illusory. But they would be intensely irritating. Irish leaders would wish, and from their own point of view rightly wish, to carry through a revolutionary policy. The Imperial Government would attempt, and from an English point of view rightly attempt, to arrest revolution. Every considerable legislative measure would give ground for negotiation and for understandings—that is, for dissatisfaction and for misunderstanding. There would be disputes about the land laws, disputes about the army, disputes about the police, disputes about the authority of Imperial legislation, disputes about the validity of Irish enactments, disputes about appeals to the Privy Council. To say that all these sources of irritation might embitter the relation between England and Victoria, and that, as they do not habitually do so, one may infer that they will not embitter the relation between England and Ireland, is to argue that institutions nominally the same will work in the same way when applied to totally different circumstances. Victoria is prosperous; Ireland is in distress. Victoria takes pride in the Imperial connection; the very difficulty in dealing with Ireland consists in the fact that large bodies of Irishmen detest the British empire. Victoria has never aspired to be a nation; the best side of Irish discontent consists in enthusiasm for Irish nationality. Above all this, there has never been any lasting feud between England and her Australian depen-

dencies ; the main ground in favour of a fundamental change in the constitutional relations of Ireland and England is the necessity of putting an end at almost any cost to traditional hatred and misunderstanding generated by centuries of misgovernment and misery. It is idle to suppose that a system based, like our system of colonial government, on friendly understandings and the constant practice of compromise can regulate the relations of two countries which are kept apart mainly because they cannot understand one another. Moreover, a scheme of nominal subjection combined with real independence has the one great defect that it does not teach the lessons which men and nations learn by depending on their own unassisted and uncontrolled efforts. No one learns self-control who fancies he is controlled by a master.*

The scheme, in short, of colonial independence, though less absolutely impracticable than any form of federalism,† has, as a solution of our Irish difficulties, two fatal defects : it gives Ireland a degree of independence more dangerous to England than would be the existence of Ireland as a separate nation ; it bestows on Ireland a kind of self-government which presents neither the material advantages derived from the Union nor the possible, though hypothetical, gains which might accrue to her from the self-control and energy supposed to flow from the inspiring sentiment of nationality.

A. V. DICEY.

* See a letter in the *Spectator* of January 2, 1886, on Home Rule or Separation, by Mr. J. Cotter Morison.

† See an article on Home Rule from an English Point of View, in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for July, 1882.

A COMMENT ON "A COMMENT ON CHRISTMAS."

IN the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of April 1885 was contained an article by Mr. Matthew Arnold, entitled "A Comment on Christmas." I was absent from England at the time, and so missed the article, but on Christmas-day last I carefully perused it, and in doing so was led to certain reflections and conclusions, which I should be glad to lay before the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW generally, and specially before those who have read Mr. Matthew Arnold's article.

Let me commence by putting myself right upon one point, as between Mr. Matthew Arnold and myself. Mr. Arnold complains that some one has been angry with him because he does not believe in miracles, and yet reads the Bible. "'Miracles,' I was angrily reproached for saying, 'do not happen, and more and more of us are becoming convinced that they do not happen; nevertheless, what is really best and most valuable in the Bible is independent of miracles. For the sake of this I constantly read the Bible myself, and I advise others to read it also.'" And a little further on Mr. Arnold continues: "so angry are some good people at being told that miracles do not happen, that if we say this, they cannot bear to have us using the Bible at all, or recommending the Bible. Either take it and recommend it with its miracles, they say, or else leave it alone, and let its enemies find confronting them none but orthodox defenders of it like ourselves!"

I do not know who these "good people" are; I only wish to say that I am not one of them. The Holy Scriptures, it may be presumed, will take care of themselves; and if they be only reverently and carefully and affectionately studied, we may well believe, and I think we are bound to believe, that they will prove "a lantern to

the feet and a light to the path." Even such a use as is made of them by Ernest Renan in his *Life of our Lord*, distressing as it is (to me at least) in many of its details, can scarcely be regarded with entire dissatisfaction, when we bear in mind that it has probably been the means of leading some of his countrymen to search the Scriptures for themselves, and so possibly to find Christ. One thing is certain—namely, that in these days we must be content to refrain from being "angry" with those who hold views concerning the Scriptures not regarded as "orthodox"; we must be content also to witness much criticism and discussion of truths, which have in earlier times and by some persons been deemed as beyond criticism and discussion; and, in my opinion, we may be thankful that the Scriptures should be read and studied beyond the circle of orthodox believers. "Christ is preached, and we therein do rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice."

After this preliminary explanation, I proceed to comment on Mr. Arnold's "Comment on Christmas." The pith of the whole is that the doctrine of the virgin-birth of our Lord is not true, that it was not foreshadowed by ancient prophecy, and that it is a legend expressive of the opinion of the multitude concerning the purity of the life and character of Jesus Christ.

Let me make a few quotations from Mr. Arnold's article.

"Who can ever lose out of his memory the roll and march of those magnificent words of prophecy, which, ever since we can remember, we have heard read in church on Christmas-day, and have been taught to regard as the grand and wonderful prediction of 'the miracle of the Incarnation?' 'The Lord Himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall He eat, until He shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings.' We all know the orthodox interpretation. Immanuel is Jesus Christ, to be born of the Virgin Mary; the meaning of the name Immanuel, *God with us*, signifies the union of the divine nature and ours in Christ, God and man in one Person."

Again:—

"But then comes the turn of criticism. The study of history, and of all documents on which history is based, is diligently prosecuted; a number of learned, patient, impartial investigators read and examine the prophets. It becomes apparent what the prophets really mean to say. It becomes certain that in the famous words read on Christmas-day the prophet Isaiah was not meaning to speak of Jesus Christ to be born more than seven centuries later. It becomes certain that his Immanuel is a prince of Judah to be born in a year or two's time. It becomes certain that there is no question at all of a child miraculously conceived and born of a virgin; what the prophet says is that a young woman, a damsel, at that moment unmarried, shall have time before certain things happen, to be married and to bear a son, who shall be called Immanuel. There is no question in the name *Immanuel* of a union of the human and divine natures, of God and man in one Person. 'God

present with His people and protecting them' is what the prophet means the name to signify."

Again :—

"Well, then, the 'miracle of the Incarnation,' the preternatural conception and birth of Jesus Christ, which the Church celebrates at Christmas, and which is, says the *Guardian*, the fundamental truth for Christians, gets no support at all from the famous prophecy which is commonly supposed to announce it. Need I add that it gets no support at all from any single word of Jesus Christ Himself, from any single word in the letters of Paul, Peter, James, or John? The miraculous conception and birth of Jesus is a legend, a lovely and attractive legend, which soon formed itself, naturally and irresistibly, around the origin of the Saviour; a legend which by the end of the first century had established itself, and which passed into two out of the four Gospel narratives that in the century following acquired canonicity."

Once more :—

"In times and among minds where science is not a power, and where the preternatural is daily and familiarly admitted, the pureness and elevation of a great teacher strike powerfully the popular imagination, and the natural, simple, reverential explanation of his superiority is at once that he was born of a virgin."

Lastly :—

"So the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, like the legend of the miraculous conception and birth of Plato, is the popular homage to a high ideal of pureness; it is the multitude's way of expressing for this its reverence. Of such reverence the legend is a genuine symbol."

These quotations will, I think, put fairly before the reader Mr. Matthew Arnold's views, or rather those which he adopts, for I do not perceive that they differ materially from what has been already advanced by others, notably by Strauss. The historical facts are that Jesus Christ our Lord was born as other men; that He was a great teacher, of matchless purity; that the multitude of His disciples, or followers, symbolized this purity by the invention of a legend that He was virgin-born; that this legend was introduced into two of the Gospel histories, and was supported by the assertion that it had been prophesied by Isaiah that Jesus Christ should be so born. These I understand to be Mr. Arnold's contentions. Now let me leave the "Comment on Christmas" for a short time, and attack the problem suggested by it in my own way.

It will be observed that our principal authority for the history of the Lord's birth is St. Luke's Gospel. St. Mark and St. John do not record it at all; and St. Matthew, concerning whose contribution to the story I shall have something to say presently, describes its circumstances with less particularity. Let us fix our minds therefore upon St. Luke's narrative.

It is generally admitted that the author of St. Luke's Gospel was the same as that of the book of the Acts of the Apostles. Of course

this may be inferred from the style and from the words of the preface to the Acts, in which reference is made to "the former treatise." But I believe it is one of the points which modern criticism has left untouched. Thus I find in "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible" the following: "The identity of the writer of both books is strongly shown by their great similarity in style and idiom, and the usage of particular words and compound forms. The theories which assign the book to other authors, or divide it among several, will not stand the test of searching inquiry." * And the "Speaker's Commentary" tells us that, "No Father of primitive Christendom ever questioned the fact that both the Gospel and the Acts were written by the Evangelist [St. Luke], well known from the Epistles of St. Paul as a companion of the Apostle, more especially in the last part of his missionary career and during his imprisonment at Rome. The internal evidence to the identity of authorship, and to the composition of this book by a companion of St. Paul, is not less conclusive." † I may safely assume, therefore, that the writer of the third Gospel and the author of the Acts of the Apostles were one and the same person.

But this assumption lets in a flood of light upon the character of the author with whom we have to do. It so happens, or it has been provided by God, that in the book of the Acts of the Apostles we find a narrative which gives us unsurpassed opportunities of testing the honesty, the intelligence, the power of observation, appertaining to our author: I refer, as many of my readers will anticipate, to the story of the voyage of St. Paul from Palestine to Italy, and his shipwreck on the coast of Malta. The story of this voyage, as also many of my readers will know, has been examined in the most complete and searching manner by a modern yachtsman, and the result has been recorded in that most admirable and remarkable volume, "The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," by the late James Smith, of Jordanhill. Any one who has studied this work must be impressed by a strong belief, that St. Luke was a man possessing in a high degree the habit of careful observation which his medical profession demanded and fostered, and also that he had in eminent abundance the valuable faculty of setting down accurately and clearly the things which he had observed. Consequently, if St. Luke is to be put in the witness-box with regard to anything recorded in his Gospel, we must give him the benefit of the character which he has won by his proved exactness in his other work. We must not allow ourselves to be confused by general accounts of legends which have found their way into the synoptic Gospels; but we must

* Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible:" Acts of the Apostles.
Introduction to the Acts of the Apostles.

look at what St. Luke tells us as the writing of a physician, of a man well educated, and of unusual and proved accuracy of mind.*

Now what does St. Luke tell us concerning his Gospel? He tells us that whereas many had taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which were most surely believed, as they had been reported by those who "from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word," it seemed good to him also, "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first," to write an orderly history of the same. There can be no doubt from this account of his work by himself what St. Luke proposed to himself to do, and what he believed that he could do. What we know of him from other sources—that is, in consequence of the remarkable history of the voyage and shipwreck—will give us the means of estimating his power of fulfilling his intention. Of course, I do not lose sight of the fact that St. Luke was living in the first century, while we are living in the nineteenth, and that "many things have happened" between the one century and the other. I know that the spiritual and mental atmospheres of the two epochs are quite different, and that things which in the former might be taken as matters of course would be inconceivable and incredible in the latter; I am prepared to make all necessary allowance for change of intellectual latitude and longitude: but I must insist that in judging of what St. Luke tells us we ought to have before our minds the thought of the intelligent, observing physician; the man of science, such as science then was; the historian of demonstrated accuracy; and not a mere dream of a misty collection of legends, coming we know not whence, and recorded we know not how.

Looking upon the opening chapters of the Gospel in this way, it seems difficult to doubt that St. Luke obtained his narrative of our Lord's childhood from the Lord's Mother herself. The several stories have all the appearance of coming at first-hand. There is the crisp freshness of the original touch. There is that inexpressible something which second-hand tales are so likely to lose. Take for an example the story of our Lord's visit to Jerusalem, and His dispute with the doctors when He was twelve years old. Suppose that the Lord were only that which Mr. Matthew Arnold most willingly acknowledges Him to be, a great teacher, or the greatest of teachers: what a self-evidencing true tale of the early dawn of genius! The boy's zeal for knowledge; the astonishment of the doctors at His understanding and answers; the anxiety of the parents; the mother's affectionate rebuke; the child's mysterious answer, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" or "in My Father's house?"—mysterious either way; then the

* In adopting this line of argument I am in reality only following the lead of Mr. Smith.

return to Nazareth, and the sweet submission to parental control; nor must we omit the most notable incident of all, so far as my purpose is concerned, expressed by the words, "His mother kept all these sayings in her heart." Who could have narrated this lovely tale of the boyhood of Jesus Christ but the mother herself?

Now it will be observed that there is nothing miraculous in this story, any more than there is in that which precedes it—namely, the story of the presentation in the Temple; concerning which also it may be remarked, that it is difficult to guess from whom it could possibly have come, save from the mother of the Lord. Simeon and Anna had no doubt long passed away when St. Luke wrote; any other suggestion would be pure guess work. But then from these two unmiraculous and, as I should be disposed to say, evidently true stories, we pass without a break into the miraculous atmosphere which surrounds the Nativity. The portions of the narrative arrange themselves, as we may say, in different chapters: thus chapter ii., from v. 1 to v. 20, may be said to be one chapter; from v. 21 to v. 40 a second; and from v. 41 to v. 52 a third—but there is no discontinuity; it is impossible to believe one part and disbelieve another without seriously impeaching the author's honesty or truthfulness. So that when we work our way backwards in the manner now indicated, and with the strong presumption that the Blessed Mother was herself the informant, we cannot easily throw aside as a legend of later years, embodying the multitude's belief of the purity of our Lord's character, the distinct statement concerning the Nativity which St. Luke has recorded, and of the truth of which the Lord's Mother was the one competent witness.

Of course to persons who hold on *à priori* grounds the impossibility of any divergence from the ordinary law of Nature, the preceding reasoning will carry no conviction; but even they, I think, will be led to perceive, that in asserting in the Apostles' Creed that Jesus Christ our Lord was "born of the Virgin Mary," the Catholic Church has something to say for her belief on the ground of reason and of historic evidence. She has not followed cunningly devised fables, or early myths, or the ignorant tribute of the multitude to purity of character in a poetical form, but has preserved that which was testified from the first by those whose testimony it is at least difficult to set on one side.

Let me now strengthen my position by reference to a writer of great and varied learning, and singular power—I mean the late Dr. Mill. The several critical essays which Dr. Mill published as Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, between the years 1840 and 1846, are perhaps not so well known as they deserve to be. It may be here stated in general that they deal with the whole subject of the history of our Lord's Nativity as contained in

the openings of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. They are chiefly directed against the mythical theory of Strauss, and are specially to be commended to the attention of those who adopt the mythical theory in any form. I do not venture to say that Dr. Mill will carry his readers with him in every point—this is scarcely to be expected—but he will at least make them see how much on the other side of the argument suggests itself to a learned and hard-headed student of theology.

I will venture to quote one or two passages. Speaking of the opening of St. Luke's Gospel, Dr. Mill writes thus:—

"The history of the birth of our Lord and His forerunner affords apparent advantage to the mythicizer beyond the other parts of the New Testament, where the events are closer to the narrators: but it should be remembered that among the passages justly vindicated from the arbitrary mutilations of Marcion, is the preface, chap. i. 1-4, no less than the miraculous narrative that follows: and that, notwithstanding the difference of phrase for which it is very easy to account, the two must stand or fall together. Now the supposed difficulties of that narrative cannot speak so forcibly, even to the mind of the rationalist, for the mythic interpretation, as the tenour of that preface speaks against it. Whatever be the particular interpretation we attach to the words *παρηκολουθηκῶτι ἠνωθεν πᾶσιν ἀκριβῶς*, nothing can be more diametrically opposed than the whole tone of that introduction to the character of a vendor of mythi, of one who was either a credulous acceptor of such self-propagating fables himself, or who apprehended a similar disposition in the person to whom he was addressing himself. If words ever bear the impress of the mind of the speaker or writer, this is assuredly the language of one who craves for himself—who is anxious to communicate to his friend—a confidence in the assured certainty (*ἀσφαλεια*) of the truths in which he had been instructed: who seeks that security, not in a blind cultivation of those habits of mind on which Gentile and Jewish fables most readily depict themselves, but in the representation of the objective facts of Christianity, even as their original eye-witnesses and authoritative communicators had handed them down (*καθὼς παρέδοσαν ἡμῖν οἱ ἀπ' ἀρχῆς αὐτόπται καὶ ὑπηρέται γενόμενοι τοῦ λόγου*)—in tracing them with accuracy (*ἀκριβῶς*) from their report, imparted through long intercourse to himself, that he might transmit the same to others unaltered and unimpaired, as the foundation of the one true faith which was to continue to the end of the world."

The section from which the above is an extract concludes thus:—

"Our assertion against Strauss is, that we have in this third canonical Gospel, received by the Universal Church, the consistent and credible account of a matter on which the early Christians would not bear to be deceived; and that by this, as the only authorized account, all subsequent ones are to be measured. In furtherance of this we maintain that were the origin of this account such as Strauss pretends—*i.e.*, were it the unhistorical offspring of imagination, fertile in mythi—its contents, as we must infer from all analogous instances, would be essentially different from what we read here."

I add one other passage from Dr. Mill's work:—

"It did in truth please the Almighty, through the discretion of the Blessed Mother and her guardian spouse, to shroud this mystery of miraculous birth from the knowledge of every soul around; to keep close the secret (known only at the first to its highly favoured subject—to the venerable pair to

whom it was confided in the hill country of Judæa, and lastly to Joseph—as we learn from the opening chapters of the first and third Gospels) till the time arrived when alone it could be generally appreciated or understood; thus to preclude effectually all irreverent curiosity, and its yet more revolting accompaniment, calumnious falsehood—a falsehood which, when that mystery became generally notorious as Christian doctrine, and not before, burst forth with the utmost virulence from the enemies of the Son of Mary.

"To the more decided forms of infidelity this, then, is our reply:—Neither could the idea of that great mystery arise, as the rationalistic school would have it, from a calumny or suspicion which itself alone engendered in the minds of the adversaries (and that, as it should appear, after the decease of the Virgin and her last guardian, St. John); nor could it have sprung up, as the new school pretend, as a pure Jewish mythus, where everything connected with the first presentation of Christ to the Jews was so contrary; nor could its reception and inculcation by those whose kindred to our Lord would induce them, on all human principles, to draw their consanguinity to their Lord as close as possible, proceed from any other cause than its truth."

To the word "contrary," five lines above, Dr. Mill adds in a note:—

"It is impossible to read Strauss's exposition of his mythic view without seeing how insuperable he finds this objection. He revels in the instances of Hercules, the Dioscuri, Romulus, Alexander, and especially of Pythagoras and Plato—all which might have been much to his purpose had the scene of this nativity been in Greece or Italy; but when he is recalled to Bethlehem, and has to produce a *bonâ fide* Jewish cradle for his supposed nascent mythus, his utter failure is well shown by his winding up a long paragraph of confessedly intractable materials by saying, that after all the Messianic ideas of that age are very scanty; and therefore, all unfavourable appearances notwithstanding, we may suppose a previous expectation grounded on the Old Testament from the evident marks of it in the New."

Commending these extracts, and the whole book if it should come in his way, to the reader's attention, I now return to my own treatment of the subject in hand.

I have hitherto dealt, and dealt advisedly, with St. Luke's Gospel alone. It will be observed that he does not refer to Old Testament prophecy, and therefore, of course, does not assert that in the birth of Christ any prophecy was fulfilled. He was writing to his friend, or to some notable person, Theophilus, whose very name indicates his Greek blood; and if we take, as we fairly may, a broader view of the purpose for which the Gospel was written, we still find in it a special adaptation to Gentile rather than Jewish wants: consequently a reference to Isaiah, though I dare not say that it would have been out of place, would not be so likely to be found in this Gospel as in one primarily intended for Jewish Christians. St. Luke tells his tale with the style of an accomplished historian, relating facts as they had come to him, and giving date of time and place with remarkable care and minuteness. It is with this narrative of the Lord's Nativity that I have commenced my discussion, because I wished the reader to fix his mind carefully upon the history of the

Nativity in itself, before he entered upon the question raised in the opening of Mr. Arnold's "Comment" as to the fulfilment of prophecy. Supposing my purpose to be attained, I now turn to the Gospel of St. Matthew, in order that we may notice what that Evangelist tells us upon this point.

It will be observed that if St. Luke was writing for Gentiles, St. Matthew was as distinctly writing for Jews; and it is clear that St. Matthew, apparently looking from a Jewish point of view, did not see things with exactly the same eyes as his English namesake. For example, in the fact of the Lord dwelling at Nazareth, St. Matthew sees the fulfilment of a prophecy which commentators find it difficult to identify with any passage whatever in the prophetic books; in the healing of disease he sees the fulfilment of the words of Isaiah, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses;" to the murder of the innocents he finds a reference in the words of Jeremiah, which speak of "Rachel weeping for her children;" and in the return of the holy family from Egypt he sees the fulfilment of the words of Hosea, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." These applications of the language of prophets, which might be multiplied if necessary, sound strange to modern English ears. In order to enter into St. Matthew's mind, we must remember the education to which the Jewish Church and nation had been subjected, and the result of that education. As a matter of fact, certain men known as prophets, notably Isaiah, had spoken in glowing terms of days to come: "in the latter days," or "in that day," such and such glorious things would take place; a king would reign in righteousness, a man would be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the kingdom of David would be re-established; in every way a good time was coming, and the glories of that time concentrated themselves about the person of a mighty and peaceful prince whose throne would be in Jerusalem.* I am not challenging just now any argument concerning prophecy, or the manner of it, or the limits within which the power was exercised. I am only asserting that, as a matter of fact, the writings of the prophets had generated in Jewish minds about the time of our Lord expectations of some great deliverer who was to come. And so we read of those who were "waiting for the consolation of Israel," or "waiting for the kingdom of God." And we have the question put to our Lord, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Consequently, when a Jewish disciple came to write the history of the life and ministry of his Lord, in whom he entirely

* The reader will remember the words of Tacitus: "Pluribus persuasio inerat antiquis sacerdotum literis contineri, eo ipso tempore fore, ut valesceret Oriens profectique Judæi rerum potirentur" (*Hist.* v. 13). A similar statement is made by Suetonius; and Josephus ascribes the rebellions of the Jews to the prevalence of such a belief.

believed as being the Messiah "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," he would naturally find, all up and down the prophetic books, references, some direct and some oblique, to Him for whose coming these books had unquestionably made preparation. Is it to be wondered at that, this being so, St. Matthew should see in the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ the fulfilment of those "magnificent words of prophecy," which he had so often heard read in the synagogue—"Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel?"

The mode of approaching the prophecy thus indicated seems to me to be the most natural and the most reasonable. It might be supposed, from the manner in which some writers, Mr. Arnold amongst them, deal with the subject, that the article in the Creed, "born of the Virgin Mary," depended in its truth upon this prophecy of Isaiah, and that we should be compelled to drop it out of the Creed as soon as we are reminded of that which every intelligent reader of Isaiah must have observed—namely, that the words of the prophet in chapter vii. refer to Maher-shalal-hash-baz in chapter viii. Many other alleged Messianic prophecies may be disposed of in the same summary manner, if this be a lawful method of proceeding; it may be argued, in fact, with much plausibility, that there is not a single prophecy concerning Christ which did not in its primary application refer to some nearer object. I am not asserting that this view is correct, but only that it is arguable; and I add that, if it be correct, it does not destroy the fact, that somehow or other the prophecies of the Old Testament were not regarded in the time of our Lord, by those to whom the prophecies were specially given, as being then exhausted; rather were those persons, many of them at least, in a condition of feverish anxiety to witness their fulfilment.

Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks in glowing terms of "the roll and march of those magnificent words of prophecy, which, ever since we can remember, we have heard read in church on Christmas-day;" but when "the turn of criticism comes," he tries to knock the very heart out of the words, by telling us that "it becomes certain that in the famous words read on Christmas-day the prophet Isaiah was not meaning to speak of Jesus Christ to be born more than seven centuries later. It becomes certain that his Immanuel is a prince of Judah to be born in a year or two's time;" and so forth. It would have seemed to me that we do not need much profound criticism to arrive at these results: so far as they are true, which in one sense they are, the simplest man may discover them by reading a few chapters of his English Bible. But may I plead for a little more breadth and generosity in dealing with Isaiah, on ground which should commend itself to a poet's mind?

"We can never lose out of memory the roll and march of those

magnificent words of poetry" which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Hamlet. The orthodox interpretation is that the mind of Hamlet reaches to, and that his words express, the deepest mysteries of human life. Years and years have passed away, and successive generations have vied with one another in their admiration of the power of Shakspeare's genius and the living force of the character which has proceeded from it. "But then comes the turn of criticism. The study of history, and of all documents on which history is based, is diligently prosecuted," and it then "becomes apparent" that Shakspeare "really meant what he said"—that Hamlet was Prince of Denmark, that his uncle did murder his father and marry his mother and make himself king, and that Hamlet went mad, or something very like it. There is no question about any mysteries of human nature, no deep meaning in the poetical language of the play, no problems or puzzles for philosophers to solve—all is clear: Hamlet is Prince of Denmark: and Schlegel and Coleridge and Charles Lamb, and I know not how many others, have been hunting a Will-o'-the-wisp.

If a merely prosaic, matter-of-fact, what is sometimes called common-sense, method of treatment will not answer with poets, it will not answer with prophets; if it be possible to ill-treat Shakspeare, it is quite as possible to ill-treat Isaiah.

But let me guard against the notion, if any one holds it, that the great doctrine of the Incarnation is in any way bound up with the interpretation of the passage in Isaiah concerning the Virgin bringing forth a son. St. Matthew saw a promise of the Incarnation in the prophet's words, and myriads of devout men have seen it since his time; but if the interpretation were untenable, the coming of the Son of God in the flesh would be equally truth. Devout persons have seen a reference in the words of the twenty-second Psalm—"They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones; they stand staring and looking upon me. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture"—to the accidents of the crucifixion of our Lord; but that crucifixion would be equally a fact, even if another clear application of the words could be produced from contemporary history, or if the words had never been written at all. It is the same with the types and shadows of the patriarchal dispensation and of the old law. The Church has ever seen in the sacrifice of Isaac a type of the sacrifice of Christ; but the doctrine of the great sacrifice made once for all does not depend upon the typical character of Isaac's history. Or again, St. Paul says, and we say each Easter morning, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us;" but it is not necessary to believe that Moses, when he instituted the ordinance of the Passover, could see beyond the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. The fact is, that the

Jewish mind, at the time of our Lord's coming into the world, was saturated (so to speak) with the persuasion, that the Law and the Prophets and the Psalms were full of Him and His coming; and the Christian Church, grafted as it was upon that of the Jews, took the subject up as the Jewish Church handed it over. Note, for example, how in the opening of his Epistle to the Romans, having mentioned "the Gospel of God," St. Paul throws into a parenthesis the words "which He had promised afore *by His prophets* in the Holy Scriptures;" or note how the same Apostle, when taken prisoner to Rome, having arranged for a meeting of Jewish brethren at his lodging, "expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both *out of the law of Moses* and *out of the prophets*, from morning till evening;" or, once more, remember how, in that remarkable walk to Emmaus with the two disciples, the Lord Himself, having upbraided His companions for being slow to believe all that the prophets had spoken, "beginning at *Moses and all the prophets*, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." No doubt argument of this kind is not mathematically demonstrative: when those Roman Jews heard it "from morning till evening" at the lips of St. Paul, the result was that "some believed and some believed not;" but they who have been in the habit of noting the correspondence between the Old Covenant and the New, the shadows of good things to come in the types of the Law and its services and sacrifices, the persuasion in the mind of the Church of Moses and the Church of Christ that the Old Testament is a preface and preparation for the New, will not be satisfied by being told that modern criticism has discovered that this is all wrong, and that the prophetic writings have been utterly misused; especially if, as in the case before us, the whole effort of criticism can be contracted into that required for reading the eighth chapter of Isaiah in connection with the seventh.

Having now written all that seems to me to be necessary upon the subject of the application of the words of Isaiah to the Nativity, I should like to make a remark upon Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory concerning the origin of the myth or legend of the virgin-birth. That theory is all summed up in words which I have already quoted—namely, that it is "the popular homage to a high ideal of pureness, it is the multitude's way of expressing for this its reverence." Now what I chiefly wish to point out is the utter gratuitousness of this hypothesis,—it is a grand specimen of the proverbial camel, evolved out of the inner consciousness: be the doctrine true or false, it is a simple fact that it is found in the earliest creed; and when we look to the scriptures for the confirmation of the article, there we find it asserted in the most simple but most circumstantial manner by the most educated and most

accomplished of the evangelical historians. It seems almost sufficient to explode the mythical or legendary theory, first to perceive what such a theory requires, and then to read the simple and transparently honest tale of St. Luke.

It may be worth while also, in reference to the Apostle's Creed, as embodying this miraculous fact of the Lord's history, to point out that that ancient summary of the Faith specifies two miraculous circumstances of our Lord's earthly history, and two only—the coming into the world, and the going out of it: in these two points, the beginning and the end, His history is represented as transcending ordinary human history. He came amongst us by an extraordinary birth, He left us by an extraordinary exit, involving a triumph over death. In these two great facts each Christian expresses belief as a condition of baptism: but all that we commonly mean, when we speak of the miracles of Christ, is simply omitted from the Creed, as it is from the Apostolic Epistles. I am not going to discuss the reason of this omission, which would take me away from my subject; I merely refer to the fact for the purpose of emphasizing the conclusion, that the primitive Church must have attached special importance to the doctrine of the virgin-birth, the early disciples must have seen in it something different in kind from a mere fanciful embodiment of their belief in the purity of their Master's character. In reality, believing as they did that that Master was gone up into Heaven, and was "sitting at the right hand of God," is it conceivable that they could regard a fiction concerning His birth as necessary to declare to the world what the moral character of His life on earth was?

In the midst of his discussion on pureness, Mr. Arnold refers to the teaching of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and what he describes as "the great Coleridgian position." I am tempted to make a remark upon this reference, because I feel much indebted to Coleridge for not a few things which he wrote, and specially for that doctrine which I understand to be in question here. The Coleridgian position, as quoted by Mr. Arnold, is, "that Christianity, rightly understood, is identical with the highest philosophy, and that, apart from all question of historical evidence, the essential doctrines of Christianity are necessary and eternal truths of reason—truths which man, by the vouchsafed light of nature, and without aid from documents or tradition, may always and everywhere discover for himself." If Mr. Green formulates his great master's views in these words, it is not for me to dispute their accuracy; but if I may quote Coleridge's own words, as they appear in the preface to his "*Aids to Reflection*," they are as follows. One of the purposes of the book is stated to be

"To exhibit a full and consistent scheme of the Christian Dispensation, and more largely of all the doctrines of the Christian Faith; and to answer all the

objections to the same which do not originate in a corrupt will rather than an erring judgment; and to do this in a manner intelligible for all, who, possessing the ordinary advantages of education, do in good earnest desire to form their religious creed in the light of their own convictions, and to have a reason for the faith which they profess. There are indeed mysteries in evidence of which no reason can be brought. But it has been my endeavour to show that the true solution of this problem is that these mysteries are reason—reason in its highest form of self-affirmation."

These words, when I first came upon them (I am afraid to say how many years ago), seemed to me like a light in the darkness. Owing to circumstances of early training, I had the notion strongly working within me that faith said one thing and reason another, that faith had divine authority and that reason must be bent in submission, even if it cracked and broke in the process. To find it bravely asserted that religious teaching was in conformity with the highest reason was therefore to me like life from the dead: for this "Coleridgian position" I heartily and profoundly thank him. I do not say that he is the only man who has said that which is involved in the words above quoted; but he was the first who said it to me, and I believe that there are many who are equally with myself willing to own their gratitude to him. Frederick Denison Maurice was undoubtedly influenced deeply by him, and has as undoubtedly influenced many others. I know, of course, what can be said about "the black depths" of Coleridge, as his son Derwent used to describe the father's metaphysical discourses, and I know also what can be said concerning the mistiness and dark unintelligibility of Maurice, but I feel sure that both one and the other have been of incalculable assistance to many puzzled seekers after truth: both have helped many to hold fast the Apostles' Creed, while they have equally held fast the prerogatives of human reason. I confess, however, that I do not apply the Coleridgian position in the same way as Mr. Arnold applies it. He writes: "The great Coleridgian position, that apart from all question of evidence for miracles, and of the historical quality of the Gospel narratives, the essential matters of Christianity are necessary and eternal facts of nature or truths of reason, is henceforth the key to the whole defence of Christianity. When a Christian virtue is presented to us as obligatory, the first thing, therefore, to be asked is whether our need of it is a fact of nature." I cannot accept this application of the Coleridgian position; if this be the true application, then I abandon the position as being to me worthless. What I find concerning the Christian creed is that it says nothing about virtues, leaving them to other departments of Church teaching, and that it confines itself to facts: this is a very prime characteristic of the method adopted by the Church of Christ for announcing Him, or preaching his Gospel to the world; and the articles of the Creed have the mystery of the Incarnation for their centre—they cluster

about it, they depend upon it, they are inseparably connected with it. I ask myself then, Is this mystery of an Incarnation something which impinges upon my reason, and which I am bound to receive simply because I am told upon authority, said to be adequate, that it is true? According to my view of the case, the Coleridgian position comes in to help me to answer this question; it encourages me to think upon the mystery, or doctrine, or alleged fact, with the full hope and belief that I shall find it in accordance with the dictates of my highest reason. Thank God, I believe that I have done so. If the will of God, the knowledge of God, the mysteries of God, are in any way to be communicated to mankind, this must be done, as it would seem, by human means. Messages from heaven to earth have come apparently, from time to time, by the lips of men endowed with extraordinary gifts, or specially furnished for the task by the Spirit of God. Is it inconceivable, does it not rather approve itself to our highest powers of thought, that the supreme message of all should come by the lips of one "fairer than the children of men," and who can claim to be divine? Is not the whole philosophy of the case comprised in the opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son"? *

Christmas-day is our festival of welcome to this Son of God; it is the festival of the Incarnation; it commemorates the "bringer to the world of the new dispensation," as Mr. Arnold truly says; but it arrays the Church in her brightest garments, because this bringer of the new dispensation is One whom we may worship as divine. We do not introduce a miracle, as Mr. Arnold seems to complain, for the miracle's sake; we only maintain the belief which the Church has held from the beginning, that the birth of Jesus Christ was as the Evangelists attest it to have been. But I think we ought not, and we do not, merge (so to speak) the Incarnation in the virgin-

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of referring to the only occasion on which I had the honour of a conversation with Joseph Henry Green. I preached the sermon in Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in 1845. In the course of the sermon occurred this passage:—"I am not underrating man's own reason; I believe that reason is a high and noble gift, and capable of great things, and that it is worse than puerile to endeavour to depreciate its powers with a view to magnifying the necessity of external revelation. I believe that he who most highly appreciates external revelation is he who has pushed the furthest his own powers—that internal revelation of God—and that the position is true which a philosopher of our own undertook to establish—namely, that the Christian faith is the perfection of human intelligence. But whatever we may be able to do for ourselves, we must be thankful for a light from without in addition to that within; and I think that he who has once realized the truth that the life of Christ was 'the true light which lightens every man who comes into the world,' will confess that, although the mode of revelation be such as he could not have imagined, yet in truth it bears with it such marks of divinity that, when once given, it commends itself to him as one of the highest gifts of God to man." I quote this passage because Mr. Green was kind enough to express his approbation of the reference to Coleridge, and to invite me to come and visit him for some Coleridgian talk, which unfortunately I was never able to do.

birth. The Apostolic Epistles never refer to it; St. Mark and St. John could write Gospels without it. How far it may be true that this was the only possible method of Incarnation, it would perhaps be both useless and irreverent to inquire; but certainly it is Jesus Christ in the fulness of His manhood and His ministry, the Son of God and the Son of Man, who was crucified, dead, and buried, and who rose again the conqueror of death and the grave—it is Jesus Christ who, "for us men, and our salvation, came down from Heaven," rather than the special method of His Incarnation, that the Church commemorates upon Christmas-day.

To sum up, then, the contention of this article, my chief points are these:—I contend that the doctrine of the virgin-birth cannot be reasonably regarded as a mere legend; that it has not been evolved out of prophecy, though words of the prophet Isaiah have been regarded as foreshadowing it; that it is something more than a mere tribute of the multitude to the purity of the human life of our Lord; that, on the other hand, the circumstances of the birth are declared in the most plain and simple manner by an historian and physician, whom we have independent means of proving to have been a man of keen observation and great power of careful description—who, moreover, assures us that he had taken every pains to make himself acquainted with the truth of the things which he records. I have wished, however, to regard this doctrine in connection with the prime and central doctrine of all—namely, that of the Incarnation: Jesus Christ, the Son of God, come in the flesh, is the basis of all: "born of the Virgin Mary" is the divinely appointed way. Therefore Christmas-day, which celebrates the advent of Christ, rightly recites the circumstances of His birth, both natural and miraculous, both humble and royal, both human and divine. This birth is one of the foundation stones of that Church against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail.

If a man adopts the opinion that all recorded facts, which are contrary to the ordinary course of nature, are in themselves incredible, then all that I have said, and all that any man can possibly say, must, in the nature of things, fall to the ground; but if he believes that with God all things are possible, he may with comfort to himself, and I believe with the approbation of his reason, accept the full teaching and significance of Christmas-day.

H. CARLISLE.

FREE LAND.

PART I.

1. **O**F the subjects which have come up for political discussion of late years, few are more vital than the law which regulates the succession to land. The land of a country is the most important and permanent of all its possessions. It is the basis of every local operation. The occupation of some portion of it, however small, is a necessity of life for everybody. Apart from the necessity of living, the possession of land is the object of more general and passionate desire than the possession of any other inanimate thing. Quarrels over it have rent communities in twain more generally and permanently perhaps than any other cause. Just and convenient arrangements for distributing the ownership of the land of a country are among the primary conditions of the welfare of its people. If such arrangements exist, there is certain to be a great mass of orderly and contented men, who, whatever may be the other disturbing elements in society, supply to it a steady Conservative force. If society is found to be in an uneasy and unstable condition, a statesman will do well to see whether the Land Laws are such as to satisfy men's reasonable desires. The cause may not be there; but if it is, it will assuredly be a very deep and pervading one.

2. Some of these remarks apply to England in a less degree than to other countries. We depend so much on our minerals, and the manufactures which they support, and on the circumstances which have made us the carriers of the world and its bankers and its brokers; that the numbers who live by tillage bear to our whole numbers a small proportion compared with the proportions between the same classes in other countries whose examples are often cited. Even if our system had been as unsuitable to the habits and con-

ditions of English life as it has been to those of Irish life, or as the French system was a century ago to those of French life, or the Prussian system was eighty years ago to those of Prussian life, which is very far from being the case, we should hardly have suffered the acute misery which afflicted those nations, nor have experienced such violent disturbances as they in changing from one system to another. All these examples of the evils of mischievous Land Laws apply to us in principle, but by no means in degree.

3. At the same time it is the fact that among thoughtful men there has been for many years a growing dissatisfaction with the state of our Land Laws. It has been seen that the ownership of the land gets into fewer and fewer hands, while the population increases; and that a very large portion of the wealth created by industry is absorbed into the hands of the local owners of the soil, who only stand and wait. This dissatisfaction has usually taken the form of exhibiting the advantage to the State of numerous ownerships of land, and especially of culturable land. The blame of a contrary state of things was for many years laid, and is still laid by many, upon our cumbrous system of transfer or conveyancing, which, it is said, prevents the purchase of small properties. More lately the principle of private ownership has been called in question. And by way of remedy numerous plans have been proposed.

4. It would take long to examine these plans, and at most of them I shall only glance in this paper. My present endeavours will be confined to show, first, that mere alterations in the system of conveyancing without preparing the way by a simplification of the law will be of little avail; and secondly, that the portion of the law which requires alteration is one which lies too deep to be observed without close attention, but is one of great influence, which in our history has been the subject of much contest, and has been settled at different times on different principles, each of which, when working through long periods of time, has produced powerful effects, though its working is quiet and silent.

5. Even with these limits to the subject, it is one of such magnitude and complexity as almost to unfit it for any brief handling. Nor is it aided by any external attractions. On the contrary, it is so beset with technicalities, and so remote from popular ideas and ordinary subjects of thought, as to require considerable labour even to understand the terms of the problems it presents. I and some of my fellow-workers in this field have lately been much laughed at by political opponents, good-humouredly enough, for supposing that we could make Hodge interest himself in contingent remainders and springing uses. No doubt that is difficult. There is no royal road to law of any kind, unless it be Lynch law, and the Law of Real Property in this country has long enjoyed an unenviable reputation as

one of the driest and most crabbed and revolting of studies. And yet if discussions like these are to have any practical result, we must make ourselves understood, and must show that we have something to say of general interest and importance. It would seem that a popular appeal is necessary for every step of amendment. Not only are there the inevitable professional prejudices to be overcome, but behind them lie privileged classes, who exercise great power and are prone to resist all change as such. To obtain a practical reform, it is hardly sufficient to convince a reasonable number of experts. One must manage to raise a general interest, and obtain the momentum of numbers before the *vis inertiae* can be overcome. I am very far indeed from possessing the literary skill or the eloquence necessary for such a task. All I can hope for is to attract the interest of some one who may possess such gifts. That cannot be done by plunging into a maze of abstruse technicalities. I will address myself to what I conceive to be the salient points of my subject, and will ask my professional brethren who may read, if any do read, these remarks, to pardon me if I appear to omit important details or to use language technically insufficient but better understood of the people.

6. It is true that some recent events have quickened our sense that all is not altogether well with our land system, and our desire to be better informed about it. We suffered from several bad seasons in succession, and that led to a great extension of enterprise in importation of food, which still continues and keeps prices down. Looking from the economical point of view, our system now appears to many to be too inflexible, and to give too little facility for dealing with land as circumstances require. Looking from the Family point of view, it has been shown how insecure is the position of apparent owners of broad lands burdened with accumulations of Family charges. And occurrences in Ireland have given us more insight into the political danger which may come of placing the land in the hands of a very small body of owners.

7. On this last head a point which a few years ago was much disputed has been cleared up, and that in a way calculated to impress the imagination. Some of the advocates of Reform—Mr. Bright in particular—were taken sharply to task for exaggeration in stating how small the number of hands was into which the ownership of land had fallen. I do not remember the numbers given, nor does it now very much signify. The discussion led to an inquiry, and the inquiry resulted in what has been called the New Domesday Book. From that book it appears that Mr. Bright and his allies, however inaccurate in detail when they could only guess, have upon the ascertained facts a most substantial case to go upon. I will state a few figures, for which I am indebted to a pamphlet written by Mr.

Shaw-Lefevre.* He calculates that in the United Kingdom, with its thirty-five millions or so of people, there are less than 200,000 who own any amount of land exceeding one acre. He excludes mere house properties with less than an acre of land, which clearly are not of a rural character. Counting five to a family, the number of rural landowners would represent only a million of souls. But besides this, the division of the properties shows the most extraordinary inequality. After deducting about a million and a half of acres belonging to the Crown and to public bodies, there are about seventy-five millions to be accounted for in the hands of private owners. Of these seventy-five millions, more than fifty are vested in less than 5,000 owners, representing (say) 25,000 souls, and sixty-four millions are vested in 15,000 owners, who may represent 75,000 souls. It is a startling thing to hear that two-thirds of the land is owned by a number of persons who, with their families, are much less numerous than the population of Guernsey, and more than four-fifths by a number who hardly exceed the population of the Isle of Wight.

8. The owners or lessces of land under one acre are about 850,000, representing, say, four and a quarter millions of souls. In estimating the political value of such statistics, these must be taken into account as owners of property, though probably most of them are only leaseholders. But they have nothing to do with agricultural land, and even if all were counted in, the number of ownerships would be small compared with other countries. M. Lavergne calculated a few years ago that in France, after deducting State domains and commercial property, there are 111 millions of acres of cultivable land which are distributed among more than five and a half millions of owners, who can hardly represent less than twenty-five millions out of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen. The number of house-owners in towns is reckoned at upwards of two millions more.

9. So far we know our condition more accurately than we did. And it seems to me a just conclusion that the concentration of ownership which is found in connection with our system is largely and mainly the effect of that system. But I admit it to be a disputable conclusion. There are other causes, both moral and economical, which tend to produce the same effect: and if a man thinks it more reasonable to ascribe the phenomena mainly to those causes it is not easy to confute him. Social phenomena are so complex as hardly ever to be referable to a single cause. It must suffice the practical worker if he can put his finger on the main cause.

10. I am not going to discuss here the relative agricultural

* "The Freedom of Land," published by Macmillan & Co., 1880. I strongly advise everybody interested in the subject to read this pamphlet, which abounds with information and suggestions in every part of it.

advantages of small and large ownerships, nor any other question of public economy. Even if I were competent to such a task, which is not the case, it would occupy too much room now. As to the vast plans by which the State is to become a great landowner and to let its land to innumerable cultivators on a small scale, or those again by which every man is to have an opportunity of acquiring a plot of land from somebody, probably I have never understood them, though not for want of trying. So far as I do understand them, or think I do, they seem to me to presuppose moral and social conditions from which we are very far off. Such schemes go far wide of attempts to reform the Laws relating to land or any other branch of Law as commonly understood; they rather propose to shift the very basis of English Society, and to remodel it on different theories of property and of the relation between the State and individuals. Other plans there are for securing to the State what is called the unearned increment of land by an adjustment of taxation. Such considerations hardly relate to the subject of Land Laws. They belong to our fiscal system, and should be taken in connection with all other parts of it. Others again have objected to enclosures, and have looked back with a longing eye to the days when vast tracts of land were held in common. But though some enclosures may have been unwisely made, to deny the benefit to England of the great bulk of those which have been going on for some four centuries, seems to me as violent a paradox as it would be to deny the benefit to the world of the reclamation of American forests because clearances may have been too sweeping. Some are in favour of the Law of the Code Napoleon, by which a man's property devolves on his children, subject only to a limited testamentary power on the part of the father. That seems to me too rigid a law, and one calculated to establish undesirable relations among members of a family, though it cannot be denied that those who are subject to the Law seem highly content with it. Again, one very clever gentleman proposes to fix a limit on the size of landed estates; another to prohibit mortgages. That would involve a very minute and vexatious supervision over men's private affairs, with the result of fatally embarrassing them. I think it wiser to fix our eyes upon modifications of the existing laws, which are perfectly feasible and simple, which rest on broad principles that have worked well in England formerly for long periods of time, and which may be seen working in other countries now. Moreover, what I contend for is not to introduce more interference and management, but less. I think it best to leave men to manage their own affairs as much as possible. The mischief that I lay to the charge of the Land Laws is that by their means living men are shut out of the full management of their own affairs. They are managed by dead men in the supposed interests of possible men

yet unborn. And the remedy that I propose is simply more freedom and power for living men.

11. The important branch of Land Laws which governs the relations of landlord and tenant when the use of land is shared in that way, does not fall within the scope of the present paper. I mention it for the same reason which has led me to run through the range of other proposals, and to eliminate them; because I know by experience how necessary it is when the Land Laws are mentioned to warn the hearer that he is not to expect a discussion on those topics which are most current. I repeat that my present object is to suggest thoughts on the kind of ownership which our Law allows to be created in Land, and on the way in which that kind of ownership impedes its free transfer.

12. Among the various points which have been discussed with relation to this matter, there are two upon which there is very general agreement. One is that, in a political point of view, as distinguished from an economical one, it is an advantage to a nation to possess a great number of rural landowners or freeholders. And the other is that our system of transfer is ruinously cumbrous and expensive, and that a cheaper and simpler system would be of great advantage. On the former of these points there is not absolute agreement; for instance, such an eminent writer as Mr. Froude thinks that large properties are more advantageous than numerous ones; but I believe the agreement is pretty general. On the latter point there is, so far as I know, no dissentient opinion.

13. When we come to the means of simplifying transfer, we find a diversity of opinions, and numerous suggestions as to the best mode for attaining the object by new machinery. And I must dwell for a while on the course of these controversies; because, though I myself think that in the present state of our Law they are unfruitful, and that all the suggestions are alike useless for the purpose of making land more negotiable by mere machinery; still other people do not think so, and at all events they throw light upon the remedy which I believe to be useful, viz., the simplification of the Law.

14. I will not go back further than the year 1857, merely premising that more than thirty years prior to that time the Real Property Commission had set forth the defects of the English conveyancing system, and had advocated Registration as a remedy. The transfer of a parcel of land is a cumbrous and dilatory process, enormously expensive, sometimes leading to litigation, and after all (though this perhaps is the least of its evils) it may end in conferring a title that is not free from doubt. In the year 1857 a Report was made by a Royal Commission appointed to consider the subject. It is a most able document, abounding in information, and unsparing in its exposition of the evils of our system of transfer. The remedy they

proposed was one of the forms of Registration. Their plan was of this kind: to establish a General Registry of titles in which each property should be entered in a name or names representing the absolute ownership, so that the registered owners, or persons in whose names the land was entered, should always be able to confer a good title upon a purchaser. That is done now with such a property as Consols: the person who stands as owner in the Bank books can always sell and give a good title to his purchaser. It is clear that such a plan, standing alone, would secure ease and rapidity of transfer. But we all know how impossible it is that the persons appearing as owners in the Register should be the real owners; and how are the real owners to be protected against injurious dealings with their estate? For that purpose a system of notices was devised by which every person entitled to an interest in the land might protect it, just as now a judicial order may be procured to prevent the transfer of Consols without notice.

15. The first law passed after this Report was in the year 1862, under the auspices of Lord-Chancellor Westbury. He departed widely from the simplicity of the plan recommended by the Report of 1857, and provided that every kind of interest should be entered on the Register; in other words, he established, not a registry of complete ownerships, but one of deeds, or at least of all dealings with all interests, having much the same effect as the system established in the counties of Middlesex and of York, which has not been found to promote speed or cheapness. This requirement, and another, which was that every title must be made perfect before being put upon the register, made the scheme very heavy and expensive to work. After a few years it was found that the Registry Office was doing next to nothing, and another Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the matter. They reported in the year 1869, and they advised a return to the principles of the Report of 1857. For some years again nothing was done under this Report, but in the year 1875 an Act was passed establishing a Registry, mainly upon its system, superseding the Registry of 1862. But the plan has not been received with more favour than its predecessor, or rather its elder sister. In its turn it has been the subject of a third inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons, whose opinions appear to have swayed back again in favour of registry of deeds.

16. This then is the net result of more than fifty years of agitation and learned discussion, and, within the last twenty-eight years, of three public inquiries and of two Acts of Parliament, one of which has been in operation for twenty-three years—a result which it is no exaggeration to call complete and absolute failure. I was one of the Commissioners who reported in the year 1869, and having been

requested to prepare the rough draft of the Report which was put into shape by my colleagues, I had to pay very close attention to the evidence taken. And though I then thought that people would be disposed to prefer the plan of 1857 to the plan of 1862—an opinion which has proved to be quite erroneous—yet it was then deeply impressed upon my mind that it is a mere delusion to hope for a simple system of transfer while we retain a very complicated system of laws. For our settled estates, with their numerous contingent remainders, shifting and springing uses, and jointures, and portions, and terms of years, and two or three layers of family charges, to be transferred by the simple process of entry in a book, is, as I believe, about as easy as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

17. The grand object of a registry is facility of transfer, and so long as you have property vested in absolute ownership, transfer by registry is a very simple thing. The entry in the book will then usually correspond with the fact. If it does not, it is because the owner has raised money on the security of his land, and even then his incumbrancers will be as complete owners of their money as he is of his land; and in the great majority of cases there will be no difficulty in effecting whatever sale the owner desires to make. Given absolute ownership, there can be no difficulty about a registered title except in the case of quarrel; and a registry is for the purpose of facilitating transfer in the great bulk of cases, not for the purpose of settling quarrels, which must be taken into Court. But if you allow the creation of partial and divided interests, as a gift to one for his life with remainder over to another, you will to that extent mar the effect of your registry. Either the estate must be registered in the name of the life-owner, in which case the remainder man will enter a caution to protect his interest; or it must be registered in the name of a trustee, when the beneficiaries will enter cautions. A caution means that a sale cannot be effected without notice to the cautioner and opportunity of objection. The power of making a good title to a purchaser, provided no objection is taken by some other interested person, is not the power of selling freely. And where the beneficiaries are unborn or infants, or when any one objects, the property will not by reason of its being registered be more saleable than it now is. Still, if the partial interests which may be created are all vested in living persons, and the time during which the ownership is split up is a short time, the system of transfer by registry might work with advantage, though not so efficiently or smoothly as if all ownerships were absolute.

18. Now the foreign systems of registry, of which we hear such alluring accounts, are based upon systems of Law or of custom which

do not admit the long settlements of land that are in vogue here. Lord Westbury was too sanguine when he told us that under his Registry Act a man might walk about with his title-deeds in his waistcoat pocket, and that he might step into his bankers and effect a legal mortgage in five minutes and at no expense to speak of. For he forgot that, if such things are done in Belgium or France, it is because the interests in land there are few and simple, and that where they are many and complex very different considerations arise.

19. If we consider that the custom in this country is for a man to tie up his land for the very purpose of preserving it in his family for two or for three generations, how can we think that none of the numerous persons interested in it will interfere to prevent its sale? Or if they do not, it is certain that dispositions enduring for fifty or sixty years (which is no uncommon duration even for a single family settlement, and is a brief duration for a family settlement operated on by re-settlements) will be attended by such a complication of interests that the purchase-money must be paid to trustees or into the Court of Chancery. Well, but that means that the money is tied up just as the land was tied up; it cannot be used for the various purposes for which people want money and wish to sell land for it; the motive to sell land is taken away, and land is no more an article of commerce with a registry than without it. Moreover, the great expense of transfer consists in investigating all these complex interests, and in getting the owners to transfer them; and though I admit that under an effectual system of registry such expense will, in the absence of agreement to the contrary, fall on the seller, it must enter into the price of the land, and will still tend to make small purchases too costly.

20. I do not deny that, under our present law, a well-devised system of registry of titles may give greater security. But insecurity is only a minor part of the mischief complained of, and such insecurity as a registry could guard against is very little felt. I do not deny that it would, to some extent, relieve the purchaser from inquiries that he now has to make. But I say that it would not relieve the seller; that it would not enable those to sell who cannot sell without it; and that it would not give any additional motive to those who would gladly sell if they could use the money. What we want is not only greater facility of transfer for those who can already sell, but greater facility of sale for those who cannot. We want land to be more an article of commerce, to pass more freely into the hands that can use it best, and to be turned with greater ease and versatility to the changing needs of society. It is impossible that such a want can be met by contrivances about the mode of transfer, or that defects in substance can be cured by improvements in form.

And as for a registry of deeds or interests, I am confident that it would only increase the burdens of the present system.

21. To bring the matter to a point, the small ownerships which the bulk of people desire to see are precluded by delay and expense of transfer, and the simple and cheap transfer which everybody desires to see is precluded by the state of our law. To put it in the shape of a maxim, not more fallacious than other maxims, "Long settlements make fettered land : simple ownerships make free land."

22. To this effect was the opinion of the Committee who reported in the year 1879. They speak thus :—

"If, indeed, an Act of Parliament could be passed for England and Ireland, either prohibiting the owner of property from tying it up or charging it, except in a particular manner, or giving to the possessory proprietor the right of dealing with it as if it was his own ; in other words, if the law recognized nothing but estates in fee-simple, or gave to the holder of the land the same power of disposition which the holder of stock now enjoys, the registration of titles would be as easy as the title itself would be simple. But," they add, "such changes would be so opposed to the general feeling of the country that for the present at least it would be idle to consider them seriously."

23. Very likely it would be idle for a body of gentlemen charged with the duty of recommending measures immediately practicable. But it is for the very purpose of affecting the general feeling of the country, that such lucubrations as these are composed. Every proposal of reform is in its early stages opposed to the general feeling of the country. All kinds of freedom—freedom of person, freedom of thought, freedom of labour, freedom of contract, freedom of trade—all have been against the general feeling of the country. But their advocates persevered, and when the understanding and reason of the country had been convinced long enough, the feeling turned round. Why should it be otherwise with freedom of property ?

24. This brings me to the phrase which stands for the heading of this paper, "Free Land." I have often heard complaints of its ambiguity, and it is true that all very brief and compact phrases and maxims require explanation until they are so generally apprehended as to be taken with the necessary qualifications. In my mouth "Free Land" means land which the living possessor is free to deal with according to his needs or wishes, without being fettered by old arrangements made by former owners who have gone where they no longer want land. In this sense I have used the phrase for many years for the sake of brevity and convenience, just as I have applied the term the "Dead Hand," with some perversion of its former meaning, to express the old arrangements made by deceased owners. If the power of a testator were spent in nominating a successor to take an absolute ownership, there would be no Dead Hand and land would be entirely free. To the extent to which we allow an owner departing out of this world to restrict the dominion of his successors,

land is fettered by the Dead Hand. We have in fact allowed it to become so fettered that the possessors are for the most part not the owners. They are only part-owners. Their co-owners have been designated by those who being dead still speak, and frequently are only possible persons not yet born into the world ; or they may be persons who have interests wholly apart from or even adverse to those of the possessor. My object is to make the ownership much more nearly co-extensive with the possession than it now is, so that it may be used more readily and effectively for the changing circumstances of life than it now can be. . .

25. I will now give a sketch of the way in which ownership of land has been moulded by Law from the time of the Norman Conquest, not because the history of a Law alters its effects, but for two reasons. The first is that the precise bearing of any institution is better apprehended when we know how and why and when it came into existence. And the second is that the feeling with which men regard an institution is materially affected by its history. We are apt to look upon a law whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity with the reverence due to a divine institution. But if we find that it was established in comparatively recent times, in the interests of a class rather than in those of the nation at large, and by the devices of lawyers instead of the deliberate mind of the legislature ; if, moreover we find that its principle has been opposed by high authorities as prejudicial to the national interests ; we justly look upon it in quite another light.

26. Now the history of this matter exhibits to us a constant struggle on the part of the great nobles and landowners to keep land in their own families by artificial devices. In this struggle they have sometimes been successful and sometimes defeated, and the law has varied according to the ability of this powerful class to mould it as they have wished.

27. By the ancient common law, we are told, all inheritances were in fee-simple—that is to say, if land was given to a man for an inheritable interest, he could deal with it according to his will or his necessities. How far the Saxon laws admitted exceptions to this principle is not now the question. It is certain that after the Norman Conquest great landowners endeavoured to keep land in their families or in the families of their grantees, by entailing it—that is to say, by giving it to the Head of the Family and his issue—which was in effect giving it to a family instead of giving it to an individual. This sort of gift was calculated to create a succession of life interests so long as any of the family remained, the Head of the Family according to the Norman law of primogeniture always taking the land for his life, with no power of affecting the inheritance after his death. But the Judges of those days, and

doubtless the Clergy, to whom they generally belonged, and the Kings who appointed them, set themselves against such an interference with the free transfer of land ; and they met it by taking as great a liberty with the King's English, or the King's Latin or French as the case might be, as the nobles had taken with the land. They declared that such gifts carried complete ownership, subject only to a condition that if the Head of the Family had no issue the land given was to revert to the donor ; but that the moment he had issue the condition vanished away, and the land became as freely transferable as if given unconditionally. By this curious interpretation the political and social importance of such gifts was reduced to insignificance.

28. After the long and sanguinary struggle between the Barons and the Crown during the reigns of John and Henry III., and under the more orderly reign of Edward I., the Barons had become consolidated into a House of Peers with functions more or less defined. They were then, if united, quite the most powerful order in the kingdom ; and they used their power to pass a law which should give effect to their desire to keep estates in their families. It is said that this law was never submitted to the Commons at all, but Parliamentary procedure was then in early infancy, and the Peers and Crown were doubtless strong enough to give effect to any law on which they agreed. The law in question is usually known as the Statute de Donis Conditionalibus, which we may translate as the Statute of Entails. It does not profess to be founded on any broad national consideration, or any consideration except the wishes of the nobles. Apparently assuming that land was made to be possessed by great nobles, it merely recited that the makers of entails *thought it very hard that their wishes should not prevail*, and it enacts that for the future they shall prevail. I subjoin the material words of the statute :—

“ In case also where one giveth land to another and the heirs of his body issuing, it seemed very hard and still seemeth to the givers and their heirs, that their will being expressed in the gift was not heretofore nor yet is observed. In all the cases aforesaid, after issue begotten and born between them to whom the lands were given under such condition, heretofore such feoffees had power to aliene the land so given and to disinherit their issue of the land, contrary to the minds of the givers and contrary to the form expressed in the gift. . . . Wherefore our Lord the King perceiving how necessary and expedient it should be to provide remedy in the aforesaid cases, hath ordained *that the will of the giver, according to the form in the deed of gift manifestly expressed, shall be from henceforth observed* : so that they to whom the land was given under such conditions shall have no power to aliene the land so given, but that it shall remain unto the issue of them to whom it was given after their death, or shall revert unto the giver or his heirs if issue fail.”

29. This law was passed in the year 1285, and though its effects

are modified, it is still in force. From that time forward, until the power of the Barons had been shattered in the Wars of the Roses, a period of about two centuries, a very large portion of the land of England was fettered by entails which nothing could get rid of except the extinction of the family in whom each property was vested. The state of things which it brought about has been the subject of severe remarks by two of the greatest commentators on the laws of England. Lord Coke tells us that at Common Law all inheritances were in fee-simple,* "and the reason thereof was that neither Lords should be defeated of their escheats, wards, &c., nor the farmers or purchasers lose their estates or leases, or be evicted by the heirs of the grantors or lessors; nor such infinite occasions of trouble contentions and suits arise." He then continues:—

"But the true policy and rule of the Common Law on this point was in effect overthrown by the Statute [of Entails], which established a general perpetuity by Act of Parliament for all who had or would make it; by force whereof all the possessions of England in effect were entailed accordingly, which was the occasion and cause of the said, and divers other, mischiefs. And the same was attempted and endeavoured to be remedied at divers Parliaments; and divers Bills were exhibited accordingly (which I have seen), but they were always on one pretence or another rejected. But the truth was that the Lords and Commons, knowing that their estates in tail were not to be forfeited for felony or treason as their estates of inheritance were before the said Act, and finding that they were not answerable for the debts and incumbrances of their ancestors, and that the sales alienations or leases of their ancestors did not bind them, they always rejected such Bills. This continued till the 12th Edward IV., when the Judges on consultation had among themselves resolved that an estate might be docked and barred by a common recovery."

30. And in another of his works Lord Coke writes:—†

"When all estates were fee-simple, then were purchasers sure of their purchases, farmers of their leases, creditors of their debts, the King and Lords had their escheats, forfeitures, wardships, and other profits of their seigniories; and for these and other like cases, by the wisdom of the Common Law, all estates of inheritance were fee-simple. And what contentions and mischiefs have crept into the quiet of the Law by these fettered inheritances daily experience teacheth."

31. Sir William Blackstone, after saying that the statute in question had been justly styled "a family law," proceeds thus:—‡

"The establishment of which Family Law occasioned infinite difficulties and disputes. Children grew disobedient when they knew they could not be set aside . . . creditors were defrauded of their debts . . . innumerable latent entails were produced to deprive purchasers of the lands they had fairly bought, of suits in consequence of which our ancient books are full, and

* *Sir A. Mildmay's case*, 6 Co. 41a.

† Co. Litt. 19b.

‡ Vol. ii., cap. viii. p. 116. Coke says: "This Act in historie is called *gentilitium municipale*; for that by this Act the families of many noblemen and gentlemen were continued and preserved to their posterities."—*Co. Litt.* 392b.

treasons were encouraged . . . so that they were justly branded as the source of new contentions and mischiefs unknown to the Common Law, and almost universally considered as the common grievance of the realm. But as the nobility were always fond of this statute, because it preserved their family estates from forfeiture, there was little hope of procuring a repeal by the Legislature, and therefore by the contrivance of an active and politic Prince, a method was devised to evade it." •

32. It will be seen then that the objection to having inheritances fettered as they were by the Statute of Entails is not a new-fangled one which has just occurred to some speculative politicians in these latter days, but is one that has been insisted on by leading lawyers and statesmen of former times. It is true that the fetters which now exist are not so strait as those which were burst by what Blackstone calls the contrivance of an active and politic Prince, which was not a contrivance of any prince at all, but was the outcome of many attempts by astute lawyers to elude the rigour of entails. The process was gradual, though the final decision was a long step in advance of former ones, and was as audacious and arbitrary an assumption of legislative power by the Judges as those decisions by which they originally put a non-natural sense on the gifts of entail. And it can hardly be doubted that the Judges would never have dared to take such a step, or that if they had it would have been reversed by the nobility, unless first they had been supported by the King and by public opinion, or unless secondly the Wars of the Roses had so shattered the Nobles that they had become inferior in strength to the King and Commons.

33. These devices of the lawyers were fictitious lawsuits, the most efficacious of which were called Recoveries. It was pretended that the entailed land belonged to a stranger, who brought his action in the ordinary courts against the limited owner in possession, and by his connivance got judgment. But this stranger was really the agent of the limited owner, and when he got the land was bound to deal with it as his employer directed. By means of this farce, for it was nothing more, the limited owner was turned into an absolute owner. Even the euphemistic Blackstone says of it,* "The Recovery is no better than a pious fraud, to elude the statute which was found so intolerably mischievous, and which one branch of the Legislature would not then consent to repeal." The case in which the validity of these sham lawsuits was established is known as *Taltarum's case*; and it was decided in the year 1472, during the reign of Edward IV. Its effect, coupled with that of other decisions which followed it, was again to set free fettered inheritances after 187 years of the prevalence of "Family Law."

34. The Nobles never made any attempt to reverse the decision in

* Vol. ii. cap. viii. p. 117.

Taltarum's case by process of law. Probably they would have had no chance of success. For the course which legislation took in the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and James I. was all in the direction of extending the freedom won by the decision in *Taltarum's case*.

35. Having twice been defeated by the lawyers, the Nobles now called them in as allies, and very numerous and crafty were the devices of conveyancers to forge new shackles for the land. But until the passing of another eventful crisis in our history, they were all defeated by the resolute grasp which the Judges laid upon the principle that land should not be fettered for the purpose of ministering to family ambition.

36. I will mention two of the cases in which attempts were made to cut down the ownership of the possession in favour of unborn issue. One was *Chudleigh's case*,* decided about the year 1590. The question did not turn upon an entail under the statute, but upon a gift to one for life, and after his death to his unborn issue. The Court, by eight judges to two, held that the issue could not on coming into existence claim the land which had been aliened. The dissentient judges thought that the Statute of Uses gave validity to such gifts; and so it would if construed quite literally. But the majority thought that the Legislature never could have intended to introduce this new kind of perpetuity. Amid a dismal swamp of technical argument, three solid points of policy stand out, as enunciated by Chief Justice Popham. One is, that the Head of the Family would be prevented from making proper provision for his wife and younger children. Another is that he would not have proper control over his eldest son. And the third is that such contrivances would lead to complexity and insecurity of title. *Mary Portington's case*, where it was attempted to prevent an entail from being destroyed by a recovery, was decided somewhat later,† and of that Lord Coke says:—

“Then have I published in *Mary Portington's Case*, for the general good both of Prince and Country, the honourable funeral of fond and new found Perpetuities: a monstrous Brood carved out of mere invention and never known to the ancient Sages of the Law. I say monstrous, for that the Naturalist saith, *Quod monstra generantur propter corruptionem alicujus principii*. And yet I say honourable, for that these Vermin have crept into many honourable Families. At whose solemn funeral I was present, and accompanied the Dead to the Grave of Oblivion, but mourned not for that the Commonwealth rejoiced that fettered Freeholds and Inheritances were set at Liberty, and many and manifold Inconveniences to the Head and all the Members of the Commonwealth thereby avoided.”

37. Such was the spirit in which the great lawyers of Queen Elizabeth's reign met the attempts of that day to minister to family

* 1 Co 120a.

† A.D. 1611; 10 Co. 35a.

ambition, and to establish a new Family Law. If that spirit had continued we should not now have a great mischief to remedy. But after the Restoration came a period when freedom was not well guarded, and it was during that period that alterations for the worse in our Land Laws were permitted to creep in. It may be that during the civil war it was an important object for rich men of the defeated party (on whichever side they might be) to avoid forfeiture of their lands, and that such a motive came to reinforce the ordinary motives, which indeed are always working strongly enough, for rich families to tie up their wealth. The only known instrument for keeping land in a family, notwithstanding the crimes, the vices, the misfortunes, or the legitimate wishes of its head, was to take away the inheritance from the living, and to give it to the unborn; and accordingly the lawyers set themselves to devise new schemes by which the rules of law might be circumvented, and entails in some measure re-established. It can hardly be doubted that two generations earlier such new devices would have been brushed away as their fellows were by Popham and Coke, or that their success was due to a change in the spirit of the age.

38. The devices themselves were of a very abstruse and technical character; and the reasoning on them is subtle enough to rival the controversy how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. They justify Hallam's remark* that in England "Law has been studied . . . with more solicitude to know its rules and distinctions than to perceive their application to that for which all rules of Law ought to have been established—the maintenance of public and private rights. Nor is there any reading more jejune and unprofitable to a philosophical mind than that of an ancient law book." It must suffice to say here, that when the new law was established, it was found that the owners of land might settle it so as to confer an interest for life only on any person living at the date of the settlement, and to pass the inheritance to any person who should come into existence within twenty-one years after the existing lives were all spent.

39. So far then from our Family Law being an ancient law working undisturbed through many centuries, it has been in operation for little more than two centuries, and its subject-matter has been subjected to very different modes of treatment. Prior to the Statute of Entails, and down to the year 1285, the great families strove to entail their lands, but were defeated by the Judges, who construed away their intentions just as Portia construes, or quibbles, away the meaning of Antonio's bond. Then came the Statute of Entails, which prevailed till the year 1472, and during that time land

* "Middle Ages," vol. ii. p. 469.

became inalienable. That is the epoch of Family Law in its full bloom. A complete reversal of that law was ushered in by *Taltarum's case*, which was in substance a return to the simplicity and freedom of the Common Law. The present system began about the time of the Restoration, and though in stringency of entail it falls short of the epoch governed by the Statute, it still cramps and fetters dealings with land to an injurious extent, ever tending to increase as time runs on. It is another epoch of Family Law in a modified shape.

40. In this history two things are worth remarking. One is that these changes of Law have been preceded by mighty social struggles and shiftings of the balance of power. The Conquest and the introduction of Norman Law must have given great stimulus to, if it did not originate, the practice of gifts to families; the Statute of Entails followed the wars of the Barons with the Crown; *Taltarum's case* was preceded by the Wars of the Roses; the present law by the Great Rebellion and the Restoration. Happily we conduct our controversies in milder fashion; by pamphlets, newspapers, ballot-boxes, and papers in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. But the peaceful social changes of the last fifty years are not less—are much greater I think—than the stormy changes of any of the epochs I have been mentioning; and they may well lead up to a fresh change in the Land Laws. The other remark is that the present shackles upon land are not the result of any national deliberation or decision, but are pure inventions of lawyers. It is always a hazardous thing to assert a negative, but, so far as I know, our Parliaments have never, since the Statute of Entail, just six centuries ago, acted in the direction of fettering inheritances, though they have taken several steps in the opposite direction of setting them free. It is now high time for the Legislature to take this great matter into its own hands, and to revise the Family Law which has got established.

41. The reasons why this revision is wanted are the same in kind as those which induced our forefathers to object to strict entails and to gifts in the nature of Family Settlements. They are the chief reasons assigned by Popham and by Blackstone. The Head of the Family cannot provide freely for his wife and younger children; his eldest son is too independent of him; if he dies, his creditors have no claim against the family land; that land cannot be freely dealt with; long and complex arrangements lead to confusion, to litigation, and expense, and impede facility of transfer. I fully admit that as to some of these evils, they exist now only in a minor degree; for partly by fresh inventions of lawyers, and partly by statute, the rigour of entails has been mitigated so as to give the Head of the Family considerable power, though very far short of complete freedom, for improving the family estate, and some power in many cases to pro-

vide for wife and children according to family circumstances. And we certainly should not now insist on a topic which to the lawyers who lived nearer to troublous times was a grave one—viz. that by entails treasons were encouraged because the inheritance could not be forfeited away from the family. On the other hand, the mischiefs attending the untransferable nature of land are intensified now by the commercial character which has come to prevail throughout the nation, and by the vast increase of population. And having now experienced the working of our Family Law for two centuries, we find that it has the effect of accumulating great masses of land in very few hands—an artificial accumulation constituting a serious political danger. It has been also discovered from the point of view of the great families themselves, that the shackles laid upon the Head of the Family crippled the productiveness of the property. That particular evil has been struck at, and probably much abated, by recent legislation; and as an incident to such legislation it is probable that some part, though not a large part, of the fettered land of the country will become free.

I now propose to show what under the existing law may be done, and what is commonly done, to examine the effect of some recent statutes, and to point out remedies. But the exigencies of space require that this shall be done by a second instalment.

HOBHOUSE.

THE BABYLONIANS AT HOME.

WHEN the first exploration in Mesopotamia brought to light the long-buried remains of the Ninevite and Babylonian Empires, public attention was naturally enough directed exclusively to the plastic monuments which rewarded the zeal of the searchers. Hardly anything was then known of the language, which was written in cunciform characters. But Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture does not possess the richness of ancient Egypt; the bulls and the carved slabs, though highly interesting, have a sameness which the archæologist himself seems soon to get tired of. This poverty of Assyrian art is well illustrated by the excitement which arose when the bronze gate of Salmanāsar II. was discovered, a relic which, if we had as many artistic remains of Assyria as we have of Egypt, would be only of secondary value. The same thing happened in the case of the cunciform historical records which, when the language first began to be known, absorbed all attention: the long and tedious narratives of battles and conquests in the official annals have but little interest beyond the bare facts they contain. Even the learned world grew tired of these long recitals, always cast in the same mould, though attention was still attracted by the light which the mythological tablets and the existence of new languages and dialects, revealed by the bilingual texts, threw on Old Testament history; the general public soon left these questions to philologists, and they unfortunately confined the number to too narrow an area, especially on the Continent, where Assyriologists wasted their energy and knowledge in puerile rabbinical analysis of the Babylonian Syllabaries.

Among the literary treasures brought to light, however, there is a class too much neglected, but which seems to be now attracting more attention from Assyrian scholars—namely, the small tablets of a

private character, of which a great variety is extant. Though few are as yet published or translated, nevertheless there is enough in them to show what a mine of interesting information these tablets contain concerning the manners and customs of the people in their private intercourse, in those early times. These documents have generally been considered as having only a chronological value, the Babylonian contracts, from the time of the Assyrian conquest, being dated by the year of the reigning king. But now that the chronological list of the time has been discovered, we have more accurate dates, so that these tablets remain only to show that, in spite of political changes, commercial activity never abated in Babylon. We have contracts of every year, without interruption, from the Ninevite period down to the Greek conquest. But the chief value of these contracts, no doubt, lies in the information they give as to the manners and customs of the Babylonians, revealing to us, so to speak, the Babylonians at home.

The oldest documents of the kind hitherto discovered carry us back to the time of Hammurabi, who ruled over Babylon from 2120 to 2075 B.C. Their peculiar feature is, that they give the reign, but not the year; thus the date is fixed by the mention of some important event, such as the opening of a canal, the capture of a city, a religious festival, or the like. These events give to these documents no little historical value on account of the events recorded. Their contents are much the same as those of the contracts of the later Babylonian Empire. It is indeed interesting to see the people at this early period selling and buying houses, fields, cows, slaves, &c., or to read a deed of gift from a pious man to the temple, or the record of a judicial decision. The wording differs little from that of the contract of the later periods; though in some cases the transactions are carried on with much more solemnity, as we see by a tablet recording a contract of partnership between two Babylonians. Entering into partnership was called "entering into brotherhood," just as to take a son-in-law is "to take one in sonhood." In the later time entering into partnership was a very simple matter; several tablets recording such arrangements simply say: "A. and B. each bring such and such an amount to form the capital of their business." The only variation in the formula is in the capital, which sometimes consists of landed property and sometimes of corn, cattle, &c.; and, as in our own legislation, when partners borrowed money, each party became answerable for the full amount.¹ In the time of Hammurabi the affair is more complicated and takes the form of a religious ceremony. The two intended partners go into the temple with the magistrate, and are sworn to be faithful to one another; the acolytes answer with a kind of formula on the duty of "brother-

hood." After the ceremony, the magistrate addresses the two "brothers," and a tablet is drawn by the scribe recording the agreement, with the names and seals, sometimes eight or nine in number, of the witnesses. The two partners naturally have to pay heavy fees both to the temple, to the magistrate, and to the scribe, for this performance. This is no doubt the reason why, when commerce became more extensive, the ceremony was given up, and the form of entering into partnership simplified. The tablets of this early period are written in the Semitic dialect, but are difficult to understand on account of the number of ideograms and Akkadian words which they contain. In many cases only the general sense can be made out, and even then it is still doubtful.

By a strange fate, there is a long gap in the series of private tablets brought from Babylonia, and we have nothing from the time of Hammurabi up to the time of the Ninevite kings over Babylon. Even then the tablets are few, and give nothing like a consecutive series until the fall of the Assyrian Empire.

The tablets of the second period are very numerous, and give full particulars about every kind of transaction; we can even see how the laws developed according to the growing wants of the community. The laws, rights, and customs originated in the ancient Akkadian precepts, few of which are preserved in the tablets in the British Museum. But of course new cases and complications arose which were unforeseen by primitive legislators. In such cases, the magistrates had to follow their own judgment and to create precedents, to be referred to in similar circumstances. In the British Museum there is a tablet containing such precedents, preserved, no doubt, for the guidance of the magistrates. Transactions, on the other hand, becoming in course of time more complicated, the parties also felt the necessity of specifying more accurately the details of their contracts. This is why we see in the Persian period the simplest contracts drawn out to the most minute particulars; for instance, when a price is mentioned the tablet specifies in what kind of silver it is to be paid, whether in coined silver or in bullion, &c.

As already stated, these tablets are very varied, and give accounts of every kind of transaction and relation—sales, exchanges, payments, loans, leases of houses or fields, agreements of marriage, deeds of adoption or gift, wills, legal statements (or what we should call affidavits), judicial decisions, and many more. The mere enumeration gives an idea of what a vast amount of information might be obtained by exhaustively studying these tablets. A quotation of one case will show it still more vividly; as the British Museum has had the good fortune to acquire from different sources a series of tablets relating to the same persons and recording several connected transactions, we are able to present the case completely.

During the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, a Syrian merchant named Benhadad settled in Babylon, and married a Babylonian lady, Bunanitim, who brought him as dowry three and a half mana of silver. Benhadad, in consideration, no doubt, of her rank and fortune, associated her with all his transactions, taking her, in fact, as a kind of partner. They bought a house in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, and afterwards borrowed on this house two and a half mana to increase their trading capital. Benhadad, in order to secure to his wife her dowry, took the precaution to settle on her, by a deed, the house and field which they had bought with part of it, on condition that the house and the wife's property should, after her death, go to their children. Their only issue was a daughter, Nupta, whom they married to Benhaddamar, giving her as dowry two mana and ten shekels of silver, together with the furniture for a house. At the death of Benhadad, his brother Akabiel took possession of the house, the furniture, and a male slave. Bunanitim appealed to the law, and the magistrates, after examining the documents and hearing the statements of the parties, decided that Akabiel had no claim at all to the property, and that upon clearing the mortgage on the house by paying two and a half mana to the mortgagee, Bunanitim should take possession of the property. They decided, nevertheless, that according to the arrangement in the deed of gift made by her husband, she must settle on Nupta, her daughter, besides the three and a half mana, the amount of Bunanitim's dowry, her own property, and the slave, the whole of which, however, she was to retain possession of until her death.

The history of Bunanitim raises the interesting question of the position of women in these ancient times. Much has been said about the high estimation in which woman was held among the Babylonians, and some writers have even gone so far as to found some ethnological deductions on this fact. The numerous data given in the private tablets seem, however, to prove that the rights and privileges of women among the Babylonians have been greatly exaggerated. They never had equal footing with men, as in our modern society. They could certainly trade and hold property, but never does a woman appear as witness in any contract. This in itself is sufficient to show that women never had any social standing in Babylon. Indeed, the provisions made for them by their husbands, as in the case of Bunanitim, are only precautions to secure them against abuses to which their inferior position exposed them, and even this seems only to have been done when the family of the woman was rich enough to provide her with a dowry. The object of these provisions is clearly shown by a tablet in which the husband says that his son is to provide food and clothing for his mother, and to take care of her as a loving son, under penalty of disinheritance. This delicate point

was left to the judgment of the mother, who, if she thought her son undutiful, was empowered to have him disinherited. The practice of settling property on women seems to have been pretty general, and explains the fact that in many contracts it is stated that they were drawn up "in the house of the woman so-and-so," the woman being as a rule the wife or mother of one of the contracting parties. Similar provision was sometimes made for unmarried women by their brothers. This is shown in the will of a Babylonian, who leaves to his sister the usufruct of a seed-shop, which she no doubt had kept for him in his lifetime.

The way in which a woman was treated depended very much on her rank. For instance, if a man had married a woman of fortune and wanted to repudiate her on the ground of infidelity, he had to return her dowry; but this was not so if he had taken a wife from the lower class. In a contract of marriage between a rich Babylonian and a woman of the poorer class, it is stipulated that if she is unfaithful she must perish by the sword. The Babylonian custom to vest landed property in women, originated no doubt among the higher class, to provide widows against spoliation by their brothers-in-law and other relatives. It was very likely adopted by the trading class to protect their property in case of commercial failure, as we see it practised in our own times.

When parents married their daughters, they were careful to give in the contract the amount of the dowry, which remained always the sole private property of the wife, and could never be alienated; they also took every precaution against accidents. Thus, in one marriage contract it is stated that if the husband lost his liberty, the wife should go back to her father's house—that is, that the marriage should be dissolved.

It appears to have been far from rare for a man to lose his liberty on account of inability to pay his debts, as we know often happened in Rome. The Babylonians borrowed not only on their property, but often also on their children, and even on themselves. If they were unable to pay back, their children and themselves became the property of the money-lender, who could sell or keep them as slaves. Slave-trading was one of the most flourishing branches of commerce, as might be expected in a time when there was no substitute for manual labour. War gave to the kings the hands which built their huge monuments, but private individuals had to buy their slaves. When a girl was married she always received as dowry, besides a sum of money, one, or perhaps more, slaves. No doubt domestic and agricultural slaves formed the bulk of the class, but the slave-breeder had many different articles in stock, and he spared neither money nor trouble to satisfy his customers. Slaves obtained in childhood or born from slaves were either trained by their masters in the various branches of

industry, or else received lessons from teachers in the higher branches of education. These last were of course the most expensive, as they had to be trained at greater cost; some were taught to act as scribes, others to carve stone or to engrave gems for seals. Industrial slaves were placed while boys as apprentices to blacksmiths, potters, &c. A slave-dealer drew large profit by letting these slaves on hire, and in some cases, doubtless, slave-lending was a separate business. In order to secure their retention, slaves were sometimes marked on the hand with the name of their owner, but this was rarely resorted to, as their sale was thus rendered difficult. There are several tablets relating to contests arising from this custom. When a slave, however, was thus sold it was always mentioned particularly that if he should be claimed by the person whose name was marked, or by his relations, the purchase-money should be refunded.

Money-lending was the business next in importance to slave-dealing. The greater part of the so-called Egibi tablets are agreements for loans in which the borrower binds himself to return the amount together with interest prescribed in the contract. Some of these contracts are really statements recording a loan, which were drawn up when payment became due, in order to levy execution on the borrower. When a Babylonian wanted to begin business, he often borrowed upon his own property, so as to get the necessary capital. Several tablets record the agreements of two parties mortgaging their houses with the (stated) intention of creating a capital, and of starting business. The system of taxation in Babylonia also made money-lenders indispensable, especially to agriculturists, who had to pay their taxes before harvest, and were therefore obliged to borrow on their future crops. Interest was generally, though not always, paid by the month, and capital was paid back by instalments; the interest was about one-sixtieth per month, or 20 per cent. per annum. But what increased the profit of a money-lender most was the system, which is still in use in Asia Minor, of paying taxes in kind. The agriculturist had to buy grain when the price was high, and, when the harvest came, to realize at a low price. Hence a money-lender was often also a corn and grain lender; many contracts record loans of corn and money, and the time mentioned for repayment is generally harvest-time.

Merchants, at the outset of their career, also had need of the money-lender. When a man married, it was customary for him to take a house for himself and for his young wife. Sometimes he had not the money necessary for that purpose or for his trade capital; he then often had to buy the house with his wife's dowry, and the house was therefore her private property. This, again, is one of the reasons why houses were mostly owned by women in Babylonia. The trade in houses became very brisk at the time of the Persian

conquest, as this dynasty brought a new influx of people into the old capital of Babylonia. From the beginning of Cyrus' reign to the end of Darius' we have a great many tablets recording the sale of houses, or the letting of them for certain periods at a fixed rent, which was to be paid in two or more instalments yearly. This sudden demand for houses under the first Persian rulers recalls to mind what happened in Berlin when that city became the capital of the new German Empire. There was such a rush for houses that a crisis ensued. In Babylon the leases hardly ever extended over four or five years.

Another class of documents not less interesting consists of private letters. These are not so numerous as the contracts, but the British Museum possesses a good variety of them. They are not dated, but their date can be pretty accurately fixed by the style of writing and the context. They mostly relate to commercial business. For instance, a man writes to his brothers sending them a consignment of corn, and begging them to place the amount to his credit. Other letters give information on the state of the crops or on certain business transactions; others speak of family matters, and are full of interesting particulars.

It would be easy to extend this article, but my intention is only to call attention to a branch of study unfortunately too much neglected. The original documents are still buried in the various public collections of Europe, and consequently only one who could devote his whole time to their examination could study them fully. A few specimens indeed have been lithographed in that splendid collection, "*The Inscriptions of Western Asia*," published by the trustees of the British Museum, and in some other publications in France, Germany, and America; but even if all were gathered together, they are still too few to enable a scholar to get the information necessary for acquiring a real knowledge of their valuable contents. It is only by examining several hundreds of them that any one can hope to acquire sufficient acquaintance with their style and character to understand them easily and thoroughly. The texts, being written in a cursive hand, are difficult to read, so that unless a student has given special attention to this style of writing, he is in danger of misreading many characters. It is for this reason that few of the texts published abroad are correct, but even with a correct copy it is not easy to make out any particular text on account of the new words it contains, which can only be explained by collecting parallel passages. Nothing but the accurate and careful publication of a great many texts would enable the bulk of Assyriologists to undertake with success the study of these interesting documents.

G. BERTIN.

THE NATIONALITY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE late rally from all quarters in this country round the Church, when threatened by electioneering clamour, invites much reflection. Other subjects press for more immediate action, but none for more careful attention, lest so favourable an opportunity be lost for uniting forces in a common cause which may be ruined by senseless division. Fancied foes and staunch defenders of the Church seem enveloped in a cloud of mutual misunderstanding. Arrayed apart are supposed deserters, and the defence is an entrenchment set up within the camp acting as a barrier against outsiders falling in again, while a common enemy is pressing round them all. In apparent isolation from what is invidiously called "the Establishment" are irregular volunteers who might be auxiliaries in the service.

The nationality of the Church seems ignored. Dissenters shut their eyes to their share and interest in it, and think its necessary institutional and general authority an assumption over individual liberty. They sacrifice to freedom what is required for combined action. On the other hand, the Church assumes a stiffness trenching on exclusiveness, as if a national institution must not embrace many differences in the nation within the essential conditions of its general purpose.

That the English Church was, from the first, a national embracement of Christianity, freely instituted by the private devotion of all, for the public use of all, seems too little borne in mind.

Yet if there is anything more completely national in the institutions of this country than any other it is the Church. Adopted by the nation in its earliest infancy, endowed voluntarily, by all who had anything to endow it with, in trust for the whole nation, in every part of the kingdom; growing with the growth of the nation, now for a

thousand years, and up to the present day; adapting itself to national feeling, as it most signally did at the Reformation, and offering always to every class and individual of the nation free right to all its ministrations, without imposing any burden or asserting any privilege or right which is not equally possessed by every other institution; the Church of England, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "is so vital a part of the history of this country that it would lose all order, life, and meaning without it" (Hansard, cccvi. 47).

When Christianity first dawned upon this land, the Church, in its present organization, supplanted the Druid worship of the uncivilized British. It next suppressed the heathenism brought in by the Saxon conquerors, and gained a moral conquest over them. Kings, chiefs, and popular councils owned its sway. The kingdoms of the Heptarchy became dioceses, and every manor became a parish. Church government took parallel form with civil polity. Every landowner (land being the only wealth of those times), on embracing Christianity, dedicated a tenth of his property to the service of the Church, as a moral obligation recognized throughout Christendom and handed down from divine institution. When commerce had produced other kinds of wealth, a statute (32 Henry VIII. cap. 7) made clearer the Saxon law which included "personal tithes" in like obligation in these words: "that all persons exercising merchandize, handicraft, or other art (other than common day labourers) might pay the tenth part of their gains to the Church" (Collier, Eccles. Hist. v. 310). This general idea of the national obligation is worth the consideration of those who now propose to give back to landowners their original dedication to the Church.

The Church's property is not national property, but an appropriation of private property in trust for the national Church. At first the clergy resided with their bishops, and travelled about the diocese, preaching at crosses in the open air. Buildings as well as endowments came gradually, by the spontaneous zeal of the wealthier Churchmen. Cathedrals were built, and lands settled on them, by royal and proprietary benefactions; and Church estates have continued to be augmented by private munificence constantly to the present day. Personal property has not, indeed, been so readily brought under contribution, nor are its owners likely to be equally cognizant of the obligation with landowners having tenantry requiring Church services round them. Monied men have sometimes invested their money in land for the very purpose of making themselves more conscious of the obligations of wealth for the moral as well as physical requirements of their fellow-countrymen. As for Church provision throughout the kingdom, scarcely a year passes but some new ecclesiastical districts are made by landowners to meet the growing or migrating population. The Primate lately pointed out the fact that the Ecclesiastical Com-

mission was dealing, not with any established Church fund, but either resuscitating defunct provisions, or appropriating fresh benefactions which are constantly being received from private sources in trust for the national Church.

No Church fund has ever been created by Parliament, nor does any contribution to the Church ever appear in parliamentary estimates. The language of the State with reference to the Church has always agreed with the first article of Magna Charta: "The English Church shall be free, and have her rights and liberties inviolable"—that is, be on the same footing of independent institution under legal protection as any other trust in the kingdom—a spiritual society under the conditions of civil life.

There are two strange views taken of the effect of the Reformation on the English Church; one that it set up a new Church and a new religion in this country, and the other that the religious sects which have since sprung up disintegrated the national Church.

Of the first of these views the absurdity needs little exposure. The people constitute the Church, and they remained the same after the Reformation as before. By D'Aubigné's account, "*près de deux cents ans avant la Réformation, l'Angleterre paraissait déjà lassé du joug de Rome.*" By Hume's account, "even the monkish writers represented one half of the kingdom to be followers of Wickliffe." Mr. Bright lately sneered at "the Church of Henry VIII." He has not read the history of his country far enough back to know how long before Henry's quarrel with the Pope the people of England were impatient for an opportunity of reformation, and, if this one had not occurred, they would have found means to rid themselves of the foreign usurpation of the national Church. The riddance of corruption did not change the Church itself. A man retains his identity after the most thorough washing. Even Arabian fancy left Sindbad the same man to continue his adventures after ridding himself of the old man of the sea. It was not till the seventh century that the Pope assumed authority in the English Church, and to say that when the nation found the consequent abuses intolerable, and took advantage of an opportunity to escape from them, they set up a different Church, is to suppose the essence of the old Church to have consisted solely of those abuses. To take Bishop Jewell's words, "we departed from the errors of the Romish Church, but not from the Church itself." Polly has gone so far as to say that we owe our cathedrals to Roman Catholics, and therefore have no right to them. Some cathedrals date before Romish interference; and all, like every other dedication to the English Church, have been totally free from any sort of condition of adherence to the Church of Rome. The charters of the Saxon kings securing property to the Church ran thus: "for the good of the people and for the prosperity of the king-

dom we grant free tenure to the Holy Church" (Collier, i. 368). No law or charter has ever restricted the gifts made to the English Church to other than national purposes.

As to the other strange theory, that Sects springing up after the Reformation have disintegrated the national Church and become separate Churches themselves, we have only to look into the history of the principal Sects to see the utter untenableness of such a view. It would be a misfortune to all concerned if it were possible that a number of ever-varying and frequently subdivided societies, such as have from the earliest times existed in the Christian Church, through earnestly religious men following arbitrary, or even erroneous, views or leaders on special points of doctrine or of discipline, all appealing from interpretation to Scripture—the chief one in the English Church having had for its main object the revival of the Church itself—should be considered aliens and separate from the Church. Such division of the Body of Christ would obliterate the last trace of Christian unity, treating the peccant members as enemies and not as brothers. Dissenters there are in every Church, in none more than in that of Rome, which pretends to paramount unity but wisely treats such freedom as within its fold. Difference of view on every subject, especially on religious subjects, is inseparable from human nature; but it would be a monstrous exaggeration of a principle to imagine "*quot homines tot ecclesiæ*." The strictest theology recognizes different degrees of schism, or of broken communion, on account of disagreement in matters of faith or discipline; and there may be separation of worshippers without schism on points of doctrine. There are varieties of views within Church-communion as wide apart as between sects outside.

There are two main tendencies of the human mind which show themselves in opinions on all subjects; one taking individual judgment as the test of truth, and the other submitting willingly to authority. In Church matters, the two lead respectively to Dissent and Catholicity—in religious exercises, to enthusiasm or to ceremonial—in worship, to sentimental or dramatic services. A Church cannot be national which fails of scope for both these tendencies, even in their extremes. What healthy body without living extremities? It is this comprehensiveness which avoids intolerance. Since the Reformation the two main tendencies have shown themselves—the one in clinging to Romish ritual, and priestly mediation as distinct from ministration; the other running riot in asserting religious liberty, and Puritanical aversion to all observances or authority in the Church.

There are in regular Church-communion the Orthodox and Evangelical parties, the High and Low Church. Each has usefully at times chastened the other, and to each the nation has been indebted for religious order or revival. But the Puritan tendency took special

advantage of the freedom of times of reformation, and broke out wildly in sectional eclecticism.

The first sect that sprung from Puritanism in this country was that of Independents or Congregationalists. They introduced from Holland disputes about discipline and church polity, asserting the right of self-government, and refusing to recognize bishops of dioceses, but only pastors of independent congregations. They appealed to Scripture for this acceptance of the word church, and all they require for admission to membership is a declaration of belief in Scripture, and of personal Christian "experience"—a Calvinistic idea of pure communion. If such a sect could be thought a Church, it clearly could not be a national one; but in the essence of Christian doctrine it does not differ from the Church.

Next came the sect of Baptists, in the seventeenth century, a milder offshoot from the wild fanaticism of the Anabaptists, coming from Holland also. Their speciality regards both the subjects and the mode of baptism. In proof that the subjects should be adults, they appeal to the original command to baptize those who believe; and for the mode, they appeal to primitive practice, and to the Scriptural figure of washing away of sin, as proofs that it should be by immersion and not by only sprinkling. Consequently, they consider a personal profession of faith before a congregation a necessary preliminary to the rite. The sect is divided into "General" and "Particular" Baptists, and some of both divisions allow mixed Communion with those who have been baptized in infancy. As to discipline, they agree with the Independents.

There is, certainly, nothing so vital to the Church as its Sacraments; still, a conscientious scruple as to the Scriptural meaning of baptismal regeneration, and an idea of superstition in the parental act of faith, however painful to those who find no stumbling-block of private judgment against the doctrine of the Church, to whom it must seem dreadful that any children should die unbaptized, are not a sufficient ground for absolute excommunication, nor for the national Church to look on earnest Christians as its foes.

Robert Hall was the most eminent Baptist preacher of the past, as Spurgeon is of the present day. In a celebrated sermon on "Terms of Communion," Robert Hall thus expressed his views:—

"Unity is an essential character of the Church of Christ, and, though it branches out into many societies, it is still one. Nothing can be more abhorrent from the principles and maxims of the sacred oracles than the idea of a plurality of true Churches neither in actual communion with each other nor in a capacity for such communion. Violation of purity of worship may justify declining external communion with a Church with which, nevertheless, we cease not to cultivate a communion of spirit."

"The return of such men," says Curteis; "to an honoured place in the Church's ranks may yet be hoped for" ("Bampton Lectures," 1871).

During the great rebellion, ecclesiastical as well as regal government fell into abeyance; but the national Church maintained its functions independently, upholding throughout the country the spiritual and ministerial requirements of Christian religion. The Church was, indeed, for the time deprived of the temporalities with which the nation's devotion had endowed it; but its foundation, both of institution and of action, remained intact. A body of eminent ecclesiastics held up the apostolic doctrine and forms of worship with that singleness of spirit which an appeal to primitive authority alone can give. The bishops, though deprived for the time of temporal and civil rights vested in their office by ancient constitution, persevered to discharge as well as they could the functions of episcopacy till order was restored.

Of course disordered times bred more sectarianism. The strong personal influence of a man of uneducated enthusiasm, George Fox, set up the sect of Quakers with more permanence than was the lot of many others which at this time sprung up and died away with their authors. The speciality of the Quakers was trusting to inward spiritual movings, and rejecting all dogma and ceremony. Their rule of faith is individual inspiration—a rule of course most vague and accidental, and productive of multiplied heresy, or eclecticism, in the place of all authority. As they boasted of equal fidelity to all civil government, whether the usurpation of the Rump Parliament, of Cromwell, or of any other, so they may be said to extend a not unfriendly indifference to Church authority. Their relation to the Church in the matter of religion is much the same as their relation to civil government in the matter of peace and war—a practical allegiance under theoretical protest. Had the Church been in such vigorous action in Fox's time as it is now, he would have found full scope for his individual energies in its communion. He sought for the disembodied spirit of the Church "abstract as in a trance, though only sleeping"—for sacraments of inward grace without the outward signs. This principle, so exaggerated in dreams of enthusiasm, may subside with the Sect itself into the bosom of the Church again. Quakers are greatly diminishing in numbers, which only the congenial soil of republican America can at all maintain. We know of many of whom the Church might be proud.

The Revolution brought toleration to all Dissenting bodies with the sole exception of Unitarians. James had even attempted, under cover of toleration of Dissent, to regain Church ascendancy for Papists. Nonjurors and Nonconformists became, as it were, the supporters on either side of the armorial bearings of the national Church. But the period of toleration was one of slack tide on the turn, in religious as well as political spirit. The oaths of allegiance and supremacy being alone required, perfect freedom of worship was

recognized by law. The temporal head of the English Church having ousted foreign supremacy, and taking for himself a coronation oath to preserve inviolate the settlement of the Church, held up a national standard of religion, under which sectarianism was avowedly reduced to a subaltern level. But it is remarkable that the only sect excepted from the Toleration Act was the one that emerged soon after into public recognition. From Cromwell's friendly coverture and William's verbal exception, Unitarians came out as a recognized sect. There have been many phases of Unitarianism, varying from Arianism to Socinianism—that is, from assertion of our Lord's separate but eternal deity, to Dr. Price's theory that "our Lord was a highly exalted man in whom the Godhead dwelt." On the whole, the comprehensive distinction of the sect may be described as a cold, intellectual freedom from any definite Christian creed, and a vain metaphysical philosophy about the personality of the Holy Trinity utterly beyond the scope of human understanding. Miss Martincau professed it as "a protest in defence of intellectual freedom within Christ's Church." Prebendary Curteis calls it "a reaction against a narrow and intolerant Puritanism, distinctly in the direction of the Church;" and he comes to the conclusion "that, say what men will, it is impossible for any observant man to believe that the separation of the Unitarians from the Church is a fundamental or a permanent one" ("Bampton Lectures," 1871, p. 318).

The Methodism of John Wesley began late in the last century—not a philosophical sect as the last-named, but an appeal to the feelings of the mass of the people. Wesley was a devoted Churchman to his dying day. His great object was Church revival—expressly "a revival within the Church of England." At his first conference with his associates he said: "We are not seceders, nor any resemblance to them; we set out on quite opposite principles" ("Minutes of Conference, 1744–89"). His final Deed of Declaration, made in his old age, and formally enrolled in Chancery, 1784, entrusted to the Conference, with all its property, the unlimited direction of the Society. They certainly departed from their founder's design of Church revival very materially in setting up a rival ministry of their own ordination. Nevertheless, says Prebendary Curteis, "we may affirm that the Methodist Societies are nothing more or less than the very well-known phenomenon in the history of the Church, the rise of a new religious order within her pale." The separatist spirit showed itself much more in frequent secessions from the original Society than in any secession of the Society from the Church. Lady Huntingdon's Connexion, the Kilhamites of 1797, the Methodist New Connexion, Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, and Dr. Warren's Wesleyan Methodist Association of 1849, have successively detached themselves; but, so far from affecting the

national standard of religious faith, they rather illustrate the freedom of separate association within the body of the national Church. There are some, indeed, rightly called political Methodists, who discard all claim to any kindred spirit with their founder by a bitterness of rivalry with the Church. Like the false mother, they would sacrifice the child to jealousy—religion to party triumph. Their ideal of Christianity loses the essential characteristic of love in the spirit of envy—"see how these Christians hate one another." Amongst such criers for fraternity each is looking for the elder brother's place. They have a democratic impatience of any authority but their own. It is its Prelacy rather than the Church itself that they hate. There is also a separating interest created by the corporate property of the sects, whose members, as shareholders, depend on sustained connection whether for dividend or debt.

But as to association distinctly for religious purposes, nothing has been more habitual in this country since the Church has freely enjoyed self-administration. Societies for "Reformation of Manners," "for Suppression of Vice," "for Mutual Edification," and many others of similar designations have been formed, differing from sects only in less wide and complete organization, and not at all in variety of religious views.*

Of existing sects, the Registrar-General's last Report states the number in England to be thirty-four—twenty-five "native" and nine "foreign" (by which he means such as the Lutheran, German, and Dutch Reformers, and Greek and Roman Catholics). Of the twenty-five native sects, many are subdivisions of the larger sects—seven of Wesleyans and five of Baptists. Surely these various idiosyncrasies, however erring, do not detract from the value or integrity of the national Church, under whose shelter they have for the time been set up by parties "working in self-chosen ways," from which they may return.

A national Church means the Church of the bulk of the nation. If Englishmen generally adopted the Mahomedan, Hindoo, or Buddhist faith, such would be the national religion, and such must be accordingly any national institution for worship. It has been said lately, by an eminent judge, that this is no longer a Christian country, since the possession of Christianity is no longer necessary for admission to its Legislature or civil Offices. But our own rule in India disposes of this dictum, for there the religion of the Government is not that of the country, but the nation is none the less nationally Hindoo. The defence for disestablishing and disendowing the English Church in Ireland was that the great majority of the Irish were Roman Catholics, and the endowments had not come from national devotion.

* Take, for instance, the Church Missionary Society and that for the Propagation of the Gospel.

As Mr. Bright observed in the debate, this removed all possible analogy between the case of the Church in Ireland and in England. The English Church is the Church of the English nation generally, or there is no national Church at all. But it is, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "impressed on the hearts and feelings of the great mass of the people, and enters profoundly into the entire life and action of the country" (Hansard, ccxvi. 47). When Mr. Miall made his repeated attacks on it in 1871, 1872, and 1873, Mr. Gladstone defeated him by majorities increasing up to ten to one. He quoted, in enforcement of his own enthusiastic expressions, the following remarkable words of Dr. Döllinger, which he adopted as an opinion of the highest value coming from an outside observer pre-eminently qualified to speak on the subject, and thoroughly acquainted with the religious condition of this country :—

"It may be said with truth that no Church is so national as the English, so deeply rooted in popular affection, so bound up with the institutions and manners of the country, or so powerful in its influence on national character. Of late years it has extended its range, and strengthened itself internally, by the foundation of numerous colonial bishoprics in all parts of the globe. It possesses a rich theological literature, an excellent translation of the Bible, and the cold, dull indifference which on the Continent has spread like a deadly mildew over all degrees of society has no place in the British Isles."

The mass of non-political Dissenters show more and more consciousness of their share and interest in the Church. The Primate, in his late visitation in Wales, was struck with the evidence of this steadily increasing sense. He had before, in Cornwall, found the Wesleyans some of his best auxiliaries. The reception of the genial new Bishop of Lincoln, lately, in towns chiefly peopled by Dissenters, who crowded to greet him, filled his church, and made the largest offertories in Communion, bears the same happy testimony. A distinguished Nonconformist made a remarkable protest in one of the newspapers against the clamour for Church disestablishment raised by demagogues during the election. "I think it an unrighteous proposal, seeing as I do, in this attack on the noblest institution of our country, a blow struck at religion generally, and a crime. It would be a national disaster under which the country would reel and stagger for generations, and perhaps never recover from."

But, in a letter to the *Times* from the well-known S. G. O., it is truly said that "the vital question is how far, in the form and with the power it may at present possess, the Church is of the real practical value which it assumes to be." A better answer to this question could hardly be given than in the words of the high-minded veteran Liberal Statesman, Lord Grey, in his recent appeal to Mr. Gladstone to speak out now as he did in the debates just quoted from :

"This ancient institution is of inestimable value to the nation, affording the best means of bringing home to the people the primary truths of Christianity ;

giving them, and especially those who are too poor and ignorant to seek it for themselves, the blessing of religious instruction and comfort. The services of our Church, which are freely tendered to all, are in the highest degree useful, not only to those who accept them, but also to those who decline to receive them, since they tend to keep up in the whole nation a more general sense of duty to God, and a higher standard of morality than could be maintained without the aid of a national Church. Many pious Dissenters have distinctly acknowledged this, and have recognized how much their societies have gained by their contact with the Church of the nation."

The Bishop of Carlisle's reply to Lord Ebury may be quoted as a pendant to this lay view, as the view of one nobly engaged in the highest office of the Church.

"Whether we look to towns or villages, to the work of Sunday or of week-day ministrations, to the material condition of our churches, or to the spiritual agencies employed within them, the work of the Church for the spiritual welfare of the nation is simply immeasurable. The efforts of the last century to make our parishes manageable in respect of area and population, and to give every parish a resident minister, cannot be ignored in any fair judgment."

There are, however, some who see no merit in the nationality of a Church. They would prefer that all religious ministration should be left to independent congregations, and that there should be no national recognition of religion whatever. They consider the protection of life, limb, and property the only joint undertaking of a commonwealth, at least at home; and a national Church seems to them an interference with individual freedom. It is strange that any man pretending to statesmanlike views should think it not difficult only, but actually undesirable, to realize the influences of a national Church—should see nothing in it calculated to refine and elevate the national life. Is there nothing of value, for instance, in a nation's having means of united thanksgiving or submission to God on occasions of common interest of joy or sorrow? American writers admit that our monarchical constitution has the advantage of uniting sympathy between the head and whole body of the nation, as of one family, whatever events may stir the deeper feelings of humanity. Foreigners find, in dealing with England, they have to deal with a people, not with a Government only. Is there no parallel advantage in a national profession of religion? Hardly a barbarous race is without something of the sort. Was British Druidism so far in advance of the Christianity which superseded it that all sense of the value of a national faith was lost in the exchange? What, in fact, has been the result of the "liberation" of the English Church in America? There exists, indeed, in New England, in great vigour, the Episcopal Church which came there from the old country; but around it there rages a sectarianism with a bitterness of spirit such as has never violated Christian unity at

home. The eminent author of "Men and Manners in America" attributes to the want of a national Church the rending into shreds and patches of individual teaching all religious opinion throughout the country, and a total want of any religious teaching in many rural districts, realizing the etymology of the word "paganism."

The idea of a national Church does not imply the reduction of all religious views held by any bodies in the nation to a common denominator. Such an idea is obviously as impossible as foolish. A Church coeval with the nation, providing distinct religious requisites for the whole nation by means nationally devoted to its use, having met the nation's demand in a great and prolonged effort for its reformation from abuses, and recognized throughout the nation's history as part of its national identity, surely is a national institution, although some of the nation enjoying its benefits may, for various reasons, worship apart by themselves, and even though those reasons be at variance with the Church's doctrine. The English branch of the Christian Church is not obliged to abandon distinctive catholicity in order to exercise a catholic spirit, as far as possible, for the nation. The national Church does, indeed, give wide scope to variety of views of its own doctrine, from almost Papal notions, such as that of priestly absolution, to the lowest Methodistical sentiment; but in so doing maintains its creed, sacraments, ministry, and gospel message to the people. The High Church party would give up nationality for the more vigorous and exclusive exercise of spiritual authority. They might find too late that they were driving a narrow and intolerant optimism to the loss of all hold on the people. On the other hand, the Prebendary already quoted sees hopeful signs that earnest men of all the Christian sects are coming steadily to a clearer recognition of Church communion. Mr. Spurgeon's late avowal of his opinion, that "the common enemy of scepticism was better met by statement of the essential truths of the Christian faith in Church, than in many Dissenting pulpits," supports this hopeful view. The egotism of party rivalry on one side, and the cold shoulder of pharisaical authority contemptuously presented to it, on the other, surely cannot be allowed much longer to keep religious Wesleyans, using the same creed and liturgy, from full partnership with the Church which their founder laboured to revive and strengthen. May not even a partnership of service be found for their ministry in the Church?

Certainly, to retain its nationality, the Church must keep its ministrations fully bearing on the people at large. It must appeal to their hearts and minds and consciences. It should be able to do soundly what, for instance, the Salvationists have roughly wrought with the masses. It must therefore have some better means to adapt its work to the varying circumstances of the nation; and enlist its whole member-

ship, lay and clerical, within its councils. No sufficient machinery is now possessed by the English Church for the discharge of such duties to the nation, nor for full and faithful communication of essential Christian doctrine to all classes of the people.

Powers for complete self-administration have been given to the Irish Church in consideration of its violent spoliation. The far greater violence requisite for like spoliation of the private endowments of the English Church is not a necessary preliminary for giving it similar powers of self-administration. The Act of 1869 for disestablishing the Church in Ireland empowered the clergy and laity to meet in Synod for the general management and affairs of the Church. The Synod constituted, incorporated by Royal Charter, has very successfully dealt with matters of administration. In anything affecting articles, ritual, or rubric it must proceed by Bill through both its Houses, introduced by a resolution passed in full Synod, and with ultimate sanction by two-thirds of each order.

A national Church Council in England would have to deal with such subjects in a like guarded manner, and with the sanction of the Crown. There might be full securities against any departure from primitive doctrine.

No reason exists for considering the Church's Articles as for ever formulated with verbal rigidity, frequently as they were at the time revised, and even submitted to parliamentary handling. Nor can the Act of Elizabeth make the decisions of the first four General Councils cover all possible requirements for ever of the English Church. Each of those Councils was convened to deal with particular heresies consecutively arising. The first Christians had no need of more than a general declaration of their faith in the Messiah. Elaborate formularies represent current necessities. It is a confession of paralysis if the Church can no longer speak; or a symptom of mistrust of living principle if it dare not speak. If the one great Reformation is to date and stereotype all formularies, the foolish thought might find excuse that it was the origin and end of our Church foundation. The English Church might then be fairly characterized as for ever simply Protestant, and Nonconformists as men taking perpetual pugnacity as their corporate idea of Christian life.

The House of Commons, certainly, has become a very obstructed medium for any legislation, and especially ecclesiastical. Not that its inaptness for Church affairs reflects on the nationality of the Church. Numbers having been substituted for interests as the factors of elections, electioneering agencies have much diminished the national representativeness of the House. Lord Lorne lately showed inappreciation of the more representative character of the House of Lords, and seemed to ignore altogether the existence of a national

Church, when he argued that bishops could have no defence for being there unless all religious sects were likewise represented.

Parliament, however, in the formation of a Synod, need have nothing more to do with Church legislation than what it habitually does with various associations for recognized purposes—that is, give powers for self-administration through a representative council. The Friendly Societies Act, for instance, gives powers of by-legislation on specified matters, such as terms of admission, administration, enforcement of rules, &c., all which has only to be certified by a Crown registrar. Whether a society keeps within its powers is a question for decision by appeal to the courts of law. The Irish Church has courts of first instance of its own, but subject to such final appeal as to interpretation of terms; and so should the English Church be empowered also, subject to the supreme tribunals as to its acting *intra vires*, as the Commission of 1882 recommend. The constitution of the English Church Council should, like the Irish, be of two Houses, clerical and lay; the latter House by election on a qualification of declaration of Church membership. It is not beyond hope that this freer and more effective action for national legislative and administrative functions might be granted by Parliament to the Church.

“To such, however,” in Mr. George Russell’s words in the last number of this REVIEW, “as think that the day has gone by for parliamentary interference, even to this extent, in religious matters, the plan which most commends itself would be an immense extension, under the sanction of the bishops of each diocese, of the system of voluntary councils.” Voluntary consultation should embrace larger areas than parochial. Of voluntary action generally, Canon Jellett, of the Irish General Synod, at the Carlisle Congress, well said :—

“In Diocesan Conferences the clergy and people can learn to know each other, and to get rid of class jealousies and professional prejudices. The several parties which exist within the same communion, for I will not say into which the Church is divided, can see how much more there is in which they all agree than in what they disagree; and brotherly affection one for the other, and love for their common mother, the great Church of England, ought to make that Church effective against wrong, and powerful in working national good.”

NORTON.

WASTE IN WHEAT CROPS.

CAN anything new be said on this important subject? Is there anything yet left to be learnt by the farmer or the man of science? Are there any popular errors about the wheat plant to be corrected, any special experiments yet to be made, any contrivances by which two bushels can be grown instead of one? Lastly, is there any needless waste in harvesting, any faulty practice that may be avoided?

It is the object of this paper to call attention to these important questions, though it may be difficult to suggest answers to some of them. The time of great agricultural depression is certainly opportune to the inquiry. If wheat is, to the grower, ruinously cheap, let him by all means endeavour to get more of it from a given area; or if that cannot be done, let him at least thoroughly understand the reasons why such a prospect is hopeless.

Experiments and observations made on a few square yards of land may appear trifling to those who farm hundreds of acres, and the results too insignificant to be worth recording. But farmers, as a rule, have neither time nor training for minute experiments, which indeed they are too apt to deride or disparage. If they are told that, whereas a single grain normally produces 300, less than twenty for every grain sown is the average number that gets into the market; if it is suggested to them that the rough processes of harvesting involve a great deal of waste, they express incredulity, or they will curtly ask, what can *you* know about farming and wheat crops, or estimate how much *they* lose in the open field or the stack-yard? What seems more singular, they are generally indifferent to such waste; the truth being, that they do not think much about it, because the subject has never been brought home to them by any accurate statement of facts. Practical agriculture is one thing,

inquiring into causes and reasoning from facts is another; the two branches of knowledge are different and independent.

A single grain of wheat will produce from five to seven ear-bearing stalks. The single blade "spears" first into three, then into five or more side-shoots, every one of which, separated and transplanted by hand, will form a new plant. Each ear contains, on fairly good land, from fifty to sixty, sometimes even seventy, grains. Three or four of the terminal grains are generally smaller, or otherwise defective, and are rejected in winnowing and dressing the wheat. But as a fair average, on a moderate estimate, a single grain can produce 300.

This means, of course, that every bushel sown *can*, theoretically at least, yield 300 bushels. But practically one bushel yields only about twelve, or possibly fifteen, since twenty-four to thirty bushels per acre is the average crop (in England) from two bushels, or a little more, of seed. It is only under very favourable circumstances of soil and season that as much as fifty bushels can be brought into the market from a single acre. But this establishes the fact that it is not from want of room that so little is usually got out of an acre, even under good and careful farming. The deficiency is due to various causes, which we propose to consider.

In tracing then the bushel sown to the twelve bushels that come into the farmers' sacks, we have to inquire, what proportion of the seed germinates, how much of it rots in the earth, or is picked up by birds, or eaten by mice, or destroyed by wire-worm or other ground pests. How much of it comes to nothing, or has not sufficient room to expand from too thick sowing? How much grain is shed from over-ripeness, or consumed by the depredations of small birds, or shaken out by high winds, or by knocking about in reaping, forking, carting, stacking, threshing, binding in sheaves, and setting them up? What percentage must be deducted for "tail wheat," or small grains rejected? A very considerable quantity, without doubt, is the aggregate loss from these causes combined. Still, the immense difference between the quantity that can be, and theoretically ought to be, produced, and that which actually goes into the market, remains to be more clearly accounted for. For my own part, I have never seen any discussion of the subject.

My contention is, that the loss of grain in the various processes of harvesting must be much greater than is commonly supposed. If the ancient way of threshing, for example, was to tread out the grain by driving oxen over it on a hard floor, a good deal must certainly be lost by the heavy boots of the men walking and stamping on the sheaves, even when they yield to pressure, first on the cart, then upon the stack. If you take a ripe wheat-ear and strike it on a table, you will see some grains fly out, and if you look at the spot

where a wheatshaf has fallen from a cart, you will find that some corn has been shed. Some few thrifty farmers line the corn waggons with canvas, and spread tarpaulins round the base of a stack; but the great majority are content to let the fowls pick up the shed grains. Yet it is common enough to see stackyards and even stubble-fields green with sprouting corn. And a careful observer, walking over a field just left by the gleaners, will very often notice plenty of loose grains still remaining for the birds and the field-mice, besides what germinates if the ploughing be delayed. Again, in the farmyard, a perpetual depredation is carried on upon the corn-stack by poultry, mice, rats, pigeons, and sparrows, the only way to check which is to build the stacks on stone props and dress down the sides.

These considerations show, beyond a doubt, that a considerable percentage of the grains actually ripened in the field is annually lost in the stackyard. More, probably much more, is thus wasted than is really necessary, and that some remedy could be devised seems by no means incredible. With the view of ascertaining with something like accuracy the actual produce of the wheat plant, I sowed, on the 6th of September last, on a small piece of garden ground, which would be called only moderately good wheat land, three separate parcels, each of fifty average wheat grains. Special selection seemed unfair, although, as a fact, seed wheat is generally taken from a finer and sounder sample. Of these three parcels, which I will call A, B, C, the first was sown broadcast, B was set in two rows, after the manner of drilled wheat, and C in separate grains six inches apart. All these were carefully covered with earth, deep enough to protect them from the sparrows. Besides these I planted separately twelve grains, three and a half inches deep (D), and three grains in each of three holes one inch deep (E). It will be observed that these represent all the ordinary conditions of field culture. I found that of A only twenty-five came up; of B, thirty; and of C, thirty-eight. Of D not a single one germinated, and only one of E. On the last day of November all seemed sufficiently grown for the purpose of an approximate estimate. One of my objects was to find out with certainty (a matter of practical importance in reference to their sowing) into what number of separate ear-bearing stems a single blade will "spear," and I wished also to watch the process, under the different conditions. For, if you pull up from a stubble-field a stump or root of seven stems, though it seems one plant, still, if you disentangle the matted fibres, you will often find that two or more plants are closely interlaced. Still, repeated experiments show that *seven* is the normal number of bearing stalks in a well-grown plant, which would be a yield of about 400 grains to one.

The number of grains which failed to germinate was larger than I expected, and it seems that, in wheat sowing, a liberal allowance must be made for seeds which do not come up at all. Every plant when pulled up was examined separately and carefully. The result is as follows:—

Group A (twenty-three plants) gave one plant of three stalks, six of four, three of five, seven of seven, and three of nine. Total, 148 ear-bearing stalks.

Group B (thirty plants) gave two of two stalks, eight of three, one of four, ten of five, six of seven, two of ten, and one of eleven. Total, 151.

Group C (sown simply, thirty-two plants) gave four plants which had speared into three, five into only two, five into five, three into six, two into seven, nine into four, three into eight, and one into nine. Total, 148.

As for the seeds planted three together in one hole (E), three only appeared, and these from the same hole. They were poor plants, two having but four, the remaining one but three shoots. This experiment appears to discourage too thick sowing.

The nearness of the produce of A, B, and C, with a considerable difference in the numbers that germinated, is remarkable. If we say that each fifty sown produced 150 ear-bearing stalks (and a more exact computation would hardly be worth the making), and that each stalk would yield fifty sound grains, we have this result—that 22,500 grains would be the produce of 150. If for the word “grains” we substitute “bushels,” we ought, it seems, to get 150 bushels matured from every bushel sown.

What are the reasons of such an extraordinary difference between theory and practice?

No doubt, to ascertain with precision the exact number of ear-bearing stalks (excluding a certain number of feeble side-shoots, which come to nothing), it would be proper to make these observations in the late spring. I am inclined to think that seven is the maximum number of ears that can be got from a single seed. But that a great deal of grain perishes in the sowing, and a great deal more that has ripened is lost, seems a conclusion that is absolutely inevitable.

Besides the various kinds of blight, such as smut and mildew, affecting the straw or the ear, and greatly diminishing the production, there are other causes why wheat is said to “thresh out badly,” which are much less visible while the crop is standing. One of these is the partial filling of the ear; there is more chaff than there should be in proportion to the grain. There is a popular idea about the wheat plant which is entirely erroneous. It is thought that if high winds prevail while the wheat is in flower, the

anthers, which are then seen dangling from the ears, will be blown off, and the grain will not set through the loss of the pollen. Year after year we see this statement made in agricultural journals and corn-reports, and so sensitive is the corn-market that even the price of wheat may be affected by adverse reports on this head. But the fact is, these anthers, when protruded, have already performed the office of impregnation, which takes place within the closed glumes. The "flowers" seen hanging down are exhausted anthers, and wholly useless. If a storm were to blow every one of them away, there would not be a grain less in the crop.

Mr. Darwin's discovery, that Nature for the most part effects cross-fertilization either by the wind or by the agency of insects, may perhaps, like other new theories, be pressed somewhat too far. There are two facts which go far to prove that wheat (and the same is probably true of many others of the *Gramineæ*) is really self-impregnated. One fact is, that the ovary—i.e., the young seed—is enclosed in a double sheath (the chaff of the ripe seed), which is tightly closed except for a moment when the expended anther is protruded; and the other fact is, that in favourable seasons *all* the grains in an ear are fertilized and matured. Now, if the pollen reached them only from a dust-cloud so to call it, and was air-dispersed, like that from Scotch-firs and yew-trees, neither of these facts could take place. Subtle as pollen-dust, is, and very small as is the quantity necessary for fertilization, it could only find its way into a few of the closed glumes, and there would always be a great preponderance of barren ears.

The following interesting experiment seems conclusive. I have often tried it, and always with exactly the same result:—

Gather half a dozen green wheatears from a plant which is just beginning to flower, and keep them for an hour or two in a warm room in a glass of water. You may then watch the anthers in succession in the very act of being protruded through the tips of the glumes, which open just a little to let the thread-like filament hang out, and then immediately close up tightly. To actually see this gaping of the glumes you must keep a very close and minute observation. Then cut off from the ear one of the green seed-cases which appears next about to flower. Remove the ovary with its three stamens and feathery double pistil,* and lay these organs on a piece of glass. Breathe on them gently and you will see the anthers burst with a kind of spasmodic motion, scattering the pollen partly on the pistil, to which, as a magnifying glass will show, it adheres in minute globules, partly on the glass. But when the spurting takes place only within the glumes, the pollen must be confined to the cavity which contains the pistil and its numerous stigmas, unless,

* The wheat-flower is shown on p. 70 of Sir J. Hooker's Science Primer on Botany.

which is possible, some few grains escape when the empty anther is protruded.

Immediately after the bursting of the anthers the filament becomes restless and begins to move. Contrary to the usual nature of this organ in plants, it is elastic, and you may watch it increasing to the length of about half an inch, carrying with it, as it creeps on the glass, the now empty and useless anthers.

The point of the observation is to prove that the filament does not expand till *after* the discharge of the pollen, and therefore that the anthers when exposed to sight, or when we say, "wheat is in flower," are expended. They may be pulled off by hand as they appear, and yet all the grains in the ear will be just as perfect. Consequently, the fear of high winds "blowing off the bloom" is wholly baseless.

This exceptional elasticity of the filament is a wonderful fact. Its purpose is to make room within the narrow seed-case for the enlarged grain by ejecting the used-up organs of the inflorescence. Occasionally, in a ripe wheat-ear, you will find they have not been got rid of, but lie shrivelled and crushed up within the glumes.

Years ago, when I was making careful observations into the phenomena of corn-growing, I used to watch in a cornfield, on a sunny day, the momentary process of the opening of the glumes for the extrusion of the anthers. I compared it to the opening and shutting of an oyster-shell. My readers, however, must be warned that very close watching and very sharp sight are necessary for actually seeing the operation, which is slight, and almost momentary.

Though botanists will perhaps insist that it is a heresy in science to regard the wheat-plant as "cleistogam," or fertilized solely within its own enclosure, I must maintain that all my observations have led to that conclusion. And if windy weather is in some way injurious to wheat in the flowering stage, and causes it to yield in the threshing less than was expected, the reason must be this: that wind and cold and wet very commonly accompany each other in an English summer, whereas warmth and a quiet atmosphere during the month of June are favourable to the development of the pollen-tubes.

In social plants, which, like wheat, naturally grow best when they grow by themselves to the exclusion of others, the great law of the Survival of the Fittest will ever be in active operation. For, as Grant Allen well says, "plants are perpetually battling with one another for their share of the soil, the rainfall, and the sunshine." Many feeble plants will die out, or dwindle to a stage only short of extinction, thrust out of existence by more vigorous neighbours. Thin sowing is likely to be a remedy against this. But the unscientific farmer is too ready to argue that the more grain he sows (within certain limitations) the more grain he will get. He should try two bushels and a half on one acre, and one bushel and a half

on another acre adjoining it, and accurately measure the produce of each. I do not mean that the experiment is a new one, but that it should be made more often and more accurately on different kinds of soil.

Good farmers have so many reasons—some economic, some depending on the season, some on the supply of labour, &c.—for treating their corn-crops in some particular way, according to circumstances, of which they alone must be the best judges, that a mere scientific observer is stepping beyond his province in seeming to offer advice. Nevertheless, one or two ideas have often occurred to me, which I will presume, in conclusion, to express.

1. Every large stackyard should have a wind-vane erected as a motive power for threshing and other farm operations. The cost of a skeleton frame, a wheel to carry a band, and a simple apparatus for turning to the wind, is small, and it would last for very many years. Steam threshing is very expensive, while wind costs us nothing, though it may not come just when we want it.

2. If possible—*i.e.*, weather permitting—the loss, delay, trouble and cost of carting and stacking should be avoided by threshing on the field, provided, of course, that the corn is sufficiently dry and ripe. A steam-engine in the centre of a 100-acre field, and a large but light flat dray for bringing up sheaves without any treading-down or knocking about, would surely prove economical. To see, corn-waggons piled high, tied round with ropes, with one or two men on the top, jolting on rough roads, brushing the sides and the top against trees and bushes, suggests an old-fashioned practice that is the reverse of economical.

3. Try thin sowing on a *little* manure rather than thick sowing on too rich land, which tends to develop the stalks and leaves at the expense of the flower, as every horticulturist knows, but many farmers evidently do not know. I have measured corn-stalks seven feet high, with an ear smaller than on stalks of four feet.

4. Farmyard manure should be stored in a brick-set pit, or at least on a floor of concrete or cement, and protected from the rain by a light movable frame with a felt roof. Nothing can be more wasteful than the common practice of heaping it in some open place, often on the side of a lane or cart-track, where all the ammonia goes off into the air, and a great part of the “goodness” is washed out of the straw. The heap should be covered pretty thickly with road-scrappings, because these contain more or less silica, and silica combined with ammonia is the great feeder of the wheat-plant. There is no better compost for the wheat-grower.

It may confidently be expected that greatly improved methods of corn-cropping will be forced on the farmer by the present distress. The habits of the wheat-plant require a scientific study, which would

materially aid skill and practice in farming. But it is nonsense to pretend that the uneducated small English farmer has any "scientific" knowledge at all. The great, or upper-class farmers, who possess the knowledge, generally also possess the appliances for carrying it out. If they do not succeed, the "peasant proprietors" we are threatened with would not have a chance. We cannot give up corn-growing, even if directly it is an actual loss; for we cannot do without straw for litter and manure, and straw cannot be imported, as grain so easily is. It is the natural condition of agriculture to devise new shifts to meet growing difficulties.

Virgil, the amateur farmer of antiquity, well expressed this (Georgic i. 133):—

" Ut verias usus meditando extunderet artes
Paulatim, et sulcis frumenti quaereret herbam."

Much, no doubt, may be hoped from the rudiments of scientific farming, and some training in the study of the laws of cause and effect, being generally imparted in village schools. We cannot surmount the many difficulties of soil and climate, but the rising generation may learn, on sound principles, what is best to be done, and how the most is to be got out of the land, under all circumstances. Meanwhile one would think that some small and simple manual might be drawn up, on the authority of an Agricultural College or Institute, for the instruction of farm-labourers and the less educated class of small tenants.

Conditions of wheat-growing in this country have greatly improved in the last quarter of a century. Useless hedges have been cut down, and wire fences are used in their place; drainage has got rid of noxious surface-damp, steam-ploughing has enabled us to renew exhausted fields by turning up the virgin soil, reaping-machines will cut in a very few hours crops that were whole days under the scythe or the sickle; lastly, chemical manures have largely increased the produce. One crowning discovery remains to be made, how to utilize economically the sewage from towns. If this object, which is so clearly indicated by a natural law, could be accomplished, or even if what is known as "the dry earth system" were more generally adopted—as it very easily might be—there might yet be a hope of better times for English wheat-growers.

F. A. PALEY.

ON THE PLEASURE OF READING.

OF all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books. In the words of an old English song—

“ Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out ;
With the grene leaves whispering overheale,
Or the streete cryes all about.
Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde ;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.”

The debt we owe to books is well expressed by R. de Bury, Bishop of Durham, author of “*Philobiblon*,” published in 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature :—“ These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep ; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing ; if you mistake them, they never grumble ; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.”

This feeling that books are real friends is constantly present to all who love reading.

“ I have friends,” said Petrarch, “ whose society is extremely agreeable to me ; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and

exhilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society."

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Southey took a rather more melancholy view—

"My days among the dead are pass'd,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

Imagine, in the words of Aikin—

"that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress."

"Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. But it is by no means necessary to be a philosopher to love reading.

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book, not assuredly of the first order: In a certain village the blacksmith had got hold of Richardson's novel, "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but they fairly listened to it all. "At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and

happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."

"The lover of reading," says Leigh Hunt, "will derive agreeable terror from 'Sir Bertram' and the 'Haunted Chamber;' will assent with delighted reason to every sentence in 'Mrs. Barbauld's Essay;' will feel himself wandering into solitudes with 'Gray;' shake honest hands with 'Sir Roger de Coverley;' be ready to embrace 'Parson Adams,' and to chuck 'Pounce' out of the window instead of the hat; will travel with 'Marco Polo' and 'Mungo Park;' stay at home with 'Thomson;' retire with 'Cowley;' be industrious with 'Hutton;' sympathizing with 'Gay and Mrs. Inchbald;' laughing with (and at) 'Buncl;' melancholy, and forlorn, and self-restored with the shipwrecked mariner of 'De Foe.'"

The delights of reading have been appreciated in many quarters where we might least expect it. Among the hardy Norsemen Runes were supposed to be endowed with miraculous power. There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life," and though it rather perhaps reflects the spirit of the Califs than of the Sultans, that "the ink of science is more precious than the blood of the martyrs."

Confucius is said to have described himself as a man who "in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgot his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

Yet, if this could be said by the Chinese and the Arabs, what language can be strong enough to express the gratitude we ought to feel for the advantages we enjoy. We do not appreciate, I think, our good fortune in belonging to the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago many of the most delightful books were still uncreated. How much more interesting science has become especially, if I were to mention only one name, through the genius of Darwin. Renan has characterized this as a most amusing century; I should rather have described it as most interesting: presenting us with an endless vista of absorbing problems, with infinite opportunities, with more than the excitements, and less of the dangers, which surrounded our less fortunate ancestors.

Reading, indeed, is by no means necessarily study. Far from it. "I put," says Mr. Frederick Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books" (*Fortnightly Review*, 1879)—"I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

In the prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women," Chaucer says—

"And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to him give I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have him in reverence,
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,

But yt be seldome on the holy day,
 Save, certynly, when that the monthe of May
 Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
 And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
 Farwel my boke, and my devocion."

But I doubt whether, if he had enjoyed our advantages, he could have been so certain of tearing himself away even in the month of May.

Macaulay, who had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Mr. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that—

"of the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory, and in obscurity. Great as were the honours and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works, were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell.

The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India was, in fact, with Macaulay "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

Moreover, books are now so cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one. This was not always so. It is quite a recent blessing.

Mr. Ireland, to whose charming little "Book Lover's Enchiridion," in common with every lover of reading, I am greatly indebted, tells us that when a boy he was so delighted with White's "Natural History of Selborne," that in order to possess a copy of his own he actually copied out the whole work.

Mary Lamb gives a pathetic description of a studious boy lingering at a book-stall:—

"I saw a boy with eager eye
 Open a book upon a stall,
 And read, as he'd devour it all;
 Which, when the stall man did espy.
 Soon to the boy I heard him call,
 'You, sir, you never buy a book,
 Therefore in one you shall not look.'
 The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
 He wished he never had been taught to read,
 Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need."

Such snatches of literature have, indeed, a special and peculiar charm.

This is, I believe, partly due to the very fact of their being brief. Many readers, I think, miss much of the pleasure of reading, by forcing themselves to dwell too long continuously on one subject. In a long railway journey, for instance, many persons take only a single book. The consequence is that, unless it is a story, after half an hour or an hour they are quite tired of it. Whereas, if they had two, or still better three, on different subjects, and one of them being of an amusing character, they would probably find that by changing as soon as they felt at all weary, they would come back again and again to each with renewed zest, and hour after hour would pass pleasantly away. Every one, of course, must judge for himself, but such at least is my experience.

I quite agree, therefore, with Lord Iddesleigh as to the charm of desultory reading, but the wider the field the more important that we should benefit by the very best books in each class. Not that we need confine ourselves to them, but that we should commence with them, and they will certainly lead us on to others. There are of course some books which we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But these are exceptions. As regards by far the larger number, it is probably better to read them quickly, dwelling only on the best and most important passages. In this way, no doubt, we shall lose much, but we gain more by ranging over a wider field. We may in fact, I think, apply to reading Lord Brougham's wise dictum as regards education, and say that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. In this way only we can ascertain the bent of our own tastes, for it is a general, though not of course an invariable, rule, that we profit little by books which we do not enjoy.

Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape. Time is often said to be money, but it is more, for it is life itself. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life; and yet think nothing of wasting time!

"For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

"I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and

temperaments of his prey ; but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

"Ask of the wise," says Schiller, in Lord Sherbrooke's translation,

"the moments we forego
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance, he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost ; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest." "Do what you will," he elsewhere observes, "only do something." "Know the true value of time ; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it."

Is not happiness indeed a duty, as well as self-denial ? It has been well said that some of our teachers err, perhaps, in that "they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but exhibit not the duty of delight." We must, however, be ungrateful indeed if we cannot appreciate the wonderful and beautiful world in which we live. Moreover, how can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves ?

Few, indeed, attain the philosophy of Hegel, who is said to have calmly finished his "*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*" at Jena, on October 14, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him. Most men, however, may at will make of this world either a palace or a prison, and there are few more effective and more generally available sources of happiness than the wise use of books.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them ; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This indeed applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the labourer and mechanic. Does not this seem natural ? The former work mainly with their head ; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The labourer or mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true ; but this has been for

obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own.

It is one thing, however, to own a library; it is another to use it wisely. Every one of us may say with Proctor—

“ All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late.”

Yet too often they wait in vain. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books we know are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects the choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favourites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.*

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is overbold; and I must beg for indulgence; but indeed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

* Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte (“Catechism of Positive Philosophy”); Pycroft (“Course of English Reading”); Baldwin (“The Book-Lover”); and Perkins (“The Best Reading”).

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favourites.

In the absence of such lists we may fall back on the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants.

As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read." Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that to many of us such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand at the head of the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature; so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. Next to Marcus Aurelius I think must come Epictetus. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The Koran, like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed, they are perhaps all the more

curious from the contrast they afford to those of the Apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and as he observes has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that he "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith;" but then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic Cathedral, "*elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité.*"

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Keble's beautiful "Christian Year," and last, not least, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Phædo" and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them.

Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably,—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been superseded by others, carried on under more favourable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand, I say so with all respect, seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble; but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration.

I would also mention Demosthenes' "De Corona," which Lord

Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's *Lives*, Horace, and at least the "*De Officiis*," "*De Amicitia*," and "*De Senectute*" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the "*Iliad*" or "*Odyssey*," Hesiod or Virgil, after leaving school.

The "*Nibelungenlied*," or great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*," though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, if not the whole, at any rate "*Prometheus*," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the "*Trilogy*" (Mark Pattison considered "*Agamemnon*" "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"); or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, the "*Persæ*;" Sophocles ("*Edipus*"), Euripides ("*Medea*"), and Aristophanes ("*The Knights*"); though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "*Mahabharata*" and "*Ramayana*" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Tallboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the two first volumes of his "*History of India*"); the "*Shahnameh*," the work of the great Persian poet, Ferdusi; and the *Sheking*, the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law, and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than an historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "*Anabasis*"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("*Germania*"); and of modern historians, Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*," Hume's "*History of England*," Carlyle's "*French Revolution*," Grote's "*History of Greece*," and Green's "*Short History of England*."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," Mill's "*Logic*," and Darwin's "*Origin of Species*;" in Political Economy, which some of our rulers now scarcely seem sufficiently to value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "*Wealth of Nations*," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist on the *Beagle*;" though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Heine, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan; Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles' "Self-Help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes' "Discours sur la Méthode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes' "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English: and will suggest Miss Austin (either "Emma" or "Pride and Prejudice"), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), G. Eliot ("Adam Bede"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to be allowed, as a special favour, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours, after the labours and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us.

LIST OF 100 BOOKS.

Works by Living Authors are omitted.

The Bible	Thos. à Kempis' Imitation of Christ
The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius	Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey)
(Long's translation)	The Koran (portions of)
Epictetus	Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus
Aristotle's Ethics	Comte's Catechism of Positive Philosophy (Congreve)
Analec's of Confucius (Legge's trans.)	Pascal's Pensées
St. Hilaire's La Bouddha et sa religion	
Wake's Apostolic Fathers	

Butler's Analogy of Religion
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress
Poe's Christian Year

Plato's Dialogues; at any rate, the
Republic and Phædo

Aristotle's Politics

Demosthenes' De Coronâ

Cicero's De Officiis, De Amicitia, and
De Senectute

Plutarch's Lives

Berkeley's Human Knowledge

Descartes' Discours sur la Méthode

Locke's On the Conduct of the Under-
standing

Homer

Hesiod

Virgil

Maha Bharata	{	Epitomised in
Ramayana		Talboys Wheeler's
		History of India,
		vols. i. and ii.

The Shahnameh

The Nibelungenlied

Malory's Morte d'Arthur

The Sheking

Æschylus' Prometheus

Trilogy of Orestes

Sophocles' Œdipus

Euripides' Medea

Aristophanes' The Knights

Horace

Lucretius

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales (perhaps
in Morris's edition; or, if expur-
gated, in Mrs. Haweis')

Shakespeare

Milton's Paradise Lost, Lycidas, and
the shorter poems

Dante's Divina Commedia

Spenser's Fairie Queen

Dryden's Poems

Scott's Poems

Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection)

Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer

The Curse of Kehama

Pope's Essay on Criticism

Essay on Man

Rape of the Lock

Burns

Heine

Gray

Herodotus

Xenophon's Anabasis

Thucydides

Tacitus' Germania

Livy

Gibbon's Decline and Fall

Hume's History of England

Grote's History of Greece

Carlyle's French Revolution

Green's Short History of England

Lewes' History of Philosophy

Arabian Nights

Swift's Gulliver's Travels

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield

Cervantes' Don Quixote

Boswell's Life of Johnson

Molière

Sheridan's The Critic, School for
Scandal, and The Rivals

Carlyle's Past and Present

Smiles' Self-Help

Bacon's Novum Organum

Smith's Wealth of Nations (part of)

Mill's Political Economy

Cook's Voyages

Humboldt's Travels

White's Natural History of Selborne

Darwin's Origin of Species, and
Naturalist's Voyage

Mill's Logic

Bacon's Essays

Montaigne's Essays

Hume's Essays

Macaulay's Essays

Addison's Essays

Emerson's Essays

Burke's Select Works (Payne)

Voltaire's Zadig

Goethe's Faust, and Wilhelm Meister

Miss Austen's Emma, or Pride and
Prejudice

Thackeray's Vanity Fair

Pendennis

Dickens' Pickwick

David Copperfield

Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii

George Eliot's Adam Bede

Kingsley's Westward Ho!

Scott's Novels

NOTE.—The lists which have been given in some papers were not complete or correct.

THROUGH PERSIA.

SOME one has said that the furlough of an Indian official presents some of the utmost possibilities of human enjoyment. Though this may sound a trifle far-fetched, it may be admitted that the release from labour, the change of scene and climate, and the reunion with relations and friends confer a sufficiently keen pleasure to make the return, when the time for that comes, a very disagreeable duty. There is no novelty in the eastward voyage, and so the time for departure is usually postponed to the latest possible day, and one scrambles back to one's work, in the hottest of haste, *via* Brindisi, Suez, Aden, and Bombay. Having to be back in India by the end of January, and wishing to avoid this well-known route, I thought that a few weeks even of an invaluable furlough might be well spent in returning to India through Persia. This journey, though far from uncommon, is by no means hackneyed, and promised several features of novelty and political interest.

Accompanied by two friends, I left London on the evening of October 10, and passed by Paris to Constantinople, and thence by steamer along the Black Sea. We reached Batoum early on the morning of November 2, and were met by a demand for passports and the examination of our luggage the instant we left the ship. This, in a port which the Treaty of Berlin made (nominally) free, was surprising. But we were on Russian soil, and soon found that it was useless to be surprised at anything of this nature that might occur. Under Turkish rule, Batoum was a wretched little village of about 2,000 inhabitants. In Russian hands its population has increased to 10,000, but the place remains wretched. It is, however, the only natural port on the southern shore of the Black Sea; and what Nature has made, Russian art has much improved

and is still improving. It is now commanded by five considerable earthworks, on which we saw large parties of soldiers working. They would mount five or six heavy guns apiece, and we saw some of the cannon parked outside ready to be placed in position. It was noticed by residents in Batoum that these earthworks were rapidly put in order immediately after Sir Peter Lumsden passed through last year on his way to the Afghan frontier. And let it be said here that the opinion in these parts, Russian and foreign, is quite unanimous as to there never having been the slightest intention on the part of the Russian authorities to meet him on the frontier. The Batoum earthworks render the port practically impregnable from the sea side. Its export trade, consisting principally of petroleum from Baku, is increasing; but its import trade is small, owing to the vexatious nature of the Russian Custom-house regulations.

We left Batoum for Tiflis on the morning of November 3. The scene at the railway station was indescribable, every one having to fight for his ticket, his luggage pass, and his Custom-house *visé* as best he could. Fortunately, we had the assistance of Mr. Peacock, our vice-consul at Batoum, and had taken the precaution of getting a letter of recommendation from the Russian Embassy in London; so our difficulties, though considerable, were minimized. The railway traverses the picturesque hills by which Batoum is surrounded, and reaches the top of a high pass by an incline of one in twenty-five, up which we were pushed by two Fairlie locomotives. Thence it descends to Tiflis. This incline is a great obstruction to traffic, and there is some talk of laying pipes from Baku to Batoum for the conveyance of petroleum, to avoid the expense of the railway transport. The track is single and in good order, the carriages are comfortable, and excellent Russian food is provided at many stations, where the eye is attracted by the Cossack and Georgian costumes.

We reach Tiflis at 10 P.M., and go to the very comfortable Hôtel de l'Europe, kept by a Frenchman and his wife, who are charming characters. Tiflis is a pleasant town, and combines the old and the new in a manner rarely seen nowadays, and which is very attractive. In the old portion of the town, Georgian silver-ware is being manufactured as in an Eastern bazaar; Persian armour is offered for sale at ridiculously high prices; Turcoman sheepskin caps fly in our faces as we turn too suddenly round a corner; and talking and gossip, bargaining and abuse, are all going on in the loudest tones, in thoroughly Oriental fashion. The new town comprises the arsenal, the Governor's palace, and the usual shops. There is an opera-house, where "Faust," "Carmen," &c., are sung in Russian. The memory of a hideous red-haired Mephistopheles, shouting impossible combinations of sibilants and consonants, lingers, and is horrible. The sights of Tiflis are the old Persian castle and the sulphur-baths.

The former gives a fine view over the town; the latter are very refreshing and well kept.

The present Governor-General of the Caucasus is Prince Doudoukoff/Korsakoff, one of the best known of Russian administrators. I learnt from him that M. Lessar had left Tiflis for Askabad a fortnight before we arrived. I was sorry to miss him, as it would have been interesting to discuss again so nearly on the spot questions we had often talked over in London. However, I was able to gather from various quarters all the information I desired regarding events in Central Asia, and it is only fair to observe that Russian officials show but small anxiety for concealment in the matter. The railway to Askabad will be finished by the time these lines appear in print, and its completion to Merv (Merv, whither only a very few years ago O'Donovan's ride seemed the most adventurous of journeys) will take another twelve months. The most interesting fact I learned was, however, that a line has been ordered to be made from Vladikavkas, at the foot of the Caucasus on the Russian side, to Petrovsk, on the Caspian, where a good harbour has already been formed. This will give a direct line of railway communication between the Caspian and Russia proper. The importance of this need not be demonstrated, as the routes now open to the Caspian are only two—viz., (1) *viâ* the Volga, which is closed by ice for five months in the year, and (2) *viâ* Batoum. In both cases several transshipments are inevitable. When the new route is open, there will be no difficulty in placing 50,000 men, completely equipped, at Michaelovsk, the port on the eastern shore of the Caspian from which the Central Asian Railway starts, within a month from a given date. There is ample steamer transport available at any time on the Caspian itself. We had at Tiflis a guide called Gerôme, who had been with Valentine Baker in his expedition described in "Clouds in the East," and with many other well-known travellers, and I can thoroughly recommend him to any one wishing to travel in those parts. He speaks most languages.

Leaving Tiflis on November 6, we reached Baku on the evening of November 7, and found, to our annoyance, that no steamer for Persia would start for two days. They leave, nominally, twice a week during the summer season and once a fortnight during the winter, but are by no means regular. Baku is a most desolate, dreary spot. We spent our two days in calling on the Governor and going over Nobel's naphtha and petroleum works; and took the steamer for Persia on the evening of November 9. After stopping for a few hours off Lenkeran and Astara, we found ourselves off Enzeli, the port for Teheran, at 4 P.M. on the evening of the 11th. It was rough, and there was a nasty sea breaking over the bar leading to the backwater in which Enzeli lies; so neither the

steam-launch, which usually takes off passengers, nor any rowing-boat ventured out, and, after vainly waiting for an hour, darkness came on, and the captain weighed his anchor and steamed back to Astara. He hoped there to meet the succeeding steamer, but did not find it, and so went back still farther to Lenkoran. There we learnt, in reply to a telegram, that the steamer in question had left Baku, but our captain either could not or would not await its arrival, so he put us on shore in a pouring rain and through a heavy surf. Lenkoran is, unfortunately for us, on Russian soil, so we are at once marched off to the Custom-house, at the doors of which we pound for a quarter of an hour before gaining admittance. When we get in, our baggage is counted, our modest demand to take our dressing-bags with us is treated with silent scorn, and, out of temper, wet, and generally uncomfortable, we place ourselves under the guidance of a friendly Armenian priest, and are taken to a poor little inn that boasts the high-sounding title of "Hotel de Londres." There we spend two wretched days. It blows a hurricane and it rains in torrents. Our steamer arrives, but no communication between ship and shore is possible, and it seems probable that she will leave without us, and that we shall be caught like rats in a trap, involuntary prisoners. Fortunately, we are spared this crowning misfortune. The gale moderates sufficiently to enable us to effect a risky passage through the surf to our steamer, and eventually we find ourselves off Enzeli for the second time on the morning of November 16. It was still blowing hard, and it seemed doubtful whether we should be able to land even then; but a boat came, into which we promptly transferred ourselves and our belongings, and were soon afterwards gratified by setting foot on Persian soil.

Rescht is the frontier town of which Enzeli is the port. It is known to fame only by means of its patchwork embroidery, and recently by means of a fire which nearly destroyed the whole place. It has recovered rapidly, and seemed prosperous enough as we passed through it three hours after our arrival at Enzeli, the intervening distance being traversed, partly by boat and partly by carriage, through a dismal marsh overgrown with high grass and tenanted by countless wild-fowl. We receive a most hearty welcome from the Russian Consul-General and his family, and two days are pleasantly spent in preparations for our journey on horseback to Teheran. We are pressed to stay longer, and to shoot the neighbouring woods and marshes, where pheasants, woodcock, snipes, and wild-fowl abound, besides larger game, such as deer, panther, wild pig, and a chance tiger, of the latter of which we see skins with beautiful thick coats, very much finer than those of the Indian tiger. But time presses, and we are anxious to be out of a place where it has been known to rain, more or less, for 160 days in succession.

There are two methods of travelling in Persia. One is to go caravan, as it is termed, which means that you engage muleteers to carry all your baggage, and that with them you ride one stage a day, the stage being from twenty to thirty miles. The other method is to travel post, or "chupper" as it is called. Post-houses, or "chupper-khanas," are established at intervals of a stage along the principal routes, and relays of horses are available at these, for the service, primarily, of the post, and, in the second instance, of such travellers as choose to pay for the privilege. The essentials of "chupper" travelling are that you must travel light, and that you should not require more than four horses, three horses being even a better number. If one had plenty of time at one's disposal, and wished to thoroughly explore the country, and could travel with one's tents, servants, horses, &c., no doubt caravan travelling would offer the pleasanter mode of progression. But as these conditions rarely obtain, "chupper" travelling is adopted all but universally, and is the method we followed from one end of Persia to the other.

It would be distinctly false to say that "chuppering" in Persia is a delightful occupation. Let me take a sample day. You are up at six, with an eighty-mile ride in three stages before you. The horses are brought out, and you see their backs covered with sores to a degree that makes you feel quite sick. Nevertheless, the saddles are put on, and off you go. The poor beasts go pretty well, perhaps, for the first few miles; then you find that your saddle has shifted, and you have to get off to put it right. By that time the animals begin to be tired, and whip and spur have to be ruthlessly applied, for you must get on. The Persian whip is a fearful instrument of torture. It has a short handle like a dog-whip, with a long thong, at the end of which are great leather flaps. It is used much as a flail would be, and resounds mercilessly and incessantly on the horses' flanks. One canters on over a bad road covered with loose stones. Suddenly there is a cry, and one of the party is down, the horse going over like a log. We halt, dismount, and pick him up. No bones are broken, and a stiff glass of whisky counteracts the shaking. We go on, but each with the conviction, hanging like a sword of Damocles over his head, that it will be his turn next; and so we reach the end of our first stage. There we find that the horses to take us on have only just come in from a twenty-five-mile stage, and after feeding them we have perforce to mount their tired backs. If the beginning was bad, what thus remains behind is much worse. And so eventually we get to our journey's end for the day, late and tired, with the feelings of a savage and the temper of a bear. Our lodging is in a chupper-khana, inferior in cleanliness to an Irish cabin; our bed is a bag stuffed for the night with straw, on which we sleep as

best we can, haunted by the nightmare of many similar days to follow.

It is about 200 miles from Rescht to Teheran, the first portion, as far as Kasvin, having to be ridden in six stages. From Kasvin onwards there is a fair driving road. We left Rescht on November 19, and did two stages that day. The first portion of the route was indescribably filthy, and, as we had not managed a very early start, the second portion was traversed under great disadvantages. It was a steep ascent, the track consisting of nothing but rocks and stones rendered as slippery as ice by the recent rain. We did not reach our destination till 10.30 p.m., and only then by the aid of the friendly moon, which had shone on us when our difficulties seemed almost insuperable and a night in the open an unpleasant probability. The next day we did two more stages, and to our relief passed out of the rainy region. The temperature and vegetation changed suddenly and completely—as we left a valley in which olives were growing, and crossed over a river by a fine bridge—from cold to hot, and from green to arid. Two more stages next day brought us to Kasvin early in the afternoon. We had to cross a high ridge of nearly 7,000 feet, and ice was on the puddles on the crest. The view from the top over the wavy summits of miles of arid hill backed by snowy ranges was fine. In the bright moonlight of our early start even the barren hills looked lovely, but the enchantment disappeared as soon as the sun was up. We passed a local Mount Ararat, of which there seems to be a large supply.

Kasvin is a fine town, and has a large rest-house furnished with every essential for European travellers, down to tooth-brushes. The approach is through a fine avenue of plane-trees. After an hour's halt, we engage two carriages to carry us to Teheran. Three horses are harnessed abreast to each. The distance is about 100 miles, which takes us eighteen hours. We change horses and drink tea, about every three hours, at the fine caravanserais built along this road. Strings of camels, on their way principally to Tabriz, pass us almost incessantly. The night is very cold, and it is with no small feeling of relief that about ten on the morning of November 22 we descry Teheran in the distance. Its first aspect is distinctly disappointing. Its situation is good enough. It stands in a plain not far from the base of a very fine range of mountains, now covered with snow, averaging 12,000 feet in height, and the giant of which, Demavend, towers grandly up to 18,000 feet. (This mountain is easy of ascent in the summer months.) But the plain is barren, and, mud being principally used in the construction of the houses, the prevailing colour is gray and dull. We pass into the city through a fine gateway, of which there are seven or eight, decorated, in Persian style, with enamelled bricks. The town is surrounded by a good

wall, with ditch and glacis in front. But even when inside the town the impression of dulness that one received outside is not removed. The gardens and houses are surrounded by high mud walls, and there is but little sign of animation, or of the active bustle usually associated with all Oriental towns, especially capitals. The city is kept scrupulously clean, and there are one or two good streets, such as the Boulevard des Ambassadeurs. But there is a death-in-life sort of aspect about the whole place that we found repeated in the other large towns we visited, as if the present were mourning silently and despairingly over the glories of the past. It is not without its pathos.

We were most kindly received at the British Legation, and I was fortunate in finding Mr. Nicolson, an old friend, in charge, in the absence of Sir Ronald Thompson. Mr. Finn was also there, quite broken in health from his arduous work and exposure in connection with the Afghan Frontier Commission. The Legation is a very fine building, standing in a beautifully wooded and watered garden, in which are the houses for the secretaries and attachés. The decoration of the reception-rooms is very fine, and was carried out by artists from South Kensington, the total outlay having been about £80,000.

Ten days at Teheran passed pleasantly, and all too quickly. Outside the town we visited Chagarud, a shooting-box of the Shah's, where he keeps some fine lions and tigers, and Gulah Hek, a charming spot eight miles from Teheran, at the foot of the mountains, where the Legation passes the summer months. In the city, the Commander-in-Chief, the second son of the Shah, favoured us with a march past of his troops: we visited the Zill-i-Sultān, the eldest son of the Shah; went over the Shah's palace and museum; and made many pleasant acquaintances among the European residents. The army is under the instruction of Austrian officers, who informed me that, though the men are capable of being made excellent soldiers, the officers are very inefficient. The troops, with the exception of two or three regiments on the Cossack model, are miserably clad and armed. Though 25,000 breech-loaders are in the arsenal, the troops are only armed with old muzzle-loaders.

In the Zill-i-Sultan we found a most charming man and a keen sportsman. He has the reputation of being, after the Shah, the most capable and energetic man in the kingdom. He is Governor of Ispahan and of all the southern provinces. Though the eldest son in point of birth, he is not heir to the throne, his mother not having been of royal blood. The declared and accepted heir is the Waliyad-Sultan, who is Governor of the province of Tabriz.

We did not see the Shah, who was away from Teheran most of the time we were there, on one of the shooting expeditions to

which he principally devotes himself. We were, however, shown over the whole of his palace. The museum is the principal feature. The collection is very well arranged, and contains enormous quantities of jewels set in all shapes and forms. There is a globe of three feet diameter with everything accurately marked thereon in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and amethysts; the largest uncut ruby in the world; a glass case, two feet square, in which pearls of all sizes lie mixed to a depth of eighteen inches, and in which the Shah is said to sometimes plunge his hands; his numerous foreign decorations, including a beautiful Garter; and, scattered about, many evidences of his two visits to Europe—pictures, clocks, watches, musical and snuff boxes, beautiful *objets de luxe* mixed up with such common things as scent and tooth-powder boxes, in the usual Oriental fashion. In another room we see his library, and some beautifully illuminated manuscript copies of Hafiz, Sa'adi, and other famous Persian authors. Then we pass into a saloon entirely hung with mirrors, which is a favourite style of Persian decoration, and see there all that is left of the famous peacock throne taken from Delhi. Originally it is said to have been worth between two and three millions sterling, the Koh-i-noor forming its chief ornament. But all the best stones have been removed, and now it is not nearly so remarkable as the throne of Nadir Shah, which we saw in the principal room of the museum. We afterwards visit the Shah's private apartments, simply but richly furnished, and see a caricature by him of his Court poet and jester. There is a beautiful carpet on the floor. We then see his gardens, which are well arranged with flowers, trees, and fountains, and several other pavilions containing rooms similar to those we have previously visited. Finally, we drink a cup of tea, and are offered a kalian, or Persian pipe. The ordeal of having to smoke the latter enters into every Persian ceremony, but after one trial I did not repeat the experiment.

A dinner was given at the Legation one evening to several Persian notabilities, at which the kalian was in full request. The son of the Minister for Foreign Affairs was present, who has taken his degree at Balliol College, Oxford. Another evening we dined at the Russian Legation, a fine building. The Minister has a guard of Cossacks—an example we might well imitate with a few Bengal cavalry sowars. The Zill-i-Sultan, who has strongly pronounced English sympathies, spoke in the most slighting manner of our Indian troops, considering them far inferior even to his Persians. A small cavalry guard attached to the Legation would open the eyes of the Persians generally to the great reserve of power possessed by England in her Indian army. The presence of Ayoob Khan, the victor of Maiwand, at Teheran, tends perhaps to foster the opinion expressed by the Zill-i-Sultan.

We pay the Shah £12,000 a year for the maintenance of Ayoob Khan and his 600 followers, on the understanding that they do not leave Teheran. But they are a turbulent lot, and no doubt boast in the bazaars of how they inflicted a crushing defeat on the great English Raj. If they were to be scattered through the various cities of Persia, and Ayoob himself removed to Tabriz, it might not be amiss.

We had hoped for opportunities in Teheran to purchase some old Persian carpets, tiles, faïence, or arms; but everything of value has left the country. Even M. Richard, who collected most of the beautiful *objets d'art* now exhibited at South Kensington, and which form, perhaps, the most perfect Persian collection extant, has nothing left except a few old coins. In the mosques and tombs in the various towns there still remain many beautiful inscribed tiles, and even some specimens of the famous "*reflet métallique*," which are worth nearly their weight in gold. But so fanatical are the Persians, that it is only with the utmost difficulty the most favoured unbeliever is permitted to view these treasures of a lost art, and it might cost him his life were he to endeavour to purchase their removal, supposing him to be enough of an iconoclast to wish to despoil a Mahomedan shrine in order to decorate an English drawing-room.

It is, however, one of the greatest drawbacks to travel in Persia, that the ordinary rapidly passing traveller is, on account of this fanaticism, unable to visit the few places remaining that are really worth seeing. For this reason I may notice very briefly the remainder of our journey.

We left Teheran on the morning of December 1, and rode "chupper" to Ispahan. The distance is 320 miles, which we did in five days. We passed through Kum and Kashan, towns both celebrated for their sanctity, their shrines, and their mosques, but also, alas! for their fanaticism. So we had to pass through, seeing scarcely anything. The track skirts the edge of a great salt desert for a considerable distance, and afterwards passes through a great mountain range rising at one point to over 9,000 feet. In the neighbourhood of water there is always cultivation, and villages spring up, but one only comes across these at long intervals, and the general aspect of the country is barren and monotonous. It is curious to see how the water is wooed and won. Long underground conduits, unsupported by masonry, bring it from the hills to the villages, and one is able to trace these, winding away for miles and miles, by means of the air-holes which are dug at intervals of ten or fifteen yards. The labour involved in these excavations must have been enormous, and makes one think of the Scripture parallel as to the value of "water in a thirsty soil." The

traffic along the route is large, but we only catch glimpses of it, as the caravans travel almost exclusively by night. But we pass long strings of camels, mules, horses, and donkeys in the early morning, the leading animal often decorated with a profusion of gaudy woollen tassels and trappings sewn with shells, while nearly every animal carries one bell, and many have three or four, large, deep-toned, and musical. One marvels, when one sees the way in which everything has to be made small to go on the animals' backs, and is knocked about in the mountain-passes and during the halts at the caravanserais, how anything at all delicate or fragile gets through hundreds of miles of such work without injury. But the method of transport, though slow, seems sure and safe, and even such things as pier-glasses and pianos reach Teheran practically uninjured.

Ispahan, the ancient capital of Persia, is but the skeleton of its former self. It is said formerly to have had 750,000 inhabitants. Now it has less than 100,000, and the ruins of the old city go stretching away for miles and miles outside the limits of the modern town. We visit a fine old avenue of plane-trees, in which are the remains of gardens, and fountains, and conduits for running water. It was the Champs-Élysées of Ispahan in the heyday of its prosperity, and one can picture the Persians of the period caracoling up and down on their gaily caparisoned Arab horses, gossiping, cracking jokes, discussing the probability of a Turcoman or an Afghan raid, or of a Turkish war, with their friends sitting on the balconies of the pavilions that line the avenue, and which still retain traces of the frescoes and tile decoration of the Elizabethan age of Persian art. Now all is deserted, silent, and melancholy. The avenue leads to a fine bridge across a considerable river, which is lost eventually in the great salt desert already referred to. Ispahan is famous for its fruit gardens, every description of fruit tree grown in England flourishing here most vigorously.

From Ispahan we proceeded to Shiraz. The distance is again 320 miles, which took us six days, as we delayed one day in order to visit the ruins of Persepolis, which are very fine, though the ruins of a palace only, and not of a city. We also passed the tomb of Cyrus, called by the natives the tomb of the mother of Solomon. It is a mausoleum in miniature, raised on a pedestal of steps. The inscription inside is, I believe, to the effect: "I am Cyrus, the great king, the ruler of the world. Let no man grudge me the ground on which my ashes rest." The tomb is still treated as a shrine by the Persians, and is hung by Persian wives with little votive offerings, in the hope of thereby being favoured with sons.

The approach to Shiraz is extremely beautiful. The town, which is small, lies in a very fertile valley, surrounded by hills, and is far enough south for orange and lemon trees to grow.

It has been the home *par excellence* of Persian poets from time immemorial, for here Firdusi wrote, and Hafiz and Sa'adi died and are buried. Yew-trees and cypresses are planted in the gardens that surround their graves, as well as elsewhere, and add, by means of their stately greenness, to the general impression of a prosperous *dolce far niente* that strikes the traveller arriving in Shiraz, and which is so much missed in all other Persian towns. Two days pass pleasantly in visiting the tombs and gardens, and also some Persians of rank, who are, as usual, most agreeable and hospitable. We dine with the British political agent, a Persian of Indian descent, whose brother (a Companion of the Star of India) is on duty with the Afghan Frontier Commission. He gives us some most excellent Shiraz wine, and we taste a sweetmeat known as "gez," which is the manna of the Scriptures. It is brought from near Ispahan, where it appears as a sort of efflorescence on the leaves of a certain shrub. It is shaken off from these, and made into a tough paste with almonds. It is not unpalatable, and is said to be very wholesome.

From Shiraz we made direct for Bushire, the port on the Persian Gulf. The distance is nearly 200 miles, which took us five days to travel. Our progress was inevitably slow, as the track descends 5,000 feet to the sea-level in a series of the most precipitous "kotals," or passes, from the great Persian plateau which reaches all the way from Kasvin to Shiraz. We reached Bushire on December 18, after having done over 1,000 miles on horseback in nineteen days of actual travel. Two days were spent under the hospitable roof of the Residency, and then we embarked for Bombay in the British India Company's steamer *Suttara*. Christmas Day saw us at Muscat, a most picturesque spot; and, after spending a day at Kurrachee, we arrived at Bombay on New Year's Day. My companion left for England by the mail steamer of the same evening, while I returned to the ordinary routine life of an Indian official.

We had enjoyed throughout Persia the most perfect weather and a delicious climate. A pure, dry, bracing air; a day temperature of about 60° with a warm sun; the nights and early mornings rendered crisp by a few degrees of frost.

A few words may be said, in conclusion, on the subject of Persian politics. From its position, the country has an important part to play in the great struggle for supremacy in Asia between Russia and England. The vigorous, determined policy of Russia, always pursuing one end through a variety of means, has made Russian counsels supreme at Teheran as they are at Constantinople. Russia is feared, if not loved. England, though respected, is not only not feared, but is looked upon as an ally of dubious fidelity. We do not even condescend to the little graces of diplomacy, dear to the Oriental mind,

in which Russia is profuse. We give no decorations, and present no swords of honour or jewelled snuff-boxes. Nevertheless, our immediate interest in Persia is great, for our Indian Government telegraph line traverses the country from Teheran to Bushire. (We rested many nights during our journey under the hospitable roofs of the telegraph offices, and experienced the greatest possible kindness from all the staff.) And our prospective interest is greater still. It is an avowed object of Russian diplomacy to secure a port on the Persian Gulf, and it would seem as if she might make a great step forward in that direction before many years are past. The Shah is nearly sixty years old, and, as has been already explained, his heir is his third son, a man of poor capacity, and deep in the toils of Russia. It is the universally expressed opinion that the vigorous Zill-i-Sultan will not submit to effacement without making a bold bid for the throne. He has organized a small but efficient army of his own, and has ample financial resources. A civil war would form Russia's opportunity. By placing the Waliyad-Sultan on the throne, and suppressing the Zill-i-Sultan, she might dictate her own terms—*e.g.*, the surrender of the remaining Caspian provinces, and of a slice of the province of Khorassan, on the western frontier of Afghanistan. Herat would then be completely outflanked.

How would such a development be received by England? The Persians seem to think that England would do nothing, and are preparing for the worst by placing every toman * they can squeeze out of their unfortunate peasantry in foreign securities. This accounts for the state of the country. It gives one the impression of being in full decay, instead of being prosperous, or even rich, as it might be if properly developed.

It is a difficult question on which to express an opinion. If the Indian frontier is really the proper frontier for India, a war with Russia on account of aggression in Persia would be far more impolitic even than a war on account of Afghanistan. And no one who has seen what southern Persia is like could recommend any annexation in that direction. If events turn out as is expected, the occupation and fortification of a series of posts between Kurrachee and Bushire might, however, become an unpleasant necessity.

CLAUDE VINCENT.

* A toman is the standard of Persian values ; it represents about 6s. 6d.

THE RADICAL PROGRAMME.*

THE time is essentially one of political activity ; and I would take occasion to say a few words about the political, rather than the scientific, side of our doctrine. We cannot too emphatically insist that Positivism offers us a set of general principles of social organization, and not a set of constitutional dogmas ; much less a set of political cries. There is, of course, nothing in Positivism which would justify any of us to set up as judges of specific men, measures, or parties. Rational Positivist principle gives us, I think, certain general canons of judgment. But how we apply them to the extraordinarily complex affairs of actual life—and this is two-thirds of political good sense—is entirely a matter for personal clearness of mind. We have most of us had the opportunity of voting at the polls along with our fellow-citizens ; and I do not suppose that we have all felt bound to vote with the same party, or to support the same policy in each constituency. Positivism, as a political doctrine, is most assuredly neither Conservative nor Radical in any party sense. It has deep and real affinities with the nobler spirit of true Conservatism, and equally deep sympathies with all constructive forms of Radical Progress. “ Order and Progress ” stands on these walls as the political aspect of our system. The idea that Positivism teaches a set of revolutionary formulas—as Rousseauism did, as Jacobinism did, as the Social Democrats do—is a misconception. Positivism has both Conservative and Radical elements so innate in its faith that it must be a question of the temper of each individual mind which for the time being gives the dominant key.

That which is vitally distinctive of Positivism in politics is the aim of the forming in public life of what Comte in his abstract language called the *spiritual power*. Nothing hinders the growth of Positivism

* Part of an Address at Newton Hall, on January 1.

more than the crude Anglicizing of Comte's very difficult abstract terms. In ordinary English, the spiritual power means the Papacy or the Catholic Church, than which nothing more unlike can be imagined to Comte's *spiritual power* in politics. It is an idea exceedingly hard to put into any simple phrase. It is a compound idea, and its elements are each of a mixed kind. I conceive it to mean—first, a set of coherent principles with a moral as well as an intellectual basis; then some recognized organs for giving those principles expression; and, lastly, institutions whereby such opinion is organized into action. It is, in fact, public opinion, moralized and organized, apart from political agitation, laws, parties, or force—reacting on political practice, but not intervening in it, and not subservient to it. Just as there is a government, and political chiefs, and electoral bodies, votes, and public decisions, so there should be a moral force, principles respected and disseminated, and public teachers who are not in the whirl of political strife.

The true justification of Positivism, in its attempt to find a human base for religion, is this—that in all forms of theological religion, worldly affairs are left to the world and to worldly men. And in all forms of scientific and merely intellectual activity, no religious ideals are put forward, and no moral or social end is sought. Hence worldly things and practical things, and especially politics, economy, and social institutions, are now regarded as out of the sphere of any organized Moral Force of any sort, either scientific or religious. The central idea of Positivism is to found such a Moral Force, on the only possible basis—a human and a mundane faith, at once practical, scientific, and religious.

The essential business of Positivists, at any rate now, is to try to organize the germs of a *Moral Force* wherewith to modify public affairs. It is our duty, like that of all citizens, to vote, to speak, to promote this or that cause, in our places as citizens (and it may, no doubt, be quite right to do this on platforms, in Parliament, and any other legal and practical way). But our essential task is to do what we can to organize the *Moral Force* apart from the inevitable distractions and compromises of a public career, free from the moral and intellectual temptations which beset the path of the politician. Though I am glad to know that Positivism has made its voice heard in the constituencies, and will make it heard in the new House of Commons, for most of us the best course will be to seek to form opinion wholly outside the storm of party rivalry and the bonds of party discipline. There are plenty of active spirits eager to enter on a political career, and nowise averse to undertake the responsibility of power. There are very few men at all—and of trained and instructed politicians but one or two here and there—who are found to take interest in politics without any admixture of personal ambition or

partisan passion, seeking only to modify public life by upholding principles rather than by backing up a side.

There is assuredly urgent need for the building up of some such *Moral Force* in our public life. We have now reached a point in the history of our Constitution which presents extraordinary anomalies, out of which almost any issue is far from improbable. The last Reform Act and the events of the last few years have made this country as near an approach to simple democracy as any, perhaps, in Europe. England now occupies a place almost unique in history. She has virtually and in effect, though not avowedly, cast off her old political system, and yet has not consciously adopted any other. Our Constitution is in a state more undefined, more fluid, than almost any Constitution in the world. There are more open spaces and unknown regions in it than in any; and there are fewer recognized obstacles in the way of any conceivable organic change. England for two centuries has been an aristocratic Republic, which succeeded to the inheritance of an ancient monarchy, having immense moral and material forces behind it. Since the French Revolution and revolutionary wars, the aristocracy who administered this feudal republic had, with great energy and no little skill, contrived to dominate the great middle class and the active part of the working-class. But by a series of changes, which have been going on during the lifetime of most of us, and which were precipitated by the great party duel of last year, the aristocratic republic has capitulated; and, if we look to realities and not to old fictions, an almost pure democratic republic has now been virtually installed.

But this is the least part of it. Democratic republics are no longer any novelty. The world is not afraid of them. And I am the last man to say that we need be afraid of them. But the English democratic republic is wholly without those organic resources for stable government which all republics, and especially democratic republics, have sought. The English Constitution of 1688 bristled with such resources. So does the Constitution of the United States. So does, to some degree, the Constitution of the French Republic. We have discarded all of them; and we have put nothing whatever in their place. We have nothing at all resembling the old "Balance" of the Constitution. It is practically gone. Crown, House of Lords, Privy Council remain, just as the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London remain; but they are not organic forces in our system any longer. We have nothing at all resembling the Executive and the governing institutions of the United States, all outside the popular House. We have nothing like the French President and vast organized bureaucracy, with its minute ramifications of local administration, and its constitutional independence of the ordinary law, as they have in France. We have not even the federal machinery of

Switzerland. Since the French Convention of 1793, the world has hardly seen any permanent Chamber so completely invested with a sole and supreme despotism as the English House of Commons. The House of Commons is a despot as absolute as the Sultan of Islam; for it has nothing now, not only to control it, but even to steady it.

From the Ministry of Walpole in 1721, down to 1884, the House of Commons was in the main and with some intervals the true centre of Force; but it was really itself controlled by a large, elastic, and essentially bourgeois aristocracy. Last year the remaining means of working that control were surrendered; and for the first time in our history, almost for the first time in modern history, the labouring masses of the people have been invested with almost absolute control over the entire destinies of our country and empire. It perhaps has never before occurred, at least in this century, that in the sovereign Assembly of a great empire, twelve men of the working-class—men sent especially to represent the working-class—have taken their seats; and, if we count in Ireland, as we ought, this number is really raised nearly to one hundred. Far the larger part of the members of this sovereign Assembly are freely returned by the unbiassed choice of the labouring masses. If something of the kind is to be seen in America and in France, it must be remembered that the popular House, both in France and in the United States, has no such sovereign supremacy as the English House of Commons, and is there balanced by co-ordinate Executive forces. Here, where we have neither President, nor independent Executive, nor Supreme Council, nor Council of State, and where Parliament has long exercised the absolute disposal of administration as well as legislation, and where the real President of our Republic is practically at the mercy of a division day by day, the House of Commons concentrates power and exerts a despotism unknown to the Constitution of any State in Europe, except Russia and Turkey. And as the mass of the people now do freely elect this House, the real Constitution of England is to-day (in spirit) the nearest approach to pure democracy ever seen in the West since the French Revolutionary Convention.

This is not the occasion to enlarge on this most interesting and remarkable problem. Attention has been called to it quite recently in two very important books, to which I would commend all my hearers to-day, the works of two of the most subtle and acute observers in that very small band of men in our country who study politics as a science—I mean the book of Professor Albert Dicey on the English Constitution, and that of Sir H. Maine on Popular Government. Both of these cool and clear observers, from rather different points of view, agree in this—a conclusion in which I emphatically share—that in spite of appearances and conventional

formulas, habits, and fictions to the contrary, the House of Commons represents the most absolute autocracy ever set up by a great nation since the French Revolution.

Appearances are in such a matter highly treacherous, for they veil from us realities of tremendous power. It is quite true that neither the external signs of unbridled democracy, nor its familiar modes of working, are very visible as yet. In the absence of very exciting movements, the conventional formulas and the traditional habits of our old aristocratic organization keep things much as they were. The British Constitution still goes on, and possibly may long continue to go on, by force of a very powerful ancient organization, long after this ancient framework has ceased to have the real forces behind it which built it up—just as the stupendous fabric of the Roman Empire went on, and even its successor and heir, that of the Turks, holds together to our day. Nor do I undervalue the immense material and moral forces held by the governing classes and the wealthy classes in this country, and the vast silent solid mass of conservatism latent in British society—a power which seems to work sometimes like the force of gravitation by some mysterious, unseen, universal, physical law of Nature. I think it quite possible that in a revolution, or in a civil war, in Great Britain, nay, even in Ireland, the wealth and habits of command enjoyed by the dominant class would enable them to win—at least for one generation. But what I insist on, is this : that so far as law and institutions go, they have formally and irrevocably transferred the whole *constitutional* power in these islands to the labouring masses, and have set up in the People's House a legal autocracy, more purely democratic and with fewer provisions against anarchical changes than can be found in any great State in the world.

What from the point of view of Positivism is a rational estimate of this pure and autocratic democracy? Not assuredly that of the Reactionist or the critical Conservative—not that of the Radical Democrat. Positivism is equally zealous in the cause of constructive Conservatism and of Radical reform. But it is not democratic, in the sense of recognizing any absolute right in the people to do what they please, or any sort of divine sanction that what the people please to do will be right, just, or expedient. The ordinary democratic Shibboleths, either in the form of the sovereignty of the people, the *vox populi, vox Dei*, dear to continental revolutionists, or in the more flabby form of English commonplace Radicalism, the direct government of the people by the people for the people, as an indefeasible dogma, not to be doubted, or even interfered with—these democratic Shibboleths are to us as obsolete as the divine right of kings. Comte has exploded the entire legend of *rights* in politics, for peoples and classes, as much as for kings and aristocracies. He

makes social utility the sole basis of any authority, and the conditions for the time being of each social organism, the sole test of a healthy distribution of power. As he profoundly says, there is a stage beyond democracy. Just as to monarchy succeeded aristocracy, and to aristocracy succeeded democracy, so to democracy succeeds *sociocracy*; which means that the only legitimate source of authority in any State is the free development of the society in its highest type; and so the best distribution of power is that which for the particular society places power in the hands of those who can best use it for the permanent welfare of the whole society.

Positivism repudiates the old conventional language about the abstract rights of majorities, the indefeasible right of the people to the direct exercise of power, and the supreme duty of relying on universal suffrage to effect the happiness of everybody, and to find the best solution out of every difficulty. Positivism, indeed, insists that crimes and follies come quite as easily to democracies as to aristocracies and monarchies; that democracies are even more difficult, because more mature, forms of government than either aristocracies or monarchies; and that by the development of the social organism the task of government is ever becoming a more delicate and scientific function. We should heartily accept very much of that indictment against popular government in the striking book of Sir Henry Maine, the most systematic criticism of popular government that has ever been delivered to Englishmen since the time of Burke. I am myself the more disposed to recognize the force of it, in that in some essays published more than ten years ago I urged a series of objections to the current platitudes about popular government, and especially the real impossibility of any direct government by all in anything. As I argued then, government implies direction of all by some; all government is, and must be, *personal*. You may have—you must have—the consent of the governed. But no institution or contrivance can enable all (or even many) to govern, any more than the sailors of a crew can individually navigate a ship without officers, or soldiers of an army by each man's free motion fight a campaign without captains. A "State" means the organization of multitudes into civil societies; and "organization" means that selected persons direct the groups in particular ways, getting first the thousands and then the millions to co-operate to some complex end, an end ultimately planned out by a very few, or even one. Sociocracy means that this end is the best in the permanent interest of society as a whole, and is designed and worked by the men best fitted to effect it.

Here, then, we are wholly with the Conservative critics of pure democracy, who, I venture to say, have introduced little which is not to be found in principle in Comte; and we may regret that our

statesmen on both sides, who are, for the most part, not Democrats at all, but genuine opportunists with strong Conservative habits—should systematically repeat crude democratic platitudes as their professed political dogma. But there is another side on which we heartily abjure the Conservative criticism, and earnestly maintain the popular principle in government. No revolutionist can more utterly renounce the principle of government by force in civilized communities of citizens; no anarchist can more detest the pretension of paternal despotism: those *pedantocracies* where the wise and good compel the foolish and the wicked to do what is best against their will. Happily the alternative is not between the sovereignty of the people—i.e., the absolute despotism of ignorant democracies, and the paternal despotism of the Superior Being. There is a middle path, and that path is the true one—government by competent public servants with the co-operation of the governed: personal direction limited by the intelligent co-operation of the mass of the people. That, no doubt, in a vague way adapted to the semi-feudal society of the time, was the root idea of the Whig constitution of 1688, which we have just buried. “Everything for the people, and nothing by the people,” was the idea of Somers, Halifax, William of Orange, and Walpole. To that formula, Fox, Russell, and Brougham added “and nothing without the people’s consent.” Democracy would now say, “And everything by the people.” The truer formula, if we are to have a formula, is this: “Everything for society; nothing by or for any class or section of society; everything by the most competent leaders, with the intelligent co-operation of the whole people.”

The intelligent co-operation of the whole people is now the cornerstone of any healthy government, the condition precedent for all free and progressive communities. Thus sociocracy is not democracy, or direct government by the whole people; but it embodies the essential idea of democracy, the active participation in all government by the entire body of the people. We are not speaking of the East, or of rude societies, but of European nations in the nineteenth century. And for them we maintain that popular government in this sense, the continuous and intelligent moral co-operation in government of the whole people, is essential if we are to avoid the weary see-saw from anarchy to tyranny. We, if no democrats, are, in the deepest sense of the word, Republicans by conviction, believing that the sole issue for a grown-up community, with an educated, free, and thriving population, is the real incorporation of the workers in the entire State system. We are not only Republicans by principle, but we believe in the dignity of labour in its noblest sense, in the possibility of combining manual toil with the highest cultivation and the most responsible duties of the citizen, in the sterling qualities of mind and character called out by a life of labour in the stern school

of labour. The peevish complaints of superfine critics, and the scepticism of puzzled reactionaries, shall not enthrall us. The Whig theory, the Tory theory, the aristocratic or the despotic plan of ruling fully grown communities of enlightened and high-spirited men *against their wills*, without asking their consent, in spite of their resistance, by means of any class or order of men whatever, or by any men whatever, be they angels from heaven, not freely accepted and welcomed by them—all this is a wild dream, as empty as a scheme to re-establish the Witenagemot, or the Star-Chamber. Come what may, anarchy, revolution, despotism, and national extinction, the bare idea of governing the people of these islands, England, Scotland, or Ireland, without their free and intelligent consent, is mere lunacy.

No! it is indeed a very different moral that Positivism draws from the advance of democracy from that which is offered us by the Conservatism of reaction. No reaction whatever is the true solution—but the education of opinion. What we need now more than ever is the formation of a *Moral Force* in politics—just principles, habits of discipline, and organization, respect for character and capacity, high ideals in public life, and self-control in all men. Many years ago a very acute man, alas! a merely critical Conservative, told the country that all that now remained for us was to “educate our masters.” Yes! let us educate our masters! in a somewhat nobler sense of the phrase. It is not mere schooling and book knowledge to keep them from vulgar crime that is needed. It is to infuse into the great mass of our people the basis of a high standard of public opinion. Give them sound convictions on great questions; cultivate in them the sense of order, discipline, enthusiasm for their true leaders, and a temper of respect for competent guidance. Lay the foundations of a *Moral Force*, now that all else is in a welter, now that everything is an open question, and all parties, and all public men, are almost equally discredited, and in a deadlock.

It is in no spirit of obstructive Conservatism that we say this—not to prolong for wealth or privilege any of their ill-used ascendancy. We are in principle Republicans, eager as any revolutionist can be to see a long series of social reforms accomplished in Church and State. We too, as much as any Socialist or Communist, aim at a social reorganization of public and private life. But the bare formulas of democracy will never give us this, nor any mere demolition of ancient institutions. From the true Conservative and from the true Radical point of view, the education of the *Moral Forces*, the formation of an organized body of *public opinion*, is equally necessary. There is truth in Sir H. Maine’s argument that democracy, *per se*, gives no guarantee either of a progressive, or a just, a useful, or even a safe government. Why should there be, apart

from the eternal claptrap of party platforms? We have seen in France universal suffrage in full career now for nearly forty years; and in spite of it a dismal catalogue of disaster alternating with civil war and deadlock. The one thing which in France has steadily progressed for forty years is not legislation, but taxation. So, too, in New York and San Francisco and the great cities of the United States, the maximum of democratic institutions for generations has ended in one of the most corrupt, most oppressive, and most impracticable of all municipal governments. For the sake of the people, for the sake of the weak, the poor, and the oppressed; for the sake of our country, its past and its future—far more than for the sake of property, order, or any particular institution—we all need, along with democracy, and because of democracy, an organized *Moral Force*. Radicals and Conservatives are equally interested in that, and can equally work together to create it. Democracy, yes! if democracy mean the active participation of the mass of the people in the duties of government, we can welcome it, we *must* accept it. In this age it is inevitable as the rising of the sun. But democracy, pure and simple, may be worse than useless; it may be a death-blow, not only to the nation, but to the people themselves, unless it be followed up by its legitimate and indispensable companion, the organization of public opinion, the creation of a Moral Force, with disciplined habits of public leadership and public loyalty to leaders.

Do we not indeed need this Moral Force? Is there not around us on all sides the handwriting on the wall? Everywhere we may see that democracy, pure and simple, whilst it is a more difficult and more dangerous form of government than any other, has nothing in it to exorcise corruption, oppression, stagnation, and muddle in government. The Municipal Council of Paris rests on the most unqualified type of democracy ever established in Europe; and it certainly presents elements of corruption, misrule, and oppressive anarchy difficult to exceed on this side of the Atlantic. The democratic principle has had full swing for many years in the French Republic, and we now see that under it it is hardly possible to form even a temporary government; it is hardly possible to work any policy; legislation is almost suspended by the conflict of party sections; no party can get more than a casual innings; and no leading man can retain any influence for more than a few months. All parties, all principles, all men, and all measures are equally fallen into discredit and public odium. And in the meantime everything in the State is at a standstill, or rests idle in suspense. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Government of the United States has a far simpler task than those in Europe; legislation is hardly needed where there is not, as in Europe, a complex feudal organization painfully transforming itself into one industrial and democratic.

And the founders of the Republic there created a mass of institutions by which government is carried on outside of any democratic Chamber. Yet in the House of Representatives, in the municipalities, in the local legislatures, and local administrative and judicial system, all resting on the bare democratic plank, the spectacle is not encouraging; and by common consent of thoughtful men in America and Europe, it leaves, as the French euphemistically say, "very much to be desired." Our own attempts in the way of elected boards, where the democratic principle of election has had an uninterrupted field (as in Parliamentary elections it never has had yet), is enough to convince us that the ballot-box is not the last word in political philosophy, and adequate in itself to bring about a millennium. There is still a further word to be said—a very big and far-reaching word—the organization of public opinion.

Would that Tories, Whigs, and Radicals remembered that whatever the freedom of universal suffrage in America and in France, there is in both countries a vast reserve power for holding the nation together, able to be called on when all fails, a reserve which is entirely absent here. In France and in the States there is a vast majority of peasants, and small farmers, rural cultivators, with property, local responsibilities, physical strength, habits of self-reliance, ultimately holding the legal and the material power of the nation, and knowing that they hold it: the class which pays three-fourths of the revenue, holds an immense preponderance of the voting power, furnishes the whole of the food of the nation, and the whole of the military force, an order capable in both nations of suddenly creating millions of first-rate soldiers. Whatever might be done in Paris, or in New York and Washington, in the last resort *ventum est ad triarios*, as the Romans said; the reserves come into line, the reserves of the rural cultivators, who are never supposed to be very extravagant revolutionists. We have nothing of the kind here. We have no peasants; our cultivators of the soil have no Conservative instincts at all; and the recent elections have shown that they cannot be counted on, in any sense, as a Conservative reserve.

In the United States, in France, in Switzerland, in every democratic Republic, there is an organized Executive system, there are Conservative institutions, independent of the popular House. Here there is nothing. Behind the mere stage scenery of Crown, House of Lords, British Constitution, and the formulas of Blackstone and Hallam, all now completely obsolete—there is nothing. Old habit, and mere inexperience, keep things apparently much as they were. So they did when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette began their brilliant life, on the throne. But here, there is nothing, if a storm did come; nothing really but one popular House, elected by almost

universal suffrage, daily electing its own Ministers, and making them do all the work of government under the fire of their criticism and that of 5,000,000 of electors. If that is not pure democracy, democracy has not been seen on earth since 1793.

And yet we go on, as if we had not swept away and made a bonfire of the Constitution of 1688, all of us—statesmen, publicists, journalists—talking pure democratic doctrines, scrambling for power, vilifying public men, teaching the people to despise their rulers, to resist government, covering with public mockery one institution after another, casting aside public men, making everything an open question, throwing into the democratic crucible marriage, the position of woman, the care of our families, the education of the young, the requirements of health, and the precepts of morality. I, for one, am not at all disposed to accept as inspired revelation the absolute fiat of any ballot-box, as to whether it is wise and right to marry a deceased wife's sister, or a deceased brother's wife; whether my neighbours shall make it criminal to buy a glass of beer, if I think right so to do; whether my neighbours shall be free to give me the small-pox, or next, I suppose, free to prosecute me for vaccinating my own child; whether children shall be torn from their homes by public officers and forced to spend their days in school; whether the old habits of civilized life, distributing different functions in society to men and to women, shall be all set aside, and sex abolished, except so far as the primary laws of our physical nature may decline to be reformed; or whether marriage shall be made as elastic as the lease of a house, and as entirely a matter of business convenience as a partnership in the wine-trade. These are all things to decide which the democratic ballot-box is the worst of all possible tribunals, and which I, for one, decline to leave to its free and independent vote. I would as soon take a popular vote as to the relative merits of Dante and Shakspeare, or the best method of observing the Transit of Venus.

The intelligent co-operation of the people in government by all means. But with it, the indispensable corollary, the creation of systematic public opinion, the organization of the Moral Forces. We are all startled to see how elections sway backwards and forwards, how parties, men, policies, even prejudices and old creeds, seem to disappear before the suffrage as if an earthquake had suddenly swallowed up the old fabrics, and re-fashioned anew the soil on which we live. Everything is possible in the mighty wave of a great democratic vote. Constitutions, empires, churches, our homes and families, our daily life—all wait to be cast into the Medea's caldron. The ballot-box, the new Delphic oracle, speaks in some more or less articulate way—and we all submit, saying, "Well! after all, let us see how this change will work."

There is urgent need to form a public opinion, independent of Parliament and of all electoral machinery whatever. The fierce rivalry of parties, and the way in which party absorbs all political thought amongst us, is a growing danger. It may be agreed that the healthy organization of party is an essential condition of Parliamentary government. As practised with us, the organization of party tends to crush and stifle the free play of public opinion. Members of Parliament feel it a duty not to embarrass their party leaders by discussing any question which the leaders do not sanction, or by ever criticising anything they do or omit to do. Party men and politicians outside Parliament follow the same cue and encourage the members in silent discipline. The journalists and publicists usually have their party side, and make it a point of honour to stir no awkward topic, but with their whole force to support the party side. Thus, as the whole political energy of our day runs into Parliamentary channels, and is organized with military discipline to secure party victories (and the same thing is even more conspicuous in the United States), the free formation of public opinion is almost as difficult as under the despotism of a Czar or a Napoleon.

In the name of Freedom and Progress let some of us at least keep out of the Parliamentary race-course, out of the party caucus, out of party journalism. Let us in this place attempt to do what we can to organize a real Moral Force. I would claim for Positivists this much: that they are the only organized body of politicians in the kingdom who systematically strive to build up public opinion on other than party lines, with other than Ministerial victories as their aim. Positivism, in its essence, means simply the formation of some moral power as the inspirer of active life, without any coarse stimulus of rivalry or ambition. The Churches busy themselves with theological and celestial questions only. Here is the failure of merely celestial religion. Let us with such help as Conservative, Whig, or Radical will give, try to form high and right canons of public judgment; let us insist on making the plain moral law dominant in national politics; let us urge the clear intelligences and the just spirits everywhere to make their voices heard and not slavishly to submit to the loud cries of the many, and the gross verdict of a wooden ballot-box; let us insist that the first and most crying of public duties is to teach, guide, and lead the people, and as a means to that teaching, to make the people teachable. Let us raise up the spirit of enlightened education in things public and national, strengthening in the people everywhere the idea of being taught and led, convinced and elevated. Politics are not, any more than astrology or medicine, the province of the mass. They are the province of wise guidance and intelligent co-operation.

Our plea for the organization of opinion into a real Moral Force

as the true counterbalance, of democracy, is no backsliding into that retrograde cynicism which afflicts thinking men as they advance in life. Time does not permit me to enlarge on the topics of the day; but before I close I will say a few words about one or two of the most pressing problems.

There is one compensation in the acknowledged deadlock to which our Parliamentary system is reduced, that it must at last force practical statesmen to deal with this urgent reform. In season and out of season we have urged that the absorption by the House of Commons of the direct administration of this vast Empire, was a danger to all good government, and to our national existence. The inorganic welter of procedure, the consolidation of obstruction into a special art, the anomalous meddling of a legislative body with the details of Executive, stifle government and kill statesmanship. It is far more than a mere internal reform of procedure that is needed. Without that indeed, Parliament will soon be a laughing-stock to the world. The real want of our time is the creation of a responsible Executive, in direct contact with public opinion; able to carry on its difficult tasks without the hourly interference of Parliamentary factions, and the need of securing a party majority from day to day. England is the only country in the world which ever made its entire Executive system the mere committee of a huge democratic club. The function of popular assemblies is to legislate, to control finance, to express the formal will of their electors. They cannot by their very nature either govern or dictate to governments in administrative details.

It is a striking proof how much deeper than any party question lies the fatal growth of the Empire, when we see that under a Conservative, and therefore we might suppose a more Imperialist Government, there is more prospect than there was under a Liberal Government of our finally escaping from our Egyptian imbroglio. The year has not passed—no year is likely to pass—without again adding to our overcharged Empire another kingdom—this time one nearly as large as France. In spite of our supposed Parliamentary control (so troublesome and meddlesome, and yet so profoundly inefficient), we have no adequate information as to the circumstances which have led to the conquest of Upper Burmah. Our body here has expressed its emphatic opinion against conquest, as usual made, so far as we can learn, in the interest of certain private traders, and not out of national necessity; and we again renew our condemnation of annexation; a step which we refuse to admit to be justified either by the true interests of England or the rule of justice. The grounds on which this vast extension of our Empire is justified to-day, would equally support a war of conquest in many parts of the world. They are the grounds on which the Russian Empire has been perpetually

extended in Asia, and which are for it a continual menace and source of war and disturbance towards the Empire of Turkey. Oriental empires necessarily have semi-barbarous and turbulent neighbours, and the interests of traders in semi-civilized regions to protect. Is the extension of Empire to go on indefinitely? In this matter we seem to be carried round in a perpetual vicious circle. Swarms of traders and adventurers push themselves into the vast regions outside our world-wide Empire. They are ever involving themselves and us in quarrels with the semi-barbarous rulers, and are ever discovering new sources of gain to be derived from conquest. So conquest and annexation advance, till the day comes—and it must come—when the whole Empire will topple down in bloody ruin.

A crisis is evidently approaching in the matter of education, in which a combined effort will be made by the Churches and the vestries to undo much of the work of the national school system. From the first we raised our voice against the danger of making the school system too ambitious, too costly, and too oppressive. We always asked that education should be free in every sense of the word; free from payment, and free from compulsion; that it should be strictly limited to the bare elements, and not in any way interfere with free religious teaching. It is the principle of compulsion which has embittered and complicated this question. When the tyrannical rule of compulsion is enforced along with ambitious schemes of a universal State education, resistance is inevitable; the poor look on the school as oppressive; the expense becomes a growing difficulty, and a real social hardship; all the religious bodies are made hostile, and the worst as well as the best motives for economy are arrayed against the school. I remember myself, at the commencement of the Education Act in 1870, urging that the "problem was how to make the schools useful, not how to *force the people to use them*;" "that the primary education by the State should be in principle gratuitous;" that it should be "strictly confined to the rudiments of school knowledge, and not compulsory;" that all ambitious visions of a high State education should be put aside, and every encouragement given to religious education by voluntary religious agency. These are the principles of education to which we consistently adhere. We of all men are most earnest in the cause of religious education, as we understand it. The Catholic Church itself cannot more vehemently believe in all education of a high order being a *religious education*, given by teachers trained in a religious faith and by every word seeking to inculcate that religious faith. This cannot be done by the State, and therefore all State education should be quite rudimentary, modest in its aim, free from all compulsion, gratuitous in principle, and merely auxiliary to the true higher education which necessarily belongs to free and spiritual bodies.

On the same grounds that we call for Free Schools we call for Free Churches. The entire freedom from State control of every spiritual authority is the very foundation of Positivism; and hence it is impossible for it to find any justification for the principle of a State Church. With the Church of England as a spiritual institution we can have no ground of bitterness; nay, we must recognize the indispensable work which it alone is still competent to afford. As myself brought up in the Church of England, baptized, confirmed, and married by it, finding the Church a means of spiritual culture for the poor and the ignorant, I actively support it as a parishioner, and I can have no desire whatever to see the Church broken up as a religious body. But the control of the State, the subjection of the Church to the House of Commons, which might easily consist of a majority hostile to the Church, even as a religious body—all this is fatal to real spiritual influence. At every turn its spiritual activity is poisoned at the source. Not from antipathy to the Church, not from hostility to religion, but by our sympathy with all true and vital religion, we see in the very conditions of a State Church the paralysis of real spiritual life, the fatal disease which in the end must kill the Church of England.

A few words on the now burning question of Ireland, and I have done. Free Schools, Free Church, Local Self-Government are three cardinal points of Positivist faith. It is now nearly twenty years ago that our body first raised its voice, in the "Letters on Ireland," by our friend Dr. Bridges, published in 1867, in favour of the frank recognition of the Irish nationality, and the establishment of a national Irish Government. In the proposal put forward in our name by Dr. Congreve in 1868, the aim is stated to be "to create in Ireland a new self-existing and self-ruling unit amongst Western States." We were, in fact, as a body, Home Rulers before the Home Rule party existed, before Mr. Gladstone ever touched the Church or the land; long before the Land League, or the National League, or the Nationalist party were formed. Nearly twenty years ago the Positivist body was, as it still is, the only organized body of English politicians who on principle, and entirely apart from any party entanglement, or any personal ambition, upheld this cause, through good report and evil report, during the Fenian panic and the Land League agitation, and the dynamite scare. We called out on grounds of duty, justice, and patriotism, for the removal of the dominant Church, for restoring the land to the cultivators, whether large or small, for a national education for the Irish people, for Imperial grants to develop again the ruined industries of the island; and as a consequence of Irish nationality, for the establishment of an Irish National Government. To that programme we adhere now. We have not to be converted by Mr. Gladstone, nor are we suddenly confounded by

his own somewhat startling conversion. Whether he will succeed or not it is perhaps idle to speculate until he has made public his plan. But the establishment of an Irish National Government is now amongst the certainties of the future; for this reason, if for no other, that Parliamentary Government in England is now unworkable without it.

We are not superstitious believers in the doctrine that Parliamentary Government in itself is a panacea for all social evils, and an infallible guarantee of national prosperity. And we can foresee that a large democratic House on the English model sitting in Dublin, wholly without the strong traditions which still steady our English House of Commons, and without the immense silent forces latent in English society, may issue in misrule, anarchy, even possibly in civil war. I am not about to discuss the conditions of an Irish House of Representatives. The smaller it is, the less like the English in its functions, and the more distinctly separate from purely Executive functions, the less will no doubt be the danger of misrule, and confusion and tyranny. The creation of a real, distinct, powerful Executive is almost a necessity of the case, and herein what are called the guarantees must be found. But both legislative and executive powers must be Irish, national, local, and not Imperial, though I profoundly trust that the Executive authority, at least, will not be democratic.

To such a national authority, we, at any rate, if other English politicians hesitate, are willing to commit the destinies of Ireland; nay, it must be admitted frankly, the destinies of England also. For we have confidence that the Irish people are indeed a nation; a nation neither crushed by evil rule nor degraded by centuries of civil war; and, though there may be cruel troubles yet in store for them and for us in the last wrench, though many an innocent one may suffer, and many an evil one may work his bad will, even though England ring with rage and shame before it is all over, and though Ireland pass through times of hardship and distress, nothing but the satisfaction of the national desire can ever heal the secular struggle between the two nations, and close what is the deepest stigma upon the history of the English people, and one of the darkest blots on the life of Humanity.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

DURING the last half-year foreign affairs in Germany have been neither very eventful nor very successful. As to the Bulgarian movement, it was for Prince Bismarck certainly an "untoward event," as for most of the European Powers. To the President of the Berlin Congress, any hole picked in his work is unwelcome, although the Emperor William, who at that time was prevented from taking any part in politics by the consequences of Nobiling's murderous attempt, afterwards strongly disapproved of the separation of the two Bulgarias, which he pronounced to be an untenable arrangement, as, sooner or later, the two would infallibly unite. However, the Chancellor is essentially a practical statesman. He saw that the movement, which took him, like the rest of the world, by surprise, was genuine, and would not have opposed it, if M. de Giers, on his return from Copenhagen, had not assured him that his Imperial master was so much vexed by Prince Alexander's conduct, that there could be no thought of acknowledging the accomplished fact. Now, the anger of the Emperor of Russia was quite intelligible; he dislikes Prince Alexander, not only because he is a German, but because he demurred to making Bulgaria a vassal state of Russia, just as Montenegro is. A Russian intrigue was therefore got up to overthrow Prince Alexander, and replace him by the Czar's brother-in-law, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who was to bring, as the dowry of his dynasty, the union of the two Bulgarias, and at the same time to overthrow King Milan, and put upon his throne Russia's servant, Prince Karageorgevitch. Prince Alexander was entirely ignorant of this plot, and during the summer was absent in Germany; he paid visits to M. de Giers, at Franzensbad, and to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, speaking in perfect good faith as if nothing particular was going on. It was only on his return, that his patriotic minister, Karavelow, who had got wind of what was preparing, initiated him into the dangers of the situation, and the Prince, aided by the advice of England's able Chargé d'affaires, Mr. Lascelles, saw at once that he had no choice but to place himself at the head of the movement. He did so, and the whole population supported him; but one may conceive the anger of Russia at seeing the mine laid

by her, going off in the opposite way against her ; she was vexed, not because the movement was directed against the Treaty of Berlin, but because it had an anti-Russian character. The Czar therefore resolved to crush it, and tried to do so by recalling the Russian officers from Bulgaria, and by insulting the Prince by striking him off the list of the Imperial army. For the German Chancellor therefore the acknowledgment of the union would have been tantamount to a rupture with Russia, and as ally in that direction he would have had England alone, with the uncertain results of the English elections and the possibility of Mr. Gladstone's return to power. His situation was made still more difficult by the ill-advised policy of Austria in favouring the pretensions of Servia, and virtually furnishing her with the sinews of war, by allowing the Vienna Laender-Bank to conclude a loan with the Government of Belgrade. Placed between these conflicting policies, the Chancellor resolved to play a waiting game, and to support, at the Conference of Constantinople, the re-establishment of the *status quo ante*, while he was probably far from being angry at Sir W. White's opposition, which reduced the diplomatic labours of that assembly to nothing. Prince Alexander's gallantry changed the whole situation. It was soon seen that he was too popular with his subjects to be discarded by a foreign decree and sacrificed to the goodwill of Russia; and the hollowness of the calculations of the St. Petersburg Cabinet became self-evident, when Servia, under the flimsiest pretext, attacked Bulgaria and was beaten. Austria had to intervene in order to save Servia from the worst, and the united Powers imposed an armistice, which is to be turned to account for getting at a peaceful solution. The peace between Servia and Bulgaria will probably soon be concluded, but the settlement of the Bulgarian question is still presenting great difficulties. Prince Alexander has withdrawn his claim for a war indemnity, as well as for any territorial cession, but this is simply because he expects to find his reward in the union with Eastern Roumelia, to be effected in one form or another. He has consented to the armistice only after several of the great Powers have assured him that there shall be no question of re-establishing the *status quo ante*; but the great difficulty is to bring about the consent of Russia to a solution which will leave him practically the sovereign of a Bulgaria withdrawn from Russian influence, and forming, with Roumania, a strong bulwark against any further encroachment upon Turkey. It will not be easy to gild this pill so as to be acceptable to the Czar and his advisers. First there is to be a personal reconciliation between the two Alexanders. The Russian one expects that the Bulgarian shall ask his forgiveness and practically return to his former allegiance. Not only have his projects failed but his personal pride is wounded. As he well sees, not only in the eyes of the Bulgarians, whose chief patron he wished to be considered, but also in the eyes of his own subjects, Prince Alexander, whom he disgraced before all the world, is the real Slav hero. On the other hand, the latter insists that it was he who suffered the insult of being struck off the list of the Russian army, without having given any provocation, and maintains that this blot on his reputation must be first wiped out before he can offer his hand for a reconciliation. Such personal points of honour between sovereigns are always of a most ticklish nature, and it will tax all Prince Bismarck's ability to find a

mezzo termine which will soothe the rankling feelings of the Czar, and will yet be acceptable to Prince Alexander. This point once attained, it will be easy to obtain Turkey's consent to the union in one form or another. The Chancellor has another motive for attaining this reconciliation. It is no secret that some time ago Prince Alexander asked the hand of Princess Victoria, second daughter of the German Crown Prince, and that the Princess as well as her parents were in favour of this match, but the Emperor and Prince Bismarck thought the Bulgarian throne too unstable to risk such an adventure. But the union of the two Bulgarias once secured, this affair assumes a very different aspect ; while, on the other hand, a marriage with a daughter of one of the most powerful future sovereigns of Europe would immensely strengthen Prince Alexander's position.

The result of the English elections has been witnessed by the German public, and I believe I may say also by the German Government, with regret and surprise. Prince Bismarck's sympathies are of course all in favour of Lord Salisbury, and when unexpectedly the greater part of the towns voted for the Conservatives we thought the battle won ; but the county elections led to the result that there is no stable Government on which Foreign Powers may rely, a whim of Mr. Gladstone or the strategy of Mr. Parnell being able any fine morning to overturn the existing Government. This is the more to be regretted, because all German politicians of note wish to cement the alliance with Austria and Italy by that of England, and so to render France and Russia unable to disturb the peace of Europe ; but unless the Irish danger forces the moderate Liberals to join the Conservatives, England remains for continental statesmen a doubtful ally.

As to colonial policy, Germany has been very successful in Africa and most unsuccessful in the affair of the Carolines.

The naval demonstration of a powerful German squadron collecting at Zanzibar completely broke the resistance of Sultan Saïd Bargash to the acquisitions of the German East African Company, and a very advantageous treaty of commerce was concluded with him on December 20, which also ensures us the free use of the port of Dar-es-Salam. It is gratefully acknowledged that the conclusion of this treaty was favoured by the improved relations with England, whose influence, under the former Ministry, was directed against any *approchement* between Germany and the Sultan. The still pending differences as to the suzerain rights of the latter over some points of the coast will easily be settled, the Sultan having already acknowledged the German protectorate over Witu after the arrival of the German squadron. This protectorate, for which the East African Company got an Imperial charter, now stretches from the frontier of Mozambique to Berbera, occupied by the English, and it will now be the great task of the Company to organize this enormous country, which certainly offers far larger prospects for colonization and trade than the new Congo State, even if the projected railway from Leopoldville to Stanley Pool should be constructed. It has been a matter of unfeigned astonishment in German financial circles that English capitalists should venture on a loan for that purpose, for hitherto the African population of that district has shown small capacity for absorbing European products. In a similar way the Imperial Commissioner, Goering, has brought the whole of

Damara and Namaqualand under regular German protection. It now remains to be seen whether the financial company which has been formed under the presidency of Herr von Hanseemann, will find mines in the country comparable to those of the Cape Copper Mining Company. The limits of the German and French possessions on the West African coast have been settled by a convention signed December 24, as those in New Guinea have been regulated by a compact between Germany and England. At the same time, the internal relations of the new colonies in Africa have been consolidated by the introduction of certain parts of the German penal and civil codes.

A striking contrast to these achievements is presented by the affair of the Carolines. It cannot possibly be doubted that Prince Bismarck acted in perfect good faith when, conformably to the petitions of the leading German houses in those islands, he resolved to occupy them, and courteously announced his resolution to the Spanish Government, although he was not bound to do so, Article 34 of the Congo Act only referring to new acquisitions in Africa. Some Spanish consular functionaries in China had indeed, in 1875, put forward pretensions to the islands, but these proceedings were resisted by protests, not only from Germany but also from Great Britain. The Note of the British Minister declared that Her Majesty's Government did not acknowledge the claims put forward by Spain to the Caroline and Pelew Islands, because Spain had never exercised, and did not then exercise, any real dominion over these islands. It is a well-established principle of international law that priority of discovery gives no title unless it be accompanied by possession; therefore, even if Spain could prove that she had discovered the Carolines, this would be immaterial if she had not exercised a real dominion in those parts; and not only did Germany and Great Britain establish by these Notes of 1875 that no such dominion existed, and not only was there no answer from the Spanish Government to these protests, but when the British Minister at Madrid, Sir Henry Layard, reverted in 1876 to the subject, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that Spain had never claimed sovereign rights over the Carolines (dispatch of November 14, 1876, in the Blue Book of 1882). If, therefore, the same Minister who made this declaration now answered the German Minister's communication by a violent protest, re-echoed by the whole Spanish press, it is evident that in doing so he was swayed by reasons of internal policy and party. Prince Bismarck, in face of this row, which culminated in the attack on the German Legation, maintained a dignified composure, such as is only possible to the strong insulted by the weak. But at the same time he took care to establish, in two masterly Notes, the utter baselessness of the Spanish claims. Moreover, he immediately published these Notes in the official *Reichsanzeiger*, thus nailing his colours to the mast, and if finally he expressed his readiness to submit the affair to some impartial umpire, this was considered simply as the expression of the belief that the claims of Germany were such as to bear every scrutiny. But to the utter astonishment of every one, the Chancellor chose as mediator the very man who perhaps alone in the world was unable to deliver an impartial judgment on the question. When it first transpired that the intended mediator was to be the Pope, people believed it to be a bad joke, and National Liberal papers were fore-

most in denouncing the idea as preposterous; which, however, did not prevent the journalistic Poloniuses from declaring, a week after, when the news proved to be true, that it was certainly a most profound combination. The fact is, that the Chancellor fell into a trap of the meanest kind. A year ago he had decreed the expulsion of an Italian, who, as correspondent of certain Roman papers, had indulged in disparaging observations on his policy. This man returned to Rome and wrote letters for some Berlin papers. As a mere hoax, he telegraphed to one of them that Spain intended to propose the Pope as mediator, knowing full well that no Spanish Minister would ever venture to make such a proposal, which was certain to be rejected at Berlin. But the Chancellor took the news in earnest, and thought it well to forestall such a proposal of the Cabinet of Madrid by making it himself.

I venture to maintain that this was a gross blunder. First, as I have said, it was impossible for the Pope to take an impartial view of the matter. Most good Catholics will smile if to-day the famous Bull is mentioned by which Alexander VI. partitioned the new world between Spain and Portugal; but a Pope cannot afford to ignore such a decision of one of his predecessors, the less so as it was soon found out that another Bull of Alexander VIII. or Innocent XII. existed, which acknowledged the rights of Spain to the Carolines. Principles of international law, however well they may be established, cannot prevail at the Curia against decisions pronounced by a Pope. Secondly, the Pope was unable to judge impartially, because he is the head of the Catholic Church. It was said by the German Government papers that he was appealed to; not in that capacity, but merely as a Sovereign. But this is a delusion in every regard. The Pope is no longer a sovereign, for the essential attribute of sovereignty is dominion over a certain territory, however small it may be, and the Pope has no longer any territory; even the Vatican and the Lateran are only left to him as entail. The fact is, that the Italian law of guarantees, in order to maintain his spiritual independence, *treats* the Pope in certain regards as if he were still a sovereign, sanctioning his personal inviolability, his right of legation, &c., but the Pope cannot enforce these rights. He cannot protect the privileges of the Foreign Ministers accredited to his person; all rights conferred upon him depend upon the good faith of the Italian Government. However, even if he were still a sovereign, it would be impossible for him to judge simply in that capacity, ignoring his position as chief of the Catholic Church. Just as Pius IX. in 1848 refused to declare war against Austria because the Austrians were his sons as well as the Italians, so Leo XIII. could not afford to alienate a country so eminently Catholic as Spain by giving an adverse judgment, the more so because he knew that the German Catholics would receive with utter indifference a judgment unfavourable to their Government.

Lastly, the appeal to the Papal mediation was a mistake, because it strengthened anew the Ultramontane pretensions. It has been a favourite theme of Leo XIII.'s speeches to recommend himself as the most proper arbitrator between States and Princes. Hitherto this has remained a "*vox clamantis in deserto*;" it was reserved to the Protestant Chancellor of Germany to realize the dream. No doubt

the Pope was highly gratified by this appeal, as he himself has declared in his Christmas allocution; but the conclusion that the simplest German peasant drew from the precedent was, that even a man so powerful as Bismarck could not do without the aid of the Holy Father. This has been confirmed by the letter with which the Pope conferred the Order of Christ, set in diamonds, upon Prince Bismarck. Couched in obliging terms, it clearly betrays his pride in having been appealed to as a mediator by the powerful Chancellor; it acknowledges Bismarck's merits in the foundation and strengthening of the German Empire, but it distinctly reminds him that this strength is dependent upon the co-operation of the Roman Church, whose influence for securing order in the State can only develop itself when the Church shall really be free. Therefore the Prince is to weigh well the future, while the Pope is willing to hope that this appeal to his wisdom may be a favourable augury for what is still to be done—i.e., acceding to his demands for an end to the *Culturkampf*. I confess myself at a loss to understand how the Government papers can see a triumph of the Chancellor in this letter, and it appears to me that in the main the Pope is the winning party. I heard Dr. Windthorst, leader of the Centre party, declare in the general Catholic assembly that it is the Pope who governs the world. The Chancellor supports this preposterous claim, although certainly most unwillingly, by enhancing the position of the head of the Catholic Church, whom he once treated as being on the same level with the Armenian Patriarch.

The practical result of this mediation was most unfortunate for Germany. In face of the two German Notes, proving that the Spanish pretensions are utterly unfounded, the Pope has pronounced for the sovereignty of Spain over the Caroline and Pelew Islands, while Germany only obtains a coaling station, the right of free commerce and shipping—as established in the treaty of March, 1885, on the Sooloo Archipelago concluded by Great Britain, Germany and Spain—and the acknowledgment of the existing German firms in those islands. The Spaniards, who at the beginning were so fierce in their feelings, now themselves laugh at the affair, comparing it to a quarrel of two girls over a doll, when the papa decides that the doll does belong to Hispania, but that Germania shall have the right of playing with it. It may well be that the possession of the Carolines was not worth the risk of provoking a conflict with Spain, although those islands will certainly acquire importance as an intermediate station after the opening of the Panama Canal; but it cannot be denied that Germany has practically given up what she officially declared to be her good right, although in the meantime the German flag has been hoisted on the Eastern Carolines, Rock Island, Ponape, Mokil, Pingelap, and Strong's Island. It is right, however, to add, that the official version of the Pope's judgment has not yet been published, as Spain is still negotiating with England, which insists, that having always taken the same ground with Germany in this question, it ought to enjoy the same privileges as those accorded to German commerce, and amongst others a coaling station.

Two ill-advised measures of the Government have raised a considerable amount of objection. At the beginning of the year the Chancellor concluded a treaty of extradition with Russia, stipulating that political

offenders should be delivered up just like common criminals, under certain conditions. It soon became evident that the Reichstag would never sanction this; so the Chancellor quickly changed the treaty, which was intended for Germany, into a Prussian one (the sanction of treaties by the Prussian Diet is limited to those which touch financial matters), and some weeks ago a similar treaty was concluded by Russia and Bavaria. Saxony and the other States will probably follow, but this is clearly a proceeding that infringes the competence of the Reichstag, to which all treaties of extradition have been presented for its consent, but which is practically without the means of enforcing its right.

The other matter was the expulsion of the Poles from the eastern provinces of Prussia. Nobody denies in principle the right of any State to expel foreigners who have shown themselves obnoxious; but if a Government expels more than 30,000 men, most of whom have peacefully lived in the country for years, for the sole reason that their residence there tends to Polonize the districts in which they live, the question assumes a different aspect. We complained with reason when France in 1870, after her first defeats, expelled the resident Germans from her territory, because such a proceeding was opposed to civilized usages; but what can we say now of Prussia, in a time of deepest peace, forcing a whole population to abandon a country where they have lived, increased the wealth of the country by their labour, and paid their taxes, simply because they have the misfortune to be Poles? And if the Chancellor did not want to see the Polish population of the eastern provinces increase, why did he admit these people? He would have been perfectly justified in stopping their immigration into Prussia; but it is a very different thing to expel such people after they have struck root in their new home. It was therefore nothing but reasonable that this matter should become the subject of an interpellation in the Reichstag, asking whether the confederated Governments had obtained knowledge of the measures resorted to by the Prussian Government, and whether they were prepared to put a stop to them? It was clearly a question touching the international relations of Germany, which belong to the jurisdiction of the Empire; for the proceedings had led, as we know by Count Kalnoky's declaration in the Delegation, to representations being made by Foreign Governments; further, it is easy to see that the measure was very apt to provoke reprisals by Russia and Austria, and what were we to do if Russia was to expel the Germans from its Empire, where there are 450,000 Germans in Poland alone? Finally, the constitution says that the policy with regard to foreigners and immigration is subject to the supervision of the Empire. But how did the Chancellor meet this interpellation? By the heavy ordinance of an Imperial message, by which he reproached the Reichstag with encroaching upon the sovereign rights of a confederated State, and usurping a power which the Chancellor, in his explanation of the message, thought to illustrate aptly by comparing the assembly to the French Convention. He therefore of course refused to discuss the question at all, and when this was nevertheless done by some members, he marched out of the House with the whole federal Council. This was perfectly useless, as the discussion of the next point in the budget, the salary of the Chancellor, afforded an opportunity of renewing the

debate, which was very angry, and led Dr. Windthorst, the chief of the Centre party, to make the declaration that we were living under a dictatorship. The Reichstag on this question also is unable to enforce its views, but it is very likely that we have not heard the last of it.

The question of the Brunswick succession is now settled. When the double-dealing letter of the Duke of Cumberland to the Queen of England, which I mentioned in my last review, was produced in the Brunswick Diet, it was clear that it put an end to his prospects, and it was therefore necessary to provide for a Regency. The Brunswick Diet would have liked best to choose Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince, and a deputation which waited upon the Chancellor stating these wishes, was not discouraged by him; but the Crown Prince objected to this choice, preferring to see his second son, Prince Henry, put forward. The Chancellor, however, declared that Prince Henry was too near the throne, and so Prince Albrecht, nephew of the king, was elected and very warmly received by the population. It is evident that, having no prospect to succeed in Prussia, the Prince's Regency will tend to become a dynasty, while Prince Henry's government would have been more of a real regency, leaving the place still open to the Duke of Cumberland's son. Brunswick will maintain its autonomy in internal affairs, but its independent position in the Federal Council is practically at an end, as it evidently will always be in the wake of Prussia.

A question which at present is much discussed, though rather in a low voice, concerns the financial embarrassments of the King of Bavaria. Although a bachelor and provided with a civil list of £220,000, he has by his fanciful manias run so heavily into debt that it seems impossible to extricate him. After having erected several new castles, he is now building one on the island of Herren-Chiemsee, quite as large as that of Versailles and an exact copy of it, but creditors are clamouring for their money, the agnates have declared that they will not allow the royal domains to be encroached upon, and it is out of the question to ask the Diet for money to clear off the enormous debts; so that it is difficult to guess how the matter will end if the king is not forced to abdicate.

As successor to the deceased Field-Marshal Manteuffel, Prince Hohenlohe, German Ambassador at Paris, has been chosen. He is an able and upright man, who promises to do well; he will probably govern in a less personal way than his predecessor, leaving more scope to his Ministers and proving pliant to the views entertained at Berlin. The principal reason for this choice, however, probably was that the vacancy of the post of ambassador at Paris offered a suitable position for Count Münster, whom the Chancellor had for some time wished to transfer from London. Count Hatzfeldt, hitherto Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has taken his place, and thus the secretaryship is open for Count Herbert Bismarck, who will soon be appointed to this place, thus taking the first position after his father, and at the same time being designated as the heir-apparent of the Chancellor's dynasty.

No real progress has been made within the last few months towards the establishment of peace between State and Church. Dr. Kremenzer indeed has been installed as Archbishop of Cologne after having paid

his court to the Imperial Majesties, and has issued a very mild inaugural pastoral letter, without touching on politics. As his successor in the bishopric of Ermeland, Dr. Thiel, a man of moderate views, has been chosen, who was at once accepted by the Government; but the question of the Archbishopric of Posen remains in the same condition of deadlock as before, and the State continues to refuse any organic revision of the May laws. If the Chancellor, by his appeal to the Pope on the Caroline question, hoped to render the Curia more pliable for ecclesiastical negotiations, he has certainly been mistaken, as was shown by the spirit in which the debate on an interpellation of the Centre party on Catholic Missions in the new German colonies was conducted. In substance the Chancellor certainly was right when he refused access to a French mission of an order affiliated to the Jesuits, and he emphatically denied the intention of the Government to exclude other German Catholic missions not belonging to that order. But the Centre party raised a cry that this was only a pretext for favouring Protestant missions to the disadvantage of Catholics, and declared that the latter if treated in this way would return to a position of unflinching opposition to the Government.

This may become very important for the fate of a new and gigantic project of the Chancellor, which now absorbs general attention and will soon occupy the Reichstäg—the brandy monopoly. I explained in my last review that hitherto the Government had refused to enter upon any reform of the sugar and spirit duties, mainly in the interest of the large landed proprietors of the eastern provinces. The existing law imposes a tax of 26·21 marks on the hectolitre of alcohol of 50 per cent.; but the large distilleries, by improved processes, obtain as much as 80 per cent., and thus in fact pay only 15·26 marks. Besides, an export bounty of 16·16 marks is granted by the Government, which thus constitutes a premium of 0·90 mark, although the law expressly says that the bounty shall never degenerate into a premium. The spirit tax thus only yields 46 million marks from a production of 8½ million hectolitres of alcohol, worth about 195 million marks—i.e., 1·35 mark per head; while France raises 1·76 mark, the United States 5·5 marks, Russia 8·10 marks, and England 12·42 marks per head. The simple re-enactment of the intended tax of 26·21 marks would increase the yield by more than 10 million marks. But to this the landed proprietors of the east, who in fact have become spirit distillers, always objected, because with their cheap potato brandy they enjoy a practical monopoly for the sale of spirits in Germany, and they have been backed by Prince Bismarck's policy, which is entirely swayed by agrarian interests. The question was therefore not to jeopardize this landed interest, and yet to obtain a higher revenue. This is to be effected by the brandy monopoly, such as it has been imagined by Professor Alglave in Paris.

According to this project the distilleries will remain in private hands, but they will be bound to sell all spirits, not exported, to the State. The State refines the spirits, in order to make them free of all unwholesome matter, and sells them to the retailers for consumption. The enhanced price at which it does this forms the gain of the public exchequer: Alglave has calculated that if the State, with a consumption of 116·1 million litres of pure alcohol, would

sell the litre at 10 fr., it would realize 929 million francs. So high a tax would not be possible in Germany, but taking it only at one mark per litre of pure alcohol, and assuming that the present consumption of 240 million litres would diminish by half, it would still yield 120 million marks.

In recommendation of this project it is said that thus drunkenness will decrease, and the consumer at the enhanced price will be sure to get a pure and wholesome brandy; that the distillers will get fair prices from the State, and yet be able to sell their surplus for export; that the retailers will simply throw the enhanced price on the consumer, and that the State will thus, without inconvenience to any one, realize a large income, which is to be devoted to continuing social reforms by granting pensions to invalid workmen and alleviating local taxation.

But it is easy to show that the objections to this project are far greater than the above-named problematical benefits. First, as regards the distillers, they are allured by the hope that the State will give them higher prices, and that they will be delivered from the variations of exchange prices, while they remain at liberty to export their surplus.* But they can scarcely overlook the fact that the State, in consequence of its monopoly, can fix the price just as it likes; and that if a Ministry opposed to the landed interest came into power, it might ruin the distillers by imposing upon them low prices. Besides, if the production of spirits is made dependent upon a concession, the State can give or refuse and cancel it at its pleasure, and the number of distilleries must diminish if the consumption of brandy is to decrease; at the same time the Government must decree the quantity of spirits to be produced, for it cannot buy more than it can sell to the retailers. Thus the producers would be entirely at the mercy of the State; the large distillers of the eastern provinces would probably be favoured for the present, but the balance might be quite turned against them by another Ministry; in any case, the whole landed interest, as far as it is connected with the production of spirits, would become dependent upon the Government. And this would be still more so with the retailers; the right of selling spirits would be given or refused just as a "débit de tabac" is now in France. Finally, the plan would require an enormous apparatus of functionaries, as well for the State refineries as for control, and yet would lead to smuggling on a vast scale; the whole would be a new gigantic stride into the socialistic State, while its apparent advantages can be quite as well attained by other methods;—in respect of health, by forbidding the sale of unrefined or adulterated brandy, as was done in Sweden by a law of 1869; in respect of the revenue, by introducing a considerably higher tax on the spirits produced, instead of taxing, as now, the cubic contents of the vessels in which they are fabricated.

The project will soon be brought forward, but although the Chancellor seems to have bribed the southern States by granting them a large part of the expected benefits, I do not think that it has much chance of passing; for, first, the consent of the southern States is doubtful.

* This, in fact, the Bill, which has just appeared, proposes to do. The distillers are to be paid 30-40 marks per hectolitre of pure alcohol, while the price on the general market is now about 23 marks; an enormous bounty would thus be given to the distillers at the expense of all taxpayers.

They have reserved, in acceding to the German Confederation, the right of taxing their beer and their spirits, and the Bavarian Government has always declared that the giving up of this right must remain subject to the consent of the Diet. Wurtemberg and Baden will take the same line, and in these countries the small distillers are particularly numerous, and complain already of the competition of the cheap northern potato brandy. Then the consent of the Centre party is doubtful; it has always been opposed to enlarging the power of the State in such a way as would put private industry at the mercy of the Government. The organs of the Centre party have hitherto unanimously declared against any monopoly, and the agrarian interest, as represented in this party, belongs mostly to Silesia, the west and the south, where there are comparatively few distillers. Besides, even the Agrarians of the Conservative party must see that the proposed monopoly would be for them a double-edged sword, and if the project fails in the present Reichstag, it would certainly be a bad cry for the Government at the next elections.

Another movement which makes much noise is the agitation which the Agrarian party have got up for the introduction of bimetallism. German bimetallists may be divided into theorists and practical men. The faith of the former reposes upon their belief in the omnipotence of the State. They think a decree of the Government sufficient to fix the relation of gold and silver, and as the Monetary Union seems unattainable owing to the refusal of England to take part in it, they hope that the same end may be realized by a more restricted union. They think so in the face of the breakdown of the Latin Monetary Union, and of the pernicious experience of Belgium in particular, in alienating her freedom of action by the treaty of 1865, which now has only been prolonged for five years in order to be dissolved, for the whole negotiation turned upon the question of liquidation. The practical bimetallists are the bankers and the landed interest. The bankers know that, just like the inconvertible paper currency, bimetallism gives rise to an *agio* to the better metal, and they know that England will stick to the gold standard. As long as silver in the London market was below 60 per cent., they would buy silver, have it coined in the Mint, and buy with it gold, in order to export the latter. The Agrarian party hope that bimetallism would reduce their liabilities and raise the prices of their products. But this is a very short-sighted view of the question. The interest on good mortgages is just now very low, but as soon as a law is in prospect which would empower debtors to discharge their liabilities in silver, all creditors would call in their loans, and ask a correspondingly higher interest. The bimetallist agitation has already had this consequence, that numerous creditors, in making loans, have introduced a special clause, to the effect that in every case interest and capital are to be paid in gold. As to the rise of prices, it would undoubtedly take place for a time, and the sufferers would be the agricultural labourers, until they saw that the purchasing power of the metal in which they were paid was lessened, and then they would ask increased wages, which would nullify the benefits obtained by the proprietors.

These problematical advantages to class interests would be far outweighed by great inconveniences. All those who live upon fixed salaries

would lose heavily, for the purchasing power of their income would be reduced by 20 per cent. if it became payable in silver. On every deterioration of the standard those suffer most who are the least able to change the contract respecting the payment to be made. All our securities payable in gold, particularly those in foreign possession, would be thrown on the market before they became payable in silver, and their price would sink correspondingly. Our trade would suffer heavily, for we should be obliged to pay England, Portugal, Scandinavia, Holland, the United States, and even the countries of the Latin Union, in gold, while we should receive payment in silver.

I cannot therefore believe that the motion which the bimetallicists will propose this year also in favour of their hobby, will be more successful than that of last year; for Prince Bismarck, however favourable he is to agrarian interests, cannot overlook the above-mentioned facts, though he abstains from discouraging the hopes of the bimetallicists.

The commercial outlook at the close of the year is not very bright. Freights are at the lowest ebb, overproduction in most branches of the industry is evident, and competition so keen that the profits are at a minimum; both tendencies causing a depression of prices. The principal cause of this situation, which we find in most countries, is that the cost of production and conveyance has been constantly diminished for most kinds of merchandise, and if the result of this movement has only been felt keenly for the last few years, the reason is, that only now are the principal civilized States saturated with the new means of commerce. We are approaching the close of the first great period of the commercial revolution witnessed by this century, and therefore only now do the results of this revolution become evident. Goods can be drawn from far greater distances than formerly, and products can be sold in a much wider market; and with diminished risk of transport, competition must become ever sharper and sharper. This is from a general point of view no evil, because low prices make goods more accessible to the working classes, and human labour has become more productive; but this development does not therefore include a corresponding amelioration for all classes of society. While the millowner must expect that some new invention will depreciate his products, the technical progress, which seeks to make goods as cheaply as possible to meet competition, renders many hands superfluous. Another cause of this situation is the protectionist tendency now prevailing in most continental countries. By making the import of foreign goods more difficult, legislation has given an artificial stimulus to home production, which at first realized considerable profits, but soon overstocked the inland market, while export was rendered more difficult by the tariff barriers of other States. Thus the disturbed relations between producers and consumers have been further changed for the worse. Last year brought a new stride in that direction to Germany, duties being considerably raised on corn, flour, cattle, timber, textiles, slate, honey, oil, pottery, silk goods, &c.; so that the principle of moderate protection proclaimed by the tariff of 1879 is entirely abandoned, and one can only hope that this exaggeration may lead to a corresponding reaction.

In leaving the domain of politics, I may mention the twenty-

fifth anniversary of our venerable Emperor's accession as King of Prussia. William I. ascended the throne at the advanced age of sixty-five, and therefore, though the Hohenzollerns are a long-lived race, eighteen of whom have governed twenty-five years each, certainly could not hope to see this anniversary. Still less could the simple and modest man, who was much more of a soldier than a politician, hope to attain the height to which he has risen. The popularity which first surrounded him when he chose a Liberal Ministry soon faded away, and during the constitutional conflict he became most unpopular. No one then thought that he would achieve successes so great as to stamp his name on the whole period of his life. The reason was that he pursued his aim with unswerving firmness, and steadily supported Bismarck, when he had once chosen him for his Minister. In the famous proclamation of January 7, 1861, he said: "It is not the destiny of Prussia to live merely enjoying what she has acquired; the conditions of her power lie in the straining of her intellectual and moral forces, in the earnestness and uprightness of religious belief, in the union of obedience and liberty, and in the strengthening of her defensive power. It is only thus that she can maintain her rank among the States of Europe." And he added: "My duties for Prussia coincide with those I have for Germany." To that programme he has steadily adhered, and has realized it to a degree that makes him one of the striking personages of history. But the greatest victories won in our time, and the highest pitch of power to which he rose, never made him lose his mental balance—he remained the same simple, religious, and upright man as before; and after having realized the unity of Germany, he pursued only one aim, that of maintaining peace. Our internal policy since 1871 presents a very different character, showing as many failures as the foreign policy exhibited successes; but this is not the fault of the king, who acts as a constitutional monarch, and must submit his opinions to those of his overbearing Chancellor, because he is convinced that the latter is necessary for maintaining the prestige of Germany. Therefore, however high party spirit runs, all Germans, the Social Democrats perhaps excepted, are united in the same feeling of loyal veneration for the Emperor. It was a historic moment, therefore, this day of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign, when princes and extraordinary ambassadors of most European sovereigns flocked together to Berlin, with all the Prussian dignitaries, in order to congratulate this really grand old man, who, still vigorous in his eighty-eighth year, accepted all these homages and the outburst of patriotic popular demonstration with a modesty rarely to be found on a throne.

Another remarkable anniversary was that of the ninetieth birthday of Leopold Ranke on December 21. The congratulations of his personal friends, who surrounded him, were certainly shared by all in the civilized world who take an interest in the noble science to which he has devoted his life. In 1824 he published his first work; in 1867 the collection of his works was finished with its forty-eighth volume; but he did not imagine his work ended, and in his eighty-sixth year commenced his *General History*, of which the sixth volume has just appeared. His first book, and still more the *History of the Papacy after the Reformation*, which followed, showed at once his genius;—the wide grasp of his view, which upon a vast understructure, comprising every

scrap of available information on his subject, scrutinized and tested by acute criticism, raised an edifice totally different from the showy performances of the superficial French school. In the preface to his first book he says: "Some have attributed to history the task of judging the past and of teaching contemporaries for the sake of future years: this essay will only state *how it really has been*." And in his English History he says: "I do not venture to blame or to praise according to personal sympathies: what I want is to expound the great motives and their consequences." Niebuhr, the founder of scientific history, then at once predicted Ranke's importance; Macaulay testified his full admiration when, by his famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, he introduced the translation of Ranke's *Popes to the English public*. In this spirit Ranke has continued his work; no writer knows better how to show in the great personalities of a period the spirit of the age, none discriminates more nicely between the share in great events due to individual initiative, and that which can only be attributed to the action of great principles and spontaneous movements. I think, however, Ranke's greatest force lies in the history of Cabinet policy; his great school and source of information were the reports of Venetian ambassadors; he has remained pre-eminently a diplomatic historian; the religious, the revolutionary, and the parliamentary history are less in his line. Every historian ought to be impartial; very few are really so; but Ranke pushes his impartiality to a point which often makes a chilling impression. He is certainly right when he refuses to import the interests of the present time into historical work; but when he speaks with the same equanimity of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or the butcheries of a tyrant, or the downfall of great national hopes, we feel, as I think, a lack of human sympathy and manly indignation. But with all that, he remains one of the greatest historians, perhaps the greatest, of his time, and we can only wish that he may finish in his green and vigorous age the work by which he is going to crown his life of vast labour.

Adolf Menzel, the famous Berlin painter, has not yet achieved such an age as Ranke, but his seventieth birthday was also signalized by homage which shows how eminent a place he occupies in German art. He was from the beginning an auto-didactic realist; he drew and painted as he saw—not as others taught him how they had seen. He laid the foundation of his fame by illustrating Kugler's "*Life of Frederick the Great*," and that epoch remained his favourite one; the finest specimen of his art probably being the large picture exhibiting a dinner party of Frederick as Crown Prince, in which Frederick himself is engaged in an animated conversation with Voltaire.

Speaking of art, it may be mentioned that Germany has got possession of a set of splendid specimens of old masters. The famous collection of Prince Frederick of Holland, which was during his lifetime shut up at the Hague and nearly inaccessible, has been divided between his two daughters, the Crown Princess of Denmark and the Princess of Wied. The lot which fell to the latter comprised amongst others the following famous pictures, now in the Castle of Neuwied: (1) a life-size portrait of Clement Marot, the Huguenot leader, by Titian; (2) a portrait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein; (3) a *Leda*, by Leonardo da Vinci; (4) a *Holy Family*, by Luini, the largest picture in

oil of that master I remember to have seen; (5) a triptych of Jacob van Amsterdam, the Adoration of the Magi. All of them are undoubtedly genuine, and are pearls such as cannot be bought to-day.

In the literary domain we have to notice the charming autobiography of Ludwig Richter, the celebrated German painter and illustrator, who died at Dresden, eighty-one years old, in 1884. It presents a striking picture of that gifted, amiable, and religious man, who nevertheless had a strong vein of humour, reminding one of Charles Dickens. In his old age he tells us the impressions of his childhood with a vivacity which shows that they remained always living in his memory, and that the characteristic types of his grandparents, and the circle in which the boy grew up, gave to his talent the direction which made him pre-eminently the painter of German family life and of children, just as he himself led to the altar as his lady-love a girl who in the dancing-school had been his partner. His patterns were the old German and Flemish masters; but he was not a slavish imitator. He strove, as he says, to catch the spirit in which they painted, without copying the imperfections which their execution often shows. "It should be our task to reflect our time with the same faithfulness, health, love, and truthfulness, for the character of that school was to penetrate the idea and the appearance of nature; the deeper we study it, the more we shall succeed in rendering the reality of life, and the more we shall at the same time idealize it, provided we aim only at rendering the beautiful and characteristic essence of the object, and are not led astray by secondary effects."

In the domain of fiction we have to signalize a new author, E. Schulze-Schmidt, a lady who has come forward with several novels, which have at once excited attention. The most remarkable is perhaps "Inge von Rantum," a story of the isle of Sylt, sketched with great power. Another new poet of talent is Heinrich Krzyzanowski, who in his novel "Im Bruch" has shown decided originality and realistic force. Herr Friedrich Meyer has published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* a novel, "Die Richterin," which exhibits the same realistic power as his famous "Jürgen Jenatsch," and certainly is superior to his later one, "The Marriage of the Monk." On the other hand, Spielhagen's last novel, "An der Heilquelle," is as decided a failure as most of his later productions. It is not without strokes of talent, but most of the personages are caricatures, or at least overdone. Paul Heise has published a collection of short verses, "Spruchbüchlein," which are full of pregnant thought and humour, framed in a way which shows the master of form. Professor Werder, at Berlin, known as one of the most gifted interpreters of great poets, has just published his lectures on "Macbeth," which are quite worthy of his former ones on "Hamlet;" and Professor Bona Meyer, at Bonn, has devoted an interesting book to Frederick the Great's educational policy, from which our contemporaries may learn much.

H. GEFFCKEN.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

FOREMOST under this head among the publications of the past year stands naturally the Revised Version of the Old Testament. A detailed criticism would of course here be out of place; indeed, so much has been written upon it, that little essentially fresh remains to be said. The most competent critics have, on the whole, expressed themselves favourably upon it, though some, as Prof. C. A. Briggs,* would have had the Revisers go further in the endeavour to reproduce different distinctions and shades^{***} of meaning expressed by the original. Sometimes this might have been possible; but in most cases it is questionable whether the gain would not have been more than counterbalanced by the loss of rhythm and force which would have almost inevitably attended it. The best of translations must always leave something to be discovered, and appreciated, by those conversant with the language of the original. The most determined, if not the most formidable, criticisms have, however, been directed against the number and variety of the margins. The reply is that the margins were unavoidable. It is true, some of the explanatory margins were not essential to the completeness of the work; but these are often of great assistance to the reader, and few probably will agree that they are either trivial or unduly numerous. As regards the margins which embody alternative renderings, or notice various readings, they merely represent the divergent views held upon difficult passages by the soundest and most judicious scholars. There are texts of which the meaning is, and, so far as we can see, must remain, uncertain; and it is idle, even if it were honest, to deny or conceal the fact. It is singular that critics who profess a familiar acquaintance with Hebrew learning and exegesis do not appear to realize the state of the case; for unquestionably diversity of interpretation, whether in the Old or New Testament, is no creation of modern scholarship. The best service which those who hold the position of teachers can do at the present time is to explain to the general reader the use of the margins, acquainting him, for instance, with the grounds of the uncertainty which has been alluded to, and pointing out the limits to which it extends. One of the most scholarly and instructive of the longer reviews which have fallen under the writer's notice is that contained in the *Church Quarterly Review* for October last. At the Church Congress held at Portsmouth, where the Revised Version was the first subject for discussion, both the independent speakers, Mr. C. H. H. Wright, of Dublin, and Prof. Kirkpatrick, of Cambridge, expressed their satisfaction with the work,

* *Presbyterian Review* (New York), July 1885, p. 486 ff.

and were evidently desirous to see it make its way into general use. Mr. Wright, in particular, defended the Revisers against the charge of having dealt unfairly by the Messianic passages; and Prof. Kirkpatrick, so far from sharing the opinion that undue prominence had been given by them to readings obtained from the Ancient Versions, held that these might even have been noticed more frequently. Probably, under the circumstances, it was wisest to notice them only in cases where it was imperatively necessary to do so, leaving passages where their assistance might have seemed in the least degree questionable to be dealt with by the commentator.

The historical and literary criticism of the Old Testament continues to attract attention, and to be the subject of keen controversy. In the past year there have appeared on the one side the second edition (so far as concerns the Pentateuch and Joshua) of Prof. Kuenen's "*Historisch-critisch Onderzoek naar het Ontstaan en de Verzameling van de Boeken des Ouden Verbonds*," and an English translation of Prof. Wellhausen's "*History of Israel*;" on the other, "*The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure*," by Prof. E. C. Bissell, of the Hartford Theological Seminary. Of the three books named, Prof. Kuenen's is the most comprehensive and minute: the literary criticism is thorough, and every question as it arises is carefully and patiently considered. Though we may not accompany the critic in all his conclusions, the spirit in which he writes is uniformly that of a scholar, and his work is a model of accurate and scholarly investigation. Wellhausen writes with a bolder and freer hand: his aim is, by a study of the institutions of the Old Testament, as represented on the one hand in the different codes of the Pentateuch, and on the other in the Prophets and other historical books, to show that the ceremonial code, which gives its distinctive character to the narrative (speaking generally) from Exod. xxv. to Numb. xxxvi., was the latest phase through which the legislation of the ancient Hebrews passed, and in fact assumed its present form, in, or even after, the exile. A reprint of the brilliant sketch of the history of Israel contributed by the same author to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," forms a convenient appendix to the volume.

Prof. Bissell criticizes the critics, and seeks to re-establish the traditional views respecting the authorship of the Pentateuch. The truth, it can hardly be doubted, lies somewhere between these extreme positions. Something more is ancient, and even Mosaic, than Kuenen and Wellhausen appear willing to allow; something less than is contended for by Prof. Bissell. The arguments in Prof. Bissell's work, though plausibly stated, are not in fact as conclusive as they may appear to some readers to be. A writer who in his opening chapter (p. 21) speaks of those who differ from him as "taking refuge in an asylum for imbeciles," shows *in limine* that a calm and well-considered judgment is not to be expected from him. In spite of his learning and knowledge of the subject, the presumption thus formed is borne out by the sequel. Prof. Bissell's criticism is indiscriminating. He never pauses to weigh evidence or balance conflicting data; and conclusions are apt to be stated by him with much greater confidence than the premises justify. In the first place, due weight is not given to the literary analysis of the Pentateuch. It may be readily conceded that the criteria are not always sufficient to distinguish

from one another the two sources known as J and E; but, while admitting this, it is perfectly logical and consistent to hold at the same time that other criteria exist sufficient to distinguish P from the whole denoted by JE. The objection drawn on p. 58 from Gen. xvii. 1, is one of the only two instances of the kind (as between P and JE) in the Pentateuch; so far from being an "example," therefore, it is in fact an exception, which cannot neutralize the many and varied indications adducible upon the other side. That P, JE, the basis of the code Levit. xvii.-xxvi., and the discourses in Deuteronomy, exhibiting, as they each do, a series of *recurring and characteristic differences*, are due to different and independent writers, is a conclusion which surely cannot be evaded by one who has realized and fully weighed the facts concerned. What these facts are the reader of Prof. Bissell's volume has, unfortunately, no opportunity of judging. (2) The critical hypothesis, it is said (p. 80), "is obliged to assume at the outset the impossibility of the historical credibility of the Pentateuch, particularly on its supernatural side." This is not true, and is a mere *argumentum ad invidiam*. Assuming the reality of a revelation in the Old Testament, we may examine the *historical conditions under which it was manifested*; if, in doing this, we are led to the conclusion that it was more gradual than we had supposed, so far from impugning its reality, we should but be exhibiting its conformity with the general plan of divine operation. (3) Not to dwell upon minor points, the difficulties which appear when the legislation of Deuteronomy is compared with that of the "Priests' Code" are by no means removed by the discussion in ch. iii. The interpretation of the passages concerned is violent; and the explanation of the discrepancies which is offered is too improbable to be credible. Thus, in spite of the thrice repeated (pp. 20, 114, 124) assertion of the contrary, Deut. xviii. 2 is not a quotation from Numb. xviii. 20, *in the sense in which the argument requires*. In Numb. xviii. 20, 23 seq., the priests and Levites are *contrasted*, and a different reason is assigned in the case of each for their not receiving a territorial inheritance like the other tribes. When, now, Numb. xviii. 20 is compared with Deut. xviii. 2, it appears that what is restricted to the *priests* in Numbers is applied to the *entire tribe* in Deuteronomy. This difference precludes the possibility of the one passage being a quotation ("as he said") from the other. (4) The argument in ch. iv. on the laws peculiar to Deuteronomy is valid against the supposition that these laws were the "invention" of an author living in the seventh century B.C., but not against the form in which the critical theory is held, for instance, by Delitzsch, and which is clearly the only form in which it is tenable—viz., that Deuteronomy is the *prophetic reproduction and expansion of an earlier legislation*; while the fact that, within the limits of the Old Testament canon, the Chronicler, for example, puts into David's mouth speeches which, from the late idioms with which they abound, could not have been spoken by him as we read them, shows at least that such a practice was not alien to the spirit in which the Hebrew historians wrote, and relieves the Deuteronomist from the imputation—often unjustly cast upon him—of personating Moses for an interested motive. (5) The chapters on the Law in its relation to the Prophets, the Historical Books, and Psalms, contain many just and true reflections, which, however, have often only an indirect bearing on the

point at issue. It may be freely granted that the books referred to presuppose a wonderful knowledge of Divine truth, and allude plainly to different institutions and laws; but do they presuppose the entire ceremonial legislation—the so-called “Priests’ Code”—*as we have it?* There are indications, for instance, in Deuteronomy and Ezekiel sufficient to preclude the supposition that the priestly legislation was a *creation* of the exilic period; but are they conclusive against the view that it may be the *final codification of pre-existent usage* made at or about that time? It is clear, again, that the prophetic books imply that the Temple at Zion is the chief religious centre of the land, and that a distinctive pre-eminence attaches to it. Do they, however, show (which is the point at issue) that it was the *sole* recognized place of sacrifice? These are questions which, viewed in the light derived from other parts of the Old Testament, cannot be answered in the affirmative so confidently as Prof. Bissell appears to suppose. There are phenomena in the Old Testament of which, as it seems, the only reasonable explanation is to be found in some form of the critical hypothesis. Prof. Bissell passes over these too lightly, and fails at the same time to realize the *cumulative* force of the arguments which beset his own position. He has brought to light the improbabilities which attach to the critical hypothesis in its extremer developments; he has not shown that it cannot be stated in a form free from such objections, and entirely compatible with the reality of the Divine light vouchsafed to the ancient people of Israel.

In the department of Old Testament theology, a second edition has appeared of Dr. Riehm’s useful little treatise “*Messianische Weissagung.*” Some additional matter has been introduced into the first section, dealing with the nature of prophecy in general; the second and third sections, on the historic aspect of Messianic prophecy and its relation to New Testament fulfilment, are substantially unchanged. It is to be regretted that in the English translation (of the first edition) the rendering of the first section, the subject-matter of which eminently requires precision of statement, is apt to be very inaccurate: on pp. 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 29, 30, 32, 55 (*and* omitted in the quotation), 62, 242 (note 31), for instance, are passages seriously distorting the argument, and even reversing the author’s meaning. A more elaborate work on the same subject is Von Orelli’s “*Old Testament Prophecy of the Consummation of God’s Kingdom, traced in its historical development.*” The nature of this work is sufficiently indicated by the title; it consists, in fact, of a historical and philological examination of the passages concerned, and may be said to be the most satisfactory of existing works dealing with the subject. The standpoint of the author is that of a liberal orthodoxy. Dr. Edersheim, in “*Prophecy and History in relation to the Messiah*” (Warburton Lectures for 1880–4), surveys the course followed by Old Testament prophecy, characterizes the principles by which it is pervaded, and criticizes Wellhausen’s historical theories. In an Inaugural Lecture, *Das Zukunftsbild des Jesaja*, Prof. Guthe, of Leipzig, attempts, not altogether successfully, to distinguish an earlier and later phase of the prophet’s ideal.

The first volume of a translation of the second edition (1882) of Dr. Schrader’s “*Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*” has appeared in England during the past year. Dr. Schrader examines in detail the Assyrian and Babylonian allusions occurring in the Old

Testament, transcribing and translating texts from the inscriptions which illustrate them. The author's judgment is not inferior to his learning, and since its first appearance in 1872 his work has taken rank as the standard authority upon the subject. The present volume includes of course a due account of the Creation and Deluge tablets discovered by the late George Smith; nor does it omit (Pref., p. xxxii.) to record the identification of Pul with Tiglath Pileser, established by Mr. Pinches in 1884, from inscriptions preserved in the British Museum. Prof. Rawlinson's "Babylon and Egypt" is a work covering partly the same ground, but more popular in its character, and designed to interest the general reader. In a lecture, entitled "Assyriology, its Use and Abuse in Old Testament Study," Prof. Francis Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, exemplifies the nature and value of the aid to be derived from Assyria by the student of the Old Testament, and points out the cautions by which its application must be limited. In "The Store City of Pithom and the Route of the Exodus," by M. Naville (published by the Egypt Exploration Fund), the discoveries of this successful explorer are succinctly described, and illustrated by plates and maps. In connection with this subject, the criticism of Dillmann, in the "Sitzungsberichte der Königlich Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin" (Phil.-hist. Classe, July 30, 1885), deserves, however, to be studied. The two geographical facts established with certainty by M. Naville are (1) the site of Pithom—a city covering an area of about 220 yards square, constructed with store-chambers, and containing monuments bearing the name of Ramses—at Tell-el-Maskhuta: (2) the close proximity of this to the later Heroopolis. All else remains still matter of conjecture. The place Pikerehet, mentioned in the Inscription of Ptolemy Philadelphus as the seat of a temple, *may* be the Pilahiroth of Exod. xiv. 2; but only a hypothetical site is assigned to it by M. Naville. No fresh light is cast upon Etham, Migdol, or Baal-zephon. Thuket, the district in which Pithom lay, may be the Succoth of Exod. xii. 37; but from the manner in which Succoth is mentioned as a station on the Exodus, we expect it to be a place rather than a district. The site of Pithom is fixed: but the route of the Exodus can still only be assigned *approximately*, the situation of the crucial localities, Exod. xiv. 2, remaining as before a matter of probability only. Indeed, this is avowed, as explicitly as possible, by M. Naville himself (pp. 23a, 25, 27b); but it is no unfrequent occurrence that what an author propounds expressly as a conjecture is treated afterwards by others as an established fact. The question of the position of Klyasma, upon which the site assumed for Pikerehet (p. 20) depends, cannot, as Dillmann shows, be so readily settled as M. Naville appears to suppose. Sir John W. Dawson, in an interesting little volume, "Egypt and Syria," in which, writing as a traveller and geologist, he explains the principal physical features of these countries in relation to Bible history, propounds with some confidence, as the point at which the Red Sea was crossed, a locality about ten miles south of that assigned by M. Naville (pp. 55 ff., 185 f.). Both these writers (as well as Dillmann) regard it as probable that the arm of the Red Sea, which now terminates at Suez, may have been prolonged in former times towards the north.

The Nabatean inscriptions found by Mr. Doughty in the neighbourhood of the ancient Edom, and published by M. Renan, were

noticed in these pages a year ago. The same inscriptions, with some additional ones, have since been re-edited by Prof. Euting of Strasburg, who himself travelled in the same parts in 1883-4, and was in some cases able to obtain more accurate transcripts. The volume is an important one, being not only provided with facsimiles of the inscriptions, and palæographical tables compiled by Euting, but containing besides a series of valuable notes on the philology of the inscriptions by Prof. Nöldeke, and a chronological appendix on the history of the Nabatæan kings by Prof. von Gutschmid. Several proper names occurring in the Old Testament receive illustration from these inscriptions. On pp. 54, 55 will be found an instance of the rare word occurring Jud. ix. 46, 49; 1 Sam. xiii. 6. The table on pp. 96, 97 shows, with admirable clearness, how a common system for the representation of numerals was in use amongst the Phœnician and Aramaic nationalities of ancient Syria. It deserves consideration whether a similar system may not have been current amongst the Hebrews, and whether the numerical errors occurring in the Old Testament may not in some cases have arisen from its use. Prof. Robertson Smith's volume on "Marriage and Kinship in Early Arabia" is only mentioned here on account of the illustrations which its pages afford of the customs or expressions of the Old Testament. After the explanations, pp. 36-40, the sense of 1 Sam. xviii. 18 (see Revised Version, margin) can scarcely, for instance, be doubtful; and on p. 276 the interpretation of 2 Sam. xi. 1, which, though demanded by the grammar, had been deserted by several recent commentators, receives elucidation from Arabic custom. The Cambridge *Philological Journal* (Nos. 26, 27) contains two articles by the same author on the forms of divination and magic enumerated in Deut. xviii. 10-11; also a historical study, by the present writer, on the interpretation of Gen. xlix. 10. "Studia Biblica," a volume of essays, by members of the University of Oxford, on Biblical and kindred topics, may be mentioned here chiefly on account of the comprehensive, and indeed exhaustive, paper by Dr. Neubauer on the languages spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ. The result reached, after a careful survey of the evidence, is that the language generally current in Palestine at the time referred to was Aramaic. Another paper, by the same author, contains a popular account (written before the appearance of Euting's volume) of the discoveries in Tema and Nabatæa, with specimens of the inscriptions. The present writer has contributed a paper on recent theories of the origin and meaning of the Tetragrammaton; and Mr. F. H. Woods exemplifies, by means of the Books of Samuel, the aid obtainable from the LXX. in the criticism of the Hebrew text. An error which has escaped the author's eye on p. 37 may be here corrected: in the line of Hebrew, 'el, "to," has dropped out before 'ishah, and the following rakh should naturally be 'akh. The other papers in the volume deal with subjects connected with the text or versions of books of the New Testament, or with questions of early Church history. Dr. Friedländer has completed his translation of the "Guide of the Perplexed," of Maimonides, with introduction and notes.* The English reader will now be able, without having recourse to the superb but costly edition of Munk, to learn at first hand what were the opinions entertained by the great thinker of

* Published for the Society of Hebrew Literature by Trübner & Co.

medizæval Judaism, and by what principles of interpretation he sought, as Philo had sought before him, to harmonize philosophy and revelation. And in a monograph of 100 pages, "*Leben und Werke des Abulwalid Merwân ibn G'anâh*," Wilhelm Bacher, Professor at the Rabbinerschule in Buda Pest, sketches the life and describes the works of this important lexicographer and grammarian (eleventh century), showing the influences under which he wrote, and the philological and exegetical principles by which he was guided. Prof. Bacher is already known to scholars by his laborious studies on the Targum to the Prophets, upon the grammatical writings of Ibn Ezra, and other allied subjects. The present work may be regarded as a sequel to a briefer one published by him two years ago, "*Die Hebräisch-Arabische Sprachvergleichung des Abulwalid Merwân ibn G'anâh*." Dr. S. H. Margulies publishes (Breslau, 1884), with a translation and notes, the Arabic version of Psalms i.-xx., by Saadia (10 cent.), with the accompanying commentary. The author proposes, if he receives sufficient support, to complete the publication of the rest of the Psalms. Saadia is of interest on account both of the style of his exegesis and of the period which his work illustrates.

Lastly, mention may here be made of a newly established journal, *Hebraica*, published quarterly in the interests of Hebrew study, which reaches us from Chicago. It is now in the second year of issue, and contains a number of miscellaneous articles, chiefly on different points connected with Hebrew, Aramaic, or Assyrian philology, contributed by scholars in Germany and England, as well as in America. It is to be hoped that the journal will receive encouragement. The principal editor, Dr. W. R. Harper, Professor of Hebrew and cognate languages in the Chicago Baptist Union Seminary, is one of the most indefatigable, and also, we believe, one of the most successful, teachers of Hebrew in the United States; and he has established a system of correspondence classes, by which persons resident in different parts of the States can receive instruction from the central institute at Chicago. He is the author of two works, entitled "*Elements of Hebrew by an Inductive Method*" (sixth edition, Chicago, 1885), and "*Introductory Hebrew Method and Manual*" (second edition, Chicago, 1885), which, though the present writer has not tested them by actual use, are remarkably full and precise, and appear well designed to train the learner in a sound philological method, and to lead him on gradually until he acquires a firm grasp of the principles of the language.

S. R. DRIVER.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Mr. Charles Lowe's "*Prince Bismarck: an Historical Biography*,"* is a work of much importance. It is the best and most complete account of the Chancellor's career that has yet appeared, unless perhaps Hahn's German one, whose final volume is at last announced. Mr. Lowe has had special opportunities for studying the German Minister and the recent course of German politics, and he has given us a most valuable contribution, not only to political biography, but to contemporary history. His judgment is often

* London: Cassell & Co.

too favourable towards Bismarck's policy and career, but he has occasionally been able, from private sources of authentic information, to throw a considerable amount of fresh light on some controverted points, and to improve the construction usually put upon them. Bismarck's social and economic work deserves fuller treatment than Mr. Lowe assigns it; but his early career, his wars, his foreign policy generally, and the Kulturkampf, are described with as much amplitude of detail as lucidity of style. The work may be recommended to all who wish to understand the individuality who is so decisive a factor in contemporary European politics.—The fifth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" * carries the work down as far as "Bot." One of its best articles is Mr. Leslie Stephen's on James Boswell; and others of some importance are those on Admiral Blake by Professor Laughton, on Hector Boece by Mr. Æneas Mackay, on St. Boniface by Mr. E. Maunde Thomson. The work continues to be characterized by the same careful reliance on original authorities, and the same succinct and effective statement as before. The writer of the article on Thomas Boston the younger, however, is allowed to introduce some totally irrelevant passages on the history of the Burgher and Antiburgher synods. Boston had nothing to do with these bodies; and the writer is mistaken in stating that they re-united in 1820, and combined with the "Relief Synod" in 1847 to form the United Presbyterian Church. Only part of them did so. The same error, curiously enough, appears in the present part of Murray's English Dictionary.—Sir Robert Grierson of Lag left behind him the traditions of the Scottish Border a name hardly less execrated than that of Claverhouse himself, for the part he took in the persecution of the Covenanters, and he gave rise even to a popular mystery-play, acted periodically by the country people, in which he was presented as a monster. Colonel Ferguson, who now gives us for the first time a biography of "The Laird of Lag,"† has himself "played Lag," or seen it played when a boy. In this book he has brought together from original sources all that can now be known of the old Laird who left so dark an impression on the popular mind. He touches upon controverted matter with a perfectly impartial hand, and his narrative is full of a fresh and varied interest.—In "The Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P.,"‡ Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick gives us an excellent account of the well-known and popular Irish orator, Father Tom Burke, who lectured in America in reply to Mr. Froude on the English in Ireland. He did his full share of serious work in the world, but he will probably be most remembered for his rollicking humour and the wild practical jokes he used to play, even on the highest dignitaries of the Church. Mr. Fitzpatrick relates many good stories of him; and in fact the whole book is very entertaining.—In "Rachel,"§ one of the "Eminent Women Series," Mrs. Arthur Kennard has told the story of the great French *tragedienne* with remarkable effect. Her treatment of the eccentricities and failings of an artiste whose excellences as well as defects came from her Jewish blood, is as sympathetic as wise. Born in 1821, Elisa Rachel Felix, after a childhood spent as a street singer, appeared in 1838 on the

* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† Edinburgh: David Douglas.

‡ London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

§ "Rachel." By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1885.

French stage, where she soon achieved world fame as the impersonator of Racine and Corneille's greatest characters. The career of her kinswoman, Sarah Bernhardt, is in many respects a copy of Rachel's. Her letters have been used by the author to much purpose, especially in showing the gentler lines of Rachel's extraordinary nature.

TRAVELS.—Mr. H. H. Johnston's account of "The Kilima-Njaro Expedition,"* of which he was leader, is a most important contribution to our knowledge of Eastern Equatorial Africa. Kilima-Njaro is the highest known mountain in Africa; it is 18,880 feet high. Thirty years ago the very existence of such a mountain so near the equator was poohpoohed by English geographers, and though it has since been visited by Krapf and Joseph Thomson, much remains still to be known about it. The Royal Society and the British Association combined to send out Mr. Johnston, and they could not have made a better choice. He has collected an immense mass of new information regarding the natural history, languages, commerce, and races of that part of Africa, and has conveyed it to us in one of the best and most instructive works of travel we have read. There is no want of adventure or of diversity of interest, and the writer has excellent descriptive powers.—Miss Gordon Cumming's "Wanderings in China"† takes us to a more frequented country, but it is one of the most informing books on China that has ever been written in English. Of course Miss Cumming can make no claim to the authority derived from long residence in the country, but she has such a faculty for seeing thoroughly what she does see, and for getting to know all about it, that she is able to produce a work packed full of interesting facts about "actualities" in China, and most readable and entertaining from beginning to end.—"From Paris to Peking"‡ is a "modified version" from the French, the original being calculated (if one may take the English editor's assurance) to awaken and sustain the reader's sympathies, and "vividly stir his imagination by the illusion that the participator is, as it were, in the changing scenes and events passing before his eyes like the tableaux of a diorama." M. Meignan's style, however, appeared to the translator to be slipshod, and to call for emendation. The story is lucid, and never tedious, but seldom rises above the ordinary level; the diction is heavy, the grammar indifferent, and the choice of words not always happy. For example, the chiming of the bells attached to the praying-machines at Urga ought surely not to be described as adding to the "picturesqueness" of the place. There are some interesting remarks upon the future possibility of a revolution in Eastern Siberia, where a sense of the great natural advantages of the country tends to encourage in the inhabitants a desire for independence, while the growing contempt expressed by the aristocracy for the native religion helps to weaken their loyalty to the sacred authority of the Emperor.—For what knowledge it conveys of negro economics, "The Shiré Highlands"§ must have its commendation. The style is crude and full of repetition. The Rev. James Rankin's task in editing

* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

‡ "From Paris to Peking over Siberian Snows." By Victor Meignan. Edited from the French by William Conn. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

§ "The Shiré Highlands (East Central Africa) as Colony and Mission." By John Buchanan, planter at Bomba. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

Mr. John Buchanan's MS. cannot have been easy, though there is much still to be desired of ordinary finish. Livingstone's travels on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers were the origin of the Blantyre mission-colony, whose history is here told with redundant but not uninteresting fulness. African difficulties of travel, where calico is the currency by which to appease greedy chiefs, are well illustrated. The author's remarkable knowledge of plants, his shrewdness, and his good hopes for the future of the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, gain considerable sympathy for his book. The editor adds a full chapter on the English Universities' mission at Zanzibar, grounded on his own experience of Africa.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Middleton's substantial volume* brings up to date the history of excavations in Rome, and supplies a great want felt among students of archæology, who were beginning to find the standard work upon "Rome and the Campagna" inadequate for present needs. Among the most important results of modern research in the neighbourhood of the Forum Magnum has been the exposure of the remains of the Rostra on the site chosen by Julius Cæsar, and the discovery of the extensive ruins of the Atrium Vestæ. A great part of the upper storey of this building has been preserved, and many fragments of portrait statues of the Virgines Vestales Maximæ have been found in the peristyle; one of these figures wears the suffibulum, or sacred rectangular hood, fastened across the breast with a buckle; a representation quite unique among the monuments of ancient art. Not quite so recent, but of greater historic interest, was the discovery of a necropolis on the Esquiline, containing tombs of an Etruscan character, with aryballoi and other fictile vases of a mixed Hellenic and Oriental character, which point to the occupation of the site of Rome anterior even to the legendary period of the kings. Mr. Middleton has avoided theorizing upon disputed points in archæology, but the volume is full of all necessary detail. It is illustrated with excellent maps and architectural drawings of exceptional beauty.—Another charming volume† has come from the singer of the woods and open ways. This time Mr. Jefferies has not taken so high a flight as in "After London;" but these shorter sketches, these overheard thoughts of his on the finer features of natural life, are more entirely successful. He is best when he is simplest—not trying after rhythmic effect, as in one part of the essay on "The Making of Beauty," nor letting his enthusiasm for nature hurry him into foolish expressions upon art, as in the chapter entitled "Outside London," where he altogether ignores the creative and exalts the appreciative faculty of the artist, venturing upon the wonderful statement that "those who love nature are the real artists; the 'artists' are copyists!" The author seems to indulge in eccentric views when he touches on questions of artistic taste; he has a very vast admiration for objects that "stand out"—to use his own expression; and he thinks far too highly of waggons freshly painted red.

* "Ancient Rome in 1885." By J. H. Middleton. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

† "The Open Air." By Richard Jefferies. London: Chatto & Windus.



SOME EXPERIENCES OF A DISESTABLISHED CHURCH.

A LITTLE time ago I received a letter from an English clergyman who was a stranger to me. He had evidently taken some alarm at the threats of the Disestablishment of the English Church, and he asked me some questions as to our Irish experience, and especially as to the arrangements we had made for the admission of the laity into our Church Councils. I took the trouble of writing him a long answer, but found myself unable to send it. I find that inanimate objects share in the advance which the world makes as it gets older, and that papers are now able to show a dexterity in concealing themselves which they did not possess in my younger days. My correspondent's letter resolutely hid itself, and, as I did not remember his name or address, I was unable to direct my reply. Just when I was lamenting that so much good labour should have been wasted, I received an invitation from the editor of this Review to contribute an article on our experience of Disestablishment in Ireland. I have not been able to resist the temptation to utilize some of what I had written. If this paper should meet the eye of my original correspondent, he will find the explanation of the apparent discourtesy with which he was treated; and there possibly may be others who will care to get the information for which he asked.

I cannot say that I have on former occasions found English people very curious for information as to the recent history of our Irish Church. When I have been asked questions on the subject, it has very often been from members of the political party which passed the Irish Church Act of 1869, and I have generally found them prepared to use my answer to justify the propriety of that measure, no matter what the report I might give. Any evidence that our Church was thriving and prosperous, drew forth the remark, "How thankful you ought to be to us for releasing you from the trammels of State connection, and enabling you to enjoy a healthy and vigorous independent life." And if any symptom was reported that the blow dealt the Church had reduced her to a languishing state, the answer was equally ready :

"What a miserable institution yours was; only kept on its legs by State support, and sinking as soon as that was withdrawn." If it was a matter of private property that was concerned, every one would see the silliness of presenting such a dilemma. Suppose a young man who had inherited a large estate found his title to his property attacked; his assailants would scarcely have the impudence to say to him, "You really ought not to oppose us, who only wish to be your friends and benefactors. Only consider how demoralizing the possession of wealth is; reflect how much happier you will be living on an income earned by your own honest exertions than idly spending the accumulations of your ancestors." No one in such circumstances would be likely to be persuaded that loss of property would be no evil, or to be deterred from doing his best to maintain his rights. But if his defence were unsuccessful, he must be a poor creature if he were to sink down in despair and not fight the battle of life as best he could in its altered conditions. And that is the short account of our history. It would be idle to say that the loss of our property has done us no injury. It has crippled our resources and abridged our means of usefulness. But we bate not a jot of heart or hope, and, though cast down, are by no means destroyed. There is nothing in our history to make English people think lightly of the evils both to Church and State which would result from a separation between them. But if either friends fear or enemies hope that such an event would seriously impair the vitality of the English Church, they are mistaken. Rob her, men can; kill her, they can't.

Our experience has been that Disestablishment has made surprisingly little difference as to the number of our adherents. There were those who imagined that it would have produced a general fusion of Protestant sects; that Dissenters would have flocked to the Church and Churchmen gone more than half-way to meet them. Actually, it has been found that Church membership is determined by causes which are little, or not at all, affected by Disestablishment, and the lines of separation between the Church and Protestant Dissenting bodies remain just where they had been. In only one case was there a change, and that not such as I had expected. There were among the followers of Wesley some who designated themselves as "Primitive" Wesleyans, who did not claim for their preachers the status of clergymen, and who always described themselves as members of the Church of Ireland. It was thought that we should at least absorb these, who lay so very near us, since our recovered powers of legislation would enable us to make our organization elastic enough to include the points in their practical system on which they set most value. But the majority of them preferred to abandon their points of difference from other Methodists, and, accordingly, the Methodist was the only denomination which showed an increase of numbers at the last Irish religious census.

To return to the letter which I received, I cannot wonder that an English Churchman should now feel the necessity of looking in the face the possibility of Disestablishment. At the late election the Liberal party was found to be the stronger; and of that party those who are eager for Disestablishment form a strong and energetic section. It is probable that even in their own party these are considerably in the minority. But though it is likely that the majority of the Liberal representatives in Parliament are in their private convictions averse to Disestablishment, their reserve as to pledging themselves with regard to the future gave us good reason to think that, if in a future Parliament Disestablishment should be brought forward by their leaders as a Cabinet measure, only a few of them would forsake their party allegiance to oppose it. It is not uncharitable to suppose that, in deciding whether or not it should be so brought forward, the leaders would be mainly influenced by a calculation whether more votes would be lost by bringing it forward or by refusing to do so. A man must be courageous who would venture to predict the result of such a calculation made a very few years hence. The Church of England has never had a stronger hold than at present on the wealth and intelligence of the country; but what may be its hold on the majority of the newly enfranchised voters I cannot pretend to say. And besides the English voters, the Irish and Scotch electors will have a voice in the matter. Having regard, then, to the political uncertainty of the future, I have long felt that English Churchmen would be wise in trying to know more than they have hitherto cared to do of our history since Disestablishment. If the study should fail to suggest any measures which can with advantage be taken at present, it would at least save them from the risk of being taken unprepared by problems with which they may have to deal in the future.

Certain I am that a great deal of our troubles in Ireland arose from the hot haste in which we were forced to form a Constitution for our Disestablished Church. That necessity was imposed on us by the Irish Church Act. Unless within a certain very limited time we laid before the Crown a scheme for a Representative Body agreed to by our bishops, by our clergy, and by our laity, we should not be recognized by the State as an organized body, capable of retaining our Church fabrics, or of holding other property. The advisers of the Crown at the time were not supposed to be particularly friendly; and we felt that we could not wisely lay any scheme before them which we had not adopted with practical unanimity. In determining whose consent it was necessary for us to obtain, there was of course no uncertainty as to the bishops;* but how the clergy were to be con-

* I may say, in passing, that Disestablishment could never have found us with the episcopal bench occupied by a body of men better qualified to be our leaders. There are some in England who grumble at the present mode of appointment of bishops, "*felices nimium sua si bona norint*." The very worst way of appointing bishops is that of

sulted was not quite easy to say, for the last meeting of the Irish Convocation had been long before living memory, and it was disputed whether a revived Convocation would give a fair representation of the clergy. At least, however, there was no uncertainty as to who the clergy were; but with regard to the laity we had to settle not only how they were to be represented, but who the persons were that had a right to claim representation; except, indeed, that the problem was a little simplified by the fact that, in the first instance at least, we had practically no power to exclude any one who claimed such a right.

In forming a permanent scheme, it was proposed to confine the franchise to communicants. That proposal was to me, on theoretical grounds, very distasteful. I did not like that the Church should recognize that there were any of her members who were not communicants. It seemed to me opposed to the whole spirit of our system that we should form a Church within the Church, Baptism being the rite of admission to the outer circle, and the Lord's Supper to the inner. And I could not see that the theoretical objections were compensated by any practical advantages. In the first place, there were some practical difficulties. What do you mean by a communicant? A man who has communicated once in his life? If more than that, how often? and, What evidence is to be given? But further, the test would not exclude those whom we wished to keep out, and might exclude some whose presence might be advantageous. We did wish to keep out those whom we did not regard as *bond fide* Churchmen—men who were either formally Dissenters or Dissenters at heart, and who, if given a right to take part in our legislation, might use it to our injury. But most persons of this kind would have no scruple in joining in Communion with us. In what was called the Westminster Scandal, a few years ago, it was proved that a Dissenter of the sect most alien from us in doctrine had no scruple in joining in our Communion. Those who hold back usually do so from mistaken reverence, and from a fear that by communicating they would pledge themselves to some higher life than that to which they are already pledged by their baptismal vows. Yet many of such persons, probably the majority, are our friends, and would make a conscientious use of any powers we might give them. They ought to be brought to communicate by some higher considerations than the desire to gain the privilege of a vote.

The arrangement actually made in Ireland is that every layman who sits in our synods, or who, as a "nominator," takes part in the election of incumbents, must be a communicant; the only evidence, which Ireland had experience in former days, when the appointment depended on the advice of men only anxious to find a place for a friend, or to oblige a political supporter. I know no way so free from various objections, as when the appointment is made by the Crown, advised by one who acts under a keen sense of responsibility to public opinion, and with a conscientious desire to make a good and creditable choice. A reform in episcopal appointments had taken place long enough before Disestablishment to find us then enjoying the full benefit of it.

however, required of this being his own declaration that he is so. Any male person of full age may vote in our vestries who declares that he is a member of the Church of Ireland. We have thus a very democratic system of universal suffrage, with scarcely any provision to keep out aliens. And in the elections by the Diocesan Synods of members for the General Synod, the *scrutin de liste* is used, so that minorities run the risk of getting no representation. In quiet times our system works with no great practical inconvenience. But when party feeling ran high, as it did with us in contests which immediately followed on Disestablishment, I could not help feeling doubts whether our synods represented the real voice of our laity. There was a temptation to manufacture faggot votes. I remember how in one of our city parishes the laymen who had been most free in giving their money and their personal exertions to the parochial arrangements were put out of the representation by the votes of persons who contributed nothing. And, indeed, to have given largely for Church endowment was seldom recognized as constituting a claim on the gratitude of our electors. I remember how in Dublin one of our largest benefactors was given no place in the Synod, and how one who all through the debates in those days was one of our most prominent orators, and whose utterances attracted most attention in the English papers which condescended to take notice of us, never contributed a penny to our funds, and publicly declared his dissent from the doctrines of the Church whose formularies he tried to alter.

It had been proposed to guard against some of these evils by enacting that no one should have a right to vote who was not a contributor to the Church funds. But the imposition of a pecuniary test grated on the feelings of a great many. I do not quite share these feelings. Sacraments and Church ordinances ought to be thrown open to every one free of cost, but the power of taking part in Church administration may fairly be reserved for those who are willing to make some sacrifices for the Church. But a practical objection was that, if we had to specify any amount of annual contribution as necessary to give a right to Church membership, we could not with propriety name a very large amount, and then many persons might accept the amount of contribution named as being all that the Church expected from them. Still, I think that the imposition of a small annual registration fee would have been very useful in keeping our registry pure. But if such a thing is not done in the first instance, it cannot easily be done afterwards.

I daresay it will occur to a clerical reader that the way to minimize the injurious effects of an injudiciously chosen House of Laity would be rigidly to confine their co-operation to practical matters, such as the collection of funds, and to exclude them from voting on any measure which concerned doctrine or Church

formularies. Several of the Irish clergy took this view, and in particular my friend the late Archdeacon Lee felt so strongly on the subject that, when he was outvoted on it, he separated from us, and refused to recognize any subsequent act of our synod. Yet in truth we had no manner of choice in the matter. It was necessary for us, as I have already said, in order even to retain possession of the houses in which we had been accustomed to worship, that we should lay before the Crown a scheme, assented to not only by the bishops and clergy, but also by the laity. The clergy could impose no limitations on the power of the laity which they were not themselves willing to submit to, and they had only the alternative of refusing to present any scheme. And the consideration which was decisive with us was that we were given the existing state of things to start with. The formularies and laws of the Church continued binding unless we agreed to alter them. We were asked to covenant that we would make no change without the consent of the laity; but neither could they make any change without the consent of the bishops and clergy. Now my lamented friend was never able to make me understand how it was that, when he owned that he would be bound by any regulations made by the authority of the bishops and clergy, he should regard himself not bound if, in addition to that authority, the regulations had the consent of the laity as well.

It certainly was the case that, when we first came together for counsel after Disestablishment, there was some disposition to jealousy between clergy and laity which was dissipated by better acquaintance with each other and association in practical work. I have myself seen a great deal of the practical work of our Church system since Disestablishment, and I should find it difficult to say how much it owes to those admirable laymen who have freely bestowed in the Church's service their money, their time, their personal exertions, and often great practical and professional skill. Employing, as we did, their aid in business matters, we had no scruple in agreeing that in doctrinal or ritual matters we would make no change which had not their approval. If we could not get their consent to a change, we might well acquiesce in things as they were.

The sketch I have given of a portion of our history will explain the interest with which I have watched the formation in many parts of England of Diocesan Conferences in which clergy and laity take counsel together under the presidency of the bishop; and the indications of the possible future formation of a General Conference which shall have some title to represent the whole Church. If the Church of England should ever be disestablished, I have no doubt that the laity would claim a large share in its administration, and I think they would succeed in getting as large a share as we have given them. Some will think that it ought to be otherwise; that the laity should be excluded from interfering in questions with

which we permit them to deal; and that greater precautions should be used than we employ in order to exclude from Church Councils those who, though nominal, are not *bond fide*, members of the Church. Let those who think so, consider how in the event of Disestablishment, these precautions and restrictions could be obtained. Suppose that, as in our case, clergy and laity had never previously met together for mutual counsel; suppose that, as in our case, the clergy first meet by themselves, and the laity by themselves;* what means would the clergy have of putting any conditions or restrictions on lay representation? Of course the laity would settle these matters by themselves and for themselves. It is only while the Church is still Established that the clergy can exercise any voice in the matter.

For the reasons I have indicated, I very much wish that, if Disestablishment should ever come upon the Church of England, it may find bodies of laymen already in existence recognized as representing the laity of each diocese. Such bodies could, in co-operation with the clergy, make arrangements for the future which would have an authority that could not attach to anything emanating from the clergy alone. I am quite aware that in the way of the formation of such bodies there are great practical difficulties as to the possibility of removing which an outsider is not a competent judge. If such bodies are given no real power, the best laymen will not come to them for mere talker talker. But any measure to give them real power, and, by necessary consequence, to take away power from some who already possess it, would provoke great opposition, and, unless very judiciously framed, might be more likely to accelerate Disestablishment than to avert it.

But there is one function which even at present a Central Council could discharge. One hears it now very often said that the best way to avert Disestablishment would be that the Church should at once, of her own accord, make necessary reforms. I do not suppose any reforms the Church could make would pacify enemies who desire nothing less than her overthrow; but undoubtedly the removal of any cause of discontent makes the task of Church defence more easy. If there be any measure of reform which is really desirable, we require no extraneous inducement to make us wish that it should take place. The weakness of the Church at present is that she has practically lost her power of legislation, and would find enormous difficulties in carrying into law any change, however desirable in order better to adapt her system to the requirements of modern times. Parliament now contains so many who are not Churchmen that it is not a suitable body (nor, indeed, has it leisure or inclina-

* From what I have seen of the working of both methods, I have no hesitation in saying that the method we use of three Houses (Bishops, Clergy, and Laity), deliberating in common, but voting separately, is immensely preferable to that of separate meetings. In fact, how are the members of one House to be influenced by arguments used in another if they have not the opportunity of hearing them?

tion) to give a patient examination to the details of any measure dealing with Church affairs. Yet it is not likely to accept a proposal without examination merely because it had been approved by Convocation, the debates in which not one layman in fifty ever reads. Even on the favourable supposition that a Minister of the Crown, a friend of the Church, and possessing the full confidence of the House of Commons, after consultation with leading bishops drew up a scheme of Church reform and carried it through the Legislature, I am not sure that the clergy would accept it. Newspaper discussion, therefore, seems to me very idle whether this or that change proposed would be a real reform. The one essential condition for effecting *any* reform is the formation of a body which would be generally recognized as representing the Church of England in all its parts. There any proposed scheme could be thoroughly discussed, and the decisions of such a body would carry such weight that, if it declared any measure to be necessary for the purpose of making the Church system more efficient, Parliament could scarcely refuse to carry it out.

I have spoken all through of Disestablishment, but I fear that, after our unhappy precedent, that is certain to include Disendowment. The State had a perfect right to disestablish us, but I never could feel that taking our property was anything but robbery.* Deny, if you will, all that our Church claims of historical descent, and say that she only dates from the Reformation. Maintain, if you will, that wrong was then done in allowing the Church of the minority to gain what was intended for the whole nation. But it is now too late to re-open arrangements made in the reign of Henry VIII. Something must be allowed to prescriptive rights. If property might be taken from us which we had possessed for three hundred years, why not as well demand back from individuals Church lands bestowed on their ancestors by the favour of the Sovereign three hundred years ago? I know it has been maintained that the State is bound to respect prescriptive rights in the case of individuals, but is at liberty to treat the property of the Church as liable to be diverted without impropriety to other uses. All I can say is, that the Irish people have never been able to recognize this distinction. They have felt that property dedicated to the service of God was held by the more sacred title of the two, and that those who could deal with that might equally confiscate any other. Consequently, as I expected at the time, the Disendowment of our Church struck a blow at the whole institution of property which has thrown back the civilization of the country for at least half a century. Since then the feeling has sprung up that the way for the nation to get rich is not by thrift and industry, but by getting

* Of course, I am aware that it is only in an improper sense that the words murder or robbery can be applied to any act of the Legislature, which, if the public good demand it, has a right to take the life or property of any subject. But it is now recognized that the shock which such acts give to the sanctity of life and to the security of property is ordinarily not compensated by any advantage gained in the particular case; consequently bills of attainder have become obsolete.

Parliament to give men some of their neighbours' property. The sudden conversion of the English Parliament to do by a large majority what for a generation they had by equally large majorities refused to do has produced a feeling that there is nothing which the English Parliament would refuse to do if sufficiently pressed.* And long before a confession injudiciously made some little time ago, it was perfectly well understood here that outrages constituted a kind of pressure to which English statesmen were peculiarly sensitive. There has resulted a weakening of the Executive Government which gives rise to a general feeling of insecurity. No kind of tenure makes property safe. I am told that not merely as regards the land, but in mercantile matters also, the honest fulfilment of engagements cannot now be relied on as formerly. And as the law of the land has been weakened, there has grown up an unwritten law the vagueness of which makes it a real tyranny. A free country is one in which a man who refrains from doing what is forbidden by known laws may do anything else he pleases. A despotic country is one in which a subject does not know what commands the tyrant next day may issue or what penalty he may impose for transgression. The latter is the state of things in which we now live. No prudent man can now set up a manufacture in Ireland. As soon as he has sunk his money in it, some command may be issued his non-compliance with which may be punished by the destruction of his whole business. The paralysis of industry is evident to every one, but the cure of all evils is now looked for from something Parliament is to do; and, as an English Parliament will not apply a remedy, it is hoped that an Irish Parliament by protection, by bounties, and by direct aid will do something to develop industry which private enterprise looks on as unremunerative. Being an old-fashioned believer in political economy, I fear the remedy would be worse than the disease, and would only add a crushing burden of taxation to our other troubles. Holding, as I do, the Irish Church Act of 1869 to be the *fons et origo* of all the evils that have been let loose upon us, I believe that Englishmen do the part, not only of good Churchmen, but of good citizens, in maintaining the right of their Church to the retention of her property, and thus guarding the nation from entering on the path of revolution on which ours has been recklessly sent.

Indeed, I believe that the Church would suffer less than the State from an act of spoliation. For, judging from the liberality which English Churchmen have shown, and from what we in Ireland have been able to do in great comparative poverty and under many disadvantages (there being large districts to be provided for, in which the

* In a political cartoon lately published by a Nationalist newspaper, the Queen and Lord Salisbury sternly present an Act bearing the inscription, "Fundamental Law of the Empire; Union of Great Britain and Ireland," while Mr. Gladstone confronts them holding in his hand another "Fundamental Law of the Empire," torn to pieces, inscribed "United Church of England and Ireland."

members of our Church are few in numbers and isolated), I have no doubt that private liberality could so re-endow the Church of England as to make it the richest corporation in the kingdom. What we aimed at in Ireland—and I should think it ought not to be beyond the resources of England—was to raise a capital endowment the interest on which might produce sufficient to pay half the salaries of the future clergy, leaving the other half to be provided for by annual subscriptions. Well, taking bishops, incumbents, and curates all round, £300 a year is no extravagant rate of remuneration, and to provide £150 a year for each of the English clergy would require a capital of not less than 100 millions. It may seem extravagant to talk of raising such a sum, especially as it is threatened that, in case of Disendowment, the English Church will be stripped more bare than was the Irish Church, and would probably not be treated with the same “equity and liberality” as we. I am not as sensible of the “liberality” with which we were treated as it seems I ought to be. I willingly grant that the Irish Church Act was not framed on the lines of the proposals that some Dissenting ministers have made for dealing with the Church of England, their object being that she should not only be disestablished and disendowed, but that, as far as they had power to contrive it, her vitality after Disestablishment should be impaired. *We* were treated with the civility which the gentlemanly highwaymen of former days used to those with whom they did business. It was only our property that was wanted, and there was no disposition to do us injury for the mere sake of injury. We were left our name, though that generosity has since been repented of, and every facility was given to our maintaining our corporate existence after Disestablishment. But our spoliators do themselves great injustice if they fancy they did their work in any feeble or half-hearted way, or that their “liberality” took the form of leaving us any property that could with any pretence of equity be taken from us. Liberality of this kind at the hands of her assailants, of course, the Church of England need not expect. But I suspect the word “liberality” would never have been used if it were not that “liberality and equity” sounds so much better than “equity” alone. A politician would pay his followers a very bad compliment if he represented them as likely to disregard the claims of equity. And I do not think they will be disregarded by any Parliament the present generation is likely to see.

The Irish Church owes nearly all the property she now holds to the recognition of two equitable claims that are pretty certain to be recognized in any scheme of Disendowment. One, though by far the less important, is the claim for recent benefactions. Set the definition of “recent” as illiberally as you may, this would, in the case of the English Church, amount to a considerable sum. But what has most helped us in raising a

capital endowment for our Church is the provision that the existing clergy should enjoy their incomes for their lives. Say that the average duration of a clergyman's life was fifteen years, this gave us fifteen years during which we should not need our subscriptions for present expenditure, but might employ them in accumulating a capital endowment. Of course what would actually happen would be that some would die much sooner, others live longer, than the average period; but the one would balance the other. And we resolved from the first to work the Church as a whole, and to make the more favourably circumstanced parishes help those less so. We made a general insurance scheme on principles rather Christian than commercial. One parish might have an old clergyman, or even be actually vacant, at the time of Disestablishment, and we provided an income for the successor; another parish which might have a young and healthy incumbent was expected to contribute with equal liberality to the common fund. And let me say, in passing, that somewhat too gloomy pictures have been drawn by some English bishops of whole districts deprived by Disendowment of the means of grace.* This might happen if each parish were left to shift for itself; but I am sure that our English friends will understand as well as we the wisdom and duty of sticking together. Now, I am sure that the enemies of the Church of England would have very poor success if they tried to prevent her, in case of Disendowment, from raising a new endowment in the same way that we have done. It is beyond question that the life-interests of the existing clergy would be respected. No Parliament that the present generation is likely to see would assent to rob a body of innocent and deserving men of their freeholds.

The framers of the Irish Church Act, however, did a friendly thing by us in allowing clerical annuitants to exchange their annuities for lump sums, to be handed over to our Church body, which thenceforward should undertake the responsibility of paying the annuity. And it may be said that no similar advantage will be granted to the English Church. Let me point out, then, that this was a piece of liberality which cost the State nothing. It comes precisely to the same thing whether the State pays an annuity for a number of years or, in one lump sum, the value of that annuity as calculated by a competent actuary. But there was a great balance of convenience to the State in favour of adopting the latter course; for the former course would have entailed the keeping up of a costly staff to make these payments as long as any of the clergy of 1869 survived. And I notice now that in the case of pensions to retired State servants the Treasury is always glad to commute them for a lump payment. On the other hand, we should in any case have to employ a staff for

* I own that there is real cause for anxiety, considering how imperfectly at present private liberality meets the call on it merely to supplement the existing endowments so as to meet the spiritual needs of a greatly increased population.

distributing among the clergy the stipends which we hoped to raise by subscriptions, so that it did not involve us in great additional expense to undertake the payment of the annuities. Our aim, then, was through the exertions of our people to retain the capital given us. Say that the interest on the lump sum we were given would only pay half of the annuities for which we were liable, yet if our people could only supply the other half we could keep our capital untouched and keep up the same rate of payment indefinitely. People, I think, were more ready to give money to prevent the dissipation of a capital already in our hands than they would have been to accumulate a new capital. But it must be borne in mind that we shall owe the capital we retain, not to the liberality of Parliament, but to the liberality of our own people in replacing by their subscriptions the commutation capital as it was consumed in the payment of annuities.* So whether the method of commutation be adopted or not is a comparatively trifling matter. The essential point is that, as long as the Church has the services of the existing clergy, the annual drain upon her resources is comparatively small, and it is a season for accumulation for the future.

But it may be objected that the Irish Church Act gave the Disestablished Church a legal claim to the services of its former clergy, and that the English Church might not be treated with equal liberality. The liberality, if any, was at the expense of the clergy, not of the State; but I consider that the case is one, not for liberality, but for equity. The laymen of our Church had surely some equitable claims as well as the clergy. If our Church had never been connected with the State, no doubt the liberality of her people, continued for many generations, would have by this time accumulated for her endowments such as are possessed by other religious communities. Our laymen would therefore be placed in a position of exceptional disadvantage if the State were to break off its connection without giving some reasonable notice such as would allow them time to make provision for the coming change. And no arrangement for giving this notice could be more fair to all parties than a provision that the clergy who were allowed to retain their incomes should retain them on condition of fulfilling the duties in consideration of which they had been given their salaries. No doubt, if the matter be looked at from a secularist point of view, the clergy are but servants of the State, and, if the State no longer requires their services, there is no reason why they should be asked to continue them. But that was not the view taken by the clergy themselves; and *volentibus non fit injuria*. They regarded their obligations as due, not to the State, but to the Church, and not one of our clergy objected to the pro-

* The possession of a lump sum gave facilities to ecclesiastical persons who were willing, at some sacrifice, to provide an income for their successors. In this way, it is well known, the See of Derry has been re-endowed.

vision which made the continuance of their ministrations the condition of their receiving their stipends. And it would be the same with the English clergy. Whatever might be the provisions of a Disestablishing Act, the Church can count on retaining the willing services of the present clergy as long as health and strength last.

Among the instances of "liberality" for which we have been asked to be grateful is that we were left possession of our Church fabrics. But I call this simple equity. If our houses had been taken from us, we should have been the only denomination of Christians in the country with no houses to worship God in. The State had no use for our houses, unless to give them to our neighbours, who, as a general rule, did not want them. The very few they might have been disposed to covet bore too recent marks of our own money spent on them to permit of any claim being made with decency. The rebuilding of St. Patrick's Cathedral by the munificence of Mr. Guinness was quite recent at the time of our Disestablishment.

I know that a theory has been started in modern times that what is given to the Church really belongs to the State, and that any one who has bestowed a benefaction on the Church must be supposed to have done so with his eyes open, and has no reason to complain if his gift should be applied to uses very different from those he intended. But what could he have done? Since the abolition of Church rates, there has been no way of keeping the Church fabrics in repair except by voluntary subscriptions. Will it be contended that the members of the Established Church were not permitted to repair their places of worship either by compulsory rates or by voluntary subscriptions, except, in the latter case, under threat of confiscation of their benefactions? It used to be the law of England that as soon as the bridegroom had said to the bride, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the effect of his words was that all her worldly goods became his. But the law did not permit divorce. It did not contemplate the case that the husband, on turning an innocent wife from his house, should use his rights of property to retain not only the property she had originally brought him, but her very clothes, necessary to herself, but useless to him except in order to make presents to newer favourites. And to make the analogy complete, we must suppose that for years back he had never bought her any clothes, and that she had been indebted for them to the bounty of her relatives.

I have said that some schemes of Disestablishment have been clearly dictated by a desire to do the Church injury, and I had better explain what I have had in my mind. There is nothing that would more gratify the enemies of the Church than if her Disestablishment were to be followed by her disruption; and the schemes of which I speak were evidently intended to give temptations and facilities for such disruption. One easily discerns that these schemes

are the work, not of statesmen, but of rival theologians.* But no enemy can disrupt the Church of England if her members are resolved not to be disrupted. Naught can make you rue if England to herself do rest but true. It is not likely that the English Church, which will have profited by our experience, will ever be exposed to such danger of disruption as we were in Ireland; but that danger was averted by the fact that between extremes on opposite sides there lay a large central body who were resolved that no disruption should take place. Naturally there was a temptation to over-use newly recovered powers of legislation. Previously, a man had only had the choice whether he would accept or reject our Church formularies. If, approving of them in the main, he disliked some details, he was obliged to acquiesce in them from the confessed impossibility of effecting any alteration. But now, it was thought, the time was come when they might be brought to absolute perfection. But it did not require long to see that what one man thought improvements might appear quite the reverse to another; and I have no doubt all would have seen the wisdom of not meddling with questions likely to divide us if it were not that those who were anxious for extensive changes made skilful use of discontent felt at the aspect of the English Church. It was easy to produce examples of ostentatious approximation by English clergymen to Romish doctrine and ritual; and every effort was made to cause alarm as to the possible introduction of the like into this country. "If what was taking place in England showed that the existing law was not strong enough to prevent it, it ought to be made so." We had no wish that our Church should be so very comprehensive as to lose all definiteness of teaching. It was said that in England a clergyman had rights, but his congregation had none. He might in church teach what he liked and do what he liked, and to check him would be thought persecution; but his congregation might find the services they had been accustomed to so altered that they should feel themselves turned out of their own church, and no one could give them redress. Owing to different circumstances, which it would be too long here to detail, the alarm at English approximation to Rome grew into a formidable panic, and the demand that "Something must be done" became so strong that resistance threatened a real danger of disruption. Under these circumstances, we did not lack advisers who gave us counsel like that which Rehoboam received from his young men: Make no concessions, and let those who will not submit go off to Dissent if they please. But we thought it would be equal dishonour and injury if we lost our people in that way. Only we insisted on

* It requires no great sagacity to discern the authorship of an Independent minister. He no doubt believes that Congregationalism is the best system of Church government; but he affords a choice system of religious intolerance when he sets himself to imagine an Act of Parliament by which the members of the Church of England might be made Congregationalists whether they like it or no.

knowing the full measure of the demands made of us. Questions had been raised which in our judgment it would have been much wiser not to have opened, but now that they had been stirred our safety lay in going completely to the bottom of them. Otherwise they would remain as a perpetual danger. Our success in staving them off would probably be only temporary, and it was better to deal with them while we had bishops and clergy probably more learned, and certainly more independent, than their successors were likely to be. The existing clergy all had their incomes secured to them by the Irish Church Act, while the laity were a good deal dependent for the re-endowment of the Church on the willingness of the clergy to exchange the best security in the world, the guarantee of the English Government, for that of private paymasters. If, then, it be thought by any that the Irish clergy yielded too much to their laity, it must at least be allowed that they could have been actuated by no unworthy motives—by no motives but those of a desire for the peace and unity of the Church, and sincere love and esteem for the men to whose wishes they gave way.

Some English censors, exhibiting amusing ignorance of the problem with which we had to deal, have criticized the acts of our synod as they might an exercise performed for the schools, and have asked on what conceivable principles we proceeded. When we went so far, why did we not go further? When, for example, we discontinued the compulsory recitation of the Athanasian Creed in our service, why did we not cancel the approbation of the creed expressed in the eighth Article? and so forth. The simple answer is that we were not closet theologians, but men dealing with an extremely difficult problem of practical statesmanship—namely, to make such a settlement of disputed questions as should give no pretext for schism on the one side or on the other. The account of the principle on which we proceeded is that we made certain changes because, having a knowledge of the state of feeling at the time such as strangers cannot have, we judged the making of them to be necessary to union, and we did not make changes which we did not judge to be so necessary, much less changes which no one demanded. We were willing ourselves to submit, for the sake of concord, to things we did not like. But we were resolved to resist not only any change which would offend our own conscience, but any which would so offend the conscience of others as to oblige them to leave us. And the result was that we solved our problem. There was no schism. With no exception worth speaking of, clergy and laity accepted the arrangement we came to, and the excitements and jealousies of the years that followed Disestablishment have completely died away.* No doubt a physician who

* In proof that we had not to deal with very unreasonable people, it is worth while to mention the conduct of the Irish Synod with regard to the administration of its temporal affairs. In the English Parliamentary administrative office is conferred on the best talkers, and these chosen only from one side of the House. In the Irish Synod it was

has brought a patient through a dangerous illness may be told that the cure could have been effected at less cost ; that, if he had trusted more to Nature and had used no violent remedies, the patient would have recovered with less danger to his constitution. That may or may not be so. The actual recovery of the patient is a matter of fact ; his possible recovery by milder treatment, only matter of speculation.

I have thought it right not to be silent as to this part of our history, because I have noticed that some English clergymen speak in too light-hearted a way of the risk of Disestablishment. Confident themselves in the support of attached congregations, they do not estimate the sacrifices that would be necessary in order that the Church of England should continue to correspond to her title, and be the Church not merely of well-to-do townspeople, but of the whole land. And they see a compensation for any sacrifices in the freedom which the Church would gain : her power to choose her own bishops and make her own laws. Let such persons be assured that they would be quite as likely in the new system as in the old to have bishops they do not like and laws they do not like, only with the additional circumstance that they would share some of the responsibility of having made them.

It cannot be denied that Disestablishment puts a certain strain on the allegiance of a Church's members, and tests the reality of her hold on them. While her powers of legislation are dormant, her aspect does not change, so that *vis inertiae* alone is enough to make those who were once her members continue so. And her connection with the State has enabled her to confer certain temporal advantages on those who remain with her. After Disestablishment, her members must be kept to her by considerations of Christian duty, not of worldly expedience. And with recovered powers of legislation, changes in her aspect must take place which cannot possibly please everybody. Some will wish her to have made more extensive improvements ; others will grieve that she has changed at all. And in disputes of this kind either party is under a temptation to threaten to secede if it does not get its way. Even the Roman Pope and Council were not able to make a change without a schism.

If I have any anxiety as to the future of the English Church—and I have not much—it is not with regard to anything that can be done by her enemies, who can only touch externals. It is that I

resolved from the first to keep the administration of its temporal affairs clear of all party questions, religious or political. If a man was willing to help, and was thought able to do good service, no question was raised what side he had taken in the debates of the Synod, or whether he had spoken or been silent, or what politics he professed out of the House. When the Revision disputes were the hottest, members for the Representative Body were chosen as freely from one side of the House as the other ; it was no disqualification to a man that he should have taken part in bringing about the Act of Disestablishment, nor even that he should be an advocate of Home Rule, distasteful though such politics are to most of the members of the Synod individually. And though, in deciding on an immense number of thorny practical questions, the Representative Body has had to tread on many corns, and probably has made some mistakes, the Synod has always given them its full confidence, and each member on the termination of his triennial period of office is usually re-elected without opposition.

fear I observe a decay of the Church principles which are necessary to secure her unity. There are some who call themselves Churchmen, and even High Churchmen, who seem to have no idea of a Church but that of a number of people in general agreement on certain theological questions, and who, if asked to define the sin of schism, would make it amount to the sin of not agreeing with themselves. Churchmen of this kind, when we were threatened in 1869, never dreamed of considering whether we represented Christ's Church in this country, but only whether our members were generally in theological sympathy with themselves. When this question could not be answered to their satisfaction, they calmly gave us over to our assailants, whose rapacity they hoped would now be appeased—for they were able to make distinctions, which they flattered themselves were not futile, between their case and ours. Later, when the acts of our Synod displeased them, they declared that we had now lost their sympathies altogether, though they would find it hard to tell what practical proof of their sympathy they had previously given, save that of reducing us to Apostolic poverty.

Now, it is certain that the divergence of theological schools of thought is greater in the Church of England than in that of Ireland, there being in each school men who go to extremes which are unknown here. If agreement on disputed theological questions is essential to community of Church membership, how are these to continue united in one Church? And, accordingly, the enemies of the Church of England make no secret of their expectations that, after Disestablishment, we should have a High Church of England, a Low Church of England, and a Broad Church of England; these to begin with, with other variations to follow. But the great historic Church of England is loved by her children much too well to come to an end quite so easily. In times of prosperity, members of the same family have leisure to magnify trifles into importance and to dispute about them warmly. But common dangers and common trials draw them together, and union in joint work makes them know each other better, and teaches them how much more valuable are the things they have in common than those on which they differ. Not least of these common things is their joint inheritance in the organization which has been Christ's appointed means for diffusing Gospel light through England, their common duty that that organization should not be shattered through any fault of theirs. For the sake of the Church, men in former days have been ready to sacrifice their lives; the men of this day have not so degenerated as to be unable to make some sacrifice of their wills by submitting to her decisions, even though their own advice be not followed. And even if the bond of State connection be removed, they will remain united "in one holy bond of Truth and Peace, of Faith and Charity."

GEO. SALMON.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

IS it possible for England to grant such a measure of Home Rule to Ireland as will satisfy every reasonable desire of the Irish people without involving any disruption of the empire or endangering the property or safety of the loyal minority? This is the urgent question of the day, on the satisfactory solution of which depend not only the fate of Ministries, but, to a large extent, the prosperity of both islands.

Home Rule granted to the people of Ireland under the following conditions, and carried out with kindly consideration to all whose interests might be affected, would, it is submitted, remove the difficulties that now exist, and prove satisfactory to all concerned, except, perchance, to those agitators who would then find their profitable occupation gone.

In order properly to appreciate the value of the scheme, a dispassionate review must be taken of the past and present condition of Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the prevalent discontent and of the antipathy shown there to the existing union between the two countries.

The population of Ireland at the present time is a little over 5,160,000, of whom, in round numbers, 1,150,000 are Protestants and 4,010,000 Romanists.* The island contains about 20,000,000 acres of land, of which one-half is owned by less than 750 proprietors, each holding upwards of 5,000 acres, three proprietors holding over 100,000 acres, fourteen over 50,000 acres, and ninety over 20,000 each. One hundred and ten landlords hold among them 4,000,000 acres, or one-fifth of the soil of the whole country.† Of the landlords who held, in 1871, over 100 acres, 4,842 were non-resident and only 5,589 resident in the country.‡

No real local government can be said to exist; schemes for local

* Census, 1881.

† Return presented to the House of Commons in 1876.

‡ Report presented to the House of Commons in 1872.

advantage involving interference with private property, such as railroads, waterworks, &c., can only be carried out by obtaining at great cost and trouble an Act of Parliament at Westminster.

To these permanent sources of discontent must be added a series of bad harvests, followed by an unprecedented fall in the value of all agricultural produce, especially in cattle, the special wealth of the South.

In 1881, Ireland possessed 9,100,000 head of cattle of all kinds, valued at £37,000,000. Since that year the value of this kind of property has probably depreciated at least one-third, involving a loss to the farmers equal to £12,000,000 sterling.

A most painful evidence of the deplorable condition to which a large portion of the Irish have been reduced is afforded by the fact that, between the years 1849 and 1880, 90,106 evictions took place, reducing 460,500 individuals, or one-eighth of the whole population, to destitution.*

The simple statement of these facts—the possession of the greater part of the soil by alien landlords, the enforcement of rents (which, though fair as judicially fixed in 1881, are exorbitant and impossible at present on account of the depreciation in the value of agricultural produce), the hindrance to local enterprise through the difficulty of obtaining parliamentary powers, the exclusion of the people from the benefit of self-government, and their subjection to a rule of bureaucracy under officials appointed by English politicians for political reasons—shows the nature of the wrongs from which Ireland is suffering, and for which her representatives urgently and justly demand redress. Can this demand be granted with safety to the empire and justice to all concerned?

The alteration of the present condition of land tenure is undoubtedly the most urgent reform needed, but, as the satisfactory solution of this difficulty must in a great measure depend upon the nature of the local government that may be granted, it is necessary to consider this point first, and to inquire how far it is possible, whilst securing the safety, the freedom, and the rights of property of the minority, to grant Ireland full powers of self-government in all local affairs. At the outset, however, another and most important question has to be considered—namely, whether the establishment of one Parliament for the whole of Ireland would satisfy the people of the North as well as those of the South—the strong Protestant minority dominating the Northern province as well as the Roman Catholic majority of the rest of the country.

It is absolutely certain it would not, and that any such scheme would meet with the bitterest opposition, the strength of which only those who have intimate relations with the people of the North can

* Special Return presented to the House of Commons in April 1881.

estimate. It would be impossible for the English nation, with any respect to justice or with any reasonable hope of peace, to compel the people of the North to submit to the control of a Parliament dominated by representatives of a different race and religion; to enforce such subjection would be to act in defiance of every good argument that can be urged in favour of Home Rule at all; for the same differences which separate the Irish of the South from the English equally separate the people of the North from those of the South. If the inhabitants of the South are entitled to Home Rule and a separate Parliament, the people of the North of Ireland are at least equally entitled to be granted a local Parliament and Home Rule. Justice and policy demand that they should be treated alike, and it would be as foolish as shortsighted to attempt to compel an ill-assorted union under one Parliament between peoples of such different idiosyncrasies; bickerings, complaints, and suspicions would keep an assembly so constituted in perpetual turmoil, and result in the weaker party constantly appealing to England against legislation that would be considered and represented as priest-inspired and unjust.*

The only satisfactory solution of this difficulty is to be found in the establishment of two local or provincial Parliaments, one for the North and one for the South—one in Belfast and one in Dublin—having full control over all local affairs in their respective provinces. This separation of Ireland into two provinces, while just and expedient in itself, would possess the additional advantage of preventing any danger of Home Rule being used as a means of obtaining entire separation from, and the consequent disruption of, the British empire. The Southerners alone could neither conquer the North nor set up a separate kingdom; for four millions of people, or about two-thirds of the population of Greater London, to attempt this would be absurd, especially in the face of the opposition of the North and of Great Britain. But, when the grievances under which the South is undoubtedly suffering have been redressed, any such demand would be most unlikely to arise, for few, if any, people are more keen in the perception of their own personal interests than the Irish. From self-interest alone the great majority of the population of the South would soon be opposed to a separation which would alienate their best customer, and probably in a short time there would be no more conservative or loyal portion of the British empire. Proprietorship of the soil makes loyal and conservative subjects, and, as any satisfactory scheme must include the granting to the majority of the farmers a proprietary interest in the land they cultivate, these would soon be found in the ranks of law-abiding citizens. The best method of carrying out this transfer of proprietorship with

* Provision could be made that if at any time the North and South by a clear majority of the votes of each people decided to unite together, they should be able to do so.

justice to present owners is the next important problem to be solved.

Mr. Giffen's proposal, with some modification, is probably the most satisfactory solution of this difficulty; it would moreover smooth the way for the establishment of Home Rule on a safe basis. The most weighty objection against granting this in any effective form is that such laws would probably be passed by the Irish Parliament, and the police so controlled, that the landlords would be driven away and their property practically confiscated. It must therefore be an essential part of any settlement that owners of property who might be unwilling to remain under the new form of government to be established, whether in the Northern or Southern province, should be entitled to obtain payment of the value of their property, such value not being arbitrarily fixed, but ascertained by fair valuation, the price of agricultural produce and all other circumstances being duly considered.

The money required to enable the provincial governments to purchase the interests of the landlords could be safely supplied by the Imperial Government on Mr. Giffen's plan—namely, by means of a loan secured, primarily, on the rents to be charged to the tenants of the lands purchased, and secondarily, by a lien on the sums contributed by the Imperial Exchequer to Ireland for local purposes. The amount required would probably be much less than Mr. Giffen estimates, for not only is the actual value of the land at the present price of agricultural produce now less than the figures on which he bases his estimate, but many of the best landlords would elect to remain, as they might do without fear; while the non-resident and unpopular proprietors, against whom the national feeling is so bitter, would no doubt gladly accept the relief afforded them and take in money the value of their holdings. The local Parliament would decide the terms on which the tenants on the land so obtained should hold it, provided only that they at once acquired a certain and real proprietorship, subject of course to payment of a fair ground-rent.

The grievance of absentee and extortionate landlordism having been thus removed, there would be no danger in leaving the provincial Parliaments full control in the management of all provincial matters, as the people who elected them would know that all taxation would fall on themselves; the only security necessary would be for the prevention of any exceptional taxation being imposed upon individuals, and for the preservation of perfect religious freedom.

The next important question is that of the future representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament under the new conditions. It has been suggested that the present representation should remain unchanged, and the Irish representatives be allowed to vote only on clearly defined Imperial questions. This plan would not work, for a Ministry acceptable to the majority in England might be thrown out on the first so-called Imperial question; and by cleverly using

this power the Irish members would practically remain as much masters of the situation then as they are now.

A better plan would be to arrange that, in consideration of Ireland being granted entire self-government in all Home affairs, the representatives sent by Ireland to the Imperial Parliament should bear the same proportion to the representatives sent by Great Britain as the amount of revenue contributed for Imperial purposes by Ireland bears to the contribution of the rest of the kingdom; or, as a compromise, that they should be reduced to sixty members, to be elected by the provincial Parliaments, each Parliament sending a number proportionate to the population it represented, and under the cumulative system of voting, thus ensuring a fair representation of all parties and the return of the best men. These would of course be eligible for offices under the Crown, and possess the privileges of other members of Parliament.

By this arrangement the unity of the empire would not only be preserved, but strengthened; landlords and tenants, both in the North and in the South, would be satisfied; and the Imperial Parliament restored to its dignity without losing the benefit of the special talents of the Irish nation, which it could ill spare. As all cause of offence and ill-feeling between the two nations would be then removed, it may reasonably be expected that the same friendliness and good-will would speedily arise between the two nations as now generally exist between individual Englishmen and Irishmen whenever circumstances throw them together. For, though entirely different in character, the English and Irish are by no means naturally antagonistic, but are rather attracted and drawn towards each other when no sense of wrong on either side separates them.

A small difficulty still remains to be considered: how to dispose of the Irish Constabulary—practically a military force consisting of some of the finest men in the world, and to whom England owes a grateful recognition. The most desirable course would be to transform this into a permanent militia for the protection of the country, and thus not only remove all difficulty as to their future maintenance, but enable the English Government to withdraw the greater part of the army now detained in Ireland, which causes a most serious strain upon our military resources. As the men retired or died off, and Ireland settled down under its new governments, this force might be gradually reduced, and its ranks filled by militia on the English model.

The above scheme, especially if carried out by a union of both political parties, would solve a difficulty that has for centuries troubled and injured both countries, and which has now reached so acute a stage that it must be dealt with in a wise and statesmanlike manner if the most serious consequences to the empire are to be averted.

NEWMAN AND ARNOLD.

I.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IT may be thought that there is something incongruous between the two subjects of my lectures—Newman and Arnold—the one a prince of the Church which holds as articles of faith, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, the invocation of saints, and the efficacy of indulgences; the other a rationalizer who dissolves away the very substance, nay, the very possibility, of Revelation, recognises no God but “a stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness,” no saviour except “sweet reasonableness” in a human life, and no resurrection except the resurrection from a selfish to an unselfish heart. But the greater you make the contrast between Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold, the more remarkable is the relation between them. Newman was far and away the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of the second quarter of this century; Matthew Arnold the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of its third quarter. Both drank deep of the genius of the great University to which they belong. The Cardinal is perhaps most widely known by his invocation to that “kindly light” which amidst the “encircling gloom” of this troubled existence he implored to lead him on. Matthew Arnold is perhaps most widely known by his description—borrowed from Swift—of the spirit for which we ought to yearn, as one of “sweetness and light.” Both are great masters of the style in which sweetness and light predominate. Both are poets—the one a theologian first and a poet afterwards; the other a poet first, and a theologian, I will not say,—for a theologian without theism is almost a contradiction in terms—but a rationalizer of theology, an anxious inventor of supposed equivalents for theology—afterwards. In both there is a singular combination of gentleness and irony. Both give you the amplest sympathy in your desire to believe, and

both are merciless when they find you practically dispensing with the logic which they have come to regard as final. Both are witnesses to the great power of religion—the one by the imaginative power he shows in getting over religious objections to his faith; the other by the imaginative power he shows in clothing a vacuum with impressive and majestic shadows till it looks something like a faith. Again, both, with all their richness of insight, have had that strong desire to rest on something beyond that insight, something which they can regard as independent of themselves, which led Newman first to preach against the principle of private judgment, and finally to yearn after an infallible Church, while it led Arnold to preach what he calls his doctrine of verification—namely, that no religious or moral instinct is to be trusted unless it can obtain the endorsement on a large scale of the common consent of the best human experience. Surely there is no greater marvel in our age than that it has felt profoundly the influence of both, and appreciated the greater qualities of both—the leader who with bowed head and passionate self-distrust, nay, with “many a start of prayer and fear,” has led hundreds back to surrender their judgment to a Pope whose rashness Dr. Newman’s own ripe culture ultimately condemned—and the poet who in some of the most pathetic verses of modern times has bewailed the loss of the very belief which, in some of the most flippant and frigid of the diatribes of modern times, he has done all that was in his power to destroy. Cardinal Newman has taught men to take refuge in the greatness of the past from the pettiness of the present. Mr. Arnold has endeavoured to restore the idolatry of the *Zeitgeist*, the “time-spirit,” which measures truth by the dwindled faith of the existing generation, and which never so much as dreams that one day the dwindled faith of the existing generation may in its turn be judged, and condemned, by that truth which it has denied. Surely, that the great University of Oxford should have produced first the one and then the other—first the great Romanizer, and then the great rationalizer—is such a sign of the times as one ought not lightly to pass by. When I consider carefully how the great theologian has vanished from his pulpit at St. Mary’s and how finally transformed into a Cardinal, he has pleaded from his Birmingham Oratory with the same touching simplicity as in his old tutorial days for the truth that to the single heart “there are but two things in the whole universe, our own soul and God who made it,” and then how the man who succeeded him in exercising more of the peculiar influence of Oxford over the world than any other of the following generation—and where is there a promise of any younger Oxford leader who is likely to stand even in the place of Mr. Arnold?—tells us with that mild intellectual arrogance which is the leading characteristic of his didactic prose, “I do not think it

can be said that there is even a low degree of probability for the assertion that God is a person who thinks and loves,"—when I consider this contrast, I realize more distinctly than in looking at any of the physical changes of the universe what Shakespeare meant when he wrote, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." What are messages flashed under the ocean, what is our more rapid flight through space, what is the virtual contraction of the distances on this little molehill of a planet till the most distant points upon it are accessible to almost all, compared with the startling mental revolution effected within thirty or forty years at most? When the highest intellect of a great place of learning in one generation says in effect, 'Because I believe so utterly in God and his revelation, I have no choice but to believe also in the Pope,' while the highest intellect of the same great school in the next generation says, 'As there is not even a low degree of probability that God in the old sense exists, let us do all that we can with streams of tendency, and morality touched with emotion, to supply his place,' we must at least admit that the moral instability of the most serious convictions of earth is alarming enough to make the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. Perhaps I may be able in some degree to attenuate, before I have dealt with both these great men, the more painful aspects of the paradox on which I have insisted.

I daresay you all know, by bust, photograph, or picture, the wonderful face of the great Cardinal;—that wide forehead, ploughed deep with parallel horizontal furrows which seem to express his careworn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual and its aspect in the spiritual world—the pale cheek down which

•
"long lines of shadow slope
Which years, and curious thought, and suffering give,"

—the pathetic eye, which speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man, and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of that mobile and reticent mouth, where humour, playfulness, and sympathy are intricately blended with those severer moods that "refuse and restrain." On the whole it is a face full in the first place of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next, of that subtle and intimate knowledge of the details of human limitation and weakness which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless indeed it be guided amongst the stakes and dykes and pitfalls of the human battlefield, by the direct providence of God.

And not a little of what I have said of Cardinal Newman's face may be said also of his style. A great French critic has declared that style is the man. But surely that cannot be asserted without

much qualification. There are some styles which are much better than the man, through failing to reflect the least admirable parts of him; and many that are much worse—for example, styles affected by the artificial influence of conventional ideas, like those which prevailed in the last century. Again, there are styles which are thoroughly characteristic of the man in one sense, and yet are characteristic in part because they show his delight in viewing both himself and the universe through coloured media, which, while they brilliantly represent some aspects of it, greatly misrepresent or completely disguise all others. Such a style was Carlyle's, who may be said to have seen the universe with wonderful vividness, as it was when in earthquake and hurricane, but not to have apprehended at all that solid crust of earth symbolizing the conventional phlegmatic nature which most of us know only too well. Gibbon, again, sees everything—even himself—as if it were a striking moral pageant. You remember how he describes his father's disapprobation of his youthful passion for Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker),—"I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." It was the moral pageant of that very mild ardour, and that not too reluctant submission, of which he was thinking, not of the emotion itself. And Macaulay, again, has a style like a coat of mail with the visor down. It is burnished, brilliant, imposing, but it presents the world and human life in pictorial antitheses far more vivid and brilliant than real. It is a style which effectually conceals all the more homely and domestic aspects of Macaulay's own nature, and represents mainly his hunger for incisive contrast. But if ever it were true that the style is the man, it is true, I think, of Newman—nay, of both Newman and Arnold. And therefore, you will, I am sure, bear with me if I dwell somewhat longer on the style of both, and especially of the former, than would be ordinarily justifiable. Both styles are luminous, both are marked by that curious "distinction" which only genius, and in general only poetic genius, can command. Both show a great delight in irony, and use it with great effect. Both can, when the writer chooses, indulge even in extravagance, and give the rein to ridicule without rousing that displeasure which any such excess in men of high intellectual power is apt to excite. Both are styles of white light rather than of the lurid, or glowing, or even rainbow order. Both, in poetry at least, and Newman in both poetry and prose, are capable of expressing the truest kind of pathos. Both have something in them of the older Oxford suavity, though in very different forms. You know that the characteristic Oxford manner is accused of being "ostentatiously sweet," as the characteristic Cambridge manner is of being ostentatiously clumsy. But while neither Newman nor Arnold have the slightest trace of this excess of suavity, of the *eau sucrée* attributed to the University,

Newman's sweetness is the sweetness of religious humility and ardour, Arnold's is the sweetness of easy condescension. Newman's sweetness is wistful, Arnold's is didactic; the one yearns to move your heart, the other kindly enlightens your intellect. Even Newman's prose style is spiritual in its basis, Arnold's intellectual. Even when treating spiritual topics, even when saying the best things Arnold has ever said as to "the secret of Jesus," his manner, though gracious, is gently dictatorial. Again, when Newman gives the rein to his irony, it is always with a certain earnestness, or even indignation against the self-deceptions he is ridiculing. When Arnold does so, it is in pleasurable scorn of the folly he is exposing. Let me just illustrate the very different irony of the two men by two passages of a somewhat analogous kind, in which each of them repels the imputation of having something new and wonderful of his own to communicate to the world. Here is the striking passage in which Arnold describes the embarrassment with which he should find himself addressing a select circle of his special admirers in the best room of the "Spotted Dog":—

"The old recipe," he says, "to think a little more and talk a little less, seems to me still the best recipe to follow. So I take comfort when I find the *Guardian* reproaching me with having no influence, for I know what influence means—a party, practical proposals, action; and I say to myself, 'Even supposing I could get some followers, and assemble them, brimming with affectionate enthusiasm, in a committee-room at some inn, what on earth should I say to them? What resolutions could I propose? I could only propose the old Socratic commonplace, *know thyself*,' and how black they would all look at that!' No; to inquire, perhaps too curiously, what the present state of English development and civilization is, which, according to Mr. Lowe, is so perfect, that to give votes to the working class is stark madness; and, on the other hand, to be less sanguine about the divine and saving effect of a vote on its possessor than my friends in the committee-room at the 'Spotted Dog'; that is my inevitable portion. To bring things under the light of one's intelligence, to see how they look there, to accustom oneself simply to regard the Marylebone Vestry, or the Educational Home, or our Divorce Court, or our gin palaces open on Sunday and the Crystal Palace shut, as absurdities, is, I am sure, invaluable exercise for us just at present. Let all persist in it who can, and steadily set their desires on introducing, with time, a little more soul and spirit into the too too solid flesh of English society."

And now hear Father Newman making a somewhat similar protestation. He has been recalling the Tractarian horror of private judgment in theology, and is considering the position taken by some of the Anglicans, that it would be enough if they should succeed only in making a little party of their own, opposed to private judgment, within a Church that rests entirely upon private judgment:—

'For me, my dear brethren, did I know myself well, I should doubtless

find I was open to the temptation as well as others, to take a line of my own, or what is called, to set up for myself; but whatever might be my real infirmity in this matter, I should, from mere common sense and common delicacy, hide it from myself, and give it some good name in order to make it palatable. I never could get myself to say, 'Listen to me, for I have something great to tell you, which no one else knows, but of which there is no manner of doubt.' I should be kept from such extravagance from an intense sense of the intellectual absurdity, which, in my feelings, such a claim would involve; which would shame me as keenly, and humble me in my own sight as utterly, as some moral impropriety or degradation. I should feel I was simply making a fool of myself, and taking on myself, in figure, that penance, of which we read in the lives of saints, of playing antics and making faces in the market-place. Not religious principle, but even worldly pride would keep me from so unworthy an exhibition. . . . Do not come to me at this time of day with views perfectly new, isolated, original, *sui generis*, warranted old neither by Christian nor unbeliever, and challenge me to answer what I really have not the patience to read. Life is not long enough for such trifles. Go elsewhere, not to me, if you wish to make a proselyte. Your inconsistency, my dear brethren, is on your very front. . . . I began myself with doubting and inquiring, you seem to say; I departed from the teaching I received; I was educated in some older type of Anglicanism; in the school of Newton, Cecil, or Scott; or in the Bartlett's Buildings school; or in the Liberal Whig school; I was a Dissenter or a Wesleyan, and by study and thought I became an Anglo-Catholic. And then I read the Fathers, and I have determined what books are genuine and what are not; which of them apply to all times, which are occasional, which historical, and which doctrinal; what opinions are private, what authoritative; what they only seem to hold, what they ought to hold; what are fundamental, what ornamental. Having thus measured, and cut, and put together my creed by my own proper intellect, by my own lucubrations, and differing from the whole world in my results, I distinctly bid you, I solemnly warn you, not to do as I have done, but to take what I have found, to revere it, to use it, to believe it, for it is the teaching of the old Fathers, and of your mother, the Church of England. Take my word for it that this is the very truth of Christ; deny your own reason, for I know better than you; and it is as clear as day that some moral fault in you is the cause of your differing from me. It is pride, or vanity, or self-reliance, or fulness of bread. You require some medicine for your soul. You must fast; you must make a general confession; and look very sharp to yourself, for you are already next door to a rationalist or an infidel."—*Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, pp. 126–134).

Or as he put the same thing in another passage, in which he described how the authorities of the Anglican Church had ruled *ex cathedra*, that the Anglican divinity was all wrong:—

"There are those who, reversing the Roman maxim, are wont to shrink from the contumacious and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement against the movement itself. They fearlessly handselled their Apostolical weapons upon the Apostolical party. One after another in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it. It was a solemn war dance which they executed round victims who, by their very principle, were bound hand and foot, and could only eye with disgust and perplexity this most unaccountable movement on the part of those 'Holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles, and the Angels of the Churches.' . . .

'When Bishops spoke against them, and Bishops' courts sentenced them, and the Universities degraded them, and the people were against them, from that day their 'occupation was gone' . . . henceforward they had nothing left for them but to shut up the school and retire into the country. Nothing else was left for them unless, indeed, they took up some other theory, unless they changed their ground, unless they ceased to be what they were, and became what they were not; unless they belied their own principles, and strangely forgot their own luminous and most keen convictions; unless they vindicated the right of private judgment, took up some fancy religion, retailed the Fathers, and jobbed Theology.'

Both passages are admirable in their very different irony. But how strangely wide apart are the characters of that irony. Arnold's is the irony of true intellectual scorn, directed against all who appeal to vulgar prejudices, and wish to rally party-feeling by *ad captandum* cries. He is delighted to boast that he has nothing to say to such people, and can hardly congratulate himself sufficiently on the thought that they would have nothing to say to him. If he can but make them feel how thorough is his contempt for that whole field of popular combinations in which political manœuvres are attempted, he is quite satisfied with himself. Newman's irony, on the other hand, is directed against what he regarded as the real self-deception which went on in the minds of some of his own most intimate associates and friends of former days. He is all on fire to make them feel that if they had really given up private judgment in theology, they could not consistently hold a position which is tenable only on the score that a vast number of most uncertain and arbitrary private judgments, approved by no Church as a whole, nor even by any influential section of any, have concurred to define and fortify it. Keen as his irony is, there is a certain passion in it too. He cannot endure to see what he thinks such unreality, such self-deception, in those whom he has trusted and loved. He seeks to cut them almost by main force out of a position which he thinks humiliating to them, and which for himself he would certainly regard as wanting in candour and sincerity. And the difference between the nature and bias of Arnold's irony and Newman's irony runs into the difference between their styles in general. Both are luminous, but Arnold's prose is luminous like a steel mirror, Newman's like a clear atmosphere or lake. "Arnold's prose style is crystal, Newman's liquid.

And with this indication of the characteristic difference, I will now turn to my proper subject, Cardinal Newman's style only. It is a style, as I have said, that more nearly represents a clear atmosphere than any other which I know in English literature. It flows round you, it presses gently on every side of you, and yet like a steady current carries you in one direction too. On every facet of your mind and heart you feel the light touch of his purpose, and yet you cannot escape the general drift of his move-

ment, more than the ship can escape the drift of the tide. He never said anything more characteristic than when he expressed his conviction that, though there are a hundred difficulties in faith, into all of which he could enter, the hundred difficulties are not equivalent to a single doubt. That saying is most characteristic even of his style, which seems to be sensitive in the highest degree to a multitude of hostile influences which are at once appreciated and resisted, while one predominant and overruling power moves steadily on.

I will try and illustrate my meaning briefly. Take the following passage concerning the lower animals :—

“Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we periodically use—I may say hold intercourse with—creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes; they have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness; but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life; we inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they, in turn, every now and then, retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. . . . Cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air, and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything Scripture says about the angels.”

Now, may I not say of that passage that its style perfectly represents the character of the mind which conceived it, as well as the special meaning it conveys? Inferior styles express the purpose but conceal the man; Newman's expresses the purpose by revealing the man. This passage—and I could find scores and scores which would suit my purpose as well, and many that would suit it better—is as luminous as the day, but that is not its perfect characteristic, for luminousness belongs to the ether, which is the same whether the atmosphere be present or absent, and Newman's style touches you with a visible thrill, just as the atmosphere transmits every vibration of sound. You are conscious of the thrill of the writer's spirit as he contemplates this strange world of countless animated beings with whom our spiritual bond is so slight; the sufferings we inflict, and the retaliations permitted in return; the blindness to spiritual marvels with which custom strikes us; the close analogy between the genii of Eastern superstition and the domestic animals who serve us so industriously with physical powers so much greater than our

own; the strangeness and wildness of the innumerable forms which hover round us in forest, field, and flood, and yet with all these undercurrents of feeling, observe how large is the imaginative reach of the whole, how firmly the drift—to make it easier to believe in angelic hosts—is sustained; how steady is the subordination of the whole to the existence of the spiritual mystery in which he desires to enforce the belief. Once more, how tender is the style in the only sense in which we can properly attribute tenderness to style, its avoidance of every harsh or violent word, its shrinking aside from anything like overstatement. The lower animals have, he says, “apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness.” Evidently Dr. Newman could not have suggested, as Des Cartes did, that they are machines, apeing feelings without having them; he never doubts their sufferings; he could not, even by a shade, exaggerate the mystery he is delineating. Every touch shows that he wishes to delineate it as it is, and not to overcolour it by a single tint. Then how piercing to our dulness is that phrase, “It is indeed a very overpowering thought *when we get to fix our minds on it.*” We are not overpowered, he would say, only because we cannot or do not fix our minds on this wonderful intercourse of ours with *intimates*, after a kind, of whose inner being we are yet entirely ignorant. And how reticent is the inference, how strictly it limits itself to its real object, to impress upon us how little we know even of the objects of sense, and how little reason there is in using our ignorance as the standard by which to measure the supersensual.

I have taken this passage as a fair illustration of Dr. Newman’s style in relation to one of the class of subjects with which he most often deals. Let me take another illustration from his style when he is describing purely outward facts, though of course “style” means less, and ought to mean less, when it expresses only vivid physical vision, with perhaps a dash of wonder in it, than when it expresses a variety of moral emotions. Newman’s external descriptions are not magnificent. A magnificent style in describing ordinary physical objects almost always means a style that suggests what the eye neither saw nor could see. And Dr. Newman’s style is far from magnificent, for it is delicately vivid. The subject is one of the locust plagues devastating North Africa:—

“The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body as much as a furlong square, yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the large innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of Divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and thus made northward straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted in the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh hordes were carried over the first,

and neared the earth after a longer flight in their turn. For twelve miles they extended from front to rear, and the whizzing and hissing could be heard for twelve miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings, and as they heavily fell earthward they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow, and like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive-woods, orangeries, palm-plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over and not miss them; the masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse's hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside; in vain all their loss in river, pond, and watercourse. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as the enemy came on; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on. . . . They come up to the walls of Sicca and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers; not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers, about the impluvia and xysti, for amusement and refreshment, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet, they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the floor, so true are their lines and so perfect the patterns they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cookshops, to the confectioners, to the druggists—nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest."

Now, that is a passage in which only a few of the greater qualities of style can be exhibited, but are not those few exhibited in perfection? Could there be a more luminous and orderly grasp of the strange phenomenon depicted, of its full physical significance and moral horror; could there be a more rich and delicate perception of the weirdness of that strange fall of "yellow snow"? Could there be a deeper feeling conveyed of the higher instrumentality under which plagues like these are launched upon the world?

And now to bring to a close what I have time to say of Dr. Newman's style—though the subject grows upon one—let me quote one or two of the passages in which his style vibrates to the finest notes, and yet exhibits most powerfully the drift and undercurrent by which his mind is swayed. Perhaps he never expresses any-

thing so powerfully as he expresses the deep pining for the rest of spiritual simplicity, for the peace which passes understanding, which underlies his nature. Take this from one of his Roman Catholic sermons :—" Oh, long sought after, tardily found, the desire of the eyes, the joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms ; come to her, poor children, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny." Again, in the exquisite tale of martyrdom from which I have already quoted the account of the locusts, the destined martyr, whose *thirst* for God has been awakened by her intercourse with Christians, thus repels the Greek rhetorician, who is trying to feed her on the husks of philosophic abstractions, as she expresses the yearnings of a heart weary of its desolation :—" Oh, that I could find Him ! " Callista exclaimed passionately. " On the right hand, and on the left I grope, but touch Him not. Why dost thou fight against me ; why dost thou scare and perplex me, oh, First and only fair ? " Or take one of Dr. Newman's most characteristic poems—the few poems which have really been fused in the glow of his heart before they were uttered by his tongue. The lines I am going to read were written on a fancy contained in the writings of Bede ; the fancy that there is a certain " meadow as it were," in which the souls of holy men suffer nothing, but wait the time when they should be fit to bear the vision of God :—

" They are at rest :

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by.

" They hear it sweep

In distance down the dark and savage vale,
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse as fain to know,
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

" And soothing sounds

Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide ;
Pested along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant above."

In another of these poems he has referred to the sea described in the book of Revelation :—

" A sea before

The throne is spread ; its pure still glass
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass.
We on its shore
Share in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest."

It has always seemed to me that Newman's style succeeds, so far as a human form of expression can, in picturing the feelings of earth in a medium as clear, as liquid, and as tranquil, as sensitive alike to the minutest ripples and the most potent tidal waves of heaven-sent impulse, as the sea spread before the throne itself.

I have dwelt so much on Dr. Newman's style because in his case, at least, I take the style to be the reflection of the man. But when I say this it must not be supposed that in describing his style as a clear atmosphere or liquid medium, which makes itself felt everywhere, and yet urges him whom it envelopes steadily in 'one direction, I mean to suggest that Cardinal Newman is wanting in the most marked personal character. A very brief reference to his career will show how very false an impression that would convey. Newman's early life at Oxford was, as we know, a very tranquil, and rather a solitary one. "Never less alone than when alone," were the words in which Dr. Copleston, the Provost of Oriel, addressed him in an accidental meeting in one of his Oxford walks. And he tells us, "It was not I who sought friends, but friends who sought me. Never man had kinder or more indulgent friends than I have had, but I have expressed my own feelings as to the mode in which I gained them," in the year 1829, "in the course of a copy of verses. Speaking of my blessings, I said—'blessings of friends which to my door, *unasked, un hoped*, have come'" ("Apologia," p. 73). In a word, others were attracted towards the mind which had its own highest attraction in the invisible world. Keble was from the first Newman's chief object of hero worship, for Newman at least never lost sight of quality in sheer force, never made the mistake which is usually attributed to Carlyle. When, after his election, as a fellow of Oriel, he went to receive the congratulations of the other fellows, "I bore it," he wrote, "till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." This was years before the publication of "The Christian Year." But even Keble's influence was less personal than theological. "The Christian Year" appeared in 1827, and immediately took the strongest hold of Newman. Indeed, the whole history of his early life shows how absurd is the view which has sometimes been taken by able men, that Newman's life has been a continuous struggle against a deep-rooted scepticism. No one can read his long series of sermons, and his remarkable though much shorter series of poems, and still less re-read them by the light of his lectures "On Anglican Difficulties," his "Apologia" and his "Grammar of Assent," without being profoundly convinced that the Roman Catholic in Newman is as deep as his *thought*; the High Churchman as deep as his *temperament*; and the Christian as deep as his *character*; being intertwined with it inextricably; nay, not only intertwined, but

identified. I can understand what Dr. Newman was as an Anglican, because the first part of the most characteristic work of his life was done as an Anglican, and I believe that it was Reason, and Reason almost alone, working on the assumptions which were so deeply rooted in him in 1845, which made him a Roman Catholic. I cannot understand what he was as an Evangelical Protestant, because even so far as he ever *was* an Evangelical Protestant it was only during his earliest youth, and the whole drift of his nature seems to have carried him soon away from the moorings of his early creed. But what would be left of Dr. Newman if you could wipe the Christian heart out of his life and creed, I could as little guess as I could what would have been left of Sir Walter Scott, if you could have emptied out of him the light of old romance and legend; or of Carlyle, if you could have managed somehow to graft upon him a conventional "gigmanic" creed. Keble's conception of the poetry in the Christian faith, and the Christianity in the highest poetry, took a hold upon Newman which made his career what it became. In many respects, of course, his own mind vastly enlarged and deepened the intellectual view of Keble, turned it into something more masculine, more logical, more constructive; but it would be almost as unreasonable to speak of Keble himself as fighting all his life against a mordant scepticism, as of Newman's doing so. It is true, of course, that Newman has seen, as Keble probably never saw, how profoundly the moral assumptions with which the conscious intellectual life begins, influence our faith or want of faith. He has done as much justice to the logical strength of certain types of sceptical thought, as he has to the logic of Christian thought itself. But that, since his first "conversion," as he calls it, he ever felt even the smallest temptation to reject Christianity, whether before he became a Roman Catholic or since, is simply incredible. We have his own explicit assertion for the latter denial, and the evidence of his singularly self-consistent life for the former.

We have seen that Newman early rested on the conviction of the existence of "two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator" ("Apologia," p. 59). Of all points of faith, he tells us elsewhere, "the being of a God is to my mind encompassed with the most difficulty and borne in on our minds with most power" ("Apologia," p. 374). And to the aid of this central conviction came Keble's teaching, that the sacramental system has its roots deep in the natural creation itself, or, as Dr. Newman, expressing his obligations to Keble, puts it, "that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen, a doctrine which embraces not only what Anglicans no less than Catholics believe about sacraments properly so called, but also the article of the communion of Saints in its fulness, and likewise the mysteries of the faith."

Now the more earnestly Newman embraced the doctrine that the natural universe is full of the types and the instrumentality of spiritual beings unseen—and no one can read Newman's poems without feeling how deeply this conviction had struck its roots into him—the more perplexing the external realities of human history and human conduct, barbarous or civilized, mediæval or modern, seemed to him. His faith in the sacramental principle taught him to look for a created universe from which the Creator should be reflected back at every point; but he actually found one from which disorder, confusion, enmity to God, was reflected back at every point. Here are his own words:—

“Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have that sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of the Creator. This is to me one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God drawn from the general facts of human society; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's vision, full of ‘lamentations and mourning and woe.’ To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortune, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, and then the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his future, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the prevailing idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, ‘Having no hope, and without God in the world,’ all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts on the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.”—*Apologia*, pp. 376-8.

This is a passage taken from the “*Apologia*,” but long before Dr. Newman became a Roman Catholic, even at a time when he held confidently that the Roman Catholic Church was anti-Christian, he had pressed home the same deep conviction that the spectacle of the

moral universe and of human history is so utterly abhorrent to the heart taught from within, that it can only be explained at all on the principle that the human race has been implicated in some "great aboriginal calamity" which can only be obviated by some equally great supernatural interference in human affairs, specially adapted to remedy that calamity. Even before he threw himself into the Tractarian movement, even before he went abroad with Mr. Hurrell Froude in 1832 on that memorable journey in which, whether quarantined in lazarettos, or conversing with Roman ecclesiastics, or lying sick almost to death in Sicily, or tossing in an orange boat on the Mediterranean, he was so haunted by the belief that he had a "work to do in England," that he shrank from every kind of contact with influences which seemed to him incongruous with that work,—he had urged on Oxford students and Oxford audiences of every kind, with passionate earnestness, his warnings against trusting what Mr. Arnold delights to call the *Zeitgeist*, the "modern spirit," the spirit of the age.

"Our manners are courteous [he says], we avoid giving pain or offence; our words become correct, our relative duties are carefully performed, our sense of propriety shows itself even in our domestic arrangements, in the embellishment of our houses, in our amusements, and so also in our religious profession. Vice now becomes unseemly and hideous to the imagination, or as it is sometimes familiarly said, 'out of taste.' Thus elegance is gradually made the test and standard of virtue, which is no longer thought to possess an intrinsic claim on our hearts, or to exist *further* than it leads to the quiet and comfort of others. Conscience is no longer recognized as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful; partly by the rule of expediency which is forthwith substituted for it in the details of conduct. Now, conscience is a stern, gloomy principle; it tells us of guilt and of prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also in the creed of the day those fearful images of divine wrath with which the Scripture abounds."—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. i. p. 311.

And then he utters that celebrated sentence:—

"I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity, but I think them infinitely more desirable and more promising than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity."—*Ibid.* p. 320.

In short, when Newman went abroad in 1832, with his consumptive friend Hurrell Froude, his thought by day and his dream by night seems to have been of the quickening of a Church which would fight against this *Zeitgeist*—against the religion of the day, against the theophilanthropic ideas of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and fix the minds of its children upon those eternal

realities, which the "modern spirit" of our own time is as anxious to soften, blanch, and water down, as the mediæval spirit was to travestie by isolating and exaggerating their austere and terrible warnings. There was a passion at this time in all Newman said and did. He told himself to learn to hate evil as the only adequate preparation for loving good. He was conscious of a driving force which carried him on :

"Wave reared on wave its godless head
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,
Dash'd fiercely through the ocean bed,
And chafed towards its goal."

He passed through Roman Catholic countries, carefully avoiding their worship ; he fell sick of malaria when in Sicily, and told his servant that he should not die, adding to himself, "because I have not sinned against the light," a phrase which he says he has never understood, but which no doubt meant that he had not so forfeited the right to be, what he felt himself destined to be, God's instrument for quickening the Church of England. When tossing at sea in the straits of Bonifazio, this austerer mood for once relented, and he felt for once that more gentle spirit which has marked all the later portions of his career. You all know well the poem to which I allude ; I recall one verse only to show how different is its keynote to that of the eager flame of zeal with which during this journey he seems in general to have been burnt up :—

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And in the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

But mostly during this journey he harps on the lukewarmness of the age, the indifference to eternal truth which it displays. Becalmed at sea, he implores patience, and confesses that he feels very sorely "the languor of delay." He muses much, too, on certain tendencies which he finds in his own character, tendencies which he believes to be pure, but which he knows are likely to be confounded by the world with craft and pride :—

"How didst thou start, thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the sinless brow !
Then all thy meekness from thy hearers hid
Beneath the ascetic's port and preacher's frow,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be chief, not thou.

"And so on us at whiles it falls to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part ;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep,
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart."

Nay, he has a dream of St. Paul, which tells him that St. Paul

too was exposed to the same unjust charges to which he himself was liable :—

"I dreamed that with a passionate complaint,
I wish'd me born amid God's deeds of might,
And envied those who had the presence bright
Of gifted prophet and strong-hearted saint,
Whom my heart loves and fancy strives to paint.
I turned, when straight a stranger met my sight,
Come as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine; and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was and grave, so meek in mien
It seem'd untrue, or told a purpose weak,
Yet in the mood he could with aptness speak,
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden pride;—
Then came a voice, 'St. Paul is at thy side.'"

In this spirit Newman went back to commence the Tractarian movement. "There was," he has since confessed, "at that time a double aspect in my bearing towards others. My behaviour had in it a mixture both of fierceness and of sport, and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many, nor can I here defend it." The truth was that he really did feel to the bottom of his heart that he was doing a work of which he himself knew neither the scope nor the goal, and that, so far as he was acquitted by his own conscience, he did not much care what men said of him. He believed that it was given to him to restore to the Church of England a new career, to raise it up as a new power to witness against the sins and whims and false ideals of the day, and the various idolatries of the *Zeitgeist*.

Where did he go wrong? Of course one does not like to say of a man of the highest genius, and of a kind of genius specially adapted to the subject on which he writes, that he is wrong, and that a man of no genius, who criticizes him, is right; but still, as I believe that he did go seriously wrong, and should be a Roman Catholic myself if I did not, I must give my explanation of the error I think I see. It seems to me, then, that he went wrong in his primary assumption, that what he calls "the dogmatic principle" involves the existence of an infallible human authority, which can say, without possibility of error, 'this is what God revealed, and this again is radically inconsistent with what He has revealed.' Let me quote his own account of his convictions on this subject from the "Apologia." It is a very striking passage, and very instructive as to the course of this great thinker's personal history :—

"Supposing, then, it to be the will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism,—in such a case, I am far from saying that there was no other way, but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world invested with the prerogative of infallibility on religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, certain, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic

Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility as a provision, adapted by the mercy of the Creator, to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses."—*Apologia*, p. 382.

That seems to me a definite contention that the reason of man is naturally so restless, so disposed to devour its own offspring, as to need the bit and bridle of an infallible *human* authority in addition to the guidance of God's spirit. But is not that in a sense really putting man above God, or at best putting God's providence as revealed in human institutions, above God's spirit as revealed in conscience and reason? I should have supposed that to a thinker with so passionate a belief in God as the deepest of all realities, the true security for the ultimate stability of our reason, for the ultimate subjection of our reason to the power and fascination of revelation, would have been simply this; that God after all sways our spirits, and draws them to Himself. But Newman has so keen an insight into the morbid side of the cravings of Rationalism for devouring its own offspring, that he can hardly believe that we shall ever rest on what God has revealed, unless that revelation receives a genuinely human embodiment in an infallible institution set upon a rock for all men to recognize as stamped by Providence with one of God's greatest attributes, inability to err. This is saying, in other words, that when Newman passes from the world within to the world without, he discerns far more keenly the evils, the miseries, the weaknesses, the diseases, the woes, the corruptions of our nature, than he does its affinity with the divine life. Like a great physician, when he looks out of himself, his sight is sharper for the signs of disorder and internal malady than for the signs of life and strength. It is, I think, profound pity for the restlessness and insatiability of human reason which has made him a Roman Catholic. He is always seeking for some caustic which may burn away the proud flesh from our hearts, for some antiseptic which shall destroy the germs of canker in our intellect. He has a wonderful insight into the natural history of all our morbid symptoms. His hand is ever on the feeble and rapid pulse of human impatience, his eye is keen to discern the hectic flush on the worn face. He sees in the Roman Catholic Church a great laboratory of spiritual drugs which will lower fever and arrest the growth of fungoid parasites, and he cannot help grasping at the medicaments she offers.

Newman never shows more unique genius than in mastering the morbid symptoms, both of human conscience and human reason, though he is spiritually greatest when, after showing us how deep is his knowledge of all the intricate maladies of human nature, he shakes the trouble from him and passes quietly into the peaceful

rest of perfect faith. But his attachment to the Roman Catholic Church is, I think, in great measure given to its functions as a mediciner of souls, to its various appliances of penance, its exhaustive study of casuistry, and its elaborate pharmacopœia of spiritual tonics and febrifuges. But to go back to the evil for which he maintains that an infallible Church is the only remedy, the tendency of reason to undermine every faith for which we have not daily the evidence of universal experience. He holds, truly I think, that no church, no witness to the existence of God, can stand without a steady dogmatic basis, and that without submission to some visible vicegerent of God no dogmatic basis of religious truth can ever be established. Well, I should be the last to assail dogma, as Mr. Arnold, for instance, has assailed it. It seems to me that even the fact of my addressing you implies a dogma—the dogma that you and I really exist. If God announces His holiness and love to man, He announces implicitly His own existence. If He announces the redemption of man, He announces the existence of the Redeemer. If we are convinced that a divine light has illumined our consciences, that fact alone implies a good many intellectual truths, which will more and more impress themselves on us as we recognize the fact and conform our lives to it. Theological dogma is nothing in the world but a *rationale* of the relations in which God places Himself towards us in the very act of revealing Himself. But why does revelation imply the possession of any *infallible* rationale of these relations? The Jews had a revelation continued during many centuries, a revelation which made them undoubtedly the specific medium through which divine truth was revealed to the world. But they had no infallible authority to which they could appeal on points in dispute. And it cannot be said that there never were any points in dispute. As a matter of fact, one of the greater prophets has assured us that, at one time during the history of that people, “the prophets” themselves “prophecy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so.” How were the Jewish people to know, except by trusting their impressions of character—a character educated by God Himself—that Jeremiah was divinely taught in revealing to them that other prophets, who also claimed to be the organs of divine revelation, in this case at least made that claim falsely? Again, not only had the Jewish Church no infallible exponent of the drift of the divine teaching, but where is the evidence that even the primitive Christian Church made any such claim? What was the apostolate of Judas Iscariot except a kind of divine warning against attributing too final an authority even to those earthen vessels chosen by the Redeemer Himself? Moreover, how should an infallible authority—even if one existed—on the dogmatic truths involved in revelation, imply

the right understanding of these truths, unless the believer be guided by the spirit of God in receiving them? The same words mean totally different things to the humble mind and the arrogant mind, to the selfish mind and to the self-denying. Even the infallible human authority could inculcate only a lesson of error and illusion when addressing itself to a fallible and sinful believer. I cannot for the life of me see how the infallible human authority for dogma could, even if it existed, be of any service to rebellious, misguided, passionate men, unless it could infuse the grace to understand spiritually, as well as authorize the right form of words to be understood. Surely revelation, once communicated, must live and exert itself, and deepen for itself the spiritual channels in which it is to run, just as the original moral teaching, engraved both on tables of stone and on the heart, has lived and exerted itself, and deepened for itself the moral channels in which it is to run. Both revelations have been misunderstood; both have been perverted; both have been defied; both have been ridiculed; both have been scorned; yet both have exerted an ever deepening and widening influence, and have found out the true hearts for which they were intended.

I cannot help thinking, then, that Dr. Newman's belief, that the most fitting power to subdue the anarchy of human passions and intellectual pride is an infallible Church, is an error, and an error of that most serious kind which, by throwing the Church which boasts infallibility off its guard, produces an abundant crop of special dangers and mistakes. So far from the assumption of infallibility having actually "preserved religion in the world," and "restrained the freedom of thought" which is so apt to run into "suicidal excesses," I cannot help thinking that that assumption has done more not only to foster "suicidal excesses" in the Church which makes it, but to drive the churches which deny it into "suicidal excesses" of another kind, than any other equally important factor in the history of revelation. I do not deny, on the contrary I heartily join Dr. Newman in believing, that the only attitude of mind in which we can hope to profit by revelation is that of profound humility towards an infallible authority above us; but by whom is it wielded, by man or by God? Where is the evidence, or the vestige of evidence, that since Christ's ascension it has ever been put in commission in human hands at all? Was not one apostle rebuked as Satan the moment after his confession had been treated as putting him in possession of the keys of the new kingdom? Was not another avowedly doubtful whether in certain instances he spoke by inspiration or only out of his own fallible judgment? That an infallible authority should impart wisdom to fallible men I can understand; that it should make over its own infallibility on any

terms to fallible men, I cannot understand. And it seems to me that the result of the assumption in all countries which have accepted the infallible Church, has been to secure indeed the intellectual ascendancy of dogma, but often at the cost of destroying the moral ascendancy of the truths of which dogma is but the skeleton. Roman Catholics who, like Dr. Newman, nourish themselves on a genuinely spiritual view of their own theology, seem to me among the salt of the earth. But what seems to be far commoner amongst Roman Catholic nations than even amongst Protestant nations, is the habit of assenting with the mind to what the heart ignores; and is not this the direct consequence of attaching so much importance to the infallibility of a Church of which the earthly corner stone may be such a Judas as Alexander Borgia? In his remarkable lecture—which as a youth I had the privilege of hearing—on “The Political State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church,” I remember the full sympathy and even enthusiasm with which I heard Dr. Newman say what I trust a great many Protestants would say with him, that the Church

“aims not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world and all that is in it as a mere shade, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that unless she can in her own way do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it, were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for the many millions upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whiping beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.”

But, then, does the Church habitually mean, by saving the soul, what I am sure Dr. Newman means? Does it mean putting an abiding purity into the bandit or the beggar—making him holy with the holiness of Christ? And if the Church does mean this, does her presumed infallibility help to accomplish it? In the same remarkable lecture Dr. Newman drew a picture which I remember to have supposed at the time that he took from Ireland.

“Take a mere beggar-woman, lazy, ragged, filthy, and not over scrupulous of truth (I do not say she has arrived at perfection)”—[here he was so overcome by his own deep sense of humour that he laughed behind his MS., then crossed himself, and I think said a Pater Noster to himself before resuming]—“but if she is chaste, and sober, and cheerful, and goes to her religious duties, and I am supposing not at all an impossible case, she will, in the eyes of the Church, have a prospect of heaven, quite closed and refused to the State’s pattern man, the just, the upright, the generous, the honourable, the

conscientious, if he be all this not from a supernatural power—(I do not determine whether this is likely to be the fact, but I am contrasting views and principles)—not from a supernatural power, but from mere natural virtue.”

I should have supposed it impossible to be at heart and in motive *really* just and upright, and absolutely a contradiction in terms to be *really* “conscientious,” from any mere natural quality. Indeed, “virtue” does not seem to me, in its highest meaning, a natural quality at all, but distinctly a supernatural one, though I would not for a moment deny it even to an Atheist who should follow, after a severe struggle, the guidance of divine light, while supposing himself to be following only his own best instincts. But my main criticism on that passage is that even in the country of which I suppose Dr. Newman to have been thinking when he depicted the chaste, sober, and religious, though lazy, ragged, and untruthful beggarwoman, the Catholic Church has failed to bring home to the great mass of the population the supernatural character of those elementary duties on which Dr. Newman himself insists so justly. Ireland was for a long time the favourite Catholic example of a spiritual nation, not well trained in those secular virtues which are at the roots of prosperity. Is Ireland that favourite example still? Does not that utter want of moral and spiritual courage, in consequence of which the peasantry, far and wide, have submitted to the decrees of cruel and unscrupulous Ribbonmen, and have sheltered murderers from their well-earned punishment, attest that the infallible Church has *not* succeeded in bringing home even the most elementary of spiritual duties to the hearts and consciences of the people? I cannot help believing that the assumption of infallibility as to *dogma* has tended to divert the attention of the Church of Rome most seriously and unduly from the great danger of all churches—namely, the willingness to accept true *words* about God, in the place of real spiritual acts founded on the love of His righteousness.

I must not conclude without a few words on one of the most momentous of Dr. Newman's books, that great book on “Development of Christian Doctrine,” which was destined to anticipate so curiously, in the ecclesiastical field, much that Mr. Darwin had to tell us in the field of biology. It is undoubtedly a great book, and one from which Protestants might learn much—much that they might use against Dr. Newman, much also that they might accept from him and apply for their own benefit. Now, it does not, as it seems to me, admit of doubt that we ought to examine most carefully, as evidence of what a divine revelation was, if we once believe that such a revelation has been given, what impression it actually produced on the generation which received it, and on its immediate successors. We cannot and ought not to treat what we believe to come from above as we should what comes from our own mixed

nature. We must admit fully the possibility that Revelation may contain elements which we cannot easily apprehend, elements which it takes even the faithful observance of many generations to apprehend and justify, elements which assert their full influence over believers very gradually, but then turn out to be of unspeakable importance. It has therefore always seemed to me that Protestants are far too anxious to depreciate the immense importance of the appeal to the actual Christianity of the Apostolic fathers and the Church of the second century. To know fully what Christianity was, we must know not only what the apostles have left to us in a documentary form as the drift of their teaching, but what was the immediate effect of what they taught, what the early Church believed that it had really received from them, what the type of Christianity was after it had been impressed on a generation born in communion with the Church. No book has done more to show the importance of this historic treatment than Dr. Newman's "Essay on Development;" none, I think, to lay down truer rules for genuine development; none, perhaps, to illustrate those rules less fortunately or with more preconceived bias. But who can fail to be grateful to the man who has insisted that a genuine "development" of revealed truth must preserve intact the original type, must keep continuously to the principles of the primitive doctrinal teaching, must show the power adequately to assimilate nutriment foreign yet subservient to it and to throw off alien material, must be able to show early indications that such a development would be likely, must be logically consistent with all that was originally taught, must be able to protect itself by "preservative additions" which secure the type instead of altering it, and, finally, must show tenacity of life? How far Dr. Newman's instances of those tests of development make good his own position is a very different question indeed—is, indeed, a question like that whether the House of Commons can be considered a "preservative addition" to the monarchy, or rather an addition which, while it has preserved it for centuries, is likely some day to supersede it. But what I hold to be the enormous value of Dr. Newman's essay is that it puts us on the way to a *true* investigation of the claims of our various Churches to represent the primitive revelation of Christ. Do we or do we not preserve the original type? Do we or do we not show a continuity of principle with that primitive Christianity? Do we show any power of assimilating life from without, and imposing the structural law of Christian hearts upon that life from without? Can we show the power to reject as alien to us what is poisonous to Christian habits of life? Can we show early anticipations of our modern religious developments? Can we show our logical continuity with the old teaching? Are our "preservative additions" monstrous innovations tending to

the neglect of the deepest truths or real provisions for the security of the Christian life? And is there true buoyancy and vital tenacity in our developments, or an ever growing languor of life? All these are questions which are no less relevant, and far more important, in regard to developments of revelation, than they are in biology in determining whether certain changes of structure cause an improvement or a marked degeneration of the stock which exhibits them. One of the great evidences of Cardinal Newman's genius, is the proof that his mind was running on the tests of genuine developments and corruptions in doctrine, long years before the mind of the day had been awakened by Darwin and his contemporaries to the true touchstone of development or degeneration in biological forms.

And now, before I conclude, I must make some attempt to answer the question what the drift of Cardinal Newman's best teaching really is.

In the first place, though a great idealist—one of the greatest of idealists in this sense, that for him all material things are symbols, and all spiritual things the most vivid of realities—no one has pressed home upon us more powerfully, I might almost say more painfully, the difference between an unreal state of mind and a real state of mind, between unreal words and real words. Such a sermon as that on "The Religious Use of Excited Feelings" ("Parochial Sermons," vol. i., sermon ix.), has in it all that is sound in the practice of religious revivals, as well as the antidote for all that is unsound. It is a death-blow to that unreality of mind which revels in agonies of remorse and tumults of devotion, and does not reflect that, as Dr. Newman teaches, "emotion and passion are in our power indeed to repress, but not to *excite*; that there is a limit to the tumults and swellings of the heart, foster them as we will, and when that time comes the poor misused soul is left exhausted and resourceless." No utilitarian teacher has ever pressed home so sternly as Newman the need of *deeds* to give any real significance to words, or even to our feelings; no one has ever made us recognize as he has done that right words and even right feelings are but the shadows of things, and that it is only by the help of actions that we can ever learn to fathom the depth of our own words, or to turn to good account our otherwise idle emotions. "Let not your words run on," he tells us; "force every one of them into action as it goes" (*ibid.* vol. i. p. 70). "In dreams we sometimes move our arms to see if we are awake or not, and so we are awakened. This is the way to keep your heart awake also. Try yourself daily in little deeds, to prove that your faith is more than a deceit" (*ibid.* vol. i. p. 71). How scathing is his language towards men who indulge in the inculcation of truths which they do not embody in their own lives. He tells us his opinion of mere men of literature in no

ambiguous language : " A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing, and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he was degrading his calling by enthusiasm and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence, because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one " (*ibid.* vol. v. p. 42). And yet he says : " To make professions is to play with edged tools unless we attend to what we are saying. Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not ; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning when our not meaning it is our own fault " (*ibid.* vol. v. p. 33). No one has done so much as Newman to teach us at once how little and how much words may mean, how to one man they are the mere tools by which to move others, for their own selfish advantage, while to another they are the buoys floating on the surface by which the sunken reefs and quicksands are mapped out, and the whole configuration of the invisible depths of human nature, as it has been ascertained by innumerable soundings, is brought to light.

Again, no one has laid to heart like Newman, and made us lay to heart also, the comparatively small influence of mere logic, and the vast influence of unconscious assumptions—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—over the whole history of our inward lives. It is not too much to say that Newman has been the first to illustrate the almost *automatic* influence exerted by prepossessions and assumptions, once fairly implanted in the heart and mind, in leavening the whole nature ; that he may be said to have taught us that all minds, however deeply steeped in a world of false teaching, are given some chance of struggling and finding their way to something better, and that our spiritual life depends on our eagerly using that chance, and voluntarily submitting ourselves ever more and more as time goes on, both consciously and unconsciously, to the higher influence which has thus touched our lives. Newman anticipated not only the modern doctrine of evolution in its relation to religion, but also the modern doctrine of the automatic and unconscious influence of ideal ferments over the character of our thought, and the effect produced by the latent heat which in critical moments they will give out on the formation of our convictions.

" There is good reason," he told the University of Oxford forty-two years ago, " for saying that the impression made upon the mind need not even be recognized by the parties possessing it. It is no proof that persons are not possessed, because they are not conscious, of an idea. Nothing is of more frequent occurrence, whether in things sensible or intellectual, than the existence of such unperceived impressions. What do we mean when we say that certain persons do not know themselves, but that they are ruled by views, feelings, prejudices, objects, which they do not recognize ? How common is

it to be exhilarated or depressed, we do not recollect why, though we are aware that something has been told us, or has happened, good or bad, which accounts for our feeling, could we but recall it! What is memory itself but a vast magazine of such dormant, but present and excitable ideas? Or consider when persons would trace the history of their own opinions in past years, how baffled they are in the attempt to fix the date of this or that conviction, their system of thought having been all the while in continual, gradual, tranquil expansion; so that it were as easy to follow the growth of the fruit of the earth, 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' as to chronicle changes which involved no abrupt revolution, or reaction, or fickleness of mind, but have been the birth of an idea, the development in explicit form, of what was already latent within it. Moreover it is a question whether that strange and painful feeling of unreality which religious men experience from time to time, when nothing seems true, or good, or right, or profitable, when Faith seems a name, and duty a mockery, and all endeavours to do right absurd and hopeless, and all things forlorn and dreary, as if religion was wiped out of the world, may not be the direct effect of the temporary obscuration of some master vision which unconsciously supplies the mind with spiritual life and peace."—*University Sermons*, pp. 321-2.

No one, then, can doubt that Cardinal Newman has in relation to religion forestalled the leading scientific ideas of his younger contemporaries—the conception of evolution, and the conception of latent, or as some people call it, unconscious thought—in moulding human life,—that his unique position consists in this, that while most of those for whom these ideas have had a great fascination have used them rather for the purpose of superseding Revelation, and explaining or trying to explain how we might have attained all the advantages of faith without faith, Newman has steadily used these scientific ideas in subordination to that master-key of all our being which he has found in Revelation. And yet, instead of being diverted from the study of natural laws by his profound devotion to things spiritual, that devotion seems to have quickened tenfold his keenness of eye for the natural history of man's mind, which he always rightly regards as the very basis upon which all supernatural teaching is necessarily founded and superinduced.

How shall I gather up in one expression the great Cardinal's characteristics? Shelley, with that curious want of discrimination for spiritual things which he combined so strangely with a delight in what is unearthly, called Byron, in his "Adonais," "the Pilgrim of Eternity." Of course it was "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" which suggested to him this most inappropriate epithet; for never was there a fine thought and expression more cruelly misapplied than when this term was applied to Byron, who, as Arnold has so grandly said, bore

"With haughty scorn that mocked the smart
From Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart."

All that was most delirious and most transient in what Shakespeare

calls "life's fitful fever" Byron experienced and confided to the world, while of eternity in time he never seems to have had a dream. But for eighty-four years Newman has lived amongst us as though he had no continuing city here, and comparatively very early in life he became aware that this was his destiny. In one very beautiful sonnet he speaks of his youthful hopes of "Isaac's pure blessing and verdant home," but tells us that he has been led on step by step till he was found "a pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound." And no one has made us feel as he has done the detachment of the pilgrim from all earth's closest ties, at the very time when he enters so vividly into every change that affects the moral and religious prospects not only of his own Church but of our whole nation. The vivid pulse of time is to him the faint symbol of eternal interests behind and beyond time. In his wonderful poem on death, which he calls "The Dream of Gerontius," he makes the angel say to the passing soul, "It is the very energy of thought that keeps thee from thy God." And while it was energy of thought, no doubt, which kept Newman—I wish it had kept him permanently—from the Church in which he found refuge—nay, which kept him for two years from that Church even after he had taken final leave of his Anglican friends, it is energy of thought, too, which has kept his life from being merged in the great Church he has joined, and which has indeed made him almost as much of a pilgrim since he joined it as he was for the ten previous years when "through words and things" he went "sounding on his dim and perilous way." He has ever been a pilgrim, and a "pilgrim of eternity," if a pilgrim of eternity means the pilgrim who is severed by his love for eternal things from that whirl and eddy of temporary interests in which so many of us turn giddy and lose our heads. May I not indeed sum up Newman in the noble words in which his friend Keble describes the seer and the watchman who gaze through a twilight "neither clear nor dark, in their vigil for the signs of God's coming?"

"That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance, nor dark nor clear,
Th' appalling future as it nearer draws:
His spirit calm'd the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal cause.

"That is the heart for watchman true,
Waiting to see what God will do,
As o'er the Church the gath'ring twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful hope seen beaming round her walls.

"Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
Thero seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round
If only he be faithful found
When from the East th' eternal morning moves."

And yet even this would give too strong an impression of the mere hermit and recluse. Newman is neither. The tenderness of his heart is at least as unique as the detachment of his soul from earthly interests. And I cannot impress this better than by concluding with the exquisitely beautiful words, in which, two years before he finally left it, Newman took his farewell of the Church of England.

“O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you . . . if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves or what you did not know, has read to you your wants or feelings and comforted you by the very reading : has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one and a brighter world than that you see ; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed ; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him and feel well inclined towards him, remember such a one in time to come though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God’s will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.”

R. H. HUTTON.

FREE LAND.

PART II.

IN case there should be any one so robust as, after swallowing what I had to say last month on this dry and tough subject, to feel appetite for a second course, a brief recapitulation of the way that has been made may be useful after this great gap of time. I have called attention to the two unsatisfactory phenomena affecting English land: the great difficulty of passing it from hand to hand, and its extraordinary concentration in a few families. I have referred these phenomena for their origin to the practice of modern entails or Strict Settlements; or, in other words, to the prevalent influence of the Dead Hand over the Living. I have contended that the same cause frustrates our wishes for an effective Registration of Titles, and have ventured to embody my conclusions in the short maxim: "Long settlements make fettered land; simple ownerships make free land." I have then sketched the legal history of entails with the view of exhibiting the constantly renewed struggle between these two principles: how each has prevailed in turn as the balance of power has shifted to or away from the great landholders, whether feudal Barons or Squires and Knights of the Shire. It now remains to show what under the existing Law may be done and what is commonly done, to examine the effect of some recent statutes, and to point out remedies. For convenience of reference, should such be desired, I will continue to number my paragraphs consecutively after those in Part I.

42. Now under the existing Law this may be done. If I own land in fee-simple, I may take any number of living persons I please, and by my will give them successive interests for their lives, and then say that when the survivor dies the youngest of the issue then living of any one of them shall, if and when he attains twenty-one, be

owner of the inheritance. Suppose some of the life-owners are babies at my death. Probably one of them will live eighty years. The youngest of all the issue living at his death will probably be a mere child too. In that case one hundred years or so may elapse after my death, during which the inheritance has no known owner. A daring romance writer has combined marvellously accurate knowledge of abstruse Law * with exquisite art, by seizing hold of an incident which shows how for generations together a title to land may be involved in ruinous uncertainty. In her story, Felix Holt and Esther Lyon are too high-minded to take advantage of a crook in the Law so as to inflict a cruel injury on the possessors and apparent owners of their property. But in real life people act otherwise.

43. Of course such extreme cases as these do not often happen; and we are only concerned with that which has a practical operation in the affairs of life. But upon that observation two remarks may be made. One is that the mere possibility of such things happening makes long and minute investigations needful, and so increases the delay and expense of dealings with land. And the other is, that, if on the one hand there are possible consequences of the Law which seldom happen in practice, so on the other hand the Law gives rise to family customs which in practice much aggravate its direct legal results. Let us see what is commonly done.

44. It happens very commonly that a landowner, making his will in favour of a particular family, cuts down every living member of it to an interest for life only, interpolating after each gift for life an estate of inheritance to the unborn issue of the life-owner. Suppose that a testator wishes to keep his land in his own name and family, and has three sons who have at the time no children. He will give his land to his eldest son John for his life with remainder to John's sons and their issue male in succession for an estate of inheritance, or in tail as it is called, with remainder if they all fail to the testator's son George for his life, with remainder to George's sons in succession in tail, with remainder if they fail to the testator's son William for life, with remainder to William's sons in succession in tail: and then follow remainders to daughters or to other branches of the family, as the testator's inclinations may dictate, perhaps through twenty or more lines of succession.

45. Probably this statement seems complicated to the lay mind, but I have put one of the simplest of cases, a case in which the only life-owners are the generation immediately next to the testator himself. Yet it will be seen at once that the inheritance is for all

* All the more admirable because novelists, male and female, though very fond of basing the plot on legal incidents, trouble themselves very little about the soundness of their Law. Some time ago I read a novel, otherwise meritorious, in which, twice over, in two successive generations, great misery was caused by intestacies, and the consequent devolution of large amounts of personal estate upon the unworthy *heir-at-law* to the exclusion of his worthy brothers and sisters.

practical purposes held in suspense, at least till John has a son who attains twenty-one years; or if John dies without male issue, till George has such a son: and so on to William, and to the end of the testamentary chapter. If the testator has grandsons born in his lifetime, they are cut down to life-ownerships, and the suspense is prolonged for another generation. The duration depends on the age of the life-owners, and on many accidents; but I do not exaggerate when I say that, under the very common kind of will I have mentioned, fifty years is not a long period for the state of uncertainty to continue.* That is an ordinary Family Settlement.

46. But that is not all. We will suppose that John has a son who attains twenty-one in John's lifetime. Now John and his son can by acting in concert deal with the land absolutely. What motives have they? John's son, though after John's death he will take the inheritance, has no present interest, and he wants an income. John himself wants to make the inheritance available to his debts, or to yield something for his wife and younger children; and he too is infected with the family ambition to keep the land tightly bound to its Head. So the father and the son bargain together and make a new arrangement, such as Family Lawyers have at their fingers' ends. The land is mortgaged for John's necessities. John's son in his turn is reduced to the condition of a mere life-owner with remainders over to his children and to other members of the family, according to the fashion of the original will. In return for this dealing with his inheritance John's son gets an immediate income secured to him. That is a Family Resettlement.

47. Under this practice of resettlements, the strict legal effect of a single legal entail is greatly extended, and land may go in this way for indefinite periods of time, and never be free in a single hand for a single moment. And that is the Family Law under which we live.

48. Now what is the effect of this system? Arrangements made for people, not by themselves as their needs require, but by somebody who never knew them or their needs, are not likely to be suitable. Arrangements made to serve the ambition of a family are not likely to be most conducive to its comfort, or to the benefit of its neighbours. And whether we regard the Family or the Public, the system I have described is as injurious as might be expected. It was from the family point of view, and in the course of my professional work, that I first contracted my dislike of the system of Family Settlement; and taking that side first, the consequences I am about to mention are found to occur quite frequently enough to be called common consequences of the system.

* I am at this moment engaged in administering, and I grieve to say not yet winding up, the trusts of a settlement executed in the last century: about ninety years old.

49. First, the possessor of the Family Land, not being its owner but sharing its ownership with the dead, the unborn or the unknown, often does not feel either the interest or the responsibility which attend on complete ownership. He does not care to sink money in maintaining the property, to say nothing of improving it. Why should he? Why should he impoverish himself, his wife and his children, for the benefit of at best his eldest son, but it may be of some collateral or some stranger? If things go wrong, he says, not unjustly, that the blame must lie with those who would not trust him but who would tie his hands. Secondly, the independent position of the eldest son, the opposition of interests between him and his father, and the driving of bargains between them, are apt to produce a painful feeling, whether the son simply accepts what is proposed by the father's lawyer, as he usually does, or whether he fights for more favourable terms. Thirdly, though in carefully drawn wills and deeds the possessor of the land receives power to provide to some extent for wife and children, such powers have to be exercised under restrictions calculated to preserve the Family Estate, are usually quite insufficient, and are never so beneficial for the purpose as an absolute ownership. And in many settlements, especially those made hastily by will, or those which relate to small properties, they are altogether wanting. Fourthly, in the case of male entails, the daughters of the possessor may on their father's death have the bitter feeling of being turned out of their home in favour of a complete stranger. The following case is not imaginary. The owner of a large estate, having one son entirely worthy to become its owner, surprised him by leaving a will which cut him down to a life-ownership, and if he had no sons, gave the estate over to collaterals. This son had only female issue, who on his death must leave their home for a distant cousin. I pass over the pain inflicted by this caprice of the testator, though it was lasting. But the effect on the family place was that the son would not live there but preferred to get a house from which his children would not be driven out upon his death.

50. Against these mischiefs what have we to set off except the pleasure of keeping land in a family? The plausible way of putting it is that the possessor may be a spendthrift, and then the Family will benefit by his having only a life-ownership to lose. This perhaps is the modern substitute for the old motive, that the Family should not forfeit the land when the Head of it committed treason. But as regards a spendthrift's descendants, the position of children waiting for their father's death to enjoy property which is sequestered by his creditors is full of embarrassment and danger. I believe that on every moral ground it is better for fathers inclined to prodigality, and for their children too, that conduct should be left to produce its

natural results with respect to land as well as other things. And as regards the Public, what interest have they in preserving the land in one set of hands rather than another? Their interest is that possessors of land should be solvent and efficient proprietors, and that if land gets into bad hands it should get out of them as quickly as possible, and they are injured without any compensating advantage when our Family Law keeps land in the state of having no possessor at all except a Mortgagee or a Receiver for the benefit of a spendthrift's creditors.

51. I have slipped from the consideration of Family interests into that of Public interests. Besides the point I have just mentioned, the Public has a strong interest in the free circulation of land according to the wants and desires of living men; and it is appreciably injured when land is kept out of the market by the arrangements of dead men. It constantly happens, and notwithstanding recent legislation it will constantly happen, that land which would be sold if its possessor were also its owner is not sold because it is in settlement.

52. We are indeed sometimes confidently assured by advocates of the existing system that Family Settlements do not keep land out of the market, and that if they were got rid of land would not be much more saleable. Such advocates seem to me to be rash. Their argument is suicidal. Denying that the system of settlement makes land unsaleable, they cut away the very ground of its existence. That which keeps land in a family keeps it out of circulation. If a Family Settlement does not keep land in the Family, what purpose does it serve? Why did the great Families introduce such things, and why now maintain them? If the system leaves settled land as free as unsettled, it fails of its object. But everybody knows that it does not fail in that way.

53. Then we have been told that the system is only intended for the innocent purpose of providing for wives and children. That is an error. Many settlements are made by will, many by the deeds of resettlement I have spoken of, only a portion on actual marriage. Even then, a reasonable provision for children is not the object. Doubtless the wife's friends look after her interest. The inheritance is given to the eldest son and his issue in tail, and so through the various branches of the Family in succession. But as for the daughters and younger sons, the portions provided for them are, according to my experience, usually quite paltry when compared with the property given to the eldest. So far from the settlement being made for their protection, they would in the vast majority of instances stand a better chance of an adequate provision if their father were made absolute owner instead of being cut down to a life-interest. Indeed, it is trifling with the matter to allege that the

object of these Family Settlements is anything but the aggrandizement of the Family by preventing the alienation of their land.

54. Another great injury which the Public suffer from Family Settlements, is that which has been before referred to under the head of Registration. The length of time during which ownership is suspended brings about complexity of title, so that the land cannot be transferred without inordinate expense. The Law may be adjusted to suit the desires of great Families, but the world will not stand still for them. Deaths, marriages, births, borrowings, bankruptcies, lunacies, disappearances, and other incidents will take place during the suspense of ownership, and the history of the property drags at each remove a lengthening chain. And this operates in three ways. It makes the purchase of small properties difficult on account of the enormous proportion which the expense bears to the purchase-money. It clogs the working of a system of Registration. And as owners of small properties will ape their superiors in wealth, and make Family Settlements for themselves, often fearfully and wonderfully made, the expense of dealing with such properties and the litigation over them crushes them out of existence.

55. I have hitherto made only a bare allusion to a course of legislation begun thirty years ago with a view of palliating some of the evils produced by Strict Settlements to the Families which are the subjects of them. I have spoken of those evils as continuing ones, because, in my judgment, the chief of them do continue without so much as an attempt to mitigate them, and others are only mitigated and not removed. It is a strong testimony to the mischievous nature of Family Settlements that the Legislature has felt itself compelled, amid terrible misgivings on the part of landowners, to provide means of relaxation from the fetters imposed on property by dead men. This has been done by a series of statutes, of which the earliest was passed in 1856, and the latest in 1882. The Act of 1882 was introduced by Lord Cairns, and supported by Lord Selborne who was then Lord Chancellor. It seems to me to go as far in the way of relaxation as can be done consistently with maintaining the principle of Family Settlements. But it does maintain their principle. And as its effect is very commonly spoken of in terms which seem to me almost ludicrous in their exaggeration; as it is said to have done that which its authors, Lords Selborne and Cairns, never dreamed of and would have opposed, and to have cured the evil of settlements at a blow; I will try, not for the first time, to exhibit what it has done and left undone.

56. I will restate briefly the mischiefs above described at greater length as arising to the Families themselves and to the Public. First, as regards Families. There are still the mischiefs which struck the minds of the Judges of the sixteenth century.

(a) The Head of the Family, though in possession of the income, cannot adjust the corpus so as to provide for wife and children according to their needs.

(b) The eldest son to whom the corpus has been secured, probably when he was unborn, certainly with no regard to his character or his needs, is too free from control.

And there are other mischiefs which time has more fully developed.

(c) The possessor of the land is impoverished by restrictions unsuitable to various industries.

(d) A limited owner in possession often has no interest in improving what must pass to a successor not chosen by himself; or even

(e) Such an owner may find it to his interest to do all he can to exhaust the inheritance.

Secondly, as regards the Public. There is the old objection felt in the sixteenth century.

(f) The obligation to trace title back to the origin of the settlement created "trouble among the people": in fact it impeded transfer by insecurity of title.

And we have now to add

(g) The same cause makes all conveyancing dilatory, vexatious and costly, by compelling investigations into remote events.

(h) The social disadvantage and political danger of artificially accumulating land in a few hands.

(i) The diminution of productiveness by the obstacles to improvement.

57. The main effect of the Settled Estates Acts culminating in 1882, is first to allow the life-owner to make sales and leases of the Settled Estate; and secondly, to allow parts of the corpus to be used in the improvement of the rest, not at the discretion of the life-owner, but only with the sanction of a legal or official tribunal. I believe I am right in saying that all the other provisions of the Acts, so far as they are enabling ones, will be found subsidiary to the two just stated. The Acts do not in the slightest degree affect the devolution of the property. The proceeds of sales, fines on leases, portions of the rents on mining leases, must be paid to trustees or into Court, there to be held for precisely the same purposes as those to which the land was originally given.

58. Now I have enumerated nine heads of mischief. How are they affected by the Settled Estates Acts? There is no pretence or intention of touching those which fall under the important heads (a), (b), (d), (e), (f), and (g). As between the life-owner and his wife and children he cannot consult their needs or welfare any more than before; the eldest son or remainderman is in

the same position as before; the life-owner is as liable as before to be succeeded by one to whom he is indifferent or hostile, and so to be tempted into neglecting or exhausting the property; settlements will last just as long as before, with the old results of complexity of title and impossibility of simple modes of transfer. Head (c) is, I think, effectually remedied. Head (i) is meant to be remedied, and doubtless will be to some extent, though I shall be surprised if the extent is great. First, because the motive to improvement by a life-owner is no greater than before, as observed with reference to heads (d) and (e). Secondly, because the sinking of capital in improvements requires official sanction; and that means applications, notices, opposition, attendance at offices, questions, answers, employment of surveyors, failures to obtain consent, and success only after delay, vexation, and great expense. To work smoothly or on a large scale, arrangements essentially private in their character should be worked at the will of the parties most concerned and not by Commissioners or Judges of the High Court of Justice.

59. There remains the important head (h) which relates to the accumulation of masses of land. The Act of 1882 enables the life-owner to sell at his own discretion, whereas before he could only do it with the sanction of the Court of Chancery. The change is a good one; but how will it affect accumulations, or bring land to sale in small parcels? I understand that its operation as yet has been small. But the state of the market has not been favourable, and anyhow many more years must pass before it can be known whether in this respect the new law has a wide or a narrow effect. The motive to sell is about the same as before. The ordinary motive for selling land is to have free use of the purchase-money; and that the life-owner cannot have. Why should he sell? He may do so with the view of increasing his income by some more lucrative investment; but the range of such investments proper for trustees is limited, and, if much more sought after for trust money, will rise in price, and yield little more than the land. He will not go through a disagreeable and troublesome change for the sake of a trifling gain, especially when accompanied by greater risk. Or he may sell to pay off incumbrances on the settled estate. But that he has been able to do for thirty years under the sanction of the Court; and, though many families have found relief in that way, it has produced no appreciable effect on the distribution of land. He can now do the same thing with some less amount of trouble and expense, and that, though not unimportant, is all. Finally, he may sell part of the settled land to improve the rest; and I have just shown how unlikely it is that such a thing will be done on a large scale.

60. As the process of the Settled Estates Acts is in no case to diminish the value of the settled property: as it is only to diminish

the quantity of settled land, either when the price of what is sold is spent in disencumbering or in improving what is left, or when it is invested in the prescribed securities which then are for all purposes of transmission or devolution to take the quality of land: how is it possible to suppose that it will turn any large quantity of fettered land into free land? Even under the Statute of Entails the Courts held that entailed land might be validly transferred by means of a Recovery if the possessor transferring it compensated his issue* by providing or allowing other land to devolve upon them. That was taking a great liberty with the Statute, because under its terms the issue was entitled to the very land entailed. But, as we have seen (parr. 29, 30, 31), it did not suffice to prevent the mischief of ever-growing fetters on land. It was not until the decision in *Taltarum's case*, after which entailed estates could be transferred by Recoveries without any compensation at all, that English land was set free.

61. The result is that the effect of the Settled Estates Acts will probably be insignificant except to interpose a little ease for life-owners in possession of settled estates especially when incumbered. Land will never be handled by those who have only a very closely restricted use of the purchase-money with anything approaching the freedom, promptitude or energy of those who can use the money as they please. The Settled Estates Acts have preserved the principle of settlements almost intact, only modifying it in some cases where injury from it accrued to the Families themselves. If indeed they had the effect which some speakers and writers have attributed to them, the effect which *Taltarum's case* had on entails under the statute, what a satire it would be upon our legislation. We should be convicted of keeping on our statute-book one law under which a testator may suspend full ownership during all existing lives and twenty-one years besides, and of placing by its side another law which says that the moment he has done so the first comer may destroy his work. Judges may do such a thing, as our Judges did in *Taltarum's case*, and not incur any charge except that of usurping legislative functions; but a Legislature that did it would be guilty of weakness and folly. As it is, we have only gone on the principle which has been common in England, and for which a great deal may be said, of attacking symptoms before dealing with the seat of the malady. The Settled Estates Acts are good as palliatives, and good as proofs of the corruption of the tree that produces such bad fruit, but they are nothing more.

62. With regard to the amount of land which is comprised in Family Settlements we have no evidence, and the most extraordinary

* I pass over the effect of a collateral warranty, though it would add some strength to this argument. Lord Coke calls the learning of warranties "one of the most curious and cunning learnings of the Law." It may be: but one is glad to turn to Law that has less intricacy and more connection with Justice.

discrepancies of opinion have been expressed. I have elsewhere* assigned my reasons for thinking that a very large portion of the land of England was before 1882 legally unsaleable by reason of settlements coupled with other rules of law. Since 1882 nearly all land must be legally saleable, but I have been showing that practically the case is little altered.

63. Lord Coke, as quoted above (par. 29), speaks, probably with some hyperbole, of all the possessions of England being fettered by the Statute of Entails. Yet in those times men could only entail by means of a deed taking effect in their lifetime. It was not till Henry VIII.'s reign that the more handy and powerful instrumentality of wills was called into full effect. The excessive love of the dying lord for his lordship has been a theme both for lawyers and for poets. An eminent conveyancer writes thus :† " Perhaps these restrictions most frequently spring from the desire to exert a posthumous control over that which can be no longer enjoyed. ' Te teneam moriens ' is the dying lord's apostrophe to his manor, for which he is forging those fetters that seem by restricting the dominion of others to extend his own."

Pope treats the same strong passion as one of those that rule in death. The Lord of the Manor and his lawyer are conferring together over his will.‡

" ' I give and devise,' old Euclio said
And sighed, ' My land and tenements to Ned.'
' Your money, sir ? ' ' My money, sir—what all ?
Why, if I must—then wept—' I give it Paul.'
' The manor, sir ? ' ' The manor ! hold,' he cried.
' Not that—I cannot part with that'—and died."

It is true that modern entails keep wearing out, so that land is constantly becoming free as well as fettered; but the powerful motives I have referred to, finding so swift and secret an instrument as a will to work with, are always, as I believe, forging more fetters than time eats away.§

64. If I am substantially right in the foregoing remarks, it is proved that our land system produces some very bad effects; that there is no benefit from it to set off against those bad effects; that it has never been established by the Legislature, except so far as it can be extracted from the Statute of 1285; that so far as the Legislature has addressed itself to the subject since 1285, it has been in the direction of freedom and not of restriction; and that its recent efforts to abate the mischief by two separate lines of attack, viz., Registration and Settled Estates Acts, have been, as regards the

* "The Dead Hand," pp. 174-6.

† "Jarman on Wills," 3rd ed. p. 226.

‡ "Moral Essays," I. II. 256-261.

§ The motives pointed out by the Poet and the Lawyer must always be taken as working in subordination to the master motive of aggrandizing the Family—a point on which I have observed later on: in parr. 76, 79.

former, abortive, and as regards the latter, insignificant. Notwithstanding the efforts of more than half a century, we have got neither ease of transfer nor a wider distribution of ownerships. What then shall we do?

65. That the title of a registered absolute owner should on his death pass to his legal representative is a clear consequence of the plan of registering absolute ownership. But it leaves untouched land not registered, which is now nearly all land, and also leaves untouched the question what the representative is to do with the land when he has got it. I think it would tend to simplicity of title, and would also be a great general convenience, if a dead man's freehold land passed to his executor in the same way and for the same purposes of administration as is now the case with his leasehold land.

66. Subject to the needs of administration, the land should, if not otherwise disposed of by will, devolve on his relatives as his personalty now does. The obstinacy with which the Law of Primogeniture has been upheld is a curious instance of the unreasoning force of habit. So difficult is it to disengage our minds from temporary and local circumstances, that we constantly mistake what is customary to us for what is natural, universal, and eternal. And so under certain contingencies we quietly reconcile ourselves to the spectacle of a whole family impoverished for the aggrandizement of one. I have heard the Feudal and Military Law of Primogeniture defended as being the plainest dictate of Nature, and moreover in accordance with the Divine commands. Whether it is now so defended I know not, but I know that after long years of discussion it has not been altered. Certain it is that many estimable gentlemen resist a change on the ground that this law is one of the safeguards of English society. Yet probably there is not one of those gentlemen who, when he sets himself to make a will, does not by his acts condemn the law. Is it not a matter of course for a man to provide for his wife and all his children? What would be thought of a man who gave the whole to one and left all the others destitute? The Law should do for us, as nearly as an abstract rule can, that which each does for himself when he has time for reflection and action. The Statute of Distributions actually does this for our personal estate. As regards that kind of property, it is very seldom that a man leaving children makes a more convenient will than the Law makes for him. I never heard a complaint of it. Let it do the same for land, and complaints will be as rare on that side. It would now be nearly true to say that though the Law of Primogeniture acts in comparatively few cases, it never acts except to do a wrong.

67. Though the practice of providing for succession to land by deed or will is so prevalent that Primogeniture has a small field to operate on, it must not be supposed that the alteration of the Law would be

unimportant. A good many small proprietors die intestate, and even as regards the large ones occasional intestacies occur from accident, or the final gift in a settlement, which is usually to the right heirs of the settlor, takes effect. Moreover there can be little doubt that the feudal principle of Primogeniture has influenced our notions of the proper way of dealing with estates, and that the principle of equality will in its turn exert influence in the contrary direction. This opinion is supported by observation of the way in which, when disposing of their property by deed or will, men are apt to conform to the Law which would regulate it if undisposed of. Men very commonly give their land to the Heir by Primogeniture and their personalty amongst wife and children. In cases where the bulk of personalty is given to the Heir-at-law, it is usually on account of the attraction exercised by the mass of land which he takes, and in order that he may better keep up a Family Estate. But though most landowners make "an eldest son," only a few make "an eldest daughter." It is very difficult to assign any reason for this variety of treatment except that the Law, if left to operate, carries land to male heirs singly in succession and to female heirs equally in common, and carries personalty to wife and children with no preference to the eldest son. It is true that in Kent, where the law of Gavelkind prevails, landowners generally make their land follow the rule of Primogeniture. But so small a portion of England is doubtless influenced by the Law of all the rest of the country. Moreover Gavelkind, though a rule of equality, is a very bad rule, creating equality only amongst males to the exclusion of females. It is suited only to rude times when women were slaves. But very few would now voluntarily adopt it as a reasonable disposition of property.

68. Such reforms however will be but small if we leave to landowners the wide power they now possess of dictating how property shall go long after they are dead and cannot be influenced by the needs or opinions of the living. The most complete way of making land free would be, as some advocate, to confine a landowner's power to the choice of his successor, who should be owner as absolute as his predecessor was. That would lead to the state of things contemplated by the Committee of 1879 as the ideal state, the object of aspiration but hardly of hope, which would make the working of a system of registration perfectly easy and simple. And in my judgment such a state of the law would be preferable to its present state.

69. I myself desire to revert largely towards the simplicity of the Common Law, but that would not prohibit all interests in land except absolute ownerships. We may pay too large a price even for simplicity; and it would be a grave matter to disallow the creation of life estates. To give a life interest in land or a life annuity charged on it or a house is so reasonable and convenient a mode of providing

for widows, daughters, old friends, or dependants, that it may well be doubted whether what we should gain in ease of transfer would not be lost in the usefulness and enjoyment of property. The change I have advocated for many years is one which would add as much to usefulness and enjoyment as to ease of transfer. The mind is easily led to it by the study of former controversies. So far as I know, the power of giving to one for life with remainder over to another living person, whether issue of the life-owner or not, has not been found to create any great difficulties. The struggle on the part of settlors of land has been to secure that the land should go to more remote issue in defiance of all the needs, wishes, or efforts of the immediately succeeding generation. This was the cherished object which was defeated by the Judges prior to the Statute of Entails; was established *in toto* by that statute; was defeated again by the decision in *Taltarum's case*, and by a number of decisions, of which I have given two specimens, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of James I.; and was partially established again about the date of the Restoration. I should like to undo what was then done; to enact that no gift should be valid unless made to a person in being at the time when the instrument making it takes effect. And further, I would repeal the Statute of Entails which both in its first Avatar and in its second has worked so much ill.

70. As before said, I am not in favour of the principle established by the Code Napoléon of regulating descent by Law to the exclusion of testamentary power. That principle, though it does not prevent sale by the owner, restricts his freedom to make Family arrangements, and establishes a false position between him and his children. I believe that free testation is the better system; at all events it is not proved to be the worse one; and alterations should not be made without a strong case against the existing system, and should not if possible be more than co-extensive with the mischief complained of.

71. I wish then to see every absolute owner free to choose the persons who are to succeed him in the possession of his land. But there is an obvious difference between the choice of successors among living persons whose existence is ascertained, and who may enter at once into possession, and an attempt to forecast distant events, and to shift property about as they turn out one way or another. A clear obvious natural dividing-line is drawn for us between those persons and events which the settlor knows and sees, and those which he cannot know or see. Within the former province, we may trust his natural affections and his capacity of judgment to make better dispositions than any external law is likely to make for him. Within the latter, natural affection does not exist and the wisest judgment is constantly baffled by the course of events. Moreover if the settlor

displaces the living in favour of the unborn, he is almost always acting on the principle, as Jarman says, "*Te teneam moriens.*" He is exercising power because the Law gives it to him and he loves to exercise it. He is not really trying to make the best and kindest disposition of his property, but is ministering to Family ambition or caprice or love of dictation.

72. Two observations will at once occur on the above proposal. One is that an ordinary marriage settlement provides for persons not in being. That is so, and as settlements made upon actual marriage are for the most part dictated by motives of reasonable prudence, so far as they provide for the wife and offspring of the marriage and are not made the vehicle of Strict Settlements upon collaterals, I think that such settlements should be excepted from the proposed rule. I say that, though first, I myself think that it is best to let the married pair provide for their family needs as they come, and according to my experience that object is best answered when the parents are not fettered by contracts made in the dark; and though, secondly, the principal motive of marriage settlements has ceased with the abolition of the barbarous law relating to married women's property, which England had the unique disgrace of maintaining until a year or two ago. But in excepting marriage settlements care should be taken that they really do contain reasonable provision for the issue. Probably the best form of such a provision is by way of giving powers of appointment to the parents, such as are common in settlements of personalty.

73. The other observation is that some of the principal arguments here advanced apply to personalty as well as to land. That is true, and my wish would be to see the same Law of devolution governing both classes of property as is the case in many other countries. The controversy has been concentrated on land, and may possibly be confined to land, for very obvious reasons.

74. First, land is the more visible and more important kind of property, and the duties and mode of life attendant on its possession affect the common weal in a more direct way and to a greater extent than is the case with personal property.

75. Secondly, the Law favours more enduring settlements in the case of land. The Statute of Entails does not apply to personalty. The rule of Law is that the same form of gift which creates an entail in land confers an absolute interest in personalty. If the reader will look back to par. 44, where I have stated the terms of an ordinary settlement, he will see at once how much more readily personalty becomes free than does land when settled in the same way. Let us suppose that the thing given is the residue of the testator's property consisting of land and Consols. John's eldest son, who on his birth takes an estate tail in the land, takes an absolute interest in the

Consols, subject of course to John's life-interest. If now that son dies in infancy, the land passes on in bulk to the next successor in the entail; but the Consols pass to the next of kin of John's son under the Statute of Distributions. Again, if that son attain twenty-one during John's life, he cannot practically and effectually deal with his estate tail in the land except by concurrence with John in the way mentioned. For if he dies in John's lifetime without leaving male issue, his transferees, though they might be his wife and daughters, never get any hold of the land, which passes on to another son or to George's branch; and even if he does leave male issue, his transferee's interest is confined to the continuance of such issue, an interest too precarious to be usefully dealt with. Whereas he takes an indefeasible interest in the Consols; and when John dies they are available to his creditors or to answer any disposition he may have made of them. In these ways the operation of Law is constantly tending to set free settled personalty while it leaves land fettered.

76. Thirdly, in effecting settlements of land it is the almost universal practice to exercise the power given by Law to its utmost extent, so far as is consistent with devolving the land in the chosen Families. Much more extravagant dispositions might be made (see par. 42) than are made, but they would not answer the purpose. It may truly be said that the Law is habitually strained to the utmost to keep land in Families. But, as stated in par. 67, the same thing is seldom done with personalty. Trusts may be devised so cunningly as, in the case put in par. 45, to prevent the Consols from vesting absolutely (except under a highly improbable contingency) until some one of the successive takers acquires the absolute ownership in possession of the land, and then to give the Consols to him. It is done in elaborate settlements, but rarely, according to such experience as I have. It is far more common, as pointed out in par. 67, for people who give personalty to distribute it, or, if they do attach it to land, not to suspend the absolute ownership for such long periods of time as is done with land.

77. Fourthly, when the Law of succession is allowed to operate, it operates much more conveniently in the case of personalty. And that in two ways. First, it carries the legal ownership to the executor instead of the heir, and so simplifies the title; for an executor is more easily ascertainable than an heir. Secondly, it distributes the property according to the more just and convenient principle of equality between those who have equal claims on the intestate, instead of the unjust and inconvenient principle of Primogeniture.

78. For the foregoing reasons it is plain enough why the demand comes for Free Land without a corresponding demand for Free Personalty. The Law applicable to personalty might be so worked as, except

for the one reason that personalty is not so important as land, to produce nearly as great evils as are now complained of in the case of land. It has happened to me, and happens now and again to every conveyancer, to trace the title to Consols settled so cunningly that the right to their enjoyment followed closely the right to settled land. In such a case, the investigation of title is nearly as onerous as the investigation of title to land. With regard to personalty, people are better and wiser than the Law compels them to be, and they do not tie it up, even in favour of the first generation of unborn children, with anything approaching the same frequency or the same extent as they tie up their land. If the case were otherwise, and if it had come about that a very large portion of the Consols, the Stocks of Railway and other trading Companies, the money secured on mortgage, the ships, the merchandize, and the stock-in-trade of the country were so entangled in trusts created by the Dead in favour of the Unborn that it could not be freely handled according to the necessities or convenience of the Living, and so had become concentrated in a very small number of persons, I should now be writing to advocate Free Personalty as the most crying need of the day.

79. It has been objected to the plan of prohibiting gifts to the unborn that it does not sufficiently curtail the powers of testators or settlors to govern the distant future. It is suggested that a man desirous of acting on the "*Tu teneam moriens*" principle, and of prolonging his power into futurity, may still create an immense number of life estates and suspend the vesting of the inheritance until the longest of those lives is spent. The answer is that, though such a thing might be done, there would be no generally efficient motive to do it. It would be done only by some very eccentric person, and so seldom as to be of little public importance. Such a disposition, instead of founding a Family with a Head and land knit to its Head, would destroy it. The ruling motive for Family Settlements is the aggrandizement of the Family by securing to its Head the possession of land. Even Thellusson's extravagant and cold-blooded selfishness worked to that end. Under the existing Law men may suspend the ownership of land much longer than they actually do. I may devise land to a thousand babies in succession for their lives, and then provide that on the death of the junior the land shall go to the youngest offspring then living of the thousand, and that if he dies under twenty-one it shall go to the next youngest, and so on till a taker attains twenty-one. The ownership would thus be suspended almost certainly for a century by the mere force of my will. But such dispositions are not made for the simple reason that they would not minister to Family ambition.

80. My proposal has also been objected to as insufficient because it would, as it is said, reduce the term of uncertainty or suspension

of ownership only by twenty-one years, and would leave the mischief of limited ownership untouched. I think that with some of those who make this objection the question between them and me is rather one of words than substance, because they say that it is further necessary to abolish entails. I too would repeal the Statute of Entails. I would do so because an entail is, not technically but in its social effect, a gift to the unborn. The very essence of an entail, the only object which its creators had in view, was to deprive the existing generation of the ownership of land in order that it may be secured to future generations of the same Family. And, unless my reading of the Law of Entail and its attendant history be entirely at fault, this is the one essential principle which has been so keenly and pertinaciously upheld and opposed with varying fortune. The abolition of entails is involved in the proposal to forbid gifts to the unborn.

81. Those who desire to learn more of this subject should read the able work of the Warden of Merton, or at least those chapters of it in which he discusses these and kindred topics with more fulness than is permitted to me here.* Mr. Brodrick's own suggestion is to put an end to life estates, whereby all gifts must become gifts of the inheritance, whether for an estate in tail or one in fee-simple. I admit the efficacy of such a reform. The question in my mind is whether while destroying much that is mischievous it would not also destroy something of value which might be retained under another mode of reform. I have made some remarks on this point above in par. 69. But to those who think that prohibition of gifts to the unborn would merely shorten the period of suspense by twenty-one years, leaving the mischief of limited ownership untouched, I must put in a demurrer. I attach a great deal more importance to the motives to which rules of law minister than to the mere technical operation of the rules themselves. The prohibition of gifts to the unborn would operate directly and powerfully on the motive under which the vast majority of life estates are created. They are created for the very purpose of passing over the existing generation in favour of the next: for the very purpose of giving to the unborn. A landowner cuts down the interest of his son to a life interest for no other purpose than that his unborn grandson may take the land. Take away his power to do that, and what is the result? Why, that the very same motive which before led him to cut down his son to a life interest will now lead him to give his son an absolute ownership, because only in that way is there a possibility that his land may remain entire in the Head of his Family. I think that a careful study of the ways in which men have

* "English Land and English Landlords." By the Hon. George Brodrick. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1881.

acted in this department of their affairs will lead us to the conclusion that, if gifts to the unborn are forbidden, life estates will rarely be created except for the reasonable and beneficial purposes I have before pointed out.

82. If the reform here suggested were effected, the Land Laws would be practically the same as they were during the two centuries after the decision in *Taltarum's case*. I do not know that any complaint of them was made. When the Legislature dealt with the subject, it did so by way of further encroachments upon the Statute of Entails, not by way of enlarging the power of settlement. They were altered only by the ingenuity of lawyers for the purpose of allaying fears of forfeiture for rebellion, or of ministering to Family ambition. In the course of time those alterations, though working silently, have produced a mighty effect. The reversal of them would doubtless produce a mighty effect too, with equal silence and smoothness, though it would require time, say a generation, for its full operation. Or at least if it did not, it would do no harm, and we should at least know that the alarming concentration of our land is due to great, spontaneous, and, so to speak, natural causes, and not to artificial laws designed for the purpose.

83. I believe that land-owners think that such a reform would lessen their power. Of course if land becomes more distributed, the political power which results from its possession will be shared among a larger number. In that sense some Families will lose power, and others will gain. But give the ownership of so many acres, and it is a distinct increase of power to each generation in turn that the land should be free; that each owner should be absolute owner, and not share his ownership with the dead and the unborn. All that would be taken away is that phantom of power which consists in dictating to future generations. The life-owners who now have to bargain with their sons, and the remainder-men who have to bargain with their fathers, will no longer do so. All will be more assured of their position, and be freer to discharge their duties towards the community.

84. And whatever other arrangements may be considered reasonable and judicious after full discussion, such a reform as this will be found a most useful handmaid, if indeed it be not an indispensable preliminary, to their working. For example, it is proposed and it may be arranged to give some public authority power to take land for the purpose of doling it out again for adequate prices in small allotments or holdings. I cannot understand what objection of principle there is to such a proposal, provided the present owners of land so taken are justly compensated, as they have always hitherto been in the numerous expropriations made of late years for public purposes. I have no great faith in the scheme working very ex-

tensively, but if carefully administered on a sound financial basis it may prove a valuable addition to the forces in favour of multiplying interests in land. Certainly the simplicity of system effected by the reform I propose will aid the acquisition of land for such a purpose, and will also prevent small parcels of land, whether acquired by this or other means, from falling into the ruinous complexity of title which now crushes them. I put this only as an example. Registration of course is another. Nor do I think that any good scheme is conceivable which will not be helped by getting rid of the claims of the Unborn to interfere with the interests of the Living.

85. My proposal is not calculated to strike the imagination like the vast schemes which are now in the air, and of which I have briefly spoken in the earlier part of this paper. To their advocates, to those who expect all things in an hour, perhaps to those who have not studied the working of our Land Laws through long periods of history, it may seem so slight and simple as to be puerile or so technical as to be pedantic. It is however, whether wise or unwise, efficient or futile, the outcome of a long and close acquaintance with the subject. It is merely to restore to living men the power of making their own arrangements according to their own views of their own welfare. If it operates to effect great alterations, it will do so not by any violent convulsion or shock, but by easy gradual voluntary acts, each minute in itself though the aggregate be vast. The principles I would apply are very simple and feasible, and we know of their working in this country and elsewhere. If they are adopted we may expect that the younger ones of us will see great ameliorations effected by processes as tranquil and spontaneous as those by which the sapling grows into a tree, or the boy into a man.

HOBHOUSE.

NOTE.—Since the above was in type I have read two documents bearing on the questions here discussed. One is the Report of the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, containing an excellent statement of the law and an able and temperate discussion of proposed reforms from the standpoint of those who would maintain the existing powers of Strict Settlement. I would commend it to the perusal of those who wish to see the case against my views well stated. The second document is a paper contributed by Mr. Justice Stephen to the last number of the *National Review*. To those who know, as I do, his originality and resource, and hope to gain advantage from them, it is disappointing; because he has addressed himself mainly to the technical part of the question, and to the

recommendation, which in one shape or another is made on all hands, that the devolution of real property shall be largely assimilated to that of personalty. I notice it here because his brief treatment of that side of the subject which is far the most important, the social side, is likely to mislead his readers. He holds, if I read him aright, that the complaint against the concentration of land in a few hands, is a complaint not against any law, but against the inequality of lots in this life. He does not apply his mind to the questions whether the concentration is a bad thing or a good, and whether it is or is not the result of highly artificial laws expressly designed to bring it about. Moreover Mr. Justice Stephen appears to think that the great prevalence of Strict Settlements proves that they answer some general want of society. But again he does not ask whether they are made by people for themselves which would prove the general want, or by one set of people for another set of people which only proves a general love of exercising power when the opportunity is given. His argument would be equally good to prove the beneficial character of the intractable, but universally spread, entails under the statute, or indeed of any other institution, which, introduced for the benefit of the powerful few, has pervaded the land. Anybody who has followed my remarks in this paper with even a small amount of approbation will agree that the questions here propounded must be discussed and answered before it can be decided that Family Settlements are simply the expression of legitimate wishes, or that those who try to abate undue concentration of land are simply attacking the inevitable inequality of human conditions.

H.

THE COMMON SENSE OF COLONIZATION AND EMIGRATION.

A PHILANTHROPIST has been defined by a cynic as a person who loves himself, and who lives on the miseries of others. Rightly or wrongly, philanthropic prescriptions of emigration, as a medicine for social sores, have inflamed the minds of the working classes, both in England and the Colonies, to revolt. This feeling is shared by the Revolutionary Socialists, and by the left wing of the Radical party. It is held that any attempt to relieve our own troubles by shipping them in boatloads to our kin beyond sea, is but a slovenly device of interested capitalists to postpone the upheaval of an effete land system. Nor do the Agents-General for the Colonies—with the exception of the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada—speak with ambiguous voices as to the views entertained by the wage-earning communities, whose ambassadors they are. Colonial wage-earning interests must be jealously guarded by the Agents-General, and the behests of the voters must be loyally and promptly obeyed, or they will find an emphatic mode of expressing their dissatisfaction.

In an article in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, for May 1885, I endeavoured to analyse the causes and the remedies for the permanent distress among the poor of our great cities. Not as a panacea, but as a contribution to the solving of the problem, Emigration, rightly ordered and administered, was named as one of the more obvious, but not the most important or effectual of remedies. Since that time I have devoted myself to the study of the subject, having travelled some 19,000 miles and visited all the emigrating countries of Europe, seeking light on the obscurity with which the whole subject is enveloped. For although effective generalities on Emigration are as common as blackberries, constructive and practical schemes are somewhat rare. In the present state of politics it is idle to present as

feasible any scheme which shall include all that is desirable—for with the country staggering under a Budget of £100,000,000, nothing less than the sturdy faith of the High Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada is required to prefer a claim on the Imperial Exchequer to admit the general principle of State aid. Still, much may be done, and the following five points may be thought worthy of consideration by the community:—

I. *Information Bureau.*—The present sources of knowledge do not exhaust the supply of facts; they are available to few; are often fragmentary, sometimes obsolete, and, not seldom, lead to indiscriminate emigration, and consequently to suffering, and disappointment.

At the present time information as to the industrial conditions ruling in British Colonies must be obtained from—

- (a) The Agents-General of the Colonies.
- (b) The Colonial Office publications, and the Annual Reports of the Governors of Colonies, presented to Parliament.
- (c) Existing Emigration Societies.
- (d) Individuals interested in the promotion of emigration from the United Kingdom.

The proposed Bureau under the direction of the Colonial Office should be diligent in obtaining, sifting and collating, from all available sources within the United Kingdom, intelligence of every description relating to the work; and should make it its business to supplement this intelligence by systematic efforts to obtain from trustworthy and non-political sources in every town in every Colony, a monthly report as to the industrial and agricultural demand for labour in the town and district reported on.

As the political and industrial condition existing in the Anglo-Saxon Colonies differs in almost every case, the methods of obtaining the information desired must vary with the several peculiarities of the Colonies themselves.

The Government of Canada, having a vast extent of territory awaiting development, is not only ready but eager to further any steps which may lead to the introduction of suitable labour and additional capital. Sir John Macdonald has recently stated that his Government would be glad to co-operate with the proposed Bureau by causing the transmission to it, through the Minister of Agriculture, of regular, authentic and responsible reports as to the needs of the different towns and provinces of the Dominion. This information would include confidential and semi-confidential intelligence, the publication of which might be, under some circumstances, undesirable, but the possession of which by the Bureau would be of value and importance.

The Cape Colony at the present moment presents not only an opening for a considerable number of judiciously selected agricultural

immigrants, but the political effect of their addition to the Cape community would, in the opinion of men of all parties, be attended with happy results. In consequence, however, of the state of party politics at the Cape, it is impossible to ask, or to expect, that the Government of Mr. Upington will act in regard to the supply of information to the Bureau in the same manner as the Government of Sir John Macdonald. It is necessary, therefore, that other influences should be brought to bear. A recent visit to the Colony, in connection with a private scheme of colonization, enables me to say with confidence that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the assistance of responsible individuals who will supply in detail the information which cannot under present circumstances be supplied direct from Government sources.

With regard to the Australian Colonies something may be done by means of a circular despatch, addressed to the Governors of the respective Colonies, inviting their support; but it will be necessary for a responsible agent, unconnected with politics, to visit Australia for the purpose of making permanent arrangements for the transmission of full, impartial and regular reports. Dread of competition, displayed in an acute form in the Chinese Exclusion Acts, is equally hostile to any undertaking whatever which will have as an inevitable result the lowering of wages. On this ground the Governors of the Australian Colonies cannot be expected in their dignified and constitutional positions to identify themselves with measures openly repugnant to their Ministries, who represent constituencies the bulk of which are wage-earners, for these latter will undoubtedly be affected by the immigration of competitors from England and Scotland.

The information thus collected by the Bureau will require to be condensed, tabulated and distributed. For the latter work the co-operation of the Post-Office Department should be ensured. It will probably be found well to publish information by means of semi-official printed notices to be displayed in selected rural and urban post-offices. The use of the telegraph for the dissemination of information should be allowed, at all events in cases of urgency and importance.

The advantage of this system over the present competitive muddle, will be that the information supplied will be official, impartial and true, instead of irresponsible, imaginative, or obsolete, as is now too often the case.

As the Bureau will occasionally obtain information of a deterrent character, warnings against the emigration of artisans or labourers to overstocked localities, should form a special feature among the duties devolving on this Department.

I refrain from considering the advisability of including the United States or other foreign countries, as within the scope of operations of the Bureau—

- (a) Because the commercial value to Great Britain of an emigrant to an English Colony is from five to sixteen times as great as that of an emigrant to the United States.
- (b) Because the work specified herein is sufficient to absorb the energies of the Bureau. If it be satisfactorily carried out, there will be no difficulty in adding to the functions, and enlarging the sphere of its operations.

II. *A National Council.*—The apathy of generous and patriotic English citizens towards emigration, arises from the bustling crowd of competitors for their favour; from the large expenditure on rent and salaries, as compared with the extent of the work accomplished, and from the absence of guarantee that the work done is conducted with knowledge, economy and skill. Of the £4,000,000 given away in London last year, not more than £13,000 was spent in emigration, and fewer than 3,500 souls were sent away by the Societies. Many of these societies and agencies have done, and are doing, noble work, which, however good of its kind, is like British Cavalry, in so far as there is too little of it. A National Council, composed of representatives of the societies, and of individuals interested in emigration, with six or eight men of light and leading to impart additional strength to so representative a body, would command more of the confidence of the community than the present concourse of struggling and disunited molecules of energy. As the Intelligence Bureau would be the telephonic switchboard to receive and distribute information, so the Council would receive and distribute the contributions of the wealthy. In nowise undertaking the actual emigration business themselves, they would dispose of moneys entrusted to the Council by distribution to societies and individuals proven competent and economical in the transaction of previous emigration business. The federation of the twenty-five societies and agencies could not long be deferred when it is found that the needless duplication of identical machinery did not command the favour of the Council, as trustees for the public. Rigid justice in the distribution of money subscribed by the public to all forms of religious faith, would be of prime importance, since whatever may be the desirability of a universal fusion, it is improbable that the societies connected with religious bodies would ever relinquish a separate form of existence.

III. *State Aid.*—So far as I am aware, no case has ever been made out for subventions from the State towards colonization undertaken with the view of relieving distress at home. Arguments employed in support of State-aided emigration undertaken with philanthropic intentions are equally cogent in support of the establishment of *ateliers nationaux*, or of any other hare-brained fantasies of untutored emotion. If, however, the State is unable to grasp with its

iron hand works of sympathy, there are now two opportunities in seizing which the Government may ensure the country against future effusion of blood and waste of treasure, by a moderate outlay on State Colonization. The Transvaal and Zulu wars, and the Bechuanaland expedition, would have been unnecessary had Natal, the Transvaal, and the northern part of the Cape Colony been economically reinforced by a peaceable army corps of God-fearing, hard-working men and women from England and Scotland, sent out by the State and their maintenance provided for until they became rooted in their new homes. Eighteen millions sterling have been spent in South Africa since 1871 in shedding blood and scattering iron. Nothing has been settled. The guiltiness of blood, ruined homes not a few, and the roused spectre of race feeling between two peoples with no interests apart, reflect on English statesmanship indelible disgrace—for these things, being unnecessary, have stained the record of English history. So much for the past. Sir Charles Mills, the able and indefatigable representative of the Cape Government, himself organized the settlement of the German Legion in Kaffraria, which has proven of incalculable benefit to the Cape Colony. It was a work on which any man may be proud to look back. Mr. Spring Rice, in 1820, moved the Government of Lord Liverpool to place the sum of £50,000 on the estimates of the year for the settlement of the Eastern province of the Cape Colony. What has been the result? The British taxpayers have never since 1857 been called on to pay a penny-piece for the defence of a stretch of country repeatedly attacked by a numerous and a courageous foe. Arguing from these premises, and looking both to the unsettled state of Bechuanaland and of Zululand, and to the probability of fresh expenditure becoming necessary within the next few years, it would be imprudent not to repeat that which is no longer an experiment, and to colonize both Bechuanaland and Zululand with young men and young women from Great Britain. If trouble comes, the ploughshares can be beaten into swords; but resolute and continuous defence of hearths and homes is comparatively cheap, and certainly more rational than spasmodic snatches at military glory, and periodical relapses into shameful indifference.

Political tetanus has affected the muscular system of governing South Africa. Cheap and effective—as demonstrated in the past, like Mr. Gladstone's jam—colonization is an "excellent substitute" for the cannon solution of an existing dilemma. If the new Government of Mr. Gladstone doubt the accuracy of these facts, let them ask Lord Wolseley and Sir Charles Warren, Sir Hercules Robinson, Mr. Upington, Sir Thomas Scanlen and Sir Charles Mills, for their confidential opinions. We may ignore the cloud ahead.* We may fold our hands and cry for a little more sleep and a little more

slumber, but responsibilities are accumulating at compound interest while England dreams the precious hours away.

I compute the cost of settling Bechuanaland at £80,000, or a little more than the price advanced by the nation for the purchase of a picture; and of Zululand at £60,000, or the estimated cost of the pills and bandages to be supplied to the Royal Navy for 1885-6.

IV. *Guidance of British Emigrants to British Colonies.*—One man who goes to Australia is worth sixteen and a half times as much to the mother country as a man who goes to the United States. Canada and the Cape of Good Hope are destinations, which, when viewed from the British manufacturer's point of view, are five or six times more valuable to him and to his employés than any foreign country. Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway set us examples of common sense in the influences brought to bear on the destination of their emigrants—space will not allow me to recount them. But in the interests of trade it is not common sense to charge Australia and the Cape Colony 2s. 6d. a gallon for their wines, while the Frenchman and the German are allowed to sell their drink in England after paying an impost of one shilling. Not ignorant of existing treaties or of the proof spirit clauses therein, I submit that these are difficulties to be overcome in the interests of our trade, our Colonies and our emigrants; and it may be that the unsightly word Reciprocity is like the root of the Attendant Spirit in "Comus," which in England

"... was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower . . ."

V. *Revision of the Passengers Act of 1855.*—Under the present muddling and obsolete arrangements, solicitude for the emigrants' diet on board ship, and interest in the emigrants' bunk, absorb departmental energies which are earnestly required to checkmate unprincipled scoundrels who, under shelter of the law, practise on the credulity of the poor emigrant, and wrest rules and clauses, intended to protect the licensed broker and his clients, into vehicles for evasion and misrepresentation. In the broad light of day, under the philanthropic eyes of Parliament-men, passionate in their expression of sympathy for the poor man and his troubles, these harpies ply their vile trade, advertise in the newspapers, and with tongue in cheek traffic securely on the ruined hopes and blighted homes of hundreds of Englishmen and Englishwomen.

The reports of the Mansion House police-court, cases of deluded emigrants, and certain advertisements in the cheap press—referring to passages for emigrants to Canada and the United States from continental ports—are intimately connected. The emigration officers, acting under the Board of Trade, are admirably efficient, but

they are powerless, either to prevent fraudulent misrepresentations or to punish the individuals who thrive under the shadow of an Act of Parliament.

This difficulty arises from the 4th, 66th, and 71st sections of the Passengers Act of 1855. From the 4th section it will be seen that the Act never contemplated embarkation elsewhere than in the United Kingdom; and from the 66th and 71st sections it will be seen that the words "from the United Kingdom" raises a difficulty which cannot be got over.

Any future amendment of the Passengers Act should follow the lines of the Netherland law on emigration, which, in Article 7, sets forth:—

Any person undertaking, either on his own account, or as agent, to convey Dutch or foreign emigrants from the Netherlands, or a place out of Europe, shall, notwithstanding whether the embarkation takes place in a Netherland or foreign port, previously provide real or personal bail as a guarantee for the fulfilment of the conditions, &c.

Article 23 provides also, that persons referred to in the first part of Article 7 should give security, &c.

Article 22 also prohibits persons who are qualified according to the Act from advertising in newspapers, posting up bills, hanging out boards, &c., or taking any means whatever for making it known that they are emigration agents, and giving the police authority to deal with such cases. These precautions are wise, and would put a stop to an immense amount of imposition being practised on emigrants.

The five points enumerated require no party legislation to carry them into effect. But if the safety, honour, and welfare of the Sovereign and of her dominions are to be maintained by peaceable means, some such measures as those set forth are urgently required.

ARNOLD WHITE.

Since this article was in type, Lord Wolseley has written the following letter on the subject of colonizing South Africa. It would be impertinent to comment on the terms in which Lord Wolseley refers to the Boers—but on their behalf it may be said that while scientific energy cannot be claimed as characteristic of the land-owning Cape Dutchman, one cannot reflect on them as a class without remembering such men as Piet Vys, President Brand, and Mr. Burgers, who would have done honour to any nation and at any time. At any rate the Cape Dutch are in the majority, and, as the Colony enjoys responsible Government it is well they should understand, that in the coming exodus of Britons to the Cape, there is neither political animus nor remembrance of what is better forgotten, in those who are engaged in promoting this end.

A. W.

"6, HILL STREET, W., 9th February, 1886.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to the request contained in your letter of the 4th instant, I have much pleasure in stating it to be my opinion that the great solution to all our difficulties in South Africa is to be found in a well-devised and well-organized system of Emigration to sites well adapted for Colonization. Those sites exist in Natal, Zululand, and Bechuanaland. The Boers do absolutely nothing to develop the country they nominally occupy, nor until they learn from British Colonists what can be made of the land are they ever likely to progress in civilization. At present in the distant provinces, the Boer is very little above the poor black man whom he forces to become his slave.

"Hitherto the emigrant has found it very difficult to get on in South Africa, as there has never been any attempt to create a good, sound organization there to help him on arrival either to land or to work. The squabbles between party politicians in South Africa—who are more intent upon personal aggrandizement than the good of the people—have hitherto prevented the adoption of any good scheme for the Colonization of that vast country. Taking as I do the deepest interest in its welfare as a British province, I earnestly wish your attempt every possible success.

"I remain,

"Very faithfully yours,"

(Signed)

"WOLSELEY.

"Arnold White, Esq.,

"&c. &c. &c."

THE AMATEUR.

THERE is a class of individuals which grows larger every day, and for which few people have a good word, though it forms the top-most twig of our tree of civilization, the very apex and crown of modern life. The amateur—for it is of him and his class we are speaking—is a great fact ; his work, or perhaps we should rather say his idleness, is to be seen on every hand. As a modern writer said, who conceals much kindly wisdom beneath the interest of his stories, “Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock ahead in life—the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their lives being for the most part passed in looking about them for something to do, it is curious to see—especially when their tastes are of what is called the intellectual sort—how often they drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit.”

It is a little difficult to account for the fact of this extraordinary development of these amateurs during the last twenty years. The increase of luxury, perhaps, is partially responsible, and the advances made in science, and the development of education, have, by opening up new vistas of thought and action, done their share. The impulse given to art also in the beginning of the latter half of this century, threw open to the idle and well-to-do many artistic or quasi-artistic occupations which had been hitherto neglected or unknown. Fashion, perhaps, played the most important part of all, and the desire of at least appearing to do something, became general. With the wide-spreading decay of class privileges and class prejudices, came the decay also of the notion that it was beneath the dignity of the rich to do anything with their hands or their head, and it may be said, broadly speaking, that a large part of the upper and upper middle classes swelled the ranks of the amateurs in the endeavour to justify to themselves their own existence. The last forty years especially

have been years of change, in which the old landmarks have been swept away, the old barriers between the occupation of men and women removed, have been a time favourable above all else to the half-beliefs, half-acquirements, and half-labours which mark the character of amateur work. Our grandmothers made jams, and made them well, but our children paint jam-pots, and paint them badly. That is the situation in a nutshell. In older English times, folks either did nothing, or they did something, but nowadays their lives are given up to strenuous idleness—to dressing up their lack of occupation in the clothes of industry. How nice it is to think that noble lords now deign to soil their fingers with collodion, and make as great a mess of a *dry-plate* as the heart could wish; that noble ladies can be seen, with Watteau aprons and gilt hair-pins, sticking up imitation dadoes in East-end schoolrooms; that princesses of the blood condescend to exhibit weak landscapes upon the walls of public galleries; that if one falls down in the street, he can be picked up and cared for by a member of the Ambulance Society; that Cabinet Ministers employ their spare moments in writing romances, or cutting down oaks; that our dukes write learnedly on evolution, and our earls throw off little immoral French poems, without perceptible diminution of their dignity. I sometimes wonder whether the old days, when an artist or an author was simply a "painting-fellow" or a "writing-fellow;" when people who did not know or care anything about art or literature were contented to be ignorant of it; when the women were really housewives, in the true sense of the word, and the men, after their rough and, if you like, rather brutal, field-sports, drank themselves stolidly asleep after dinner; I wonder whether those days were not really preferable, if only because of their greater sincerity. But anyhow, whether this be so or not, here the amateur is, and we must make the best of him. After all, as the college porter said to an undergraduate of an unpopular tutor, "Remember, sir, he's a human being;" and though it is of the very essence of the contract that his work should be partial and deficient, it is not necessary that it should be either aimless, affected, or unmeaning.

There are two chief classes of art amateurs; of which the first and most numerous includes those who think that drawing can be taught in an Abracadabra, and painting in a Fi-fo-fum. The second class consists of those who think that the alphabet of art constitutes the whole of its literature, or, at all events, all the literature of which they are capable: from this second class is to be expected nothing but isolated details of Nature, on each of which an equal amount of microscopic labour has been bestowed.

Now, there are qualities which the amateur is by his very limitations fitted to possess, such as might play an important part in the development of art. But it is necessary, in order that this should

happen, to recognize both the limits of unprofessional work, and the direction in which that work can find its adequate development; and it is the more necessary that this should be done, for the greatest difficulty with which the amateur has to contend is, as a rule, that which is put in his way by his instructor. Perhaps I shall make my meaning plain if I say that the instruction given to the unprofessional student (I intend to speak only of the art-student) is directed towards concealing, rather than enabling him to conquer, the difficulties of his art. Fancy what we should think of a swimming-master who sat upon the edge of the bath in which his instruction was to be given, and taught us how to sew corks together and attach them to various parts of our body. This is exactly, without metaphor or exaggeration, what the ordinary art-instructor does for his amateur pupils—though the comparison would be rendered more complete if we were to say that our swimming-master first drained off the water till he left it about six inches deep, before he allowed his pupils to make their first experiment. As Winwood Reade once said, on another subject, “I do not believe in the utility, or approve of the disguise, of this practice.” This education of the outside, which results only in producing something to show friends and relations, is the besetting vice of the present day. It renders us capable of pleasing nobody and helping nobody; it corrupts at the same time both the teacher and the taught; it creates a class of sham workers, both master and pupil; it renders those who are engaged therein, incapable of the simplest right feeling about art or artists.

It is the simplest truism that there cannot be two ways of teaching art, though there may be a hundred or a thousand different methods of acquiring its technical qualities. The mechanical use of the brush or the pencil, can be learnt almost as securely, though not as swiftly, as the use of the needle; and the necessary education for the eye or hand can be given by the study of almost any class of objects, though some, no doubt, will produce the effect more quickly and easily than others. But the facts which lie, so to speak, at the root of art itself, which form the groundwork upon which all right delineation of Nature must proceed, are immutably the same, for all classes and all times. If the amateur does not learn these, he really learns nothing. Drawings are not made by recipe, like puddings, but are made by the application to special instances, of general truths of form and colour, and laws of perspective and gradation, and light and shade, tone and value; of composition, emphasis, and subordination. No recipe can ever be given which will include the effect of all these in their application to even the simplest subject; and all methods of instruction which pretend to teach any such formula for producing pictures, are not only worthless in themselves, but have this added

and terrible vice, that while they render the student incapable of doing anything good himself, they render him equally powerless to appreciate any right-doing in others.

It is my endeavour, in the following article, to give as clearly and briefly as possible some plain precepts which may help to smooth the way of those who are trying to paint themselves, or to understand the painting of others. But before doing this, I am desirous of stating clearly that I arrogate to myself no professional infallibility. It was my lot, as a boy, to be told by the artist who instructed my brother and sister, that I had no taste for, or capability of, painting; and had I not chanced, while at Trinity, to read Ruskin, I should have accepted without hesitation my old master's verdict. But after reading the "Elements of Drawing," and then "Modern Painters," I worked away, not quite without hope, and not quite without result. It is my firm belief that every one who cares for pictures, or for natural beauty in the sense of wishing to reproduce it, may, if he chooses to give the time, and go to work in the right way, attain to a reproduction of Nature which shall be a real delight to himself, and even, as far as it goes, a pleasure to his friends. But this is not to be done by paying for any number of lessons, be the master ever so skilful. It is to be done only by continual study of natural fact and natural laws, by gradually educating, not only the hand, but the brain, the eye, and the heart, and bringing all of these to bear upon your work. It is in this latter respect, as a rule, that the amateur fails so dismally and so incurably: he fails not so much for want of skill as for want of effort. The labour required for seeing correctly, is definite and real, and is *never given by those whose method of life it is to pay other folks to see for them.* And yet art is the result, in the first place of *seeing* rightly, and in the second of *feeling* rightly about what is seen. And in so far as amateur art is good, it is because it partakes of the qualities which are admirable in professional art; and when it is bad, it is because of its failing to possess those merits. There is no reason why the amateur should not see and feel as rightly as the professional, if he will seek for the right way of doing so. But the *expression* of his thought and feeling must invariably be inadequate. Indeed, in some ways the unprofessional student has even an advantage, for his work is rarely thwarted by pecuniary obstacles, rarely modified by considerations of what is popular and likely to sell. There is no excuse for his being dull or mechanical in painting, since the whole world is before him where to choose—since he need never choose a subject for which he does not care. And yet, after having been for some years a critic of a large and more than averagely skilful amateur drawing club (some of the members used to

exhibit), and having had a far larger experience of professional work, I am convinced that, incredible as it may sound, the amateur does really care less for his subject than the average artist. It is not the ignorance nor the incapacity of the lady or gentleman student which tries the instructor, but it is their extraordinary wilful obstinacy, the way in which he or she comes dawdling down to the river, the mountain, or the forest, with a head full of other things, and a heart empty, and languidly takes out a brush and sucks it while gazing vacantly at the scene selected. Strange as it may seem, it has rarely been my experience (on an average not more than once in fifty times) to find an *unprofessional* drawing from Nature, in which the faults were not caused chiefly by the laziness or the carelessness of the student, rather than by his incapacity. Speaking crudely, one may say of those who make sketches, that it is only artists who try to do them as well as they can. The amateur, as a rule, with a tenth of the professional's capacity, and a hundredth of his precedent education, devotes a languid attention for a minute's time, and is then surprised at the pooriness of the result. The truth is, that as a rule with these half-and-half people, effort ceases, when difficulty begins. As long as their blotted colour looks pretty upon the paper or the canvas; so long as no part of their subject forces their own incompetence upon their attention; so long, in fact, as they can either evade, or shut their eyes to all the real obstacles in their picture, they will go on swimmingly enough. But let the sun shine a little too warmly, or the wind blow a little too rough; let the ground be damp beneath their feet, or the flies buzzing about their head, or a little dust or sand spotting their paper and mixing up with their colours; let them come to a mass of clouds which wants careful drawing, or some boughs which are waving in the wind, or some foreground grass whose spears and blossoms cannot be indicated with a smudge—and behold, up shuts the colour-box, and down comes the white umbrella, and the faint-hearted practitioner returns home with a sketch which he "had no time to finish." How sick every artist gets of that phrase. It is almost worse than its corresponding one, "it only took me half an hour, you know."

Yet in art, as in other and greater matters, it is only failure that teaches. No one who can go on quite bravely and sincerely making mess after mess from Nature, but comes to the time, when, he does not quite know how it is, he makes messes no longer. Somehow from the failure, grows up the fruit. I remember Burne-Jones saying to me, some years ago, on this subject, à propos of the designing and arranging of drapery, that he had tried to do it vainly for nearly two years, day after day, till one morning the sun shone, the earth cracked, the flowers bloomed, and he could design drapery for ever. This is very much the

experience of all genuine art-workers. "I can't do figures," used to say the irrational members of my drawing club, "and so I won't try;" as if "doing figures" was a God-sent gift, that came down from heaven in a basket. It is this shivering on the brink of any little deeper water than ordinary, which prevents progress. Bad swimmers in their depth can always manage to keep up an appearance, if they leave one toe on the ground, but will never learn to swim. Let them flounder about a little in deep water, and get it down their throat and up their nostrils, and after a certain time of spluttering and gasping, and striking out wildly with both arms, they will probably learn to take care of themselves. The right frame of mind for any ordinary student when he sits down to reproduce a bit of Nature, is one not far removed from terror—not very different from what our imperfect swimmer might feel if suddenly flung into deep water. Let him nevertheless take heart; he is travelling the road that every artist in the world has travelled before him, for there is that grand compensating law, that the greater the native genius, the further removed is the goal of attainment. The best painter is, as a rule, more dissatisfied with his work than the worst. *Painting was never easy yet, except to those who were incapable.*

With this brief enunciation of some of the preliminary considerations with respect to amateur and professional work, I proceed to give an account of some of the chief difficulties usually experienced, some idea of the capabilities and limitations of such work, and a few remarks upon the broader questions of colour, form, and composition. Before beginning, I must ask to be forgiven for the necessarily disjointed appearance of the following sentences. It is necessary, because in them I endeavour to condense in as terse a form as possible, hints which, if fully expressed in due sequence and connection, would cover ten times the space at my disposal. The quasi-epigrammatic form of the paragraphs may perhaps be pardoned, on the ground that I was either compelled to adopt it or omit half my subject-matter. Still I must say again clearly that the following hints are really worth nothing in themselves: constitute no Abacadabra or Fi-fu-fum for the production of sketches. All that they aim at is to put before students some plain facts in connection with this subject, which they will have to consider and put in their right connection.

Since the first obstacle that one who desires to study any form of drawing or painting has to contend with is undoubtedly his relations, let us say a few words upon their probable conduct. If they are of the rare but pleasant kind who encourage the young beginner none the less because he is one of their own kin, they may be left, with a blessing on their heads, so long as they do not complicate their kindness with advice. But should they do this, the student must, if

he is desirous of not wasting his time, refuse from the first to listen to their precepts. Not because they are relations or friends, but because it is necessary for every one who is setting to work in art to be a law to himself, or at all events to have but one legitimate and adequate master. If you go following Tom or Nelly's ideas of painting, or take in ideas of colour from your maiden aunt, or copy sporting subjects from your bachelor uncle, either from love of their personality or respect for their intelligence, you are wasting time entirely, and preparing for yourself difficulties in the future, similar to those which you might feel in making a freehand drawing after you had been accustomed to use tracing-paper. For the first beginning of art, whether for amateur or professional, is freedom. *You must run alone, even if you stagger and fall in the attempt, from your first moment.* But having got rid of their advice, let us go a step further and get rid of their approbation. Perhaps this is even more fatal than their blame. For in the first place they seldom care, save for you personally, and in the second place they seldom know. And in the third place, if they both know and care, they will probably be silent. For in this last resort, they will be certain that the less that is said about a student's work the better. "Continuez, jeune homme," is what Carolus Duran says to his pupils when they have done an exceptionally good piece of work : permission to labour is the only reward which a student should receive. Does this seem hard ? Do you require encouragement ? *Do you want to show results ?* That is a fatal error—an error common, alas ! to almost every amateur. The whole world of Nature is just beginning to talk to you ; it is the greatest boon, rightly understood, for your little personal world to be silent while you learn the new language. And never mind, though it be Christmas-time or New Year's Day, or the anniversary of Nell's marriage ; don't give away any of your pictures at present. Give anything else, but don't part with incomplete bits of yourself till they are worth having ; it's best to keep what you produce in the workshop. Resist the temptation also to look too much on what you have done. Do it with heart and brain to the utmost of your power—there's something wrong if you don't feel washed-out after each drawing ; but don't look at it all day and night, and the next day, take down the shutters afresh, put a new bit of goods in the window, and forget all about yesterday's sample. Drawings look much better in gilt mounts, or framed neatly, but the drawings themselves are no better—leave them as they are, for the present at all events. I would not have you refuse to show your work to any one who wishes to see it—that's making a mystery of the matter which the thing is not worth. But I would have you be sure first, that they *do* wish to see it, and then I would have you show it, taking as little as possible of the praise or blame bestowed, and

desiring neither. If your heart is in your work, you will soon come into this frame of mind. Most random praise is an impertinence, though that hardly prevents our finding it sweet. Think of how foolish it would seem if, when you were learning a foreign language, some one who perhaps knew a few words of it, and possibly none at all, were to ask you to pronounce the syllables you were acquainted with, and compliment you on your acquirement. You are learning now the universal language of Art, which great men in all times have spent their lives in acquiring—do you want to hear the irresponsible compliments of any one, while you are mastering its alphabet, or even in the midst of its declensions. A little practical detail you will find of great help from those in authority. Get them to allow some place where you can work by yourself, where you can keep all the odds and ends of your artistic life free from disturbance or observation. A garret does perfectly well if you are in town; an out-house or a shed if you are in the country. And it probably won't hurt, if you are young, even if it is bare and draughty; if it faces east, west, north, or south; if it is cold in winter and hot in summer. For one of the first lessons of art is *endurance*, and it is rarely to be learnt on velvet cushions; and a habit of conquering small obstacles of surroundings, will be found invaluable when the time comes for conquering great obstacles in the art itself.

Now as to the preliminary setting out—a word about paraphernalia. The traditional burnt stick and whitewashed wall, which is all that some of the great artists have had to begin with, though it sounds somewhat exaggerated, is nevertheless a type of the right way for the beginner to set to work. The simpler your means the better; and even if their simplicity involves much limitation, it will be no drawback for some time to come. Many of the finest drawings in the world have been done with a simple pen and a wash of ink; and even if you haven't a paint-brush, with a pen, a penknife, and the end of your forefinger, you can get nearly any effect in light and shade that you are likely to want. I confess for my own part that the pleasure of rubbing ink into an outline with the finger is very great, and the triumph when you have attained with these blundering means anything near your intention, is delicious in proportion to its difficulty. And this, and corresponding limitations of material, not only hardens your spirit, and makes you fruitful of resource, but it takes away one considerable difficulty which beginners are wont to experience. It prevents us losing the way in the choice of implements and colours. If there's only a big brush to do the fine and broad strokes with, one can hardly help learning to use it both broadly and delicately; if we have only one colour in our paint-box, we soon learn how varied is the range of effects which we may gain from it alone, and how to use it to the greatest advantage. Is not all this very elementary? and

yet how few masters there are who seek to enforce economy of this kind. Now we will suppose (it is a medium that most amateurs begin with) that you are adopting water-colour as your first method, and say a word about paper. Shiny writing-paper is bad, because the colour will not lie upon it evenly without the use of white; and with this exception, it scarcely matters what paper you select. But there is then to be remembered that very rough paper, while it increases the effect of your colour, puts considerable obstacles in the way of accurate drawing. It is, so to speak, a rough road full of stones, over which it is difficult to walk circumspectly: As a rule, drawing-masters recommend it, because it lends itself to the concealment of their pupils' defective use of the pencil; because it does not require the same amount of finish in painting; because its surface is less easily disturbed by bad brushwork, and many similar reasons. All of these should, I think, weigh in the opposite scale; and though the reverse of rough sketching-paper—what is ordinarily called “hot-pressed”—is apt to make your colouring reveal all its deficiencies, it is of the two more preferable. A coarse, or rather a hard, line upon such a surface, shows all its error, in the same way as a good line shows all its beauty. But the beginner might draw outlines on a rough surface for weeks without finding out how bad was his handling of the pencil. As a matter of fact, few surfaces are more fitting for a student for drawing than ordinary cartridge-paper; it takes the pencil easily, it won't bear too much messing about, it does not require either the refinement of pencilling upon an excessively smooth surface, or admit of the coarseness which passes muster on rough sketching-paper. But, to sum up this part of the subject, take what material you can get most readily, and afford most easily, and, when you have taken it, *don't stint its use*. Have plenty of material by you, no matter how humble be its kind. Never think when you are using paint, canvas, or paper, of how long your paints will last, or how many sheets of surface you are using. *The worst drawing is worth the canvas or paper it's done on*. Take a new sheet and start fresh when you begin again. It is better to work from the first upon an easel, no matter of how rough a kind, if only because it helps you to acquire steadiness of hand, from the impossibility of resting your hand upon the paper or canvas on which you are at work. Besides, with an easel you can, either standing or sitting, more easily see the effect of what you are doing; you do not have the continual looking up and down from your work to your desk, and *vice versa*.

Remember that what you are seeking, in the first instance, is simply to express your subject; that every touch which does not aid that expression, necessarily obscures it. An irrelevant touch in a drawing, or one which is put without special intention, is like a superfluous or half-understood word in a sentence. And if there

be many such, the whole work becomes unmeaning. Besides which, the materials of painting are always delicate ones, and will not bear rough treatment; they are like irritable people, and must not be teased or worried. If paint is stirred about on the palette, or the paper, or the canvas, it soon loses all the freshness of its colour quality, it approaches nearer and nearer to mud. Note also, that the surface on which you work is in one sense a colour, and almost the most precious of your colours. It will work for you, or against you, according as it is treated; if you destroy its purity, it is hardly possible not to lose the brilliancy of your painting. The most salient point, probably, of old English water-colour painting was the use which the artists made of this paper ground for obtaining brilliancy and transparency in their work. It is not too much to say, that its presence is felt throughout their pictures; pictures in which the truth of atmospheric effect, has never yet been rivalled in the history of art.

It is worth while to clearly understand what this implies, before proceeding further with our subject. Every art, and every branch of art, has its own special qualities, which it should preserve at any cost. These qualities, of course, are held in subordination to the principles which govern art as a whole, and consist chiefly in making the most of the special material and the special opportunities which that material affords. It comes to pass in this way that methods, which would be intolerable in some branches of art, are not only tolerable but right in others; and that the best way of working in any given medium, is the way which preserves most carefully, and exemplifies most clearly, that medium's essential qualities. The best stained glass is not that which seeks to possess all the gradations of colour and subtleties of form and chiaroscuro which we find in painting. The best woodwork is not that which is carved in imitation of lace or drapery. The best mosaic is not that which we need a magnifying-glass to tell from brushwork. The best etching, does not seek to give the calculated completeness of engraving; and so on throughout the list. Now, if we seek the essential difference between water-colour and oil-painting, we find that it consists in the foundation of transparency; that all the methods of the former are based upon the manner in which one colour is seen through another. It is perfectly true that there are opaque colours in water-colour, and transparent ones in oil; but, broadly speaking, the reverse is the case. Nor does this express the whole of the difference, for in pure water-colour painting not only are our colours transparent, but the foundation upon which we lay them is a foundation of light, rather than a foundation of darkness. It is the fact of the transparency of the paints allowing this light ground to shine through the colour, which gives its inimitable delicacy and sunny aspect to good water-colour work.

The light is, so to speak, made for us before we begin, throughout the picture, just as the light is made in the sky itself, and shines through any number of encumbering clouds. The system of purity, therefore, in water-colour is, we may broadly say, the system of Nature; whereas the practice in oils is the reverse. To use the old studio formula, in the first we "load our shadows and scumble our lights;" in the second we "load our lights and scumble our shadows."

Now, there are several dangers into which the young student is likely to run, which may be mentioned in connection with this definition. The first of these is the danger of not understanding this quality of transparency, and of seeking to gain his effect by the juxtaposition, rather than the combination, of his colours. And the second is, that from his limited experience, even if he keeps the above facts steadily in view, he will lose the purity of his white paper, and so get darkness instead of light behind his transparency. This second result is inevitable at first. Patience, care, and practice alone can cure it. The third danger may be seen exemplified in most young ladies' sketches, and may be called briefly the danger of washiness. For it is inevitable that colour put on in thin washes with the object of being partially transparent, should, if the exact medium be not attained, either lose or exaggerate its transparency. And as all objects upon earth are solid, and all objects in the sky are round, this lack of sufficient opacity produces a spectral, shadowy appearance throughout the drawing. The operation, it will be seen, is a nice one. There is a Scylla and a Charybdis on either hand. On this side we have the danger of losing the essential quality of our art—its quality of transmitted light; on the other, the danger of losing all the solidity and reality of natural objects. Speaking roughly, we may say that into one or other of these pitfalls an amateur is bound to tumble. No instruction upon earth can save him, simply because it is a matter of technical skill only to be gained by experience. It is well, however, that he should understand that there is no possible comparison in oil-painting, with some of the effects which can be produced in water-colour. The infinite delicacy and softness—the gradation, and the atmospheric effects of the best water-colours, are inimitable in any other medium whatsoever.

We come now to the question of whether this method of art is more suitable to the student than that of oil-painting. And here I am sorry to say I find myself opposed to nearly all art-teachers with whose opinions I am acquainted. I admit the superior facility with which in water-colours a slight sketch can be made in a few minutes, and just tinted with the help of a little box which will go in the waistcoat-pocket. I acknowledge that it is at once less cumbrous, less costly, less troublesome, less pretentious, and likely to be more pleasing in its results, than any amateur work in oil. But

holding as I do the opinion that all student work is important, not so much for what it produces, as for the instruction it gives in seeing Nature and understanding the works of artists—it appears to me that, a student's time being necessarily limited, and as it is excessively improbable he will be able to master both methods, it is most important he should select the one in which the great majority of the world's finest pictures have been executed: the one to which all the merits of water-colour, are in comparison, “as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.” Nor is this all; for the most elementary qualities of good painting can be emphasized in an oil sketch, in a manner which is impossible in water-colour. It is difficult to explain this shortly, but it results from the fact that it is comparatively easy in oils, from the very nature of the medium, to put on at once a mass of colour, of the requisite strength and form. The colours do not run into one another, but lie side by side, and may be joined or altered in shape without great difficulty. The effect is obtained, so to speak, at once, and a good oil sketch rarely needs strengthening. The medium is more tractable, and will stand comparatively rough handling without losing its brilliancy; and there are many other considerations of like kind. No doubt there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question, and it is necessary, if the student sketches in oil, that he should do a considerable amount of minute work in pencil or pen-and-ink, in order to keep delicacy of form and minuteness of detail well before his eyes. If he does this, however, it is scarcely possible but that he will escape some of the most crying vices of ordinary unprofessional painting. He is little likely to be weakly, washily pretty, the temptations are all the other way. The sham picturesque is the last subject which will come easily to him; nor will he find it help his work to encumber it with a mass of irrelevant details. The facility with which all sorts of intricate forms can be drawn on paper and tinted with a brush, has no analogue upon canvas for a beginner, who is almost forced thereby to take broad simple subjects. Of course such a student will be to a certain extent like a youngster in a riding-school, riding, without stirrups, on a rough raw-boned charger, and getting a good deal knocked about in the process. There is another thing too—a bad oil sketch is such a gruesome thing, it speaks with such a loud, insistent voice, that it is impossible to praise it, and so it is little likely to be stuck in a book, or shown round to admiring friends.

Again, if you want to draw, you must do a lot of work which won't be recognized, except by those who have undergone similar labour, and then you will find out how many things there are which go to make a picture. Up to a certain point, everything is painted on paper or on canvas; carry it a degree further, and it is a marble

column, a woman's dress, or whatever you want to paint. The labour that changes the one to the other, *never shows*, and is always *there*.

Let us now, before proceeding further, give a few practical hints to the student, especially with regard to some technical matters which he probably would not discover for himself for a long time.

Remember that in any natural scene, there is a landscape of the sky, as well as a landscape of the earth, and that, though the latter may be sometimes flat, the former is always round. Round objects in a hollow vault cannot be expressed by thin ungradated washes of colour. The same rules which apply to the perspective of terrestrial objects, apply also to that of aerial ones, and if violated, produce the same results. The ordinary amateur forgets this, and becomes Japanese in the upper part of his picture.

Local colour is obscured by distance and altered by sunlight, almost as much as it is hidden by shadow. A red coat a mile off is almost grey.

Everything has, properly speaking, a light side and a dark side, and one of the first and most necessary pieces of art education is to learn to see this. In nine amateur drawings out of ten, objects are drawn rather in plan, than as they appear to the eye.

Objects appear round to the eye, because of the gradation of light upon their surface. This rule applies to everything in Nature, and it therefore is impossible to indicate form without attention to this gradation. It applies equally to the slope of a down and the shape of a teapot. Painting is not tinting a flat surface, but gradating a flat surface so that it appears to project or retract, or of whatever form may be required.

Objects which are near, display more texture, as well as more detail, than those which are further off. •

An egg, a man's head, and a tree, are all, broadly speaking, round objects, though the first is smooth and white, and the two last-mentioned coloured and irregular. There is no more reason why you should neglect to have the spherical form of trees or of a person's head clearly expressed in your drawing, than that you should omit the roundness of a ball or an egg. Only, as a rule, the amateur fastens on the easily seen features of nose and eyes, or bough and leaf, and does not notice nor think about the delicate gradation which gives the effect of solidity, and which makes, as the French would say, the object in question *turn*.

Any object, or any part of Nature, has a definite shape, if it be only the shape of a mass of colour, light or shade. Every stroke of the drawing which does not set down some definite shape, or some portion of a definite shape, must inevitably be entirely wrong. Nature is not made up of strokes, or blots, or little scrabbles in various directions, like worms wriggling, but of masses. Nor is

there a *border* round objects, as a rule. They simply end where others begin, such and such a mass relieved by its *value*, as well as its colour and form, against such another.

Roughly speaking, if you look at a landscape in the direction of the sun, its colour is more or less invisible. If you turn your back towards the sun, the reverse is the case. If therefore your picture is to depend upon colour, you must look away from the light; and this is in nineteen cases out of twenty the best thing to do.

The trunk of a tree is not stuck in the ground; it holds it as the fingers hold the glass. It may be said, in fact, that the two are parts of the same organism—connections, at all events, by marriage.

Boughs, no matter how wavy and slight, or how gnarled and twisted, are seldom or never disjointed or weak. Each portion of them depends on another, and may be traced in its dependence and in its general line of spread, to the parent trunk.

Leaves are not independent of branches, yet it is a common amateur way to draw the outside form and lay the branches of the tree upon it. The shape of a tree, however, is made up of masses of leaf and branch, each having a distinct relation to the other, and each expressive of its growth, its character, and its spherical nature.

A leaf has a definite shape. Draw it if you are near enough to see it; a group of leaves has also a definite shape, which is clearly perceptible when the individual leaf is not. When you cannot see either the leaf or the group at the distance, you may still see that the tree forms itself, as a rule, into masses which have relation to its growth, which indeed express its growth, to any understanding eye; and these it is you have to set down. Trees are not made by splodging about with browns and greens and yellows, in little patches without definite intention. *Nor will any amount of rubbing and scraping give you the texture of a rock or other object, if you can't make its form clearly perceptible by your gradated light and shade.* Elaboration of work, is not finish. Many minutely stippled-up drawings, are, in the true sense of the word, utterly unfinished. For finish is not putting more work into a drawing, but more fact. A complicated means of expressing any natural fact or pictorial incident, is, other things being equal, inferior to a more simple means. It is a weakness to use two lines where one would represent the object equally well. There is another side, too, to this question, for all added labour upon a drawing or picture tends to obscure the individuality of the artist, and to a certain extent to take away from the impulse of the work. And so, unless there is a definite gain in completeness or beauty produced by the elaboration of the idea, the work loses both on the sides of ease and motive.

Neatness is one of the greatest vices of amateur work. Not that

it is in itself either a good or a bad thing; but that it shows the worker to have been occupied with irrelevant matters. For neatness is essentially one of the leisurely virtues, valuable chiefly in lives and occupations of an unimportant kind. When every faculty of brain and hand is being brought into play upon a work of art, there is no time left to consider dabs of paint upon the coat-sleeve, or whether a few drops of varnish are or are not spilt upon the floor. For the mind refuses to work at the same moment freely and restrictedly, and if you fix it upon the small outside *impedimenta* of your occupation, you take away so much of the power which you require for the occupation itself.

Carelessness is still less tolerable than neatness, for carelessness in painting is incompatible with any genuine attempt to paint well. A work of art may sometimes be produced swiftly, but never by chance. And though the finest and quickest lines and bits of brush-work are frequently the best, they are never so swift as not to be done with deliberate purpose, and with the utmost strain of the worker's power.

Complacency is generally found with neatness, and generally arising from having mastered, more or less fully, some inferior system of drawing. For if one believes that a splodge of green for a field, and a splodge of purple for a mountain, and a little blue slopped here and there on a piece of white paper for a sky, and other similar renderings of Nature, are sufficient for the purposes of art; then, *when one has acquired the small amount of skill necessary for putting such splodges in their right place, there is every reason why one should be complacent.* With every added sketch done upon such a system, the mental and physical eye gets duller, and grows to have less power of perceiving the minutiae of form and colour and chiaroscuro. And with every added sketch, the hand grows more capable of its mechanical practice, and produces with greater ease a splodge of the required shape and colour.

When you are not certain of what to do to a drawing, do nothing. Nothing is so fatal a bar to future work as the habit of splodging about indefinitely. And, on the other hand, the habit of putting down no touch or line without a clear perception of the end which you intend to gain thereby, is the most wholesome habit in the world, and one which must inevitably result in progress. Part of the pleasure which is given by a good sketch is that whoever sees it, perceives the utmost carrying-out of this definite intention, the continual selection between twenty or thirty different matters, and the clear undisguised presentation of the one chosen.

We will now suppose that our student has attained a certain proficiency in the use of the pencil and the brush, and is desirous of beginning to sketch from Nature, and see what are likely to be his

chief elementary difficulties. We will suppose that he has done up his colour-box, his umbrella, his camp-stool, his little folding easel, and a couple of canvasses, in a neat parcel (a long luggage-strap is the best kind of fastening), and is setting out for his day's work. What is likely to be the course of events? In all probability, unless his subject has been chosen beforehand, he will wander about for two or three hours, till he is so tired, so dusty, and so disheartened, that he is good for nothing, and finally will return home without having unstrapped his luggage. The number of times that that has happened to the present writer is more than he cares to remember. The remedy is twofold. Either you must choose your subject beforehand (which is best), and go straight away and begin it, or you must make up your mind to plump down in the first available spot which you come across, and do the best you can on it. Judging from personal experience, I should say that if you are in at all a pretty part of the country, the latter proceeding will generally find you a sufficiently good subject for student-work. And, though it may be carried too far, there is no doubt that the habit of drawing from subjects which are not at first sight attractive, is the greatest help in after years in educating the eye to see the beauties of ordinary scenes and circumstances. *And remember that it is ordinary scenes and circumstances from which the artist must, as a rule, extract the material for his pictures.* Think of the great painters of English landscape and their finest works, how trivial and commonplace seems their character. Gainsborough's "Crossing the Stream," Constable's "Mill," David Cox's "Hayfield," De Wint's "Cornfield," Turner's "Frosty Morning," such are the names of five of the greatest landscapes that English painters have ever produced. Indeed, go a step further, and look at Old Chrome's "Mousehold Heath" in the National Gallery, and notice how a magnificent picture can be made out of nothing but a sweep of moorland and a stormy sky.

This difficulty of subject, which is taught in no book, and rarely touched on by any art-instructor, must be faced from the very first. Each of us must learn to discover for himself what it is which appears to him to be beautiful, and what are the qualities in a scene which appeal to his imagination, or his feeling. *Subject is really the diet of painting, and must be regulated according to the personal wants of the painter.* But it is strange to discover how seldom any subject which is unartificial does not afford distinct opportunities for artistic purposes. The student, I think, should not be in a hurry to devote himself to one given class of work; he will soon learn to know what it is for the rendering of which he cares most; and, till then, it is no bad way for him to take without grumbling whatever lies in his way, as a subject of study. Perhaps a few dogmatic principles may be laid down, though even to these there are a great many exceptions.

All things out of their usual place are generally unfitting for pictures, unless their incongruity is useful for some definite purpose. For instance, cut flowers, plucked fruit, shells, and in general all objects which have an accustomed place in Nature, make bad subjects for pictures when divorced from that position. But it by no means follows that they therefore make bad portions of subjects; that a plate of fruit may not be most delightful in some genre composition, that flowers will not help the beauty of a woman's dress, or perhaps the significance of her gesture, and so on. What the student has to consider is whether he has sufficient object to gain in depriving flower or shell or fruit of its natural surroundings, and to take care that, if he has not, he paints it where he finds it in Nature. It is a mere matter of common sense after all, for to take anything from its *entourage* without a motive, is to deprive it of meaning, and to deprive it therefore, in most cases, of its beauty. For the least part of the beauty is that of the thing itself, independent of all relations. Think how little admirable, as a rule, is the ordinary garden shrub in a picture, for a reason which is allied to the one of which I have been speaking. It is almost invariably an object which has been evidently *placed* in its position; it is rarely allowed to grow freely, it is surrounded by other shrubs of varying kinds, each of which is as evidently and wilfully jammed into holes in the ground as itself; it forms a unit, not of natural beauty, but rather of show and artificial life. There is something in these unchanging, irregular walls of evergreen which, when we come to think about it, seems incongruous with our English gardens. We know that summer will not make them more green, nor winter bare, nor autumn vary the monotony of their colouring; they seem to have no personal life, and to make no demand upon our sympathies. Reasons of this sort will be found to apply to nearly every subject, and to determine its suitability or the reverse. If we push the matter to an extreme, it can be seen at once. No one would think of painting a boat lying upon a turnpike road, or a plough lying on the beach instead of in the furrow. But few students bestow sufficient thought upon their painting, or rather upon the selection of their subjects, to follow out this principle into its subtler phases.

Again, at the risk of wearying, I would repeat, that no matter how limited may be an amateur's powers, it always lies within them to select a subject which has some definite meaning. No matter how simple his object may be, it is essential that it should exist. If the motive is only to tell the colour of the grass on a certain slope of hillside, or the movement of clouds on a given afternoon, or the circling lines of water in the stream, or the straining of a bough in the wind, or the plunge of a ship in the waves, it is still quite sufficient. For—and I think this is a consideration which does

not often occur to amateurs—the minds of people who look at and care for pictures soon grows to be eminently sympathetic, if only they have the least chance of feeling sympathy. The eye seeks, unconsciously to itself, for the slightest hint of the painter's intention, and the mind, getting hold of such a trace of meaning, follows it out eagerly, and sympathizes with the failure or glories in the success, with an almost personal emotion. I don't know that there is to be gained from ordinary pictures by inartistic people a greater pleasure than that of the beholder saying to himself, "Yes, I see what the artist was trying to do." And the reverse is as certainly the case. The perception of the no-meaning in a picture causes a revulsion against it of great intensity. "What on earth have you dragged me into this gilt frame for," we seem to ask of the artist, "if you had nothing to tell me when you got me there?"

But if the student must beware of having no subject, he must be careful also not to render his drawing too complicated, nor to overburden it with attempted subtleties of meaning. His motive should always be a simple one, *simple in proportion to the paucity of his powers*, and, speaking broadly, should refer to some of the ordinary facts of life or Nature. For there is no such thing as commonplace motives in art, apart from the way in which they are treated. There is nothing commonplace in the ordinary human affections and natural objects of the world, unless they are seen through a vulgar mind or eye. "Who ever saw an ugly woman look unattractive when she was kissing her child?" as Wilkie Collins says somewhere. There is this advantage in what is called the commonplace, that it appeals to every one. Do it in the least degree rightly, and you have for your audience not the Upper Ten alone, but those of every estate.

One obstacle which is likely to check the beginner and greatly discourage him, must be noted in this connection. And that is, that if he attempts, as I urge him to attempt, never to execute a drawing without a definite intention to tell some story, no matter how simple or how short, he will suffer at first grievously for his inability. He will find himself incapable of saying the smallest thing clearly; he will, to use common language, feel like a bigger fool every day. I remember speaking to a great artist once about the difficulty of learning to draw animals in motion, and his telling me how he had learnt to do it.

"There is only one way," he said, "you can't attempt to do the whole thing at once, you must do it piecemeal. Say you want to do a dog running, you must watch till you get one going the way you want, and seize what part of his action you see most clearly—say the line of his back, or the angle of his hind-leg, or the pose of his head, or whatever it is. Stick that down in your note-book, and nothing else; and watch him again till you get another

morsel of action, and so on day after day till you have got all the facts of the matter. Then you can begin to put your running dog together."

Well, something in this way must a beginner think of doing his subject, and he must be content if he can get only a very little bit of it in this or that rendering; *let him get that little bit as clear as possible*, and not be disheartened at the incompleteness or failure of the whole.

But the greatest drawback to amateur art is, as a rule, that it means nothing. Incomplete, poor, and erroneous as is its technical part, the spiritual part is perhaps even on a lower level. And even if the technical speech is at all attained, how rarely is it the case that it is used for any intelligible purpose. We are all prone to forget, I think, that there is little object in being able to reproduce upon paper any scene or action whatever, unless something else is gained beyond the mere reproduction. If an image is produced which only repeats a visual impression, and that poorly (as must always be the case), without enforcing either the significance or the beauty of what has been seen, without bringing it into some connection with our sympathies, and enabling us to see more in it the next time than we saw before, we can hardly call it a work of art. The best result that can be obtained by the great majority of amateur students, is not the capacity to do drawings of more or less inferior quality themselves, but to gain sufficient knowledge of the subject-matter, methods, and principles of art, to enjoy the work of great artists, and see its true relation to the world at large. Not only does this produce a pleasure of far wider scope than the gratification of mere personal vanity, but it is one of those productive feelings, which tend by their very existence to increase the amount and the power of good art. If the enormous body of amateurs in England were to work from this standpoint, their influence not only upon all who knew them, but upon our painters, would be simply incalculable. We should hear no more from the artists those bitter words which are so frequent in the present days concerning amateur work; nor should we have from the artists a litter of those cheap pictures which rely for their attraction upon flashy renderings of Nature, or cheap tricks of sentiment. I sometimes wonder why it is that no one has noticed that during the last thirty years in England, in which there has been such an enormous spread of art-education, the essential qualities of English art have distinctly declined. Technically, no doubt, at all events in oil-painting, the reverse has been the case; we have learnt far more of continental methods, always in advance of our own—a more enlightened system of instruction has been pursued in our art-schools—and we have had opportunities of comparing our artistic products with those of other nations, and noting their greater deficiencies. But the motive of the work has, it appears to

me, almost entirely altered. It used to be dull, respectable and honest; its sympathies were limited, but still they were true as far as they went, and it was at all events distinctly national. Add to this, that there was still living, or but lately dead, a group of landscape painters who may be said broadly to have been the greatest which the world has ever known—Stanfield, Turner, Cox, and De Wint—who combined with their truth to Nature a breadth of idea, a simplicity of intention, and a sturdy contempt for insincerity or affectation, such as could scarcely be surpassed. What has our art-education given us in exchange? What has become of the simplicity and honesty of English figure-painting? Which of our modern men will give us a picture like Mulready's "Choosing the Wedding Gown," or the elder Leslie's "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman?"—pictures which are not only works of art, but are fine national works of art, which breathe the spirit of the land, and that which made the land great, in every line. What have we substituted for these? Futile classicalities, which the people neither care for nor understand; and sham renderings of a Parisianized society life, such as is alien to the very heart of the English nation.

"One Spaniard lick two Portugee,
One jolly Englishman lick them all three,"

is no doubt a very boastful saying, and one of very questionable taste; but after all it is the spirit which won Agincourt, and destroyed the Armada, and it is very doubtful whether it is not a more wholesome one than this half-shivering imitation of Parisian *chic*, or this puling longing after the outside form of an ancient life, which has nothing in common with our own.

How does this bear upon the work of the amateur? In this way, I think, that such a change would have been impossible, had the unprofessional students of painting directed their efforts to the comprehension of more than the superficial aspects of art. For be it remembered, the artist is a younger son after all, he must do something for his living; and that something must be, in the long run, what is demanded from him. He may keep up a technical standard, but it is not his business to keep up an emotional or intellectual one—for that, he is only "the glass and abstract chronicle of his time." His pictures tell us only what we are, but not what we could be. Nearly every household in England at the present day has at least one member who in some form or another goes in for art. What an effect would be produced upon the nation, as a whole, and the professional painters in particular, if all of these amateurs were to understand, and endeavour to carry out in their own practice, and seek for in the pictures of artists, a few simple principles of good art, such as those which I have tried to indicate.

H. QUILTER, M.A.

TYRANTS OF THE SEA.

SHOWING SOME TALES OF SUFFERING IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

IN recent years great efforts have been made to improve the lot of the seaman. Mr. Plimsoll's exertions to diminish the loss of life at sea will long be remembered. It is a matter of deep regret that his efforts have been attended with so little practical result. In 1884, within the space of one week in the month of January, from 150 to 200 lives were lost. In three weeks of the same month 350 vessels of all nationalities were reported lost. Of this number 199 were British sailing vessels and 42 were British steamers. Very few of the losses were of old ships; hence their destruction cannot be laid to old age. The statements from time to time made public by Mr. Chamberlain have awakened a painful interest in the public mind, and a Commission is now once more conducting an inquiry into the causes of the loss of life at sea. The result of that inquiry is anxiously looked for. In the meantime, I will venture to express the confident opinion that the safety of life at sea will never be secured as effectually as the circumstances of peril in which the sailor's life must inevitably be passed would allow, until the Law of Marine Insurance is reformed, and it has become impossible for the owners of ships to recover anything beyond an indemnity. Under the existing condition of the law, an owner may stand to win rather than to lose by the loss of his ship, and so long as this is permitted it is idle to look for that strict care and attention to details which are so necessary in the management of shipping.

In the present short paper it is not proposed to deal with the seaworthiness of ships. The object is to call attention to the sufferings seamen endure from other causes. Mr. Matthews, the secretary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, has been devoting himself lately to an inquiry into some of the terrible incidents which

have recently occurred. As the President of the Society, I deem it my duty to give publicity to the harrowing narratives which have been brought to our knowledge. The incidents to which it is proposed to call attention are, as we confidently believe, of an exceptional nature; but the public will be justly indignant that such cruelties should from time to time take place, and they will demand that an effort shall be made to provide a remedy.

Tales of cruelty at sea are not new. They have been described with moving eloquence by powerful writers. The flogging scene in Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," must be vividly impressed upon the minds of many readers. The sufferings endured in ships sailing under the flag of the United States attracted the attention of another gifted American writer. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, when serving as United States Consul at Liverpool, in a despatch addressed to the Secretary of State on the 17th of June, 1857, expressed himself as follows:—"The instances of cruel treatment that have come under my notice include a great mass of petty outrage, unjustifiable assault, shameful indignities, and nameless cruelty, demoralizing alike to those who perpetrate and to those who suffer." The crews he described as being generally foreigners, who, from their roving habits, seldom remain long under the jurisdiction of the United States. Hence a difficulty was experienced in securing the offenders, and in inflicting the punishments which they deserved.

We have a more recent contribution to the American literature on this subject from the pen of Mr. Gray Jewel, M.D., for some years United States Consul at Singapore. In 1873 he published a book entitled "Among our Sailors." A copy of this work was placed in my hands by Mr. Woodhouse, the British Consul-general at Honolulu. Its pages are full of tales as heartrending as the narrative of Mr. Dana.

While Mr. Hawthorne was moved with pity by the incidents which came under his observation at Liverpool in connection with American shipping, in the British service the sufferings of the seamen were not less cruel. A debate took place in the House of Commons on the 2nd of August, 1859, upon cruelty to merchant seamen on the high seas. Mr. Milnes introduced the question, and in his speech spoke more particularly of the minor brutalities, or consuls' cases. The number of sufferers in these cases who had been in hospital in Liverpool from June, 1857, to June, 1858, had been no less than 135, while from the latter month to January, 1859, the number had been 80; and the number in the workhouse from June, 1858, to March, 1859, had been no less than 23. Commenting on the instances of barbarous treatment of merchant seamen which had been brought to light, and on the difficulty

of dealing with the question, the *Times*, in its leading article at this time, said :—

“ Suppose a ship to leave one of the most distant ports of the world for Liverpool or New York; suppose it to toss on the ocean for some four months, now beaten by storms off Cape Horn, now becalmed, with the pitch seething in its crevices, on the Equator; suppose the master to be an ill-conditioned, passionate, illiterate brute, with just mind enough to work the reckoning when he is sober, and totally unrestrainable when drunk; suppose this person, under impulses generated by a despotic power and brandy, to take a violent dislike to a particular seaman; what is likely to be the life of this unhappy man while his tyrant is on blue water, without any control but fear of mutiny, or an indirect prospect of an inquiry after reaching port? ”

The annals of the Liverpool Police-court and hospitals will answer the question.

In a volume which is just published, entitled “ Belaying-pin Gospel,”* Mr. Matthews describes his own experiences at sea, and whilst serving as British chaplain in the port of Antwerp. His volume contains some other narratives of recent date which must make the reader's blood boil with indignation. The first which I shall select is taken from the *Sailors' Magazine*, published by the American Seaman's Friend Society. The number for September, 1883, contains the following narrative, copied from the *San Francisco Daily Repository* of March 5, 1882. The barbarities described occurred on board the ship *Gatherer* on her passage from Antwerp to Wilmington, California :—

“ The testimony showed that the first mate, Watts, knocked down Adling, a sailor, and blinded him with a kick in the eye as he lay on the deck; that the second mate, Curtis, knocked down Jacques de Bayrer with a belaying-pin, splitting open his head and breaking his nose, and, while his shrieks rang through the ship, Curtis made him clean up his own blood; that Peterson was beaten by the first and second mates till his blood ran about the deck; that Thomassen was never without scars on his face from the day of leaving Antwerp; that McKew was dragged round the deck with a watch tackle; that Rasmussen was struck in the face with brass knuckles till he sought to end the torture by committing suicide; that Hansen drowned himself to escape the cruelties of the mates; that Soucher, a boy, was beaten and worked till he fell overboard; that Tommy, the steward, was beaten on the head until he became a maniac, and is now in an asylum; that Olman was beaten four times, and his nose broken with a belaying-pin; that Turner was kicked off the fore-castle the first day out, and Brown beaten and made to swab up his blood. For one hundred and thirty-seven days this ship was a floating hell; and it is only to be hoped that Watts, who fled from justice to a foreign country, will be extradited and punished like Curtis. The jury twice failed to convict Sparks, the captain, although Adling, who was led into court half-blind from the kicks of Watts, testified that Watts beat him in full view of the captain, and the third mate, Driscoll, corroborated him. The cries of the tortured seamen were heard all over the ship, but Sparks took no notice of them. Seaman Mill testified thus :—‘ Saw the mate beat McKew

* Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, London; S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Price 1s.

in the presence of the captain. The captain said: "Mr. Watts, take this — out of my sight." The mate took him away, knocked him down, and kicked him about. Then he made him wipe the blood up, and after that he beat him again. The man's face was so bad that you could not tell he was a man. I saw the mate knock McKew down and kick him in the presence of the captain. A large crowd thronged the Circuit Court-room this morning to hear the sentence of William Watts, the mate of the *Gatherer*, who was convicted on Thursday last of cruelty to sailors. No case that has occupied the attention of the Circuit Court for months has attracted the notice that this one has. The great majority of those present showed by their appearance that they were sailors or connected in some manner with the sea. The case of the *Gatherer* was such an aggravated one of cruelty and ill-treatment that the two years which have passed have not caused the maritime population of this city to forget any of the details."

Two sentences were inflicted upon Watts—four years for putting out the eye of Gustave Adling, and two years for beating Rasmusen with brass knuckles, the latter sentence to begin on the expiration of the former.

Turning over several pages of Mr. Matthews's book we come to another terrible tale of the sea. Mr. Matthews states that, on a recent visit to Cardiff, he was informed by Mr. Alderman Cory of

"the arrival of a ship in which a sailor had been killed by the second mate. As the superintendent of police in this port was instructed by the Home Secretary to prosecute on behalf of the Crown, I obtained the official depositions. The ship *L—* left Antwerp as late as July 6, 1881, bound for Cardiff. On the morning of her departure the crew were hurried on board, as is the custom, at the last moment. Fortunately, only one appeared to be the worse for drink. He, no doubt, poor fellow, had been on the usual debauch and drunkenness, and was put on board penniless, with his advance gone, incapable and miserable. When a ship comes to an anchor in the river, men in such a state are often allowed to sleep off their drink and come round sufficiently to know what they are doing. But when she is towed right away by the tug, as in this case, the position of affairs is most serious and dangerous; work has to be done, and the wretched men have to be beaten into obedience. This often is the critical moment. An officer is sent into the fore-castle to compel the almost insensible and unwilling slaves to cat the anchor, get out the jib-boom, or make sail—in one word, get ready for sea. Often then a scene is commenced which is best left untold. Then it is that many a poor wretch has been maimed and wounded, beaten and bruised. The second mate of the *L—* went into the fore-castle to compel the deceased seaman, Charles Giles, to begin work. There was the usual scuffle, which was severe, and Giles was successfully pulled out. Something more than bad language was the result. The mate, having changed his torn shirt, came forward to get out the jib-boom. Giles continued his abuse and annoyance, and received a back-handed hit. As this continued, the mate struck his antagonist with the capstan bar on the head, and thus gave him a death-blow. The vessel came to an anchor at Flushing, and a doctor was brought off; but Giles never recovered consciousness, and died the next morning at six o'clock. H.B.M. Consul communicated with the Government. Hence the order of the Home Secretary for the arrest of the prisoner, and the prosecution for murder on the high seas. The verdict was 'Not Guilty' on the ground of self-defence."

The two following stories of the miseries which are sometimes endured at sea are of quite recent occurrence. Mr. Matthews quotes a case before the North Shields Police-court, of which a brief account was given in the *Newcastle Daily Journal* of April 30, 1885. The persons charged were the master of the vessel, aged twenty-six; his brother, the chief officer, aged twenty-one; and the second officer of the ship. From the opening statement of the prosecuting counsel, "it appeared that, in the beginning of March last, the brigantine *J. Williams* was at Wilmington, where the lad whom the prisoners were charged with having murdered, together with several others of the crew, who would be called as witnesses, were shipped on board for the purpose of coming to England. The lad, as far as could be ascertained, signed articles on the 9th of March last. After the crew had gone or been put on board the vessel, she lay in the river at Wilmington for three or four days, when the vessel crossed the bar and went to sea. The charge against the prisoners was that they, one and all, almost from the time of the lad going on board up to the day of his death, on the 25th of March, ill-treated him brutally, and it would be within the province of their worships to decide whether the entry in the log-book signed by the captain, which said that Limborg died from heart disease, or the evidence which he would produce pointed to the cause of death. The witnesses whom he would call would conclusively prove that from the day of Limborg going on board the brigantine up to the day of his death, he was not only kicked and struck by these men, but that the clothes were taken from his back, and he was made to stand on the deck and carry out his watch in a semi-nude condition, in weather which their worships could imagine would prevail in the Atlantic at that time of the year. When the lad went on board he was strong and well. His health gradually gave way. It would be for the magistrates to say whether his weakness and ultimately his death were caused by the ill-treatment of the prisoners. It would appear in the evidence that while the lad was at the pump it was the habit of the captain to go behind him and kick him in the leg just behind the knee, which made him fall forward, when the handle of the pump came upon his head. Coming up to the day of his death, on the 25th of March, he should be able to prove that on the morning of that day the lad was violently assaulted by the captain and the mate. They afterwards watched him to see if he could eat, the remark being made that if he was well enough to eat he was well enough to work. He believed the lad did endeavour to take a little soup, which he could hardly swallow, as his mouth was swollen to a tremendous size, and he was otherwise in a very bad condition. One of the crew was then ordered to tie a rope round his body, which he did ultimately, after at first refusing. He was then dragged about with the rope and beaten. The lad ultimately died, and the body was committed to the deep in a brutal manner."*

The prisoners were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

The last of these painful narratives was published to the world at the Exeter Assizes in the course of a trial held before Mr. Justice Hawkins:—

"Adolphe Haas, John Andrew Somerdyke, and Jorgen Marsden Jorgensen, sailors, were indicted for the wilful murder of Charles Armstrong, captain of the barque *Wellington*, on the high seas, on January 23, 1885. The grand

* This fine sailor lad was the son of an inspector of Scandinavian fisheries. Indeed, there is much evidence to show that numbers of these brave, simple, God-fearing Scandinavian seamen have been subject to like brutal treatment,

jury rejected the indictment for murder, and brought in a bill for manslaughter. The crew were shipped at Havre on January 19, 1885. Two or three days after leaving port the captain's conduct became very extraordinary. He had the boatswain and the steward put in irons and the carpenter placed in the lazarette, although the men had done nothing to deserve this treatment. On the advice of the chief officer, they submitted in order to humour the captain, who was described as having the 'horrors.' The captain got a revolver, with which he fired at the crew. The carpenter was shot in the neck, as he lay in his bunk, and another man, who took refuge in the rigging, received a wound from which he died. The chief mate observed that something must be done to secure the captain, and the three prisoners and another man armed themselves with belaying-pins and overpowered him. The captain received severe wounds on his head during the affray, and died in two hours. Mr. Justice Hawkins remarked that it was absolutely necessary that a man in the state the captain was in must be secured, and it could not be done by reasoning with him. There was nothing actually to show how the captain came by his death. They must not weigh with golden scales the conduct of men placed in such peril, and, if they honestly acted as they did to save their own lives and the lives of others, the jury could hardly find them guilty of manslaughter. The prosecution thereupon did not press the case, and the prisoners were acquitted."

Such are the sufferings which under brutal officers may sometimes be endured by the seaman in the course of his employment afloat. When he returns to port he becomes in too many cases the helpless, and perhaps the willing, victim of the crimps and boarding-house masters, who live by plundering the seaman. If the seaman suffers much from the harpies who fasten upon him in our home ports, where the proceedings are restrained by the efforts of the Board of Trade and the water police, it will readily be believed that in foreign ports, where such protection cannot be extended to him, the condition of the seaman is far more sad and more helpless. It is thus described in a communication recently addressed to Mr. Matthews by her Majesty's consul, Mr. F. Bernal. After twenty-six years' consular experience, he writes as follows:—

"There entered the port of Havre each year (on an average of three years) 28,596 sailors on board British ships. At no port in the whole world is the British seaman more beset by temptations of every kind, or more injured or swindled and robbed by a certain number of people, unfortunately almost without an exception his own countrymen, whose sole profession it is to live by and on him, than at Havre. The fact that these frauds and robberies take place in a foreign land, the language of which is unknown to the victims, and the difficulty of making their complaints understood by the authorities very great, and that care is almost always taken to intoxicate, and sometimes even drug, the sailor before robbing him, makes it in nearly every case a matter of impossibility to obtain sufficient evidence to convict the perpetrators of these heartless robberies. There is yet another phase of this gloomy picture. England has ever justly prided herself on being among the foremost of those nations who have waged war against slavery, and yet there are hundreds of men sailing under her flag who are nothing else but white slaves. I allude to that class of men who pass their lives afloat going principally to and fro between the ports of the United States and those of this continent. The majority of these men, having originally spent or

squandered their wages, have nothing to receive at the end of a voyage, and have nothing to look to but the advance they will get on reshipment—a very pernicious system, but one which it is impossible to do away with by law in foreign ports. They are accordingly taken possession of by boarding-house keepers, who provide them with lodging, food, and drink, and sell them as soon as they can to vessels requiring new crews. This goes on, in many cases, voyage after voyage and year after year. It is not to be wondered at that such a system should lead to very evil results, so that on such vessels the boot and the belaying-pin are too often used to drive these men. Nay, I know of my own experience of more than one case where the loss of a vessel may in all probability be attributed to this state of things.”

It would indeed be an unprofitable task to bring to light tales of atrocity without endeavouring to suggest remedies. And first we must look to the seamen themselves. They have it in their power to do much to better their condition. Seamen are too often guilty of reckless improvidence. In bringing this charge against them due allowance will be made for temptations which specially belong to their hard calling. After a long voyage at sea, after being kept in close confinement on board ship, subjected to great personal discomfort, and weary with a monotonous existence, the sailor on landing surrenders himself a too ready victim into the hands of harpies whose corrupting influence upon our seamen is one of the dark blots in our civilization. Those whose occupation takes them frequently to the vicinity of the docks are familiar with the painful spectacle of a ship, just returned home from India or China or the Antipodes, surrounded, even before she has been moored to the quay, by a band of jackals, ready to pounce upon the seamen as they come ashore, and to lead them away to some miserable haunt where the hard earnings of many months are consumed in a few days, or it may be hours, of vicious indulgence. It is creditable to the seamen that so many of their number resist the temptations to which they are exposed, and, after having been knocked about in their younger days at sea, settle down in later life in homes which they maintain in decent comfort. No inconsiderable proportion of the men who serve before the mast acquire a sufficient education to enable them to pass the Board of Trade examinations and to become certificated officers in the Merchant Service.

At the present time, when the port of London is crowded with men pinched with poverty and hunger, it would be unjust to pass over in silence the noble generosity of our brave, true-hearted seamen. So long as he has a shilling in his pocket, the sailor is ever ready to divide it with any old shipmate whose condition is even more desperate and destitute than his own. Let us, therefore, make allowance for the improvidence which is found amongst seafaring men. But, while making this allowance, it will be obvious that the first remedy for the destitution into which many have fallen is a

remedy which the sailor alone can apply by the exercise of greater prudence and self-restraint. The crimp would be powerless if the sailor were not improvident. It is because the earnings of the previous voyage have been squandered that the sailor is driven to pawn the wages to which he may be entitled for his next voyage at usurious rates of discount in order to procure the few miserable garments included in his sea-kit. This is scarcely the time to insist further on the failings of seamen.

" 'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself."

Seamen are necessarily a scattered body. Their lives are spent far away from home, on voyages protracted for indefinite periods. When at length they return to their native land, they are, in the emphatic language of the Liverpool Seamen's Protection Society, a disorganized prey to designing knaves.

Let us now turn to such remedial measures as it is in the power of the Government to carry into effect. As the result of personal inquiries, I am impressed with a strong conviction of the injurious influence on the discipline of the Merchant Service which results from the habit of swearing which too commonly prevails. It is always interesting to go down to the pier-heads of one of our great seaports to see the outward-bound ships going out of dock. An opportunity is given for forming an opinion as to the condition of the crews when they embark for sea. Cases sometimes present themselves of very repulsive demeanour on the part of the boatswains and petty officers. One instance is vividly present to my recollection. A fine iron ship of about 1,000 tons register, well found and moderately laden, was delayed nearly half an hour, made fast to the quay wall on which I stood; during the interval, the crew were mustered, and there was afterwards considerable activity on board in hauling the ship out of dock. The boatswain was busily occupied in these operations, and doubtless suffered occasional provocation from the stupidity of two or three men who were incapacitated from the effects of liquor; but his mode of encouraging the men to exertion, and administering reproof, was in the highest degree reprehensible. Every other word was an oath, and the manner was even more brutal than the language. When I reflected that the little band of men before me would in a few hours be completely isolated from the world, and that they were to be employed on a long and dreary voyage of 100 days or more under the orders of such a taskmaster, I could not but feel touched with sympathy. When such a man is selected from among his messmates in the fore-castle for a favoured

and important post, the effect on his subordinates must be most demoralizing.

Mr. Matthews concludes his work with several suggestions of a practical character. Space will only permit me to give the following:—

(a) That it should be a punishable offence, both in the shipping master and the captain of the ship, on responsible representation, for a sailor to be put on board a ship drugged or drunk.

(b) That, seeing that we have almost as many of our ships in foreign ports as in our home ports, our Government be encouraged, not only to use the services of our consuls more effectively, but to open a serious interchange of views with foreign Governments for the removal of abuses and the better protection and improvement of seamen.

(c) That as an officer's certificate is either suspended or cancelled for incompetency, so convictions for inhumanity should carry with them the cancelling of certificates.

I would conclude by urging strongly the establishment of a Pension Fund for seamen. The subject has been frequently investigated by Royal Commissions and by Parliamentary Committees. A special Commission was appointed in 1848, under the presidency of Lord Ellenborough, to inquire into the condition of the Merchant Seamen's Fund, and the subject was incidentally but most carefully considered by the Manning of the Navy Commission in 1859, by the Parliamentary Committee on Merchant Shipping, and, more recently, by the Commission on Unseaworthy Ships. Each successive Report has contained a strong recommendation in favour of the establishment of a Pension Fund. In France, as it is stated in Lord Ellenborough's Report, the institution for the relief of invalid seamen embraces equally those of the National and Mercantile Marine. Founded by the great Colbert, it has survived all the changes of government from his time to the present day. Similar institutions exist in Holland and Sweden. We have a recent collective opinion upon this subject in the report of a committee of Liverpool ship-owners. They strongly urge that a compulsory benefit fund should be established in the general interests of commerce and the nation, as well as of our merchant seamen. They recommend that all boys out of training ships and apprentices should contribute from the beginning of their sea-life, there being at present no provision for old or disabled seamen except the workhouse.

On a late occasion it was my duty to assist at the midday meal which has recently been given to destitute seamen by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. It was painful to see so many grey-headed men in the receipt of our scanty benevolence. When shipping is depressed and the number of seamen offering themselves for

employment is in excess of the demand, it is natural that captains prefer to take young and able-bodied men rather than those who have reached a less vigorous age. For these men the prospect is indeed a sad one. The Seamen's Pension Fund should be supplemented by contributing the balance representing the value of the unclaimed effects of deceased seamen, which is at present handed over to the Exchequer. This unclaimed balance may be estimated at £8,000 a year. Such a sum would constitute a most valuable subsidy, and minister effectual relief to many a starving old seaman. As an element in the national income it is infinitesimal in amount, and it is not worthy of this great empire to retain for public purposes a sum derived from such a source. The Royal Commission of 1874 expressed the opinion that a self-supporting Pension Fund for the benefit of seamen, as suggested by the Manning Commission of 1859, might prove of great value in creating a tie to bind the seamen of Great Britain to the Merchant Service of their own country, and thus indirectly strengthening the naval power of the empire.

It has been an ungrateful task to call attention to abuses of authority on board ship. I am confident that they are of rare occurrence, save in a certain class of the Mercantile Marine. All my personal associations with the officers of the Merchant Service have been most pleasant. The standard of professional ability in the service is worthy of the traditional fame of England. The general moral tone is admirable. Our best officers not only denounce these cruelties, but deplore the power of the crimp in many seaports to degrade our seamen. They do more, they co-operate with the agents of the Society of which I am President, and, when far out upon the sea, often act the part of chaplains and put forth noble efforts to educate and elevate the crews committed to their care. It is the more painful, therefore, that their noble profession should be damaged by such cruelties as those of which some instances have been given. These crimes should be kept in check by vigorous action on the part of consuls, and by more severe punishment.

/ THOMAS BRASSEY.

FROM THIRTEEN TO SEVENTEEN.

IN the history of every measure designed for the amelioration of the people there may be observed four distinct and clearly marked stages. First, there is the original project, fresh from the brain of the dreamer, glowing with the colours of his imagination, a figure fair and strong in the newly born Athênê. By its single-handed power mankind are to be generated, and the millennium is to be at once taken in hand. There are no difficulties which it will not at once clear away; there are no obstacles which will not vanish at its approach as the morning mist is burned up by the newly risen sun. The dreamer creates a school, and presently among his disciples there arises one who is practical enough to reduce the dream to a possible and working scheme. The advocates of the Cause are still, however, a good way from getting the scheme established. The battle with the opposition follows, in which one has to contend—first with those who cannot be touched by any generous aims, always a pretty large body; next with those who are afraid of the people; and lastly with those who have private interests of their own to defend. The triumph which presently arrives by no means concludes the history of the agitation, because there is certain to follow at no distant day the discovery that the measure has somehow failed to achieve those glorious results which were so freely promised. It has, in fact, gone to swell the pages of that chronicle, not yet written, which may be called the “History of the Well-intentioned.”

The emancipation of the West Indian slaves, for instance, has not been accompanied by the burning desire for progress—industrial, artistic, or educational—which was confidently anticipated. Quite the contrary. Yet—which is a point which continually recurs in the History of the Well-intentioned—one would not, if it were possible, go

back to the former conditions. It is better that the negro should lie idle, and sleep in the sun all his days, than that he should work under the overseer's lash. For the free man there is always hope; for the slave there is none. Again, the first apostles of Co-operation expected nothing less than that their ideas would be universally, immediately, and ardently adopted. That was a good many years ago. The method of Co-operation still offers the most wonderful vision of universal welfare, easily attainable on the simple condition of honesty, ever put before humanity; yet we see how little has been achieved and how numerous have been the failures. Again, though the advantages of temperance are continually preached to working men, beer remains the national beverage; yet even those of us who would rather see the working classes sober and self-restrained than water-drinkers by Act of Parliament or solemn pledge, acknowledge how good it is that the preaching of temperance was begun. Again, we have got most of those Points for which the Chartists once so passionately struggled. As for those we have not got, there is no longer much enthusiasm left for them. The world does not seem so far very substantially advanced by the concession of the Points; yet we would not willingly give them back and return to the old order. Again, we have opened free museums, containing all kinds of beautiful things: the people visit them in thousands; yet they remain ignorant of Art, and have no yearning discoverable for Art. In spite of this, we would not willingly close the museums.

The dreamer, in fact, leaves altogether out of his reckoning certain factors of humanity which his first practical advocate only partially takes into account. These are stupidity, apathy, ignorance, greed, indolence, and the Easy Way. There are doubtless others, because in humanity as in physics no one can estimate all the forces, but these are the most readily recognized; and the last two perhaps are the most important, because the great mass of mankind are certainly born with an incurable indolence of mind or body, which keeps them rooted in the old grooves and destroys every germ of ambition at its first appearance.

The latest failure of the Well-intentioned, so far as we have yet found out, is the Education Act, for which the London rate has now mounted to ninepence in the pound. It is a failure, like the emancipation of the slaves; because, though it has done some things well, it has wholly failed to achieve the great results confidently predicted for it by its advocates in the year '68. What is more, we now understand that it never can achieve those results.

It was going, we were told, to give all English children a sound and thorough elementary education. It was, further, going to inspire those children with the ardour for knowledge, so that, on leaving school, they would carry on their studies and continually

advance in learning. It was going to take away the national reproach of ignorance, and to make us the best educated country in the world.

As for what it has done and is doing, the children are taught to read, write, cypher, and spell (this accomplishment being wholly useless to them and its mastery a sheer waste of time). They are also taught a little singing, and a few other things; and in general terms the Board Schools do, I suppose, impart as good an education to the children as the time at their disposal will allow. They command the services of a great body of well-trained, disciplined, and zealous teachers, against whose intelligence and conscientious work nothing can be alleged. And yet, with the very best intentions of Board and teachers, the practical result has been, as is now maintained, that but a very small percentage of all the children who go through the schools are educated at all.

This is an extremely disagreeable discovery. It is, however, as will presently be seen, a result which might have been expected. Those who looked for so splendid an outcome of this magnificent educational machinery, this enormous expenditure, forgot to take into account two or three very important factors. They were, first, those we have already indicated, stupidity, apathy, and indolence; and next, the exigencies and conditions of labour. These shall be presently explained. Meantime, the discovery once made, and once plainly stated, seems to have been frankly acknowledged and recognized by all who are interested in educational questions: it has been made the subject of a great meeting at the Mansion House, which was addressed by men of every class: and it has, further, which is a very valuable and encouraging circumstance, been seriously taken up by the Trades Unions and the working men.

As for the situation, it is briefly as follows.

The children leave the Board Schools, for the most part, at the age of thirteen, when they have passed the standard which exempts them from further attendance; or if they are half-timers, they remain until they are fourteen. At this ripe age, when the education of the richer class is only just beginning, these children have to leave school and begin work. Whatever kind of work this may be, it is certain to involve a day's labour of ten hours. It might be thought—at one time it was fully expected—that the children would by this age have received such an impetus and imbibed so great a love for reading that they would of their own accord continue to read and study on the lines laid down, and eagerly make use of such facilities as might be provided for them. In the History of the Well-intentioned we shall find that we are always crediting the working classes with virtues which no other class can boast. In this case we credited

the children of working men with a clear insight into their own best interests, with resolution and patience, with industry; with the power of resisting temptation, and with the strength to forego present enjoyment. This is a good deal to expect of them. But apply the same situation to a boy of the middle-class. He is taken from school at sixteen and sent to a merchant's office or a shop. Here he works from nine till six, or perhaps later. How many of these lads, when their day's work is over—what proportion of the whole—make any attempt at all to carry on their education or to learn anything new? For instance, there are two things, the acquisition of which doubles the marketable value of a clerk: one is a knowledge of shorthand, and the other is the power of reading and writing a foreign language. This is a fact which all clerks very well understand. But not one in a hundred possesses the industry and resolution necessary to acquire this knowledge, and this, though he is taught from infancy to desire a good income, and knows that this additional power will go far to procure it. Again, these boys come from homes where there are some books at least, some journals, and some papers; and they hear at their offices and at home talk which should stimulate them to effort. Yet most of them lie where they are like logs. If such boys as these remain in indolence, what are we to expect of those who belong to the lower levels? For they have no books at home, no magazines, no journals; they hear no talk of learning or knowledge; if they wanted to read, what are they to read? and where are they to find books? Free libraries are few and far between: in all London, for instance, I can find but five or six. They are those at the Guildhall, Bethnal Green, Westminster, Camden Town, Notting Hill, and Knightsbridge. Put a red dot upon each of these sites on the map of London, and consider how very small can be the influence of these libraries over the whole of this great city. Boys and girls at thirteen have no inclination to read newspapers; there remains therefore nothing but the penny novelette for those who have any desire to read at all. There is, it is true, the evening school, but it is not often found to possess attractions for these children. Again, after their day's work and confinement in the hot rooms, they are tired; they want fresh air and exercise. To sum up: there are no existing inducements for the children to read and study: most of them are sluggish of intellect; outside the evening schools there are no facilities for them at all; they have no books; when evening comes they are tired; they do not understand their own interests; after a day's work they like an evening's rest; of the two paths open to every man at every juncture, one is for the most part hidden to children, and the other is always the easier.

Therefore they spend their evenings in the streets. They would sometimes, I daresay, prefer the gallery of the theatre or the music-hall, but these are not often within reach of their means. The street is always open to them. Here they find their companions of the workroom; here they feel the strong, swift current of life; here something is always happening; here there are always new pleasures; here they can talk and play, unrestrained, left wholly to themselves, taking for pattern those who are a little older than themselves. As for their favourite amusements and their pleasures, they grow yearly coarser; as for their conversation, it grows continually viler, until Zola himself would be ashamed to reproduce the talk of these young people. The love which these children have for the street is wonderful; no boulevard in the world, I am sure, is more loved by its frequenters than the Whitechapel Road, unless it be the High Street, Islington. Especially is this the case with the girls. There is a certain working girls' club with which I am acquainted whose members, when they leave the club at ten, go back every night to the streets and walk about till midnight; they would rather give up their club than the street. As for the moral aspect of this roaming about the streets, that may for a moment be neglected. Consider the situation from an educational point of view. How long, do you think, does it take to forget almost all that the boys and girls learned at school? "The garden," says one who knows, "which by daily culture has been brought into such an admirable and promising condition is given over to utter neglect; the money, the time, the labour bestowed upon it are lost." In the first two years after leaving school it is said that they have forgotten everything. There is, however, it is objected, the use and exercise of the intellectual faculty. Can that, once taught, ever be forgotten? By way of reply, consider this case. The other day twenty young mechanics were persuaded to join a South Kensington class. Of the whole twenty one only struggled through the course and passed his examination; the rest dropped off, one after the other, in sheer despair, because they had lost not only the little knowledge they had once acquired, but even the methods of application and study which they had formerly been able to exercise. There are exceptions, of course; it is computed, in fact, that there are four per cent. of Board School boys and girls who carry on their studies in the evening schools, but this proportion is said to be decreasing. After thirteen, no school, no books, no reading or writing, nothing to keep up the old knowledge, no kind of conversation that stimulates; no examples of perseverance; in a great many cases no church, chapel, or Sunday-school; the street for playground, exercise, observation and talk; what kind of young men and maidens are we to expect that these boys and girls will become? If this were the exact, plain, and naked truth we were in a parlous state indeed.

Fortunately, however, there are in every parish mitigations, introduced principally by those who come from the city of Samaria, or it would be bad indeed for the next generation. There are a few girls' clubs; the church, the chapel, and the Sunday-school get hold of many children; visiting and kindly ladies look after others. There are working boys' institutes here and there; but these things taken together are almost powerless with the great mass which remains unaffected. The evil for the most part lies hidden; yet one sometimes lights upon a case which shows that the results of our own neglect of the children may be such as cannot be placed on paper for general reading. For instance, on last August Bank Holiday I was on Hampstead Heath. The East Heath was crowded with a noisy, turbulent, good-tempered mob, enjoying, as a London crowd always does, the mere presence of a multitude; there was a little rough horse-play and the exchange of favourite witticisms, and there was some preaching and a great singing of irreverent parodies; there was little drunkenness and little bad behaviour except for half a dozen troops or companies of girls. They were quite young, none of them apparently over fifteen or sixteen. They were running about together, not courting the company of the boys, but contented with their own society, and loudly talking and shouting as they ran among the swings and merry-go-rounds and other attractions of the fair. I may safely aver that language more vile and depraved, revealing knowledge and thoughts more vile and depraved, I have never heard from any grown men or women in the worst part of the town. At mere profanity of course these girls would be easily defeated by men, but not in absolute vileness. The quiet working men among whom they ran looked on in amazement and disgust; they had never heard anything in all their lives to equal the abomination of these girls' language. Now they were girls who had all, I suppose, passed the third or fourth standard; at thirteen they had gone into the workshop and the street; of all the various contrivances to influence the young not one had as yet caught hold of them; the kerbstone and the pavements of the street were their schools; as for their conversation, it had in this short time developed to a vileness so amazing. What refining influence, what trace of good manners, what desire for better things, what self-restraint, respect, or government, was left in the minds of these girls as a part of their education? As one of the by-standers, himself of the working class, said to me, "God help their husbands!" Yes; poverty has many stings; but there can be none sharper than the necessity of marrying one of these poor neglected creatures.

We do not, therefore, only leave the children without education; we also leave them, at the most important age, I suppose, of any—namely, the age of early adolescence—without guidance or

supervision. How should we like our own girls left free to run about the streets at thirteen years of age? Between the ages of thirteen and eighteen—how can we ever forget this time?—there falls upon boy and girl alike a strange and subtle change; it is a time when the brain is full of strange new imaginings, when the thoughts go vaguely forth to unknown splendours; when the continuity of self is broken, and the lad of to-day is different from him of yesterday; when the energies, physical and intellectual, wake into new life and impel the youth in new directions. Every one has been young, but somehow we forget that sweet spring season. Let us try to remember, in the interests of the uncared-for youths and girls, the time of glorious dreaming, when the boy became a man and stood upon some peak in Darien to gaze upon the purple isles of life in the great ocean beyond, peopled by men who were as heroes and by women who were as goddesses. Our own dreaming was glorified, to be sure, with memories of things we had read; yet, as we dreamed, so, but without the colour lent to our visions, these sallow-faced lads with the long and ugly coats and the round-topped hats are dreaming now. For want of our help their dreams become nightmares, and in their brains are born devils of every evil passion. And, for the girls, although not all can become so bad as those foul-mouthed young Bacchantes and raging Mænads of Hampstead Heath, it would seem as if nothing could be left to them after the education of the gutter—nothing at all—of the things which we associate with holy and gracious womanhood.

Truly, from the moral as well as the educational point of view, here is a great evil disclosed. There is, however, another aspect of the question which must not be forgotten. If we are to hold our place at the head of the industrial countries of the world, our workmen must have technical education. But this can only be received by those who possess already a certain amount of knowledge, and that a good deal beyond the grasp of a child of thirteen years. How then can it be made to reach those who have lost the whole of what once they knew?

These facts are, I believe, beyond any dispute or doubt. They have only to be stated in order to be appreciated. They affect not London only, but every great town. The working men themselves have recognized the gravity of the situation and are anxious to provide some remedy. At Nottingham an address, signed on behalf of the School Board and the Nottingham Trades Council, has been addressed to the employers of labour, entreating them to assist in the establishment and maintenance of remedial measures. At the meeting of the Trades Unions' representatives, held in London last year, two resolutions on the subject were passed. And the School Boards of London, Glasgow, and Nottingham are all willing to lend their

schools for evening use. For there is but one thing possible or practical—the evening school. In Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, children are by law compelled to attend “Continuation” schools until the age of sixteen. In some places the zeal of the people for education outstrips even the Government regulations. At the town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, for example, with a population of 92,000 inhabitants, the Workmen’s Union have started a Continuation school with a far more comprehensive system of subjects and classes than that provided by legislation; it is attended by over 2,000 scholars, a very large proportion of the inhabitants between thirteen and eighteen years of age. There is nothing possible but the evening school. The children *must* be sent to work at thirteen or fourteen; they *must* work all day; it is only in the evening school that this education can be carried on, and that they can be rescued from the contaminations and dangers of the streets. But two difficulties present themselves. There is no law by which the children can be compelled to attend the evening school. How then can they be made to come in? And if the rate is now ninepence, what will it be when to the burden of the elementary school is added that of the Continuation school?

A scheme has been proposed, which has so far met with favour, that a committee, including persons of every class, has been formed to promote it. Briefly, it is as follows.

The Continuation school is to be established in this country. The difficulties of the situation will be met, not by compelling the children to attend, but by persuading and attracting them. Much is hoped from parents’ influence now that working men understand the situation; much may be hoped from the children themselves in being interested and by others’ example. The Continuation school will have two branches—the Recreative and the Instructive. And since after a hard day’s work the children must have amusement, play will be found for them in the shape of “Rhythmic Drill,” which is defined as “pleasant orderly movement accompanied by music;” and the instruction is promised to be conveyed in a more attractive and pleasing manner than that of the elementary schools. The latter announcement is at first discouraging, because effective teaching must require intellectual exercise and application, which may not always prove attractive. As regards the former, it seems as if the projectors were really going at last to recognize dancing as one of the most delightful, healthful, and innocent amusements possible. I am quite sure that if we can only make up our minds to give the young people plenty of dancing, they will gratefully, in exchange, attend any number of science classes. Next, there will be singing—a great deal of singing; of course in parts, which will still further lead to that orderly association of young men and maidens

which is so desirable a thing and so wholesome for the human soul. There will also be classes in drawing and design—the very commencement of technical instruction and the necessary foundation of skilled handicraft. There will be, for boys, classes in some elementary science bearing on their trade; for girls there will be lessons in domestic economy and elementary cooking; and for both boys and girls there will be classes in those minor arts which are just now coming to the front, such as modelling, wood-carving, repoussé work, and so forth. In fact, if the children can only be persuaded to come in, or can be haled in, from the streets there is no end at all to the things which may be taught them.

As regards the management of these schools, it seems as if we could hardly do better than follow the example of Nottingham. Here they have already five evening schools, and seven working men are appointed managers for each school. The work is thus made essentially democratic. These managers have begun by calling upon clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, employers of labour, leaders of Trades Unions, and, one supposes, *pères de famille* generally, to use their influence in making children attend these schools. The management of such schools by the people is a feature of the greatest interest and importance. As regards the girls' schools, it is suggested that "lady" managers should be appointed for each school. Alas! It is not yet thought possible or desirable that working women should be appointed. Then follows the question of expense. It cannot be supposed that the ratepayer is going to look on with indifference to so great an additional burden as this stupendous work threatens to lay upon him. But let him rest easy. It is not proposed to add one penny to the rates. The schools are to cost nothing—a fact which will add greatly to their popularity and assist their establishment. It is proposed to pay the necessary expenses of Board School teachers' work—there will be nothing to pay for the use of the buildings—by the Government grant for drawing and for one other specific class subject. Next, a small additional grant will be asked for singing, and one for modelling, carving or design: the standards must be divided in the evening schools, and there must be necessarily a more elastic method of examination adopted for the evening than for the day schools, one which will be more observant of intelligence than careful of memory concerning facts. Still when all the aid that can be expected is got from the Government grants, the schools will not be self-supporting. Here, then, comes in the really novel part of the project. *The rest must be supplied by voluntary work.* The trained staff of the School Board teachers will instruct the classes in those subjects required or sanctioned by the Department for which grants are made; but for all other subjects—the recreative, the technical, the scientific, the

minor arts, the history, the dancing, and the rest—the schools will depend wholly upon volunteer teachers.

We must not disguise the audacity of the scheme. There are, I believe, in London alone 120 schools, for which 2,400 volunteers will be required.* They must not be mere amateurs or kindly benevolent people, who will lightly or in a fit of enthusiasm undertake the work, and after a month or so throw it over in weariness of the drudgery: they must be honest workers, who will give thought and take trouble over the work they take in hand, who will keep to their time, stick to their engagement, study the art of teaching, and be amenable to order and discipline. Are there so many as 2,400 such teachers to be found in London, without counting the many thousands wanted for the rest of the country? It seems a good-sized army of volunteers to raise.

Let us, however, consider. First, there is the hopeful fact that the Sunday-School Union numbers 12,000 teachers—all voluntary and unpaid—in London alone. There is next, another hopeful fact in the rapid development of the Home Arts Association which has existed for no more than a year or two. The teaching is wholly voluntary, and volunteers are crowding in faster than the slender means of the Society can provide schools for them to teach in and the machinery, materials and tools to teach with. Even with these facts before us, the projector and dreamer of the scheme may appear a bold man when he asks for 2,400 men and women to help him, not in a religious, but a purely secular scheme. Yet it may not appear to many people purely secular when they remember that he asks for this large army of unselfish men and women—so unselfish as to give some of their time, thought, and activity for nothing, not even praise, but only out of love for the children—from a population of four millions, all of whom have been taught, and most believe, that self-sacrifice is the most divine thing that man can offer. To suppose that one in every two thousand is willing to the extent of an hour or two every week to follow at a distance the example of his acknowledged Master, does not after all seem so very extravagant. For my own part, I believe that for every post there will be a dozen volunteers. Is that extravagant? It means no more than a poor one per cent. of such distant followers.

Those who go at all among the poor, and try to find out for themselves something of what goes on beneath the surface, presently become aware of a most remarkable movement, whispers of which from time to time reach the upper strata. All over London—no doubt over other great towns as well, but I know no other great town—there are at this day living, for the most part in obscurity, unpaid, and in some cases alone, men and women of the gentle class, among the poor, working for them, thinking for them, and even, in

some cases, thinking with them. One such case I know where a gentlewoman has spent the greater part of her life among the industrial poor of the East-end, so that she has come to think as they think, to look on things from their point of view, though not to talk as they talk. Some of these men are vicars, curates, Nonconformist ministers, Roman Catholic clergymen; some of the women are Roman Catholic sisters and nuns; others are sham nuns, Anglicans, who seem to find that an ugly dress keeps them more steadily to their work; others are deaconesses or Bible-women. Some, again, and it is to these that one turns with the greatest hope—they may or may not be actuated by religious motives—who are bound by no vows, nor tied to any Church. When, twenty years ago, Edward Denison went to live in Philpot Lane, he was quite alone in his voluntary work. He had no companion to try that experiment with him. Now, he would be one of many. At Toynbee Hall are gathered together a company of young and generous hearts, who spend and are spent daily, and give their best without grudge or stint. There are rich men who have retired from the haunts of the wealthy, and voluntarily chosen to place their homes among the poor. There are men who work all day at business, and in the evening devote themselves to the care of working boys: there are women, under no vows, who read in hospitals, preside at cheap dinners, take care of girls' clubs, collect rents, and in a thousand ways bring light and kindness into dark places. The clergy of the Established Church, who may be regarded as almoners and missionaries of civilization rather than of religion, seeing how few of the poor attend their services, can generally command voluntary help when they ask for it. Voluntary work in generous enterprise is no longer, happily, so rare that men regard it with surprise: yet it belongs essentially to this century, and almost to this generation. Since the Reformation, the work of English charity presents three distinct aspects. First came the foundation of almshouses and the endowment of doles. Nothing, surely, can be more delightful than to found an almshouse, and to consider that for generations to come there will be a haven of rest provided for so many old people past their work. The soul of King James's confectioner—good Balthazar Sanchez—must, we feel sure, still contemplate his cottages at Tottenham with complacency; one hopes his Majesty was not overcharged in the matter of pasties and comfits, in order to find the endowment for those cottages. Even the dole of a few loaves every Sunday to as many aged poor has its attraction, though necessarily falling far short of the solid satisfaction to be derived from the foundation of an almshouse. But the period of almshouses passed away, and that of Societies succeeded. For a hundred years the well-to-do of this country have been greatly liberal for every kind of philanthropic effort. But they have conducted their charity as they have conducted their

business, by drawing cheques. The clergy, the secretaries, and the committees have done the active work, administering the funds subscribed by the rich man's cheques. The system of cheque-charity has its merits as well as its defects, because the help given does generally reach the people for whom it was intended. Compared, however, with the real thing, which is essentially personal, it may be likened unto the good old method—which gave the rich man so glorious an advantage—of getting into heaven by paying for masses. Its principal defect is that it keeps apart the rich and poor, creates and widens the breach between classes, causing those who have the money to consider that it is theirs by divine right, and those who have it not to forget that the origin of wealth is thrift and patience and energy, and that the way to wealth is always open for all who dare to enter and to practise these virtues.

It has been reserved for this century, almost for this generation, to discover that the highest form of charity is personal effort and self-sacrifice. It has also been reserved for this time to show that what was only possible in former times for those who were under vows, so that in old days the man or woman who was moved by the enthusiasm of humanity put on robe or veil and swore celibacy and obedience, can really be practised quite as well without religious vows, peculiar dress, articles of religion, papal allegiance, or anything of the kind. The doubter, the agnostic, the atheist, may as truly sacrifice himself and give up his life for humanity as the most saintly of the faithful. There was an enthusiast fifteen years ago who cheerfully endured prison and exile, poverty and persecution, for what seemed to him the one thing in the world desirable and necessary to mankind. I believe he was an atheist. Then came a time when, for a brief moment, the dream was realized. And immediately afterwards it crumbled to the dust. When all was lost, the poor old man arose, and bareheaded, his white hair flying behind him in the breeze—this martyr to humanity mounted a barricade, and stood there until the bullets brought him death. This is the enthusiasm which may be intensified, disciplined, and ennobled by religion, but it is independent of religion: it is a personal quality, like the power of feeling music or writing poetry. When it is encouraged and developed, it produces men and women who can only find their true happiness in renouncing all personal ambitions, and giving up all hopes of distinction. They have hitherto sought the opportunity of satisfying this instinctive yearning in the Church and in the convent. They have now found a readier if not a happier way, with more liberty of action and fewer chains of rule and custom outside the Church, as lay-helpers. It seems to me, perhaps because I am old enough to have fallen under the influence of Maurice's teaching, that a large part of this voluntary spirit is due to the writings of

that great teacher and his followers. Certainly the College for Working Men and Women was founded by men of his school, and has grown and now flourishes exceedingly, and is a monument of voluntary effort sustained, passing from hand to hand, continually growing, and always bringing together more and more closely those who teach and those who are taught. Cheque-charity may harden the heart of him who gives, and pauperize him who takes. That charity which is personal can neither harden nor pauperize.

Considering these things, therefore, the impulse to personal effort which has fallen upon us, the greatness of the work that is to be done, the simplicity of the means to be employed, and the co-operation of the better kind of working men themselves, I cannot but think that the promoters of this scheme have only to hold up their hands in order to collect as many voluntary teachers as they wish to have.

There is a selfish side to this scheme which ought not to be entirely overlooked. It is this. The wealth of Great Britain is not, as some seem to suppose, a gold-mine into which we can dig at pleasure; nor is it a mine of coal or iron into which we can dig as the demand arises. Our wealth is nothing but the prosperity of the country, and this depends wholly on the industry, the patience, and the skill of the working man; everything we possess is locked up, somehow or other, in industrial enterprise, or depends upon the success of industrial enterprise; our railways, our ships, our shares of every kind, even the interest of our National Debt, depend upon the maintenance of our trade. The dividends even of Gas and Water Companies depend upon the successful carrying on of trade and manufactures. We may readily conceive of a time when—our manufactures ruined by superior foreign intelligence and skill, our railways earning no profit, our carrying trade lost, our agriculture destroyed by foreign imports, our farms without farmers, our houses without tenants—the boasted wealth of England will have vanished like a splendid dream of the morning, and the children of the rich will have become even as the children of the poor: all this may be within measurable distance, and may very well happen before the death of men who are now no more than middle-aged. Considering this, as well as the other points in favour of the scheme before us, it may be owned that it is best to look after the boys and girls while it is yet time.

WALTER BESANT.

THE RELATIONS OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.*

THE subject of which I have to treat—a subject so large that I shall not be expected to do more than touch on a few of its salient features—is the relation which ought to exist between the study and the teaching of history and the study of geography. What are the points in which chiefly these two subjects touch one another. What is the kind of geographical knowledge which the teacher of history ought to possess in order to make his historical teaching as exact and complete, as philosophical and suggestive, as possible. I will attempt to indicate some of the points where geography and history touch one another, and to show from what sort of treatment of geography it is that light may be thrown on the progress and life of nations and of States.

Geography is as a meeting-point between the sciences of Nature and the sciences of man. I do not say it is the only meeting-point, for there are others; but it is one of the most conspicuous and important, for geography has to look upon man as being a natural growth—that is to say, a part of Nature, a part of the physical world—who is conditioned in his development and progress by the forces which Nature brings to bear upon him. In other words, he is in history the creature of his environment, not altogether its creature, but working out also those inner forces which he possesses as a rational and moral being; but on one side, at all events, he is largely determined and influenced by the environment of Nature. Now, this environment is not everywhere in Nature the same. There are certain elements of environment which belong to the whole world, and affect all its inhabitants,

* An address delivered to the Royal Geographical Society on January 19, 1886, in the rooms of their Geographical Exhibition.

but there are others in which different countries and different parts of a country differ; and it is in discovering the varying effects produced on the growth of man as a social and political, a wealth-acquiring and State-forming creature, by the geographical surroundings in which he is placed, that we find the meeting-point of geography and history. If we were studying zoology and investigating the history and peculiarities of any species of animal, we could not do so apart from a knowledge of the country which it inhabits and the kind of life which the character of that country compels it to lead. In the same way, if we look at man as a part of animate Nature, we must have the same regard to the forces Nature brings to bear upon him, and the opportunities Nature holds out to him. Of course, in the case of man, the problem is far more complex and interesting than in the case of any other creature, because man is a more varied and intricate being, with his activities more multi-form, and because these activities have been continually expanding themselves and establishing fresh relations between himself and the rest of the world. Therefore the study of man in Nature is far more vast and difficult than the study of other types of life. Yet even man, although he may lift himself above his environment, cannot altogether escape from its power. He must obey it, suiting himself to the conditions and to the influences in and through which the environment plays upon him.

We may divide these influences of the Environment under three heads or groups. The first will include those due to the configuration of the earth's surface; that is to say, to the distribution of land and sea, the arrangement of mountain chains, table-lands and valleys, the existence of rivers and the basins which they drain. These features of the configuration of the earth's surface act upon man in a great variety of ways. I will endeavour presently to illustrate some of them, but for the moment it may be enough to say that in early times it is they which determine the directions in which races move,* the spots in which civilization first develops itself, the barriers which separate races and States from one another. Upon them depend, in more advanced periods, the frequency and ease with which communication takes place between two races or political communities. The configurations of land and sea are, of course, the dominant factors in fixing the lines which commerce takes. Even if we come down to such a minor point as the character which the structure of the land gives to the coast, we remark that it depends on this structure whether there are many ports and harbours or not. In

* Sir J. D. Hooker made *à propos* of this the interesting remark that some of the lowest and apparently oldest of the races of man are found at the extremities of the continents, to which they would seem to have been pressed down by more vigorous tribes. Thus the Bushmen are at the southern end of Africa, the Fuegians of South America, the Tasmanians of the Asiatic-Australian group of lands, the Veddahs of Ceylon at the southern extremity of Asia.

Norway, for instance, one perceives that a mountainous land, raised at a very remote geological epoch, has caused the coast to assume its present highly indented form, and has fringed it with a line of sheltering islands. Hence an abundance of safe ports and inlets giving opportunities for the growth of a seafaring people, who at one time became famous for piracy, at another wealthy by their mercantile marine. Compare such conditions with those of countries where the want of harbours makes it difficult for the people to turn to account the advantages which the sea offers them.

A second class of Environment influences would be those belonging to meteorology and climate, meaning thereby the conditions of heat and cold under which a race of men develops itself, with the amount of rain and frequency of drought. Such influences tell upon the strength and stature, as well as upon the health, of a race. There are also the winds, whose importance is not confined to commerce, but powerfully affects climate also. Heat and cold make all the difference to the kind of life which primitive man leads. Rain and drought are prime factors as regards the fertility of a country, its products and the habits of life of the people who dwell in it; for instance, a race will become settled and agricultural in a well-watered country, while remaining nomads in one subject to extreme droughts; and all the influences that bear on the healthiness of the people of a particular country have an immense deal to do with the degree of civilization which the population attains, and the capacity of the territory to become the home of immigrants from other regions. I may, perhaps, tell you of a remark I once heard on the subject from the most illustrious patriarch of modern science. The last time I saw Mr. Darwin, shortly before his death, but when he was apparently in good health, the conversation happened to turn on the parts of the earth which still remain available for occupation by civilized man; and it was remarked that as North America was now nearly filled up, it was not to be expected that there would be in any other region an equally great development of civilized nations, since such comparatively thinly peopled regions as exist in Central Africa and South America suffer from the prevalence of malarial fever and other maladies incident to hot and moist climates. Mr. Darwin observed that this might depend on the progress of medical science, that it was quite possible discoveries might be made in medical science which would render tropical countries less dangerous to the white races, referring to the researches of M. Pasteur, and the probability that that line of medical research might be worked out much further by discovering methods of inoculation which would preserve the human body against the attacks of intermittent fevers. Any one can see how important a factor, in the future of the human race, is the

circumstance that nearly all the regions which can be inhabited by civilized European man, with our present knowledge of medicine, are fast being occupied, and that some further discovery in medical science or change in modes of life will be necessary if the Equatorial regions are to become available for European immigration.

We may, I think, put into the third class of influences of Environment the products which a country offers to human industry. There are its mineral products, which become valuable by mining, or digging for sulphur and gypsum, or quarrying building-stone. It is worth observing that you may classify countries and parts of countries according as they are stone-building or brick-building regions, and you will be surprised to find the difference in architecture between the two. If you travel across Italy from east to west, for instance, you constantly get out of brick and into stone regions as you enter the mountains, and you find the character of the cities alters immediately. In civilized States, the products of a country obtain their chief importance as determining the extent and nature of its commerce. But in primitive times they affect the type of the race itself through the primary necessities of life, such as food, clothing, fuel. A race, however naturally vigorous, which finds itself in a country where the severity of the climate or sterility of the soil limits production, will find its progress in the arts and refinements of life fatally restricted. This has happened in Iceland, where the race is of admirable quality, but the country produces nothing save a few sheep and horses, and some sulphur; it has not even fuel, except such driftwood as is cast on the shores. And if you take such a part of the world as Central or Northern Asia, you will see that the highest European races would, if placed there, find it almost impossible to develop a high type of civilization for want as well of fuel as of the sources of commercial wealth. The same considerations apply to the animals the country produces. The animals affect man in his early state in respect to the enemies he has to face, in respect to his power of living by the chase, in respect to the clothing which their furs and skins offer to him, and in respect to the use he is enabled to make of them as beasts of burden or for food. Therefore, zoology comes to form a very important part of the environment out of which historical man springs.

The consideration of these various kinds of influence will suggest a number of heads or branches of geography which may be worked out, each of which may be found to have an important bearing on history. I will suggest a few.

There is ethnological geography, which will be concerned with the races of men, their distribution and mutual relations to one another. There is sanitary geography, in which we shall examine the extent to which different parts of the earth's surface are fit for the

maintenance of man with a prospect of long and vigorous life, what kinds of diseases dangerous to man each region gives rise to, what influence these health conditions will exert on the capability of the region to receive or permit the increase of a race accustomed to a different climate. Then there is commercial geography, which is concerned with the interchange of products. There is linguistic geography, showing the distribution of languages and examining the causes which diffuse some tongues and extinguish others. The constant diminution in the number of languages spoken in the world is among the most striking facts of history, and proceeds faster now than in earlier times. There is political geography, which shows what are the relations of the artificial boundaries of States to the natural boundaries which Nature has tried to draw, and which have become of later years more important by the consolidation of small States into large ones. It is a subject with several subdivisions, such as military geography, legal geography, the geography of religions. Military geography will show how mountain chains and passes and the courses of rivers determine the lines followed by national immigrations, by invasions, and by the march of armies, and will indicate particular parts of the world, such as the plains of Lombardy, Belgium, the north-east of France, or, to take a familiar instance from our own island, that part of Scotland on the middle course of the river Forth, as the places where we must look for the theatre of military history. With regard to the military study of the geography of the Alps, I do not know any more interesting work for a member of the Geographical Society or of the Alpine Club to devote himself to than a history of the Alps, showing what during the Dark and Middle Ages were the means of transit across this great mountain barrier, and the routes followed by the armies which so frequently marched from Germany or France into Italy.

There is also legal geography, which is concerned with the relations which law bears to geography in respect to the special provisions that have been made regarding those particular parts of the world where different States are concerned in securing free transit through arms of the sea. Legal geography has had a great deal to do with regulating the navigation of the Sound between Denmark and Sweden, and of the Great and Little Belts, as also with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as being sea channels in which several States are interested, and which therefore cannot be surrendered to the absolute control of one State. And I need not say that in respect of that half-artificial, half-natural passage, the Suez Canal, one finds geography intimately connected with a subject apparently so remote from it as law. Then there is Commercial Geography. The science of commerce depends so directly upon the configuration of the earth

and the productive aptitudes of its countries, and in its turn affects so potently the course of economic and political history, that I shall be content with one illustration—that drawn from the Suez Canal, which has just been referred to in its legal aspect. The line of the Red Sea, and the passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, through Egyptian territory, was a very important trade route in ancient times, and it was with a view to the trade coming from the East that Alexander the Great did one of the most considerable acts of his life when he founded Alexandria. That continued to be an important route during the later Roman Empire and through the Dark Ages, so far as those troublous times permitted, and the products of India and Equatorial Africa came up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus, and were shipped at Alexandria to the Western world. There was also an important trade route through Central Asia, which coming down through Persia and Mesopotamia to the Levant, reached the sea in Northern Syria, and another through Northern Persia and Armenia to the easternmost ports of the Black Sea. These trade routes assumed enormous importance in the earlier Middle Ages, and upon them great political issues turned. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and the other commercial cities of Italy, depended on this Eastern trade. The Genoese had for a time a monopoly of that in the Black Sea, and founded settlements and built forts of which the ruins may still be seen on the north coast of Asia Minor. So things went on till the Portuguese discoveries of the fifteenth century. After the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope these trade routes into the Mediterranean fell into disuse. Thus withered the commercial greatness of Venice. She ceased to be a great trading power, and had to live on her Italian territories and such fragments of dominion as she was able to pick up out of the wreck of the Eastern Roman Empire. Venice was in most intimate relations with the other States of Italy—with Germany, with the Pope, and with France—and all these political relations were affected by the discovery of the route round the Cape. In the course of the last century the sea traffic with the East, which had been divided between Portugal, England, and Holland, for the share of Spain had become small, passed chiefly into the hands of English merchants. England has become the great maritime power, for the purposes of commerce as well as of war, and it is her commercial interests that led her to acquire dominions on the Asiatic continent, and made her at last the imperial power of the East. Then comes M. Ferdinand De Lesseps. When the Suez Canal is opened the trade route round the Cape suddenly stops, as the passenger route had ceased some time previously, and trade again begins to flow through the Red Sea and by the new canal into the Mediterranean, and the pro-

ducts which come round the Cape now come to Southern Europe direct, and the Russians get their tea straight from Canton or Shanghai by steamers which run from those ports to Odessa, and Southern France gets her cotton and silk through the Suez Canal to Marseilles; whereas formerly the great bulk of Eastern imports were shipped to England and the other parts of North-Western Europe, and were thence distributed over the Continent. Thus the result of the making of the Suez Canal is that we are no longer the great centre of European distribution. We are still a financial centre, where the financial part of the business is mainly transacted; but we are no longer a country which receives and distributes the products, as we were before the Suez Canal was opened. This change is obviously fraught with results which may be of great importance in the future. We know what a large part the Suez Canal has played in the politics of Europe during the last ten or fifteen years, and herein we see how much may be due to one single change in the relations of land and sea.

So, also, it would be easy to show how the opening of the Panama Canal (if it ever is opened, and its prospects are for the moment not encouraging) will affect trade, and through trade, political history. It would powerfully tell upon the commerce of Europe with Australasia, a great part of which would be diverted from the Suez to the Panama route. A great development would be given to Oregon, British Columbia, and the western coast of South America. The Californians would be able to defy that great trans-continental railroad company which now controls them in so many ways. Chili, Peru, and Ecuador would be brought within the closer touch of the great European Powers and of the United States. In fact, the history of all the countries bordering on the Pacific would be absolutely changed if this cut were made between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific.

Perhaps no two illustrations could be more to the point than these of the two inter-oceanic canals. But a simple method of endeavouring to apply such general considerations as have been put forward is to run through some of the leading countries of the world, and show how we can bring the light of geography to bear on their political, social, and economical history. Such illustrations will explain how the possession of geographical knowledge and a full grasp of the geographical conditions under which nations and States grow up will enable a person studying their history to comprehend it more adequately and realize it more vividly.

Let us begin with the largest of the continents and the one where the curtain first rises on civilized man. What light on the historical growth and progress of Asia will be thrown by a knowledge of her natural conditions? We perceive that the whole centre of Asia is a

mass of high land, of dry land, and of land not pierced by any inlet from the sea. This is the dominant fact of Asiatic geography. Consequently, we shall not expect to find in this central area wealth, or the commerce which grows out of wealth, or any large population, because the conditions for the growth of wealth and population do not exist in a lofty and arid table-land. We shall rather be led to look for such growth of population in the river valleys which fall in different directions from the great central plateau of Asia; but we shall find it in the east and south, not in the north, because the rigorous climate of the north will not permit the production of wealth, by agriculture, or of the existence of a large population. The north of Asia is cold, not only in respect to its latitude, which is, after all, a secondary condition in these matters, but because it is cut off by the great intervening mass of high land from the kindly influences of the south and exposed to blasts from the Frozen Ocean. We shall find, therefore, that the inhabitants of the centre of Asia will not be in very close commercial or political relation with the north, because the north is poor and thinly peopled; nor in active relation with the west, because the west is mainly desert down to the Sea of Aral and the Caspian. Neither will there be a great deal of intercourse with the south, because Tibet and Eastern Turkestan are cut off by the great snowy barrier of the Himalaya from the plains of India. This barrier is indeed pierced by passes, but owing to the very heavy rainfall on its southern face, forms a belt of country which the masses of snow and glacier above, the deep and densely wooded valleys below, make more difficult to traverse than are the dreary plateaux of Tibet.

These things being so, the historical relations of Central Asia must obviously be rather with the east than with the west, but more with both east and west than with the north and the south. Such has been the case. Central Asia has come comparatively little into the history of the world. When she has done so by sending out swarms of invaders, as in the days of Attila, or again in those of Zinghis Khan and Timour, these invading tribes have seldom maintained their connection with the centre. Sometimes they have shrunk back, their empires being broken up after one or two generations. Sometimes they have become absorbed in the population of the conquered country, and lost their hold on their old home. This has been the case with the Ottoman Turks, who are to a comparatively small extent of pure Tatar or Turcoman blood. A Central Asiatic race may form an empire—a vast one like that of Zinghis, or a smaller one like that of the Ephthalites; but such an empire either swiftly dissolves, owing to its wanting a nucleus of settled and civilized population, or else the race which creates it becomes practically merged in the inhabitants of the conquered districts. It is thus that the Turkish

Empire lives on now after two centuries of steady decay. The Mogul Empire in India lasted to our own day, for it was not absolutely put an end to till the Queen of Great Britain assumed the direct sovereignty of British territories in that country after the Mutiny of 1857, although it had practically 'ceased' to exist a good while before. Here you have the fact that wherever the Central Asiatic races come down to the west or south, they get severed from the original stock. Whether they found empires or are absorbed and so disappear, in neither case is the connection a lasting one. But in the east they have more than once conquered China, and their connection with China is maintained because there is no such marked barrier between the great central plateau of Asia and the valleys of China, as is constituted by the deserts of the west, or the mountains in the south. To this day China rules as far west as the Thian Shan, her own present dynasty being sprung from the sons of the desert. The tie between Central Asia and China has thus been maintained, whereas that between Central Asia and the rich southern and south-western countries of Asia was soon broken.

One may apply what has been said about Asia to Asia Minor. The inner part is a high, dry, bare plateau, not so inhospitable as the great central plateau of Asia, but presenting, in miniature, similar features; and you will find here, also, that civilization has sprung up round the coast, but has attained less high development in the interior, that the influence and importance of the interior has therefore been comparatively slight, and that some of its mountainous regions have been but little affected by the great changes which passed upon Asia Minor as a whole. It was the nature of his territories that enabled Mithridates to give so much trouble to the Romans. Later on, we observe that the Isaurians were but little affected by the Roman Empire down to the seventh or eighth century; as similarly the people of the hill country of Cilicia remained scarcely touched by the tides of invasion and conquest which swept past them. Thus a body of Armenian Christians has in its mountain fastnesses north of the Gulf of Scanderoon maintained a freedom almost amounting to legal independence from the fourteenth century down to our own days. This was due to the fact that there was little in these countries to attract invaders, and that they were difficult of access owing to the mountain structure.

I pass to Greece. You all know how much the circumstance that the territory of Greece is cut up by the sea and mountains into small plains and valleys, into peninsulas and islands, has had to do with all the salient features of Greek history. Some minor points deserve notice. I mention one as an example of the new light to be got by actually seeing a thing, because I do not recollect it as referred to in any book, and yet it is the very first

thing that impresses itself on you when you travel in Greece. From most parts of Greece you can see Mount Parnassus. I suppose no one ever realizes how small Greece and Palestine are unless he goes there. One is misled by the atlas, because in the same atlas we see Greece, Russia, France, and Palestine all as maps of the same size, each occupying a quarto or double-quarto page. It is hardly going too far to say you can see Parnassus from all the higher ground of eastern and central Greece. You can see it from all Bœotia, from the long valley of which it stands up as the church of St. Mary does when you look along the Strand. You can see it from many parts of Attica, from the Acropolis of Athens, for instance; you see it from Ægina, in the Saronic Gulf; you see it from most parts of Argolis; you see it from the northern coast of Achaia. Of course you do not see it in the middle of Arcadia or in Laconia; but when you go west to Ithaca to visit Ulysses in his home, you see Parnassus again stand up grand and grey on the eastern horizon. Think what an importance that fact has had. The central point of Greek history for many purposes is Delphi, and a great deal of Greek history centres round the god who has there his sanctuary. How much this visible presence of Apollo must have affected his worship, and all the associations which the Ionic race had with him. What a difference it must have made when you were actually able from your own home, or when you went to the top of your own Acropolis, or sailed to the neighbouring port, to see this Parnassus, to know that hard by the cleft beneath the two peaks there was this oracle and this sacred home of the lord of light and song. That gives you an idea of the extent to which Apollo and his dwelling-place came to be a living factor in Greek history, which is not possible before you know the fact that Parnassus is in sight from almost any part of Greece.

To the north-west of Greece we find the people of the Skipetar or Albanians. They are one of the earliest races in Europe. Their language and the language of the Basques are the only two still surviving European languages whose relations with other languages it has been found very difficult to determine, although I believe that philologists are now disposed to hold that Albanian belongs to the Indo-European (or, as it is now commonly but somewhat incorrectly called, Aryan) family of tongues. Northern Albania is a country of wild and savage mountains, exceedingly bold and precipitous, and forming a sort of knot at the head of the upper valleys of the Drin and Vaidar. When you sail across the Lake of Skodra (Scutari), and see this splendid mass of rocky mountains towering above the smooth lake bosom on the east, deep gorges below, and patches of snow on the summits even in midsummer, you begin to understand why the Albanians should have remained a distinct people, preserving their ancient tongue and their primi-

tive usages, many of them singularly like those recorded in Homer. It is a remarkable fact that to the south and south-east of the city of Skodra, for seventy or eighty miles, scarcely any remains of buildings, roads, or bridges have been found that point to Roman occupation; and yet this country was for many centuries an integral part of the Roman Empire. The conclusion is that the Romans did not trouble themselves to civilize it; they left the tribes to their own independence. That independence they have in substance retained ever since. Even in the less difficult regions of Southern Albania Ali Pasha ruled as a sovereign at Janina, and the tribes of the northern mountains are the most troublesome of all the nominal subjects of the Sultan in Europe, a standing menace to the peace of those countries.

Montenegro is an extremely curious instance of the way in which favourable geographical conditions may aid a small people to achieve a fame and a place in the world quite out of proportion to their numbers. The Black Mountain is the one place where a South Slavonic community maintained themselves in independence, sometimes seeing their territory overrun by the Turks, but never acknowledging Turkish authority *de jure* from the time of the Turkish Conquest of the fifteenth century down to the Treaty of Berlin. Montenegro could not have done that but for her geographical structure. She is a high mass of limestone: you cannot call it a plateau, because it is scamed by many valleys, and rises into many sharp mountain-peaks. Still, it is a mountain mass, the average height of which is rather more than 2,000 feet above the sea with summits reaching 5,000. It is bare limestone, so that there is hardly anything grown on it, only grass—and very good grass—in spots, with little patches of corn and potatoes, and it has scarcely any water. Its upland is covered with snow in winter, while in summer the invaders have to carry their water with them, a serious difficulty when there were no roads, and active mountaineers fired from behind every rock, a difficulty which becomes more serious the larger the invading force. Consequently it is one of the most impracticable regions imaginable for an invading army. It is owing to those circumstances that this handful of people—because the Montenegrins of the seventeenth century did not number more than 40,000 or 50,000—have maintained their independence. That they did maintain it is a fact most important in the history of the Balkan Peninsula, and may have great consequences yet to come.

The Illyric Archipelago suggests another illustration of the influence of geography on the life and character of a people. The coast of Illyria or Dalmatia is a mass of promontories and islands, all rocky, unfit for tillage, but usually well wooded, separated by narrow arms of the sea. It is just the sort of place where a fierce maritime people would spring up. It was *par excellence*

the pirate country of the ancient world; its rovers were the scourge of the Adriatic and Ionian seas until Rome, not without great trouble, suppressed them. For some centuries it supplied light and nimble galleys, and skilful sailors for the Roman fleets; and when in the disorders of the fifth and following centuries these fleets disappeared, the Illyrian pirates were again the terror of the Adriatic and the seas opening into it during the earlier Middle Ages. Now the Dalmatians feed the navy of Austria, and send out bold sailors over the world. In fact, you have very much the same conditions which made Norway the home of the pirates of the Atlantic. Just as the Norse and Danish Vikings undertook the whole of the piracy for the Western world between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, so in the same way the Illyrians did in the ancient world, a parallel which adds interest to the history of both those countries as well as to their geography as soon as it is made clear. It is easy for any one studying the geography of Norway, as of Illyria, to understand why the Norwegians should have been, in ages of disorder a piratical people, in ages of peace the owners of a great mercantile marine.

We pass to Italy. The dominant feature of the Italian Peninsula is the fact that the Apennines are nearer the east coast than the west; consequently civilization and empire begin and grow on the southern and western side of the Apennines rather than on the northern and eastern side, and you have the ruling powers of Italy, the Etruscans, the Samnites, and lastly the Romans, on the Arno and Tiber side of the Apennines. Hence also the history of Rome brings her into early relations with Carthage as the mistress of the western seas, whereas she had comparatively little intercourse with the States of continental Greece. • She comes into relation with Greek civilization, but it is through the Greek colonies in Southern Italy and Sicily. And when we come to the Middle Ages, we find that the first conspicuous development of wealth and the arts in Italy took place in the great Lombard plain, with its immense fertility, and in Tuscany. And here we come upon an ethnological influence, because the admixture of the northern races with the Italic population had been chiefly in Lombardy and in Northern and Central Italy, whereas Teutonic conquest and settlement had scarcely affected the countries of Southern Italy. Hence it is chiefly in the north and centre that we find the new republics springing up, filled with an active and industrious population, soon displaying a wonderful creative power in art and literature. Thus the brilliant and eventful annals of mediæval Italy are conditioned partly by the circumstances of soil and climate, which are more generally favourable in Lombardy and Tuscany than in Southern Italy, since in the plains of Apulia and Lucania the richness of the soil is balanced by its unhealthiness; partly by an ethnological influence, that of the

Teutonic invaders, who coming from the north settled in the northern parts of the peninsula, and reinvigorated its decaying population; partly by the hold which the East Roman Empire maintains on South Eastern Italy, because that region lies near the coast of Epirus, which still obeyed the Emperors.

France offers herself for a few remarks, which show the connection of her geographical structure with her history. The salient facts in French geography are the sharp lines of demarcation between France and Spain, created by the Pyrenees, and between France and Italy, created by the Alps. It has been found extremely difficult to maintain any political connection across these. Among the Romans there was a marked distinction between Cis-Alpine Gaul and Trans-Alpine Gaul, though the population of both sides was Gallic; and you find that when the French kings, at the end of the Middle Ages, endeavoured to keep a hold on Northern Italy, the existence of the Alps was a fatal obstacle. They could carry an army across the Alps, but they found the greatest possible difficulty in keeping a country in subjection divided by that great mountain barrier. The same remark applies to the Pyrenees. No opposition in Europe is sharper than that between the French and the Spaniards, and yet you are struck by the fact that along the Eastern Pyrenees the language is almost the same in Catalonia on the south, and in Foix and Roussillon on the north, while at the western end of the chain the Basque race and tongue occupy both slopes of the mountains. The antagonism of Frenchmen and Spaniards lies not so much in a difference of race as in the fact that history has impressed so deep and diverse a stamp of nationality on each people. The political history of the two countries has been so much severed by the existence of this mountain chain, that the Pyrenees always became a political boundary, even when territories belonging to Spain were added to France. Charles the Great, for instance, held the north-east corner of Spain, but it was soon lost. Some one said after a famous Franco-Spanish marriage, "The Pyrenees have ceased to exist." They soon reappeared, and Spain was again the enemy of France. The debatable ground in France is in the north-east. That is the region through which the immigrations come. It was the open gate whereby the Burgundian and Frankish tribes entered Gaul. So far as there is a natural boundary on this side, it is constituted, not as geographers used to allege, by the Rhine, but by the mountains, the principal part of which we know under the name of the Vosges, which are really the dividing line between the Latinized Celtic population on the one side, and the Germanic population on the other. It is also a remarkable fact that you have got no division of mountains or high land running across France from east to west; consequently, although ethnological or linguistic differences have at various times existed between Northern and Southern France, these

have tended to disappear. There have been many times in the history of France when, if there had been a chain of mountains from the mouth of the Loire, or the neighbourhood of La Rochelle, across to Lyons and Geneva, there might have befallen a permanent separation of France into northern and southern; but such a separation has never taken place. There was a time when the *langue d'oc* was more different from the *langue d'oïl* than from the speech of Northern Italy; and even now, in the lower valley of the Rhone, the passing traveller is struck by the difference between the dialects there and those of Northern France; but the fact that there is nothing that constitutes a natural boundary has prevented a sharp separation of north and south in France, and has made France what it is, an eminently unified country, in spite of the original diversity of its races.* On the other hand, the Burgundian kingdom, which was an important political factor at one time, found itself cut in two by the Jura Mountains. Its northern part included both Western Switzerland and Franche Comté; but these regions, because severed by the Jura, fell asunder, and while Eastern Burgundy became the western part of modern Switzerland, Western Burgundy dropped into the hands of the French kings, and is now as French as any other part of France.

The British Isles do not offer us quite as much opportunity for observing the influences of physical geography as those other countries that I have mentioned. The scale of physical phenomena in our isles is comparatively small, and the features of our history so peculiar as to require a long examination in order to trace their relation to our physical geography. But one may attempt to indicate a few points. It is remarkable that the balance of population and political influence should have, within the last hundred years, shifted from the south to the north of England. This is mainly due to the mineral wealth of the north of England; perhaps also to the larger immixture in the north-eastern counties of Scandinavian blood. The discovery of the coal-fields and deposits of ironstone has given an immense impetus to wealth, to manufactures, and to population there, and has correspondingly shifted the balance of power. In the days of the early Plantagenet kings the north was of no account whatever. English history, except in connection with the wars with the Scots, lay south of the Trent, but it now lies quite as much to the north as to the south. The same remark may be made with regard to Scotland. There you have the Highlands dividing the northern part from the southern, and until a century ago the inhabitants of the Highlands were almost foreigners to the inhabitants of the south; and it was not until after 1745, when roads were introduced into the Highlands, and the country was reduced to peace and order, that the

* It is worth remarking that there are considerable differences between the population, as also between the architecture, of the parts of France to the east and west respectively of the Cevennes and mountains of the Ardèche.

population began to become assimilated to that of the Lowlands. The battlefields of Scotland lie either between Edinburgh and the English border, or about the frontier line of the Lowlands and the Highlands. Within a radius of ten miles from Stirling Castle there are four famous battle-fields (Bannockburn, Abbey Craig Falkirk, Sheriffmuir); and the history of Scotland, in the romantic times of the Stuart kings, centres itself in the piece of country from Edinburgh to Perth and Stirling, including the so-called kingdom of Fife.

In our most recent political history it is worth while to notice how the results of the late general election have been affected by the physical geography of the country. Some people have been astonished to find that Eastern and Western Lancashire have returned members of a different political complexion, as have also Western and Eastern Yorkshire; but the reason is very obvious if you look at the geology and mineral-bearing character of the district. Eastern Yorkshire is mainly agricultural, and all the influences which the upper class and the farmers can bring to bear on the agricultural population have full scope there; while South-Western Yorkshire is manufacturing and mining, with a population inclined to Radical opinions. In the same way, Eastern Lancashire is manufacturing and mining; while Western Lancashire is agricultural, and disposed to follow the lead of the old landowning families. Those who examine Lancashire schools are struck by the difference between the sharpness of the boys in the East Lancashire hill country and the sluggishness of those who dwell on the flats along the coast between Liverpool and Morecambe.

Another illustration is found in the case of Ulster. The Scotch colony which entered Ulster in the seventeenth century penetrated almost an equal distance in every direction from the point where it crossed the North Channel from Southern Scotland to the Bay of Belfast; and if you put one end of a compass on that bay and describe a semicircle, you find the Scotch Protestant population goes to almost an equal distance all round, from the Atlantic coast near Londonderry until you strike the Irish Sea in the neighbourhood of Newry. But there is one exception to this. It is found in the south-western division of Down. The north and east of that county are mainly occupied by the descendants of the Scotch settlers. But in the south-west there is a group of lofty mountains, the mountains of Mourne. Into those mountains the aboriginal Irish retired, and therefore South-West Down returns a Catholic and Nationalist member to Parliament, while the other parts of Down and Antrim return Protestant and Conservative members.

Time fails me to show with proper detail the relations between the geography and the history of North America, a continent where we see many of the features of Europe repeated on a larger scale, but

with some striking differences. I may, however, observe how much the economical conditions of North America are affected by the fact that the great valley plain of the Mississippi river lies open towards the north, permitting the cold influences to be felt down to the Gulf of Mexico, while there does not exist to the south any great reservoir of hot air similar to the Sahara. From these and other causes we find much colder temperature in the same latitude in North America than in the Old World. New York is in about the same latitude as Madrid and Naples, but has a more severe climate. New Orleans is in about the same latitude as Cairo; but, as you know, Cairo is practically tropical, whereas New Orleans is not. It is hot in summer, but has a totally different kind of climate from Cairo. That is a fact of the utmost importance with regard to the political and economical history of America. The white race maintains itself and is capable of labour in the Gulf States, although, to be sure, the black race works more easily and increases more rapidly. All America east of the Rocky Mountains seems likely to cohere in one political body, because the West is firmly linked to the East and the South through which its commerce reaches the sea; and because there is nothing resembling a natural boundary to sever any one part of the country from any other. It is only in a few places that the Alleghanies are a barrier interrupting communication. On the other hand, huge mountains and wide deserts part California from the Mississippi States, and although economic and political forces will probably continue to bind the Pacific States to their older sisters, there is to some extent already a Californian type of manners and character different from that which prevails through other parts of the West.

Before I close, I will make two general observations as to the different relations that exist between man and Nature as time runs on and history works herself into new forms. The first of these is that man in his early stages is at the mercy of Nature. Nature does with him practically whatever she likes. He is obliged to adapt himself entirely to her. But, in process of time, he learns to raise himself above her. It is true he does so by humouring her, so to speak, by submitting to her forces. In the famous phrase of Bacon, *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur*, Nature is not conquered except by obeying her; but the skill which man acquires is such as to make him in his higher stages of development always more and more independent of Nature, and able to bend her to his will in a way that aboriginal man could not do. He becomes independent of climate, because he has houses and clothes; he becomes independent of winds, because he propels his vessels by steam; to a large extent he becomes independent of daylight, because he can produce artificial light. Think what a difference it makes to the industries carried on in our manufactories that we can carry them on by night as well as

by day, because we have gas and electricity; whereas six centuries ago the workman in the south of Europe was able to get many more working hours than a workman in Northern Europe. You may say that the Northern workman was recompensed for his winter darkness by longer summer days; but there must be a certain regularity about labour, and in the case of great industrial establishments it is essential that work should proceed during a certain number of hours all the year round. Therefore, the discovery of artificial light has been a most important factor in changing the industrial and economical conditions of Northern countries. In the same way, the early races of man were only able to migrate as Nature made it easy for them, by giving smooth or narrow seas and favouring winds; but in a more advanced state, man is able to migrate where and how he pleases, and finds conveyance so cheap that he can carry labour from one continent to another. Think of the great migration of the Irish to America, of the great migration of the Chinese to Western America and the isles of the Pacific. In Hawaii the Chinese now begin to form the bulk of the labouring population; and they are kept with difficulty from occupying Australia. The enormous negro population of North and South America is due to the slave trade. We have in our own times begun to import Indian coolies into the West India islands, whose staple products are now due to their labour. Such transfers of population would be impossible but for the extreme cheapness of transport due to recent scientific discovery. In considering how geography and natural conditions affect the development of man we must therefore bear in mind that the longer he lives on this planet and becomes master of the secrets of science, the more he is able to make the forces of Nature his servants.

Another observation is, that as the relations of remote parts of the world to one another have become a great deal closer and more intimate than formerly; so that the whole system of politics and commerce is now more complex than it was in the ancient or in the mediæval world. In fact, one of the greatest achievements of science has been in making the world small, and the result of its smallness is that the fortunes of every race and state are now, or may at any moment become, involved with those of any other. This is due partly to the swiftness of steam communication, partly to the invention of the telegraph, partly to cheapness of transit, which makes such progress that an invention like the compound steam engine reduced the charge for marine transportation something like 20 or 30 per cent., and one hears that during the last two or three years improvements in machinery and in the economizing of fuel have reduced it 25 per cent. more. I will give two instances of how this works. One is the enormous development of pilgrimages, particularly in the Mohammedan world. Hosts of pilgrims from Turkestan, from Morocco, from India and the

furthest East, now find their way to Mecca by steamships, and thereby the intensity of Mussulman feeling, the sense of solidarity in the Mohammedan world, has been powerfully quickened. Another is the cheapening of the conveyance of food products. See how that works. Our English agriculturists have been ruined, not merely by the greater richness of virgin American soils, but also by cheap transportation from the North-Western States; and now the farmers of these States are feeling the competition of Indian wheat coming through the Suez Canal; and every railway that is made in India, cheapening the conveyance of wheat from the inland towns to Bombay, and every improvement in marine engines, tells on the farmers in Minnesota, and by inflaming their animosity against the railroad and elevator companies, affects the internal politics of these new democratic communities. In the same way, the relations of the different States of Europe to one another are altered, because the wealth and trade of each depend on various articles of exchange; and so the political measures to which each ruling statesman resorts are largely suggested by the commercial problems he has to face. The protective system of Prince Bismarck has been mainly due to the cheaper importation from abroad into Germany of the staple articles of food; and the attempts to foster the sugar industries in the States of Central Europe by bounties, all tell upon the commercial relations of those States with one another and with ourselves. It is not too much to say that this whole planet of ours, as we now know it, is for practical purposes very much smaller than the world was in the time of Herodotus. To him it extended from Gades and the Pillars of Hercules to the further end of the Black Sea at the river Phasis and the Caucasus Mountains. He just knew of the Danube on the north, and of Ethiopia on the south, and that was all. Yet that world of his, 2,500 miles long by 1,500 wide, was a far larger world, with more human variety in it, more difficult to explore, with fewer and fainter relations between its different parts, than the whole planet is to us now, when nearly all its habitable parts have been surveyed, when the great races, the great languages, the great religions, spreading swiftly over its surface, are swallowing up the lesser. Yet, though the earth has become so much smaller, it is not either less interesting or less difficult to interpret, and the problems with which a philosophical geographer has now to deal in making his science available for the purposes of practical economics and politics, are as complex and difficult as they ever were before, and indeed grow more complex and more difficult as the relations of peoples and countries grow closer and more delicate.

JAMES BRYCE.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

At a time when the metaphysical groundwork and the precise scope of the science are so much in dispute, the issue of a systematic treatise on Logic is an unquestionable token of intellectual courage. The title which Professor Veitch has given to his book* indicates that his aim has been to provide a comprehensive textbook of the science, rather than a critical discussion of the foundations of logic, such as forms the staple of Mr. Bradley's "Principles of Logic." Many such points, it is true, are discussed by Professor Veitch (who carries on a vigorous polemic against Hegel on the one hand and Mill on the other); but they are subordinated to the methodical exposition of logical doctrine under the well-known heads of "Concepts," "Judgment," and "Inference." As was to be expected from so staunch a defender of Hamilton's name and fame, the treatise represents on the whole the Hamiltonian view of logic. This influence is especially visible in the introductory chapters, dealing with the definition and scope of the science, in the prominence given to the distinction between Judgments and Reasonings in Comprehension and in Extension, and in the acceptance of the Quantification of the Predicate. Probably the usefulness of the book would have been increased (though here the author is not likely to agree with us) by the curtailment of the space devoted to the doctrine of a quantified Predicate. Even if true in certain cases, the doctrine does not deserve the prominence given to it by Hamilton. Without entering upon any general discussion, it may be noted that eight propositional forms are apparently still maintained by Professor Veitch, in spite of Mr. Venn's demonstration that only five cases are actually possible. In other respects Professor Veitch's treatment of the traditional material is conservative without ceasing to be open-minded. It is undoubtedly valuable to have the science approached at present from such a standpoint, and Professor Veitch's survey is at once lucid and full, while the historical notices with which the book is pretty richly furnished add materially to its value. There can be no doubt that logic, conceived as the normative science of subjective thought, has a place and function of its own, and that it will not be superseded by inquiries which are admittedly metaphysical in their nature. This seems to be the truth contained in Professor Veitch's running contro-

* "Institutes of Logic." By John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. William Blackwood & Sons, 1885.

versy with Hegel. That polemic is decidedly unsympathetic in tone, and it may be questioned whether it does not trench occasionally on matters which belong to general philosophy rather than to logic. With much of it, affecting Hegel's general position as a thinker, I cannot pretend to be in agreement. But the protest contained in Chapter V. and elsewhere, against the identification of logic and metaphysics, is undoubtedly in the interests of clear thinking. To absorb what has hitherto been known as logic into an ontological discussion of categories is tantamount, as experience proves, to a suppression or neglect of the traditional science altogether. And this seems to be a part of the too general neglect of the subjective operation of thinking by the Hegelian school. The processes by which the individual tacks about in his endeavour to reach the truth of things cannot be immediately identified with the march of absolute thought; and if so, there is a *prima facie* justification for the existence of a regulative theory of subjective thought, as it aims at consistency and truth.

Mr. Bosanquet's "Knowledge and Reality" * may be said to deal from a Hegelian point of view with another phase of the same difficult problem. The book is a criticism of certain points and certain underlying ideas in Mr. Bradley's "Principles of Logic." As Mr. Bosanquet considers that the work in question "deserves to be epoch-making in English philosophy," it may be conjectured that the critic is animated by no unfriendly spirit towards his author. They stand indeed upon the same general philosophic presuppositions. But Mr. Bosanquet detects running through the "Principles of Logic" an "anti-monistic bias," which betrays Mr. Bradley at times into language that suggests "a crude dualistic realism." It is certainly true that Mr. Bradley's mood is frequently one of "angry scorn" for a "cheap and easy monism," as for other doctrines which he dislikes, and when one is in such a mood it is not always easy to measure the exact force of one's words. But it would be pressing such expressions too far to credit him with converting reality into the *caput mortuum* of an unknowable substance which lurks behind the world of appearance. Mr. Bosanquet himself hesitates to put such a construction upon the passages in question, and professes rather to guard Mr. Bradley against the dangers that lie hidden in his expressions. In so doing, he insists with much truth and felicity (*e.g.*, in his chapter on "Categorical and Hypothetical Judgment," and on "The Judgment and the Sentence") on the fact, that as soon as we go beyond the "here and now" of the sensuous series—which we do even in the act of perceiving a "here and now"—the reality to which we relate our judgments is itself an ideal construction. The distinction between reality and the discursive movement of the intellect is therefore, he argues, a distinction within the intellectual world. As Mr. Bradley expressly accepts the first of these positions, it is to be presumed that he would accept the second also. But the emphasis which he lays upon the distinction between the discursive movement of the intellect and reality, or, in one of his own phrases, between understanding and existence, was perhaps more needed at present in the interests of exact

* "Knowledge and Reality: a Criticism of Mr. F. H. Bradley's 'Principles of Logic.'" By Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

thinking. Criticism from within is precisely what English Idealism stands most in need of at present. The answers which Mr. Bradley's book has drawn forth in various quarters are proofs of its stimulating effects. Mr. Bosanquet's "studies" are valuable contributions to the questions in debate. They embrace a number of more purely logical problems than those already referred to, and may be studied with advantage alongside of the original work. Mr. Bosanquet is to be congratulated, it may be added, on the variety and aptness of his examples, which contrast favourably with the arid monotony in that respect of most logical treatises.

Psychology as a science is exhibiting a noteworthy activity at the present time. The index to the first ten volumes of *Mind*, published with the current number, calls forcible attention to the high excellence of the work done by a journal whose foundation ten years ago seemed a precarious enterprise. In France, too, scientific psychology appears to make way. A "Société de Psychologie Physiologique" was established last spring in Paris, to consist of thirty members in the capital, with corresponding members in the provinces. What is still more significant, a chair of Experimental Psychology has just been founded in the Sorbonne, and Professor Ribot has been chosen to fill it. Leipzig, which may be said (with Fechner and Wundt) to have taken the lead in the experimental study of mind by the establishment of a psycho-physical laboratory, continues to be actively represented. Professor Wundt's journal, *Philosophische Studien*, now in its third volume, is chiefly devoted to these investigations. And Leipzig has now an American rival in the psycho-physical laboratory of the John Hopkins University, Baltimore. The investigations of Professor Stanley Hall and his fellow-workers there have lately begun to occupy an important place in *Mind*. The present number contains a paper pleading for the establishment of a society for experimental psychology in England, where Mr. Francis Galton has been hitherto almost the only worker in this department.

Professor Murray's "Handbook of Psychology"* is designed primarily, as the author states in his preface, "to introduce students to the science of psychology, and to this design every other purpose which the book may serve has been made subordinate." The book is admirably adapted to its end by the clear and pleasant style in which it is written. Sent to press before the appearance of Mr. Sully's "Outlines of Psychology," it is an independent proof of the general advance that has recently been made in scientific precision. It is neither so exhaustive nor so important a work as Mr. Sully's, but in a good many respects it is likely to prove a more attractive introduction to the subject. It is also to be welcomed as a sign that the philosophical empiricists will no longer be allowed to claim a monopoly of scientific psychology. Professor Murray has marshalled his materials as a rule with much skill. The old rubrics, such as Memory and Imagination, disappear to a considerable extent in the volume, which is divided into two books, the first, entitled "General Psychology," dealing with the elements of mind and the mental processes; the

* "A Handbook of Psychology." By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, McGill College, Montreal. London: Alexander Gardner. 1885.

second, called "Special Psychology," dealing with the mental products under the usual heads of Cognition, Feeling, and Volition. There is much to be said for the broad distinction thus made between the sensational raw material and the automatic processes of association by which it coheres, on the one hand, and the finished facts of mind, on the other. The treatment of Association deserves high praise; but the author is less happy in dealing with Comparison, a point which would have admitted, with advantage, of a fuller treatment. The chapter on the special senses, in the first book, and that on the perceptions of the different senses, in the second book, are excellent examples of clear exposition; but more stress might have been laid upon the function of the muscular sense, especially in its combination with the senses of touch and sight. The account of the development of the visual perception of plane extension might probably have been improved, if this had been done. If Professor Murray's introductory remarks on the definition and scope of Psychology would hardly stand the criticism brought to bear upon most current definitions by Mr. Ward, in his recent articles on "Psychological Principles," he may reasonably plead, like Protagoras in another matter, the difficulty of the question, especially in an elementary treatise. In what follows Professor Murray seems to exaggerate the difficulties which attend psycho-physical research; they are essentially of the same nature against which precaution requires to be taken in all scientific investigation. Finally, it may be noted by way of criticism, that in order to preserve the proportion of the book, the very cursory treatment of volitions, at the end, would require considerable extension. In a separate chapter on the "General Nature of Knowledge" Professor Murray points out in clear and temperate language how the empirical theory of the development of Experience requires, on review, to be supplemented in regard to the notions of Self-Consciousness, Time Space, Substance, and Cause.

Dr. Creighton's "Unconscious Memory in Disease" * is a very interesting attempt to work out a theory of certain diseases upon the basis of Hering's "Theory of Memory as a General Function of Organized Matter." The phenomena of heredity may evidently be explained as a species of unconscious memory, and it is here maintained that such language is more than a mere figure: "Generation is implicit memory, consciousness is explicit memory; generation is potential memory, consciousness is actual memory." The ingenious medical applications of this view in the body of the book can be judged on their merits only by a member of the profession.

Mr. Sorley's Shaw Lectures are devoted to a careful criticism of the "Ethics of Naturalism," † as distinguished from rationalistic or rational ethics. "According to the one view, man is essentially a sensitive subject, though able to reason about his sensations. . . . The other view differs from this in attributing spontaneity to reason making it, in one way or another, the source of forms of thought, principles,

* "Illustrations of Unconscious Memory in Disease, including a Theory of Alteratives." By Charles Creighton, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1886.

† "On the Ethics of Naturalism." By W. R. Sorley, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Examiner in Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

or ideas." The first part of the book discusses the attempts made to develop a naturalistic ethics on individualistic lines by Egoism, Utilitarianism, and the theory of Moral Sentiment respectively. The second and larger part consists of a searching criticism of the Evolutionist ethics, as represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Alfred Barratt, Miss Simcox, and others. The two parts are essentially connected, but it may be presumed that, in the present state of ethical speculation, attention will be mainly directed to the second. The work is indeed eminently deserving of attention, especially from the school which it criticizes. Evolutionists will find a remarkable absence of the tendency to make rhetoric do duty for argument, of which they sometimes complain with justice in their assailants; and even should they be unable to accept the basis of ethics indicated by Mr. Sorley in his concluding chapter (Self-Realization as an ultimate or unconditional end), they cannot but profit by the acute criticism here brought to bear upon the foundations and weak places of their own theory. Mr. Sorley's argument is marked throughout by a scholarly precision, and problems frequently confounded by writers on ethics are held clearly apart in his pages. Keeping closely throughout to the determination of the End of conduct as the fundamental ethical question, he comes to the conclusion, that though it seems at first as if the theory of Evolution could lead us beyond the pleasure-basis of older Naturalism, "yet when closely sifted it is found to offer us no independent ethical ideal. The theory is driven at last to identify life with pleasure, and to say that the highest or most evolved life is that which contains most pleasure, and that increase of pleasure is the end of conduct." Moreover, as is forcibly contended in the concluding chapter, the attempt to reach an ethical *end* on purely naturalistic lines is a contradiction in terms, resting in part upon a confusion of the two meanings of 'end.' A purely empirical consideration can give us only in the sense of ends results or consequences which follow necessarily from the immediately preceding state of things. But to treat the human world as no more than such a chain of efficient causality is at the outset to exclude the ethical point of view, which depends on the possibility of rising beyond mere sequence to a teleological interpretation of the same facts.

Professor Croom Robertson's long-expected volume on "Hobbes"* will be welcomed by a wide circle of readers. The prominence assumed in modern philosophy by the theory of knowledge has led to a concentration of attention on the English thinkers—Locke, Berkeley, and Hume—who represent the pre-Kantian development of the problem. This has tended to thrust Hobbes' remarkable life-work unduly into the background. No student of English ethics could of course avoid acknowledging that both the Intuitionist and Utilitarian lines of thought begin essentially as a reaction against Hobbism; but beyond this, historians of philosophy have found in Hobbes a thinker remarkably difficult to "place." Professor Robertson's compact little volume supplies what has long been wanting. Besides taking its place as one of the very best of the series to which it belongs, it is in effect an original monograph, filling a gap in the literature of English philosophy.

* "Hobbes." By George Croom Robertson, Grote Professor of Mind and Logic in University College, London. William Blackwood & Sons. 1886. (*Philosophical Classics for English Readers.*)

Fresh light has been thrown on the circumstances of his life and works from the MSS. in the possession of Hobbes' patrons, the Cavendish family. Professor Robertson has woven his materials together with great skill. The account of the philosophy has been worked into the life, seeing that "more than of almost any other philosopher it can be said of Hobbes that the key to a right understanding of his thought is to be found in the personal circumstances and events of his time." It is shown how Hobbes, deriving apparently nothing from Bacon, stands directly connected with the "mechanical" philosophy which, under Galileo and others, had begun to take such strides in the early part of the seventeenth century. The two concluding chapters, which trace Hobbes' influence, are suggestive, but the prescribed limits of the series have made them all too short, and the same cause has operated apparently towards condensation in the pleasant chapters dealing with Hobbes' later life.

The six lectures on "Scottish Philosophy,"* forming the first series of Balfour Lectures in the University of Edinburgh, were intended by me to contribute to the determination of philosophical questions at present in debate, and in particular to indicate the relation of Scottish philosophy, as represented in the chief contentions of Reid, to Kantianism and the post-Kantian Idealism. The lectures therefore constitute "a comparison of the Scottish and German answers to Hume." The first two sketch the philosophical pre-suppositions, as inherited from Descartes and Locke, and their outcome in the scepticism of Hume. The third deals with Reid's answer, consisting essentially in his distinction between Sensation and Perception. The fourth institutes a comparison between Reid and Kant; and the fifth criticizes the doctrine of relativity common to Kant and Hamilton. The concluding lecture discusses the possibility of a systematic philosophy and the relative spheres of knowledge and faith, more especially in connection with Hegel.

Professor Maguire's "Lectures on Philosophy"† are very vigorous expositions of Hegelianism, lighted up by trenchant criticism of other standpoints. The author has a felicity in imagery and phrasing; and Materialists, Agnostic Relativists, and others come off badly at his hands. Subjective idealism, for example, is described as giving us "as many worlds as there are living things; each individual trundling his own universe before him like a huge *goitre*." Or again, Professor James is told that "uniting sensations by means of their 'fringes' is more vague than to construct the universe out of oysters by plating their beards." Professor Maguire insists very strongly throughout the volume, and insists with justice, upon the essential distinction between Psychology and Philosophy. The confusion between the two has been so ingrained in English thought, and has had such disastrous effects, that the emphasis on the distinction can hardly be too strong; but Professor Maguire is perhaps less than just to the present genera-

* "Scottish Philosophy: a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume." By Andrew Seth, M.A., Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. William Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

† "Lectures on Philosophy." By Thomas Maguire, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

tion of psychologists, who are endeavouring, from their own side, to effect the necessary delimitation.

A survey of philosophic thought from the earliest to the most recent times, an analysis of the views of Mr. Spencer and G. H. Lewes on Perception (running to over 150 pages), and a comparative survey of the leading religions of the world, ought hardly to have been brought together in one volume. Mr. Perrin's object in doing so is to lead up to what he calls the "Religion of Philosophy,"* which again he identifies with the "Science of Morality." The new religion is to abolish belief in the personality of God and in a future life, and is apparently to prevail by aid of "the women of America," who are appealed to on its behalf in the last chapter.

The four "historical" numbers of Dr. McCosh's "Philosophic Series,"† dealing with "Locke's Theory of Knowledge," the "Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley," "A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy," and "Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as culminated in his Ethics," are likely to be more useful in this country than the preceding "didactic" numbers. They contain a sturdy criticism of the different doctrines indicated in the titles, from the realistic standpoint of Scottish philosophy. Though want of sympathy frequently obscures insight, many of the criticisms will repay consideration.

Hartmann's "Philosophische Fragen der Gegenwart"‡ is a book with a deceptive title, for though "the fortunes of my philosophy during its first ten years," and "my relation to Schopenhauer," may be burning questions to Herr von Hartmann himself, they are not of such an ardent interest to the general world. The essays of which the volume consists, when they do not circle round the exhausted subject of Pessimism and its preachers, are too cursory to do more than repeat the criticism of other philosophic standpoints, which may be found more freshly put in the author's earlier works. The last essay deals with the curious "Realdialektik" of the ultra-pessimist Bahnsen, which forms almost a counterpart or caricature of the Hegelian system.

The translation of Lotze's "Microcosmus,"§ published by the Messrs. Clark, will be welcomed by a large circle of readers. Lotze's influence has been steadily on the increase of late, and these two bulky volumes (it is a pity the arrangement of the original in three volumes was not adhered to) form for the philosophical student an important supplement to the systematic treatises on "Logic" and "Metaphysics" recently published by the Clarendon Press. By its more popular and, it may be added, somewhat heterogeneous character, the "Microcosmus" also appeals to a wider circle than can be expected to study the more rigidly scientific works. The translation, which was begun by Miss Hamilton, daughter of the Scottish philosopher, and

* "The Religion of Philosophy; or, the Unification of Knowledge: a Comparison of the Chief Philosophical and Religious Systems of the World." By Raymond S. Perrin. Williams & Norgate. 1885.

† "Philosophic Series," Nos. V. VI. VII. VIII. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton College. T. & T. Clark. 1886.

‡ "Philosophische Fragen der Gegenwart." Von Eduard von Hartmann. Leipzig and Berlin: Friedrich. 1885.

§ "Microcosmus: an Essay concerning Man and his relation to the World." By Hermann Lotze. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Hamilton and E. E. Constance Jones. In two volumes. T. & T. Clark. 1885.

on her death was undertaken and in greater part executed by Miss Constance Jones, of Girton College, displays the most conscientious accuracy, and copes on the whole successfully with the difficult task of rendering Lotze's sentences in a readable translation. To dwell on the contents of a book so well known would be superfluous. It seems to contain a little of everything, and the thread of connection is not always very clearly visible, unless it lie simply in Lotze's personality and his way of approaching questions. His peculiar manner of philosophizing—as of a man talking with his friends, to use his own expression—may be felt in all the discussions. Most of his characteristic views may be gathered from the “*Microcosmus*,” and he who has mastered the concluding book, “*On the Unity of Things*,” has already grasped some of the most distinctive tenets of his philosophy.

ANDREW SETH.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—Professor Seeley's “*Short History of Napoleon the First*,”* though written originally for the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” is much more than an ordinary encyclopædia article. It is founded on wide original research into the records of the time, and contains fresh and striking views of Napoleon's policy, career, and place in history. Short though the book is, its materials are grasped with such vigour, and set forth with so much lucidity, that the reader cannot fail to feel he has obtained a better understanding—a juster as well as a clearer one—of Napoleon than he hitherto had. Napoleon's connection with the Revolution and its forces are extremely well explained, and the key to his whole war policy is shown to have been his desire to humble England, and to conquer the Continent as a means to that final end. The account of how far Napoleon was favoured and shaped by circumstances, and of what he was in himself, is one of the best estimates of him yet made.—Dr. George Smith, author of the well-known *Lives of Dr. Duff and of Wilson*, of Bombay, continues his biographies of Indian missionaries by a *Life of Dr. William Carey*,† in many respects the most remarkable man of the three. Carey has had to wait long for a biographer; previous accounts of him have all been rather sketchy; but he has at length found one with unusual qualifications for the task, who has produced an altogether admirable work. Dr. Smith began to collect materials for this work during his long residence in Serampore, which was begun when Carey was still only twenty years dead, and in the course of which he got thoroughly acquainted with the nature of Carey's work in India, and had access to everything likely to illustrate it. These materials he has worked up with great literary skill and finish into one of the most instructive and readable biographies we have seen.—Dr. James Russell's

* London: Seeley & Co.

† “*The Life of William Carey, D.D., Shoemaker and Missionary; Professor of Sanskrit, Bengali, and Marathi in the College of Fort William, Calcutta.*” London: Murray.

"Reminiscences of Yarrow"* takes us to different scenes—to a placid Scotch manse in the Border valley so famous in song. The reminiscences include some interesting details about the social and rural life of bygone days, and, what will to the Southern reader be more attractive, some anecdotes of Scott, Hogg, Wordsworth, and other celebrities who either resided in the locality or visited it. The book is introduced by a preface from Professor Campbell Fraser, who wrote his "Berkeley" in Yarrow, and declares it to be the best retreat in Scotland for philosophical meditation.—Under the title of "A Bookseller of Last Century,"† Mr. Charles Welsh gives us a very interesting biography of John Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard," whom Goldsmith introduces into "The Vicar of Wakefield" to afford a timely pecuniary relief to Dr. Primrose, and who has claims to be remembered not only for his connection with the leading literary men of his day, but particularly for the stimulus he gave to the publication of books for children. Mr. Welsh draws considerably on Forster's "Oliver Goldsmith," but he has had access to the books of the firm and other materials unknown to Forster, and is able to supply many curious details hitherto unpublished. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was, it seems, not fifteen months, but actually four years in the hands of the publisher before he issued it—for what reason cannot now be explained—and the first three editions were published at a loss. This latter circumstance takes away the ground from the complaint sometimes preferred against the Newberys of having treated Goldsmith shabbily in connection with this afterwards so popular work. Mr. Welsh adds in an appendix a complete list of the books published by the Newberys in last century, and detailed accounts of the cost and sale of some selected books, such as "Humphrey Clinker" and Ainsworth's Dictionary. His work, it will be seen, is one of considerable value as well as historical interest, and is got up in a good imitation of last century style.—Mr. F. B. Sanborn's "Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia,"‡ has a serious fault which is unfortunately too common among the biographies of the present day: it is too exhaustive, and is really rather a collection of materials for a biography than a biography itself. Better service would have been done Brown's memory had more vigour been used in selecting what really illustrated his life and rejecting what was of no moment. The book would have been more readable and the man would have stood out in clearer and more vivid outline. But with this protest, we desire to thank Mr. Sanborn for a painstaking and useful record of one of the purest of the worthies of the United States, and of his work in the cause of emancipation.—Mr. Joseph Livesey's name is less known to the general world than Brown's, but he also was a man of many zealous and fruitful labours in the cause of social advancement, particularly of temperance, and his autobiography,§ which is now published, is full of interest both from a personal and a more public point of view.—It may be doubted whether "Lord

* Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons.

† London: Griffith & Farran.

‡ Boston: Roberts Brothers.

§ "Life and Teachings of Joseph Livesey: comprising his Autobiography." London: National Temperance League.

Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister, 1832-1852,"* was really worth publishing. The letters form the kind of writing analogous to what might be expected from the master of this latter day. A skilful biographer could easily exhaust what is of real value in them for a page or two of a standard work in his field.—Although Mr. Coleman in his "Memoirs of Samuel Phelps"† shows himself innocent of the literary art, the knowledge which he gives from behind the scenes as an actor is as interesting as valuable. No one who wishes or requires to know about the realities of English dramatic life during the last fifty years can afford to overlook this chatty and informed volume. An attractive outline of the Shakespearian tragedian is given by one who knew him well. Future historians of the drama will not grudge a place to Phelps among such names as Kemble, the two Keans, Macready, and Irving. His private life, by its early privations and ultimate success, makes him a worthy subject of biography. The sweetness of home which his loyal wife created around him, equally in adversity and prosperity, may almost be said to have been the cause of what greatness he achieved.

MISCELLANEOUS. — M. Renan's "Prêtre de Nemi"‡ is the third of his philosophical dramas—a sort of abstract "Every Man in his Humour," in which the author's sceptical view of life finds an adequate form of expression. The dramatic method suits a theory which objects to be summed up. The author is not compelled to pronounce judgment. He is permitted to bring forward all sorts of conflicting views by the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*. It is not his fault if the wrong cause wins. In this philosophical comedy the enlightened and philanthropic teacher of religion is rejected and killed by the people he meant to benefit. He does not leave behind him any immediate proof of their brutality and error. The author is not bound to solve every moral contradiction involved in the plot. The plot is well conceived for the purpose of involving as many moral difficulties as possible. The Priest of Nemi, according to old custom, attains his position by murdering his predecessor. Antistius is the first priest to break through this custom. He preaches a humanitarian theology to the orthodox citizens of Alba Longa, greatly to their disgust. They want the old ritual, the human sacrifices. Even the liberals are rather perplexed at his conduct. As for the populace and the aristocratic war-party, they are wildly contemptuous and hostile to him. Of course he is killed. His city (ringing with the cry *à Rome!*) is left in a passion of warlike fury—tempered by the news that Rome, in due observance of old ritual, has just been founded in the blood of the brother of King Romulus. The epilogue of the comedy is spoken by a Hebrew prophet, who has beheld everything from Babylon: "The people shall labour in vain." This remarkable work is distinguished throughout by the greatest keenness of thought and speech and by true dramatic genius, though the persons are only abstract types, and the action only a moralist's

* "Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister, 1832-1852." *Forti nihil difficile.* With a Portrait. London: John Murray.

† "Memoirs of Samuel Phelps." By John Coleman, author of "Curly: an Actor's Story," assisted by Edward Coleman. With Portrait. London: Remington & Co.

‡ Paris: Calmann Lévy.

argument. It is the production of a great literary artist. Only such a one could have presented such great thoughts without injuring them in the apparent levity of the ironical dialogue.—“The Parnell Movement,” by Mr. T. P. O’Connor, M.P.,* will naturally find many readers at the present moment, and will do much to reconcile them to Home Rule. He writes with a good deal of the “perfidious spirit of the Celts,” which leads him into exaggerations and misjudgments; he even attributes every Irish famine to the Act of Union, as if famine had not at the same time visited other countries which lay under no such dispensation; but he presents his facts so impressively and with such impassioned sincerity that the reader cannot help being carried away by them, and will find it difficult indeed to resist the conclusion that one chief cause at least of Ireland’s long trouble has been the attempt to govern her by English public opinion. One of the most interesting features of the book is the account it gives of the successive Nationalist parties that have prevailed in Ireland, and on the whole the present one—whatever its members may be in position or education—seems certainly to be the purest and most honest Nationalist party Ireland has seen. Mr. O’Connor’s sketches of its chief men are very bright and entertaining.—We have another volume from the productive and facile pen of Mr. Thomas Sinclair; this time a volume of essays, entitled “Humanities.”† The essays treat of various subjects, but are associated together because they breathe a common spirit of pronounced humanism. They are thoughtful and tersely written, but will occasionally provoke grave controversy. The author’s estimate of Christianity is wrong even from his own humanistic standpoint, and it is time that it should be asserted that Christianity contains really a higher and better humanism than that of the great god Pan.—Few persons probably realize how many treasures of architecture we possess in our parish churches; the late Mr. James Fergusson declared that numbers of them were unsurpassed even by our famous cathedrals, and that there was nothing on the Continent to be compared with them. One must therefore be grateful to Mr. Bishop for furnishing us with an excellent account of them, according to their several styles and ages.‡ The work has the further merit of being short, and, while exact in its knowledge, is popular in its style.—Mr. Sydney Buxton’s little political handbooks, to which he gives the general title of “The Imperial Parliament,”§ are following fast on one another’s heels. They seem to have a partiality for the principle of joint authorship. In the treatise on Women’s Suffrage, Mr. Woodall merely contributes an introduction, while the entire text is written—and written very effectively—by Mrs. Ashton Dilke; but why it should take three authors and an editor to turn out a little book on local or local administration is not apparent, unless indeed two of the authors have merely followed the parliamentary practice of sending their names to back the Bill. Whatever their share in the

* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† London: Trübner & Co.

‡ “Architecture, specially in relation to our Parish Churches.” By the Rev. H. H. Bishop, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

§ “Social Administration,” by Wm. Rathbone, M.P., Albert Pell, M.P., and F. C. Montague, M.A.; “England and Russia in Asia,” by the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, M.P.; “Women’s Suffrage,” by Mrs. Ashton Dilke, with Introduction by Wm. Woodall, M.P.; “Local Option,” by W. S. Caine, M.P., William Hoyle, F.R.S., and the Rev. Dawson Burns, D.D. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

work, however, the result is by no means unsatisfactory. The manual on local administration in particular is a model of lucid exposition, and should be got by all who wish to obtain an easy grasp of a complicated but most important subject.—At present, when so much attention is given to the social mission of Christianity and the Church, Mrs. Thorpe's excellent translation of Professor Schmidt's important work on the original transformation of social life in the Roman Empire by means of early Christianity* will be welcomed with interest. Professor Schmidt describes with great copiousness of detail and quotation the condition of wives, children, slaves, free labourers, paupers, actors, and other classes in pagan society, and the gradual amelioration of their several conditions through Christian influences.—Mrs. Armitage's "Connection between England and Scotland"† gives a very clear and concise account of the ever-changing relations that subsisted between the two sections of Great Britain from the time when authentic history begins down to the Union of the Parliaments in 1707. The book is marked by accuracy, and is written in an easy and tasteful way.—"The Encyclopædic Dictionary"‡ seems to proceed rather slowly—at the rate of half a volume a year—but its quality and workmanship continue excellent. It is now about half done, having reached the letter P; so that we are in a position to judge of it with confidence, and while it may be improved in some details of arrangement, it is on the whole as complete, comprehensive, and valuable a dictionary of the English language as has ever been published. It is in fact a bundle of dictionaries in one, with something of the encyclopædia thrown into the bargain.—Professor Adams has followed up his collection of "Representative American Orations" by three small volumes of "Representative British Orations."§ The speeches he has selected are all political, because his idea is to give us, not the most eloquent speeches, but rather those that have actually done something to change the course of English history, from a speech of Pym's in the Short Parliament down to one of Mr. Gladstone's in Midlothian. On the whole the selection made is happy, and the short introductions and notes are well done.—It is only an American that can write and print a book in fourteen days, and "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute"|| must have the benefit, or otherwise, of this consideration. In April last Russia and England were threatening each other across Afghanistan, and General Rodenbough, of the United States Army, took the opportunity of reckoning the respective chances of the problematic combatants. Though the events expected did not come off, his description of Afghanistan, and his comparison of the English and Russian forces, have real value. This soldier's rough writing,

* "Social Results of Early Christianity." By C. Schmidt, Professor of Theology in Strasburg. Translated by Mrs. Thorpe. With Preliminary Essay by R.W. Dale, LL.D., Birmingham. London: Wm. Isbister.

† London: Rivingtons. ‡ London: Cassell & Co. § London: T. Fisher Unwin.

|| "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute: an Account of Russia's Advance towards India, based upon the Reports and Experiences of Russian, German, and British Officers and Travellers; with a Description of Afghanistan and of the Military Resources of the Powers concerned." By Theo. F. Rodenbough, Bvt. Brigadier-General U.S.A. With Three Maps and other Illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

but practical dealing with the facts of weapons, supply, numbers, roads, passes, and other subjects with which the military mind is busy, give special interest to his directions and conclusions. His criticism has quite a republican impartiality, and on the whole he can be forgiven for having produced the volume in a fortnight.—It was a happy thought to publish a set of popular county histories, those known to students being of so extensive and expensive a character as to be quite beyond the reach of ordinary readers. In his “History of Devonshire” * Mr. Worth keeps well to the front the envied reputation of the county of Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, the Grenvilles, and the Courtenays. Not content, like his fellows in the field, with the places and personages of which written and printed records tell, he strives to give glimpses of the Devonian men of what may be called the geological periods. His excuse may easily be found in the plentiful suggestions of the Torquay caves. When on the ordinary track of historians, he follows the local method, attaching to each locality the stories of its distinguished persons. Exeter and the valley of the Exe are as rich in historic lore as any portion of England. This volume of 350 pages ought to be greatly popular with the residents, and will have general interest for all who have the talent for locality.—“Miscellaneous Papers relating to Indo-China” † is a work of a very useful kind, which might be imitated largely with advantage to the public. It is a collection of reprinted papers bearing on a special subject of importance, and hitherto lying buried in the “Transactions” of various learned societies. The papers treat of almost every aspect of Indo-China—its philology, economy, geography, geology—and constitute a very material and important contribution to our accessible information regarding that country and its people.—Though the Public Libraries Act of the late Mr. Ewart has been in operation for more than thirty years, only 133 free libraries have as yet been established in the whole United Kingdom. This seems rather a poor result, and arises no doubt to a considerable extent from the very vague ideas that are abroad as to the cost, uses, and management of these institutions. Any one wanting all the information on these heads which can be obtained will find it in an interesting work entitled “Free Public Libraries: their Organization, Uses, and Management,” ‡ which has just been published by Mr. Thomas Greenwood. The history of the movement is described, and ample details are given of the working and success of existing institutions of the kind, both in this country and in America.—The Rev. Timothy Harley’s “Moon Lore” § is a descriptive account of the various legends, superstitions, and idolatries of the moon that are or have been current among mankind. It gives evidence of very wide reading, and it is written in a bright and lively style, and does not theorize overmuch.

* “A History of Devonshire, with Sketches of its Leading Worthies.” By R. N. Worth, F.G.S., &c., author of “The Histories of Plymouth and Devonport,” &c. London: Elliot Stock.

† London: Tribner & Co.

‡ London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

§ London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.



IRELAND.

AT the close of the year 1880, after an autumn of great unrest and disorder in Ireland, I had the privilege of contributing to an American Review (*The International*, New York) an examination of the demand for the establishment of an independent legislative authority in the sister isle, so far at least as regards all the domestic affairs of its people. The conclusion at which I arrived was, that even though the demand for Home Rule was much more serious than I estimated it, I should fixedly resist a change threatening the gravest mischief to the immediate future of Ireland. In the spring of last year, when addressing a representative committee of the inchoate constituency of South-east Cornwall, and defending the course I had taken on the Redistribution Bill, I told my friends that in my judgment that Bill sounded the knell of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. What has since happened has not tended to allay what was a grave apprehension twelve months since. The doom of the legislative union is regarded with dread or with exultation, but its possibility is recognized where till late it was held a vain imagination. Not a few who hated it are ready to endure and even willing to embrace it. For myself, I retain the conviction of five years ago, that Home Rule, if established, will be an evil for Ireland. The effect cannot but be mischievous. There is a possibility—a remote possibility—of a recovery in a truly dim and distant future, but this chance is shadowy. What appears certain is a deprivation of the social condition of the country. The bad will become worse, and we can have no confidence that some succeeding generation will see it better.

Looking over what I wrote five years since, I do not find I anticipated any danger to Great Britain from Home Rule in Ireland. Of this I had and have no apprehension. Some money may have

to be disbursed, against which may fairly be set the relief of escaping from Irish controversies, and the delivery of the House of Commons from preoccupations which absorb its time and energy. Pecuniary loss in such a matter is comparatively unimportant, even though it may attain large dimensions. The danger on which our eyes must be fixed is that befalling Ireland. No one can regard the present condition of Ireland as satisfactory; and in speaking of present condition I have not in view the especial phenomena of the passing winter, or even of the last lustrum. What may be called the normal condition of the country leaves much to be desired. Yet those who have watched Irish progress, those who have studied the history of the island, know that at least from the time of the famine there has been on the whole a continuous improvement. Bad seasons will cause variations, but the sufferings of bad seasons are not so cruel as they were; and though the standard of comfort may still be painfully low, it has yet risen. It would be grievous if it were not so. The best minds of the United Kingdom have been occupied with the question of Irish amelioration. Ireland had not failed to receive attention before the famine, but the experience of that visitation was a rude stimulus to more unremitting study and more constant exertion. It is sadly dispiriting to recall the energy of the men of forty years since, and the hopes that inspired them. After the great catastrophe English and Scotch farmers and capitalists went over to Ireland, not to receive grants of confiscated lands and to add another servitude to the population, but as real centres of civilizing industry, who by example and precept, and by the reproductive employment their means enabled them to sustain, became the truest educators of the neighbourhoods where they settled. Every one knows the noble efforts of the Society of Friends during the famine, but it is not so well known how these efforts were followed up by land purchases and settlements in the West and South of Ireland, whence the influence of slow, patient, continuous well-doing spread around. Nor was such action confined to members of that small society whose zeal for Ireland has been illustrated in our own days by Mr. Tuke. The spirit in which Irish problems was then approached may be seen in an early volume by an authority now widely recognized (Sir James Caird), in which the question of a new immigration and plantation in the West of Ireland was examined on the spot in a most serious and practical spirit. Mr. Caird dedicated his book to Sir Robert Peel, whose influence, after he had ceased to be Minister himself, inspired legislation planned to facilitate the renovation of the country. The Encumbered Estates Act was faulty in not safeguarding the customary claims of occupiers, but if it left tenants defenceless, it found them so, and the effect of the Act was to produce an overwhelming balance of good. In his most instructive

"Fragments on Ireland,"* the late Professor Cairnes eloquently described that long series of measures of the Imperial Parliament "moving steadily in the direction of liberty, equal justice, intellectual and moral cultivation, and industrial development"—a series completed since he wrote by the disestablishment of the Irish Church and by the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts. And if we review the condition of Ireland as it passed under the eyes of the last generation, we cannot doubt the reality of the social and industrial development which gladdened them as they watched it and sustained their hopes of the future.† The interfusion of the population of the two islands, the interpenetration of their ideas, the growth of a real unity, appeared to progress without a check in the quarter of a century that followed the famine. It may be said that under an Irish Parliament there would have been the same or even a greater progress, for it would have been accelerated by earlier legislation. A Land Bill would doubtless have been sooner passed, although the character of that Bill may be open to question. It is at least possible that in endeavouring to remove the evils of misused power it would have unwisely stereotyped existing misery. The consolidation of holdings was not always effected without due regard to individual claims, and it will be universally admitted that consolidation has been and still remains a necessary condition of social improvement in the West. We may guess what would have been the general course of legislation in an Irish Parliament in the past, just as we may guess what would be its course under an Irish Parliament if now set up, from an examination of the political ideas and methods of Irish members. The vision thus revealed must make the most sanguine recoil. The self-deceiving words stammer on the lips. We need not refer to the records of Grattan's Parliament. The experiences of the last century belong to the last century. We may, with respect to the men of to-day, make the largest allowances for the sobriety begotten of responsibility. Mr. Healy's vigorous sense might be usefully exercised at Dublin in combating the besetting faults of his countrymen. Mr. Biggar might raise his unavailing negative against yielding to the temptations to bankruptcy. But such remonstrances would be vain. We can have no hope that the policy of the new Parliament would not be inspired and directed by false principles of social and economic legislation. If not inherent in the Irish mind, these principles are fostered and encouraged by the most potent influences which from earliest childhood sway the thoughts and lives of the mass of the people. We have our dangers before us in Great Britain. A Great Authority, now wearing to his end, is reputed to have said sadly to a younger friend a

* In "Political Essays." Macmillan.

† See "Notes of Conversations of N. W. Senior."

few months since, "I see nothing in front but infinite quackery;" and if this thought can be entertained here, what is the prospect in Ireland? The rights of landowners might be safeguarded by a preliminary arrangement, so that they should not suffer direct confiscation; but industry and commerce, manufactures and trade, education, the organization of the professions, the independence of the judicature, pauperism and public expenditure, are so many subjects with respect to each and all of which we must be conscious that bad legislation would be imminent and inevitable. It was under the pressure of these thoughts that I wrote in 1880 words I may perhaps be permitted to repeat:—

"For a few years the process of borrowing money and spending it freely (supposing credit is got for loans) would be attended with a delusive appearance of prosperity; but before long Ireland would be found in a worse condition than ever, overcrowded with a population holding this article of faith above all—that however numerous they might be, no social misery could befall them if misgovernment did not produce it. This is the situation of a people ripe to receive and act upon the wildest socialist dreams, and the agitation which is now confined to schemes of agrarian reform would then be ready to be directed against all social relations."

The evil will bring its own cure? That is possible. Nations do have a tendency to right themselves with more or less violence, but the bitter experience must be sometimes prolonged for generations, before the lesson is learnt and a better way adopted. Nay, there are families of nations which do not appear to have of themselves a power of recovery. The change, which in the largest sense of the word is a change of religion, must be received from without. During the years to which we now look back this change was in progress. It was slow; it was not uninterrupted; but the healthy influences from without were continually in operation; renovation was going on, and there was a future of brighter hopes ever in prospect. And the process might have been maintained and developed. If it required in Parliament and statesmen qualities of resolution and endurance, a zeal for the good of Ireland which would not allow it to be made the sport of intrigue, a sense of the mission of England that kept its course right onward spite of difficulties and dangers, we cannot admit that this generation has lost the endowments of mind and genius without which the faculty of government is impossible. No necessity has compelled the abandonment of the ideal of our predecessors. Yet we are told it is gone. Ireland is to be left to itself. It must be placed under a Parliament composed of the materials we know. Who can now look on the future with hope? Who but must shrink from having any share in the responsibility of precipitating it? If a hopeless permanence of deterioration need not be predicted for Ireland, the prospect, however limited, is sufficiently depressing to explain an unwillingness to join in bringing its realization.

Our present starting-point is the confession that Home Rule has been brought within the range of thought of politicians. The Redistribution Act left us little hope, and that has since been diminished. That Act is held to have enabled us to hear for the first time the voice of the Irish nation. In effect it has misrepresented the predominance of the voices of the people of Ireland; it has extinguished the representation of many voices; it will extinguish more. Half of those entitled to vote pronounced at the General Election in favour of Nationalist candidates. About two-thirds of those who did vote supported Nationalists. About five-sixths of the members returned are Nationalists. Careless readers confound these three statements of fact. They speak of the voice of five-sixths of the people in the teeth of evidence falsifying their language. It is surely sufficiently significant that more than half those entitled to vote did record their votes for followers of Mr. Parnell; but the confusion of the careless is almost incorrigible. The perception of fact by the British electorate is thus obscured, and they are led to think that Ireland is divided between an overwhelming mass of Parnellites and a small minority of Orange Tories—the latter confined in the north-east corner of the island, and desiring to maintain the Union solely in the interest of privilege; while the Liberals, Catholic and Protestant, who are disseminated through the country, are regarded as non-existent. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem ratio.* And in truth those who are not represented must rapidly tend to become non-existent. It is not to be expected that scattered minorities will continue to maintain a struggle always unavailing, and they will gradually disappear, either through absolute withdrawal from the scene, or by passing over to the majority. Thus the false demonstration of Irish opinion will tend to verify itself. All this must have made the maintenance of the Union difficult, but it would not have been—it is not—impossible could reliance have been placed or be placed on the tenacity of resolution of Parliament and politicians. The presence of eighty-six irreconcilable members in the House of Commons was a formidable fact, and it was made more formidable since it was not at once resolved that the work of the House should not be marred and defeated by their action. Had such a resolution been taken; had it been approved on both sides; had it been maintained in successive sessions, the test of time would have proved a trial for the Home Rule agitation which many of those who favour it believe would have been fatal. But this presupposes a continuity of resolution only possible while both sides prefer the maintenance of the Union above all things. The defect of either party must be ruinous, and it is doubtful whether either can be trusted. The carelessness of the Conservative Government last summer is inexplicable, except on the theory that its leading

spirits had arrived at the conclusion, without perhaps communicating it to one another, that the victory of Home Rule was assured. If not wilfully blind, they must have known they were sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. There is much evidence that Mr. Gladstone had for years brooded over the possibilities of Home Rule. Thus the conditions requisite for maintaining the authority of the House are not self-evident; nor can reliance be placed on the dissent of those who are startled at the *dénouement*. The effect of the re-organization of our electoral system, accomplished by the Redistribution Act, is not yet appreciated; but it will be made apparent by experience that it operates to exclude from the House of Commons the representation of the elements of stability which abound in the country. Whatever the measure of the open-mindedness of the present Government, it must be admitted, after the elections of Hackney, Newcastle, and Grimsby, that in many boroughs no appreciable section of the Liberal votes will be alienated by it. Home Rule is not, indeed, as yet adopted as a plank of the Liberal platform, but it is not a subject on which any party can continue to have two opinions. A sharp struggle must arise over the question of its adoption, all the sharper because of the conviction that Home Rule once adopted, even though the result proved disastrous on the first trial, yet it would remain the rallying-cry of the party, and might ultimately be the symbol of victory. The question arises, whether, if this result is inevitable, those who dissent should not abstain from opposition, and content themselves with expressing their reasons for not co-operating in forwarding it. A position of confessed impotence is not one of dignity, but it is not dishonest, and there may always be an opportunity of from time to time offering a suggestion that may improve the plans of action adopted.

The acknowledgment that Home Rule may have been made inevitable does not conclude the question in what form it shall be established. The essence of the demand is, that an Irish Parliament shall have exclusive power of legislating in respect of the domestic affairs of Ireland. Concede this in principle, and we have at once to ask how the Parliament shall be constituted? what shall be its relation to the Parliament that will continue to sit at Westminster? and what is the definition of Irish domestic affairs? Parliaments abound in our self-governing colonies, and we even have in Canada a Parliament for the Dominion, with separate Parliaments for the provinces composing the Dominion. Colonial Parliaments are mostly bi-cameral; but the province of Ontario flourishes with a single Chamber. Whether Ireland should have one or two Houses may properly depend upon the relations that shall be determined upon between the Irish and the Imperial Legislature. It is also connected with the definition of

domestic affairs. This would naturally include the laws affecting land, marriage, education, the judiciary, the police, the poor, trade, banking, &c.; it might be an open question whether church establishments should be permitted, or a militia, or a separate tariff, or a coinage. The Act setting up the Irish Parliament would contain an enumeration of these subjects, such as is contained in the Dominion Act, unless the precedent of the Australian colonies was followed.

I conceive it would be necessary to relegate to Irish control all the subjects I have named, except perhaps the coinage, which it would be convenient to both countries to reserve, unless and until the Irish Parliament adopted bi-metallism. A separate tariff may be a stumbling-block, but a separate tariff is the possession of every colony, and to withhold it would be to deny to the Irish Legislature that means of developing Irish industries which Mr. Parnell has claimed as a precious attribute of Home Rule. The question of a separate tariff naturally brings us back to the question of the relation between the two Parliaments. If the Customs duties levied at the Irish ports were prescribed by the Imperial Parliament, it would be necessary that a representation of Ireland should continue to sit in the latter, as we should otherwise have the anomaly which provoked the revolt of the American colonies. Does it follow that with the allowance of a separate tariff the Irish representation at Westminster should cease? This result would be in accordance with all the precedents, although it may be conceded that it is not an inevitable consequence, as Irish representatives might continue to sit in virtue of contributions to common charges made in some other way than through fixed duties—say by direct payments agreed upon from time to time. It will readily appear that the permission of a separate tariff, and the complete withdrawal of Irish members from the House of Commons (and of the Representative Peers from the Lords), are elements of a scheme having the merit of simplicity. Consider the alternative. If the future House of Commons contains Irish as well as British members, some readjustment of numbers would be necessary. The combined House would scarcely be recommended if it was not intended to give it some important reserves of legislation to run within Ireland, and this would threaten constant friction. A common tariff would be part of the plan, as in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and the operation of this tariff on the two islands, and of proposals for its modification, would furnish more standing occasion of dispute. As Ireland would not be prepared to raise sufficient to meet the expenses of its government from internal direct taxation, some allocation of the produce of Customs duties (and those of Excise?) would be necessary, such as exists in Canada; and the principles of apportion-

ment would be further occasions of discussion. I have proceeded on the hypothesis that the combined Parliament would be supreme, possessing the power of reconsidering and redetermining questions of representation, distribution of revenue, &c. &c.; but should all these things be settled by a fundamental law, incapable of alteration except by some specially authorized Power in the nature of a Constitutional Convention, we should then be involved in the entirely new complications of a limited Legislature, whose acts would be subject to examination and determination of validity or invalidity by a supreme court. And although occasions of dispute within the combined Parliament might be removed by the consideration that it was not within the power of that Parliament to change much that might be subject of complaint, yet the agitation could not be checked outside its walls in Ireland as well as in England, and it would be most difficult to prevent educational discussions within. Once more, the establishment of a combined Parliament would induce the creation of at least a third Parliament—viz., for Great Britain—with functions parallel to those of the Irish Parliament; and even if by some adroit management the same buildings could be used for both, possibilities, which we may pronounce certainties, would arise of different Ministries, of a Ministry for the United Kingdom and of a Ministry for Great Britain, as well as the Irish Ministry possessing the confidence of the Irish Parliament. Not wishing to confuse the subject unnecessarily, I put aside the suggestions that might be introduced from Austria-Hungary, as I believe the machinery of Delegations, however modified, would not be accepted by people saturated like ourselves with Parliamentary traditions. Enough has been said to indicate, however roughly, the complexities attendant on the attempt to set up a combined Parliament; perhaps more than enough, when it is added that this does not seem to be desired on either side. The Irish claimants of Home Rule have not asked for it. The most powerful friend of Home Rule in England has pronounced in favour of Home Rule expressly on the ground of the necessity of removing the Irish representatives from Westminster. It is true that Mr. Butt's original scheme was that of a Federation with a common and separate Parliaments, but Mr. Butt's personality and plans belong to the past. Although he was a genuine Irishman, he had an imperial sense of a United Empire, while his plans were so far removed from the touch of fact that he appears to have contemplated a resuscitation of the Irish House of Lords. Mr. Parnell has different views and different feelings. Ireland for the Irish is his principle; he asks for no more, and is not too careful to inquire how far this leads. Mr. Justin McCarthy has more than once, and with deliberation, declared that he wants Ireland to

be placed in the political position of Canada. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, perhaps not with the same seriousness, has expressed the same desire in much the same words. Mr. Sexton seems to be alone in deprecating the reduction of Ireland to the position of what he calls a province. If the views of Mr. Parnell point to the *status* of colonial independence as that with which he will be satisfied, at all events for the present, and with nothing less than which he will be satisfied; if trusty lieutenants of his declare that this is the consummation they desire; if it realizes, as nothing else short of complete separation can, the aspirations that have been expressed on hundreds of platforms in Ireland; if it secures that delivery of Irish members from the existing Parliament which the Irish Secretary offers as the reward and chief motive of Home Rule; why should we encounter the complications and perils of a Federal system, with its duplication of Legislatures within Great Britain itself? The trade-hindrances arising from differences of tariff may afford one reason for hesitation, and another will perhaps be found in the control that would be retained over reserved subjects of legislation and administration by the Federal Parliament. Upon this second head it may be observed that the control would be entirely illusory in reference to strictly domestic matters unless we were prepared to risk continual conflicts between the agents of the Federal and the Provincial authority; while, as regards matters reaching farther afield, control would, under the colonial relation, be reserved, and, if need be, exercised, by the Parliament of Great Britain. I have already expressed the opinion that a denial of the tariff-power would be a vain and irritating prolongation of the struggle, and I conceive the trade-hindrances would not prove in practice so vexatious as, without consideration, we might deem. For it may be assumed that the Customs duties of Great Britain would remain few and simple, and although the Irish tariff would probably be very different, it would be for Irish Customs-house officers to prevent smuggling into Ireland, and not for us to anticipate smuggling into England, except, perhaps, in respect of whisky; and it is not a generation since different rates of spirit duties prevailed in the two islands, and indeed in the three kingdoms, so that the illicit introduction of more lightly taxed whisky into England from Scotland and Ireland had to be watched. At this point reference may be made to a question of intense interest to those immediately concerned, which can, however, be only casually treated. Should North-east Ulster be thrown in with the rest of Ireland, or cut off from it and remain part of the United Kingdom? The mechanical difficulty of running a Customs-house line across a corner of the island is obvious, but not insuperable. It would be very bitter on the inhabitants of this corner to be thrust, into the newly organized

Ireland, and if they were separated from it, the situation of the wretched Unionists in the rest of the island would be more desperate than ever. The sacrifice of minorities must be faced in any case; and perhaps the cries would be fewer and more easily stifled if North-east Ulster was cut off, and retained a representation in the Parliament at Westminster, as Calais once possessed representation there. Reverting from this digression, an attempt may be made to pursue the idea of Ireland in a colonial relation to Great Britain. The authority of the Crown, the first of Mr. Gladstone's conditions, is obviously preserved. So also is his second condition, the integrity of the Empire, or, as it may be expressed, the unity of common citizenship. The situation of an Irishman migrating to Great Britain or to a colony, the rights of an Irishman to Imperial protection abroad, would be precisely the same as before. So also would remain unchanged the rights of an Englishman or a colonist migrating into Ireland. It may be asked what is the security of this, seeing that the new Irish Parliament would receive authority to legislate on domestic affairs, and might differentiate in its legislation between the native-born and the immigrant subject of the Queen. The answer is found in the not generally understood fact that the sovereign authority of Parliament remains predominant over Colonial Legislatures—which of course includes Mr. Gladstone's third condition, that so much of the authority of Parliament must be maintained as may be necessary to secure his first and second conditions. No Act of a Colonial Parliament is valid which is in derogation of an Act of the Imperial Parliament running in the colony, and the Imperial Parliament may at any time pass an Act superseding or curtailing a Colonial statute. Moreover, a Colonial Act may be nullified by the veto of the Governor, or by the veto of the Sovereign, necessarily exercised on the advice of her responsible Ministers possessing the confidence of the Imperial Parliament. It must be owned, however, that, though the authority is thus in theory ample to the utmost, its exercise has come in practice to be limited, and must be limited, to restrain those Acts of Colonial Legislatures which run beyond their local jurisdiction. Any one can apprehend the difficulty of attempting to enforce within the area of a self-governed dependency an Imperial law in conflict with predominant local sentiment. The Home Government has now for many years abandoned the disallowance of Colonial Acts validating marriages with deceased wives' sisters; it is doubtful whether it could persist, if a colony was resolute, in disallowing an Act limiting the copyright of an English author with a colony; it is certain that, when an Australian Ministry, backed by public opinion, refused to allow the landing of subjects of the Queen legally entitled to go where they pleased, the Home Government thought it best to

give way. If an Irish Parliament did attempt to discriminate against English or Scotch immigrants into Ireland, there would exist in theory the veto of the Viceroy and the legislative powers of the Imperial Parliament to counteract such an attempt; and the force of Great Britain might, if necessary, be invoked; but I must frankly confess that I regard the anticipation of such unequal legislation as fanciful, though I apprehend there would be a serious danger of inequality in administration and in the operation of local influences. Inequality of this kind is not easy to define, and is still less easy to prevent, and there will be abundant protests that it will never occur, upon which reliance will probably be placed according to desire. In this connection let me glance at another apprehension very sincerely entertained by many—that of the danger of creating under the guise of a colony a neighbour that in times of difficulty might form a potent ally to our enemies. The best answer to this is that the situation is not free from this danger now. There is no doubt a difference between Ireland without any organized native force save a constabulary devoted to the Imperial connection, and Ireland with a constabulary officered and manned by men steeped in National feeling, and a militia organized, equipped, and trained as a local force. It would be foolish to attempt to hide from ourselves the gravity of the change. But the right of maintaining Imperial garrisons in Ireland would remain, and the possibility of re-occupying with Imperial forces points of advantage in the event of war. Bearing these facts in mind, and remembering that Ireland will be very poor in all save men, we may regard the contingencies we have been contemplating without any great disquietude.

We know Ireland as it exists, and it is not difficult to imagine Ireland, whether undivided or shorn of its best corner, as a self-governed *annexe*; but the question remains, How could the transition be formally effected? We can get no clear light from experience. Many colonies have been emancipated, but they had previously been in the situation of Crown Colonies. In this case we have to treat of the divorcement of a part of the kingdom hitherto incorporated into our parliamentary system. Something, however, may be learnt from colonial precedents. New Constitutions have been always established after much local agitation, and they have been formed in more or less formal consultation with the local leaders who have demanded the change. If ever the new government is devised for Ireland, Mr. Parnell must be called into counsel. He may not like it any more than those who invite him; but to comply will be an obligation of his position. A rude outline of the result may be sketched out which must take the form of an Act for the Better Government of Ireland. This would provide for the election at a definite time of a House of Commons and possibly of a second Chamber. The Commons would

• presumably be elected, in the first instance, by the same constituencies and with the same franchises as the members now sent to Westminster. Various schemes of creating a second Chamber might be devised, in which existing organizations, such as the Boards of Guardians, might be brought into play, with provision for securing some representation of minorities. A certain number of Ministries would be constituted by the Act ; as, for instance, a Treasury, a Local Government Board (with the care of the Poor Laws), Ministries of Education, of Land and Public Works, of Law and Justice, and of Trade, under which the whole administration of Ireland would be parcelled out. A Consolidated Fund would be established, into which from a given day the produce of customs and excise duties and taxes would be paid, and upon which would be charged payments, like the salaries of the governor, the judges, &c. &c., which it is not expedient to submit to be annually voted by the Commons. Whisky would be shipped in bond to England just as it is shipped to a colony or a foreign port, and, reciprocally, tea and other dutiable articles would pass in bond through England to Ireland. Some difficulty may be anticipated in respect of the income-tax on investments in Great Britain by residents in Ireland, and *vice versa*. I have spoken already of the maintenance of a common coinage, and it would be convenient, for a time at least, to maintain a common postal organization ; but it would be very soon necessary to assign the patronage to the Irish Government, and this would apparently involve a severance of the administration. When that happened, a transfer of the Post Office Savings Bank would accompany it, and of the accumulated capital of deposits ; but, as depositors must be allowed some time within which they might withdraw their deposits if they declined to accept the substitution of the responsibility of the Irish Consolidated Fund for that of the United Kingdom, it would be proper that the accumulated capital of their deposits should be paid over in instalments running over this time. Against this transfer would have to be set the capital sums borrowed in Ireland from the United Kingdom, which debts would naturally be taken over by the Irish Consolidated Fund. The general outline need not be overlaid with details and accessories, one of which would probably be the advance of a certain sum to set the machine a-going. A thought may, however, be cast on the members of the present permanent Civil Service in Ireland, including the judiciary. If the invectives of the Nationalist party express their real feelings, a large number of the heads of departments would have short shrift, and the position of many more, including those who are not removable at a stroke, would be made so unpleasant as to be untenable. Officials having a guaranteed tenure of place would have a recourse against Great Britain on displacement, and the claims of the rest to equitable consideration

would not easily be answered. When we retired from the Transvaal, those who had espoused the British cause were more or less indemnified against the losses they sustained; and, formidable as is the army of officials in Ireland, it would not be possible to refuse to entertain their appeals for consideration. It might be necessary to treat some of them on the same lines as another class as to whom surprise may have been felt by some readers that they have not hitherto been mentioned. Mr. Parnell himself would seem to feel, if we may judge from his speech on the Address, that the landowners of Ireland would run great risk of injustice from a popular Irish Assembly. A plan for safeguarding their rights was propounded anonymously, but, as was soon understood and is now avowed, it comes from a high authority, and this turns on the adoption of a Federal scheme. Their protection does not, however, depend on the adoption of a scheme of that character. Supposing their claims converted into perpetual annuities on Mr. Giffen's plan, their annuities might be made a first charge on the Irish Consolidated Fund by the Act (with a guarantee, if that was thought essential, from the Exchequer of Great Britain), and the rents of Ireland would then become part of the endowment of the Irish Consolidated Fund sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet these charges. I pass by other provisions of the Act that have been suggested, because I believe most of them cumbersome and valueless, and their object will be more easily and directly secured by that control over Irish legislation which has already been described. Enough has been said to explain how the process could be accomplished of transferring Ireland as a going concern from the United Parliament to an Irish Parliament, and the character of the conditions to be adopted to secure justice to the individuals affected by the transfer. The effect on the corporate character and life of the nation is beyond the reach of legislation.

If any reader who has taken the trouble to accompany in thought this plan of establishing Home Rule feels at the close that it should end like the famous recipe for dressing a cucumber; I protest it has not been my intention to lead to this conclusion. The plan described is the simplest that has occurred to me. It involves the least number of provocations to subsequent friction. If there is any hope of satisfying the feeling that has been excited without grievous personal wrong, it must be by the loyal adoption of some such method by the Irish Nationalist party. But I end with the feeling with which I began. Let that Irish party be ever so loyal; let it be scrupulous to protect the claims of those whom it has most in aversion; let no occasion of dispute arise over the terms of settlement with Great Britain; yet I conceive the change must operate to put back Ireland in the path of advancement. I put aside altogether the reflex action

on Great Britain itself. I have not considered the effect that might be produced on the influence of Great Britain elsewhere as a factor in the education of nations and the movement of the world. I look to Ireland only, and, surveying its future as a patriotic Irishman might contemplate it, I feel no hope; I feel nothing but anguish at a retrogression, the recovery from which, once accomplished, must be long delayed, if, indeed, it should ever be realized.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD: A FIGHT FOR ART.

I.

THE following pages tell without evasion or disguise the story of my connection with an association (founded in the year 1848 by three young painters) which has since become famous under the name of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and tell it for the first time. For all that has been written on this subject during the last thirty years has come from without, from more or less partial or prejudiced sources, and it is time this should be remedied. Several causes have combined to make me think that the present time is a fitting one to break the long silence of nearly forty years; to say plainly what was the share I took in the origin and development of this movement. Amongst these causes, the most powerful perhaps is, that owing to the collection of Millais' works which is now at the Grosvenor Gallery, and the collection of my own paintings which is being exhibited at the Fine Art Society,* our early (and late) pictures are now before the public at the same time. The third member of our little company, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, died two years since, and after his death his pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy. The public, therefore, have now before them all the results of our work, and it seems desirable they should also learn something of the manner in which that work came to be done; the motives which prompted, the obstacles which hindered, and the friends who encouraged it.

I will endeavour to tell this story quite plainly and simply, without rhetoric or exaggeration, hoping that it may perhaps not only serve the cause of truth, but in some small measure encourage young students who are striving to-day, amidst many hindrances, after true forms of art, and seeking them amidst the exhaustless treasures

* 146 New Bond Street.

of Nature, and the ever-changing conditions of life and knowledge. It is mainly in this hope that I have set down the record which follows.

My father was from the first strongly opposed to my becoming an artist; he had had reason to see the ill effects of a loafing, idle life, and he believed, in accordance with the general opinion of those days, that artists were necessarily of a reckless, frivolous character, and led a useless, unstable life. So, finding that at school I scribbled more designs than exercises in my copybooks, he removed me from school when I was about twelve and a half years old, with the intention of placing me in some City office. Owing to a fortunate accident, I was placed with an auctioneer and estate agent as a sort of probationary clerk, and one day my master, coming into the office hurriedly, caught me putting away something in my desk, and, insisting upon seeing it, discovered that I could draw. This led to inquiries on his part as to whether I had painted, and it turned out that he was himself fond of art, and, whenever he could get a chance, practised painting. "One day," he said to me, "when there's nothing much to be done, you and I will shut ourselves in here and have a day's painting together;" and so it happened. Here were the tables turned upon my father with a vengeance! I was getting artistic encouragement from the very employer who should have been instilling into me commercial principles. This lasted about a year and a half, when, owing to my employer's retirement from business, I obtained another situation in the City at a Manchester warehouse in Cateaton Street, managed by a London agent of Richard Cobden. Here I sat by myself in a little room looking out on three blank walls, and made entries in a ledger, and seemed farther than ever from my desire of becoming an artist. But, here too, curiously enough, another artistic friend turned up in the person of an occasional clerk whose business it was to design patterns for the firm's calicoes, &c. &c. Surreptitiously I also used to try my hand at designing, and attained sufficient proficiency to enable my friend to make use of my designs on various occasions. I remember an amusing incident of this period, which gave me great delight at the time. The window of my room was made of ground glass, and, having but little to do, I passed my time drawing with both pen and pencil flies upon its roughened surface. A good blot of ink sufficed for the body, and some delicate strokes with a hard pencil for the wings, and at a short distance the deception was perfect. Day by day the number of flies in that room increased, till one day, my employer coming in, stopped suddenly in front of the window and said, "I can't make out how it is; every day I come into this room there seem to be more flies in it," and he took out his handkerchief to brush them away.

So the time went on slowly till I had been nearly a year and a

half in the City, and disliked it more day by day. My father allowed me to spend my little salary in taking lessons of a City portrait-painter, for it was only as a profession that he disapproved of artistic employment. The lessons I received from this artist ingrained certain habits and traditional practices of which in after-years I had much trouble to be rid. My master was in his faults as well as his virtues a follower of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The incident which put an end to my City life was at the outset apparently a very trivial one. When my employer had been out of town for some days and there was little to do in the office, an old orange woman, well enough known at that time about the City warehouses, entered, and, complaining bitterly of her lack of custom, entreated me to buy something "just for a hansel." "I tell you what I'll do," said I; "I won't buy any oranges, but, if you've really got nothing to do, sit down here, and I'll paint your portrait." Old Hannah was delighted with the idea, and then and there I painted her on a bit of sized paper, "in her habit as she lived," her basket on her head, and an orange in her hand. To make a long story short, this led to my retirement; my master happened to come in and see the portrait where it was pinned up to dry behind the door; he showed it to several people, and the knowledge of it came to my father's ears. And my determination to be a painter having been increased by this little success, I told him so frankly. I would be an artist, and nothing but an artist, and if he kept me in the City till I was twenty-one, he would only be taking away so much of my chance of doing anything in the profession. I was then sixteen. After many objections, my father yielded so far as to allow me to try at my own risk. He was at this time hampered by a desperate lawsuit which took away half his savings.

I just managed to pay my expenses by painting portraits three days per week, whilst on the others I drew at the British Museum, in the Sculpture Gallery and the Print Room. It was a hard fight. Sometimes I copied pictures, sometimes acted as journeyman to other copyists, but the most curious part of my work was that of altering existing portraits to suit the fancy of their owners. My first commission of this kind was, I remember, from a Mr. Godfrey. He had a portrait of which he did not like the expression or dress, so he employed me to put another coat on the figure, and alter his expression. All this I faithfully executed to his satisfaction, and was duly paid. Still, these windfalls were rare; and though many people had told me at the time of Old Hannah's portrait that they would give me commissions if I would set up as an artist, when I did so they thought—naturally enough, I suppose—that they would wait till I had gained more experience. A year went by. I had tried to gain admission as a student at the Academy, and been

rejected, and again I tried with a like result. Then my father spoke very seriously. I was wasting my time and energy; I should do no good as a painter. My drawings were clever enough for friends to admire, but between them and the professional there was a great gulf, and so on; winding up with, that he would allow me to try once more, but, if that failed, I must "go back to the City." To this I reluctantly consented, and, a year and a half after I left my high stool in the warehouse, sent in my third drawing to the Academy, and was at last successful. I had, however, despite all my energy, a long way to make up with fellow-students who had begun years before myself. Millais (then about fifteen), though two years younger than myself, had already won the principal medal in the Antique School before I had gained admission to the Academy. Indeed, I was, in fact, slow in proving my ability in such exercises as were set for us in the Antique School, and many dunces at first distanced me in the Academicians' favour. I had, however, already made the acquaintance of Millais over a drawing in the British Museum. And here, before I begin to describe our associateship, let us pause for a minute and see what chance of instruction in the highest art there was at this time for a young student.

There was indeed no systematic education then to be obtained amongst the leaders of art, of whom the principal had had a hard struggle to keep their art themselves alive during all the days of poverty which followed the Napoleonic wars. Of these perhaps the greatest, as he was certainly the most unfortunate, was Haydon, who had striven for years, with light purse and heavy debts, to do justice to his powers. His later works bore increasing evidence of haste, of pinched means, and ill-lit studios, of want of the living model, and perhaps, too, of exhausted faith and soured spirit. He committed suicide about one year after I had embarked as an artist (1844), and the gloom of his failure increased my father's anxiety on my behalf for many years. This artist was the last who had attempted to have a school for painters in England, and those who had become famous under his instruction had done so in ways as different to his own as could well be conceived. Was there any living man whom I could choose as a model? I could not think so. Though I looked upon many with boundless wonder and admiration, I could see none who stood directly on the road which seemed the only one for me. In my admiration of Landseer I had been one of the public, but as an artist my feeling towards him was very different. He did works of real point and poetry, but the pomatum-y texture of his painting, and absence of firm bone beneath his skins, and the general melting away of every form into shapeless cloud, was most uninteresting to me. Beginning with a life of twenty years' failure and heroic effort, Etty had become the rage. His

"Syrens," the "Holofernes," and the diploma picture, will always justify a great reputation, but he had lost a degree of robustness he once had, and at last was painting classic subjects with the taste of a Parisian paperhanger. He retained a consummate mastery of the brush and of paint, with a richness of tints and tones that made it quite his due to rank among the great colourists of the world, but his current paintings were cloyed in their richness and sweetness, and his forms were muddled, and even indelicate in the evidence they bore of being servilely copied from stripped models, who had been distorted by the modiste's art. It was natural at first to look to Mulready as the master who would be a safe guide, for he was most painstaking and student-like to the last, and single-handed had striven to reach an unattained perfection; but his drawing was without any bold line, and he was injured by his taste for prettiness. MacIise was a wonderful draughtsman, and had a sterling power of invention, but the Milesian instinct for glamour and melodramatic vulgarities seldom allowed him freedom to appear at his best, as he did so triumphantly later in the "Waterloo." Leslie, in the front rank of figure-painters, was to me the most thoroughly inspired with sweet simplicity, the taste for healthy colour, and the power of giving unaffected expression to his characters; but his was essentially a miniature style. One cannot imagine any painting of his of life-size, and the two scales of workmanship need independent apprenticeship. William Collins at the last did some admirable figure pictures, with rustic but Crabbe-like sentiment; but he, too, could not be considered as a master for ideal work. William Dyce was the most profoundly trained and cultured of all the painters, but his reward had been to be driven from the profession altogether for several years, and then he had to be searched for by the advice of the German painter Cornelius, given when he himself declined the honour—offered with true British prejudice to a foreigner—to paint the Houses of Parliament. Dyce, when too late to find a fair field for his genius, had thus recommenced his career. Had he had a better chance, he might have influenced the English school very strongly. Excepting others who have sunk into deserved oblivion, the above comprise the men in the front rank who painted figures. Turner was rapidly disappearing in a gorgeous sunset. The younger men gave evidence of the want of a leader by their diversity. Many were painters of great faculty. Ward, being dead, may be noted as having then already painted some interesting pictures illustrating the lives of the poets. Some who had distinguished themselves at Westminster Hall for a time had disappeared. I had no acquaintance with any of the greater or the lesser men, except in contact, occurring late in my studentship in the Life School, with the full Academicians.

The majority of my compeers and immediate elders were worshippers of Etty, and inquired not at all of the beginning of his greatness, but strove to display at least equal mastery in execution to that which he had. Some followed other masters, but it amused me to observe that all alike adduced the Greeks and Raphael as the prophets to sanctify their courses, and all took fire at the suggestion that the solid ground beneath their feet alone was the foundation on which the greatest could stand. There was no discrimination then with artists, more than with the public, that Guido, Parmegiano and Le Brun, Murillo, Sasso Ferrato, and such crew, were birds of a different feather to their great idols, so that the name of the princely Urbinite was made to cover all conventional art. We knew less of Michael Angelo in England then, with the Sistine Chapel and the Medici tombs unphotographed; and Tintoretto was not known in his might at all. In the painting schools, sober discussion seemed very unprofitable. When I put down my brush—which was not often—I preferred to joke, and I accepted the railing description of “flat blasphemy” until my outspoken denunciation of the gods became a password, though the students had no great faith in my sincerity. How could it be credited that one was in earnest, saying that Murillo’s large “Holy Family” in the National Gallery was rubbish? Altogether it was evident that I had to be my own master, getting dumb direction from the great of other ages, and correction of defects in my daily tasks from intelligent elder fellow-students and the well-intentioned keeper at the Academy, Mr. George Jones, who was eager to be of use.

Such was the state of art instruction in England at the date when I entered the Academy and first became acquainted with Millais. Rossetti was also a student there at that time, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently. The first bit of genuine instruction which I received, and one, moreover, which in some ways perhaps determined the whole of the course of my artistic life, came about in this wise. While engaged in copying “The Blind Fiddler,” a visitor looking over me said that Wilkie painted it without any dead colouring, but finished each bit as fresco was done. The speaker had been the painter’s pupil, and had been taught the same practice, which he kindly proved later by showing his own work. I looked at all paintings now with the question whether it had been so with them. It was a revelation to me, and I began to trace the purity of work in the quattrocentists, to this drilling of undeviating manipulation which fresco-painting had furnished to them, and I tried to put aside the loose irresponsible handling to which I had been trained, and which was universal at the time, and to adopt the plan of painting which allowed no excuse for a false touch. I was not able to succeed completely in all parts of my work, but the taste for clean work, for

clear forms and tints, grew in me, and the quattrocentist work, as I saw it in the Francias, the Garafola, the Van Eyck, and the others, became dearer to me as I progressed in my attempt to purify my style. I attempted humble subject-pictures during my earliest student days, and sent them to the exhibitions, and was favoured by admittance; they were honest, though sometimes bungling, examples of my advancing aims. Careful observation and the reading of "Lanzi" convinced me that all the great Italian artists, including the cinquecentists, had grown from a training of patient self-restraint, imposed by masters who had never indulged their hands in uncertainty and dash, and that the wise and enthusiastic pupils had delighted in the devotion of humility till far on in their maturity. The dandelion clock in the "St. Catherine" by Raphael, and the flowers—notably the purple flag blossoms—in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" by Titian, were edifying examples of this spirit in the highest masters, altogether, as it seemed, overlooked by modern students.

Dulwich Gallery was one of my haunts. There I observed that an early portrait of his mother by Rubens had unexpectedly this characteristic of care and humility; and a portrait by Holbein there fascinated me with its delicate painting. It was of a man possessing a stubbly white beard. It is now forty-two years since I have seen these, but more notable examples of early practice have confirmed the conclusions they forced upon me, that in art, as in other pursuits, it is a loss in the end both for schools and for individuals to begin as masters. My business was, however, only for myself. I had to find out a path for my own feet, and for mine only. I had no temptation to think of founding a school. By nature, and by the encouragement of my City painting-master, I was slovenly, and impatient for result. Once having decided this to be my besetting sin, I had pursuing proofs of the need of self-restraint. What might be profitable as a course for other students was shut out to me, and, as I sought in every direction for the guidance of my own steps, so it seemed to me it was necessary for others to do, since there was no systematic instruction to be had.

This was my state of mind in those first days of studentship, in which, be it remembered, I had somehow or other to support myself by my brush in the intervals of regular study. Millais and myself used to talk about painting and our tasks at home much to the effect of the foregoing pages, and I at this time raised his opinion of me by showing him a picture of mine on its way to the British Institution. In return, his power dazzled me both in a painting of "Elgiva" and in the large picture of "The Widow's Mite," which I saw in his studio before it was sent to the Westminster Hall competition. I remember with pleasure still his impulsive introduction of me to his parents as "the student who drew so well." After this he came to my studio

and saw a picture of mine (never finished), and later "The Escape of Madeleine and Porphyro," from "The Eve of St. Agnes."

But before I had begun to paint either of these pictures an event of no little importance occurred to me; a fellow-student, one Telfer, spoke to me of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," and ended by lending it for a few days.

Up to that time I had thought that the world regarded art as a sort of vagabondish cleverness; that it was almost a disgrace to have a passion for art in modern times, and that it was useless to hope that modern intellect would profess its enthusiasm for it. I name this with full knowledge that it reveals a one-sided acquaintance with the society of the day. To get through the book I had to sit up most of the night more than once, and I returned it before I had got half the good there was in it; but, of all readers, none so strongly as myself could have felt that it was written expressly for him. When it had gone, the echo of its words stayed with me and pealed a further meaning and value in their inspiration whenever my more solemn feelings were touched in any way.

At this time I was neglecting my chances as a portrait-painter, somewhat unintelligibly to my household, and I am afraid my course seemed altogether negligent and thoughtless. I had sold a picture from "Woodstock," in the previous exhibition, for £20 to a prizeholder in the Art Union. This I spent on a picture never completed. I commenced "The Eve of St. Agnes" picture on the 6th of February. A double portrait taxed my daylight very much, so that I had to paint much of this Keats picture by candle-light. One single visitor, when I was at home in the daytime, came during this period. He had been brought by a fellow-student, and was an idle man then, and used to sit by the fire while I worked, discoursing mainly of the country, and of churches there, and their architectural features, of brasses, and other antiquarian matters of some moment to me. It seemed unaccountable to me that he should have any interest in coming. Mark what was in reserve! I sent my painting in about the 6th of April, and I put the price of £70 upon it. Soon after the Art Union list was published, and Mr. Bridger, my visitor, was shown to have a £70 prize. I could not resist the temptation to write to him, pointing out that the amount of his prize was the exact price of my work, as he would see in the Academy list, and that I hoped it would please him to buy it. His reply was, curtly, that he should look at all the pictures for sale; that, if mine was the best, he should choose it; if not, he should take another. But after looking for a month or more, he came at last to mine, and bought it. The picture was finished in Millais' studio; we worked together late through the night for company. His picture was "Cymon and Iphigenia," and once, in return for some drapery I did in his picture, he painted a

hand of one of the revellers in mine, which I can now distinguish by its precise touching, noticed by me at the time. It is the left hand of the man throwing his head back towards the spectator.

On the first day of the exhibition I had a repetition of an experience of the previous year, for Rossetti came up boisterously, and in loud tongue made me feel very confused by declaring that mine was the best picture of the year. The fact that it was from Keats made him extra-enthusiastic, for I think no painter had ever before painted from this wonderful poet, who then, it may scarcely be credited, was little known. I had never seen any but the original edition of his work (alas! since lost by lending). Rossetti frankly asked me to let him call upon me; before, I had only been on nodding terms with him in the school. He had always a following of noisy students there, and these had kept me from approaching him with more than a nod, except when once I found him perched on some steps drawing Ghiberte, whom I also studied; that nobody else did so had given us subject for ten minutes' talk. It was thus "The Eve of St. Agnes," which first brought the three future Pre-Raphaelite Brethren into intimate relations.

In a few days more he was in my studio, talking about his position, his work, and his prospects. He was then greatly disheartened about his studies from still life, which his master, Madox Brown, had insisted upon his doing. I had been content to see F. Madox Brown's works at Westminster Hall with great silent recognition of the genius in the picture of "The Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror," but Rossetti, with more leisure, had taken the pains to find him out and induce the painter to take him as pupil, which he had done on the terms of a friend. In this way Rossetti had been set, according to all sound rule, to paint still life and to copy a picture. The repetition he had achieved, but the "bottles," which he dwelt upon to me, tormented his soul beyond power of endurance; and he had turned to Leigh Hunt by letter, asking him to be good enough to read some of his poems, and tell him whether he would do well or not to rely upon poetry for his bread. My namesake had replied in the most polite and complimentary manner about the verses, but he had implored him for his own sake, if he had any prospect whatever as a painter, on no account to give it up, for the life of a poet was too pitiable to be chosen in cool blood, and thus he had been sent back again to consider painting as his main means of support. Was it necessary, he asked, to go again to the "bottles"? I assured him of my great deference to the high judgment of his master, but ventured to say that, although in all but extraordinary cases I should prescribe the same course to any pupil, for him I should decide that the object might be gained by choosing one of his recent designs (seen and admired by Millais

and myself, as they had come round in a folio belonging to a designing club of which we were members)—that this composition should be put upon canvas—that the work should be taken up first with the still life—that, thus invested with vital interest as a link in an idea to be developed, it would furnish him with the exercise needful to prepare his spirit for the essential core of the poem he had to paint. This opinion he accepted as a suggestion to be at once adopted, and, that I might explain it in detail, he applied to me for half of the studio which I was just taking. I agreed to this, and, after a visit together to Rochester and Blackheath (reading Monckton Milnes' "Life and Letters of Keats" on the way), we took possession of our roughly prepared painting-room (1848).*

This was my first actual departure from the paternal roof, and, to begin the world, I had the £70 from the Art Union and about £7 from portraits. The first picture I had determined to paint was a scene from "Rienzi," an expensive one in models of men and horses; with which last my good friend Mr. John Blount Price helped me. He had previously lent me his bloodhound for the "St. Agnes Eve." The armour had to be borrowed, and journeys for landscape background and foreground made; so that the sum in hand did not go as far as it would have done with many paintings making greater display.

I gained many advantages by our partnership. Rossetti had then, perhaps, a greater acquaintance with the poetical literature of Europe than any living man. His storehouse of treasures seemed inexhaustible. If he read twice or thrice a long poem, it was literally at his tongue's end; and he had a voice rarely equalled for simple recitations. Another gain was in the occasional visits of F. M. Brown, the painter of the historical frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall, who kindly gave me advice when he had ended his counsel to Rossetti, and always explained his judgment by careful reasoning and anecdote.

The companionship of Rossetti and myself soon brought about a meeting with Millais, at whose house one night we found a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was probably the finding of this book at this special time which caused the establishment of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Millais, Rossetti, and myself were all seeking for some sure ground, some starting-point for our art which would be secure, if it were ever so humble. As we searched through this book of engravings, we found in them, or thought we found, that freedom from corruption, pride, and disease for which we sought. Here there was at least no trace of decline, no conventionality, no arrogance. Whatever the imperfection, the whole spirit of the art was simple and sincere—was,

* This studio was at 7 Gower Street. Millais was in his father's house at 87 in the same street.

as Ruskin afterwards said, "eternally and unalterably true." Think what a revelation it was to find such work at such a moment, and to recognize it with the triple enthusiasm of our three spirits. If Newton could say of his theory of gravitation, that his conviction of its truth increased tenfold from the moment in which he got one other person to believe in it, was it wonderful that, when we three saw, as it were, in a flash of lightning, this truth of art, it appealed to us almost with the force of a revolution? Neither then nor afterwards did we affirm that there was not much healthy and good art after the time of Raphael; but it appeared to us that afterwards art was so frequently tainted with this canker of corruption that it was only in the earlier work we could find with certainty absolute health. Up to a definite point the tree was healthy; above it, disease began: side by side with life there appeared death. Think how different were the three temperaments which saw this clearly. I may say plainly of myself, that I was a steady and even enthusiastic worker, trained by the long course of early difficulties and opposition of which I have told the story, and determined to find the right path for my art. Rossetti, with his spirit alike subtle and fiery, was essentially a proselytizer, sometimes to an almost absurd degree, but possessed, alike in his poetry and painting, with an appreciation of beauty of the most intense quality. Millais, again, stood in some respects midway between us, showing a rare combination of extraordinary artistic faculty with an amount of sterling English common-sense. And, moreover, he was in these early days, beyond almost any one with whom I have been acquainted, full of a generous, quick enthusiasm; a spirit on fire with eagerness to seize whatever he saw to be good, which shone out in every line of his face, and made it, as Rossetti once said, look sometimes like the face of an angel. All of us had our qualities, though it does not come within the scope of this paper to analyze them fully. They were such as rather helped than embarrassed us in working together.

"Pre-Raphaelite" was adopted, after some discussion, as a distinctive prefix, though the word had first been used as a term of contempt by our enemies. And as we bound ourselves together, the word "Brotherhood" was suggested by Rossetti as preferable to clique or association. It was in a little spirit of fun that we thus agreed that Raphael, the Prince of Painters, was the inspiring influence of the art of the day; for we saw that the practice of contemporary painters was as different from that of the master whose example they quoted, as established interest or indifference had ever made the conduct of disciples. It was instinctive prudence, however, which suggested to us that we should use the letters P.R.B., unexplained, on our pictures (after the signature) as the one mark of our union.

The first work that we agreed to do after this was a series of designs for Keats' "Isabella." These were to be executed entirely on our new principles, and subsequently etched for publication. Millais chose as his subject the household of Lorenzo's brothers at meals. Rossetti at first made excuses for procrastination. I did one of Lorenzo at his desk in the warehouse, in order that thus (with Millais' design) the lover's position in the house should be made clear to the spectator from the outset. Though Millais had much oil work on hand which had to be finished in the old style, he was impatient to begin in the new manner, and he announced his determination to paint his design. But his old work still hung about, until we were almost doubtful of the time before the sending-in day being sufficient for the task, when suddenly, about November, the whole atmosphere of his studio was changed, and the new white canvas was installed on the easel. Day by day advanced, at a pace beyond all calculation, the picture now known to the whole of England,* which I venture to say is the most wonderful painting that any youth still under twenty years of age ever did in the world.

In my studio Rossetti's plan of work promised to do all that was desired. The picture was "The Education of Mary Virgin," and he had advanced it considerably, but, from his unchecked impatience at difficulties, the interruptions to our work, to mine as much as to his, were so serious that once I had to go out walking with him to argue that, without more self-restraint on his part, we should certainly lose our chances of appearing, in the same season, in a band with Millais. He took this remonstrance in the best part, and applied himself with new patience to his work, which ultimately possessed in the important parts the most exquisite beauty and grace; he exhibited it subsequently in a gallery in Portland Place. Millais' picture was seen with wonder when finished, and he sold it before his "show" day. My "private view" was without any visitors, but the picture was delivered by myself in the evening, still wet, at the Academy. Before we were admitted to varnish our pictures we learned that they had been hung as pendants to one another in fair places just above the line, and in the *Times* I remember the notice of the exhibition began with two columns of comment upon our pictures as the remarkable feature of the collection. The fact itself was an unexpectedly gratifying testimony to the impression the works had made. On going to the Academy at seven in the morning (to get the longest opportunity, if necessary, for work before the public were admitted at twelve), we were received by many of the members with cordial compliments—some introducing themselves to me for this purpose—but there was an opposing spirit of indignation expressing itself loudly by some artists. The

* "Lorenzo and Isabella," now being exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery.

day went by without inquiry from any one of the price of my "Rienzi." Rossetti had already gained great honour by his sweet picture, and had sold it. I asked £100 for mine, and had great need of the money, for my store was well-nigh exhausted. With the little remaining, however, I began "The Christian Missionary" picture, and became part-proprietor and co-operator as illustrator of the *Germ*, which was started soon after this without stock of either matter or capital—of nothing but faith, in short. As weeks and months went by, the indignation of our opponents became fiercer, and made itself heard through the Press. By the end of July I had well-nigh come to my last penny, some work that I had been commissioned to do, and on which I had spent time and money, coming to nothing from the change of feeling about our school. The picture from the Academy came back to my dreary studio, and I was at my wits' end to know what else to do, when Mr. Egg called without formal introduction, saying that he had felt the greatest interest in the picture, and he wished to know whether it was sold. On a repetition of his visit, he said that a friend of his—an invalid—had been extremely disappointed not to have seen it in the Exhibition, and he asked me to send it to his house that he might show it to his friend, who was going to call upon him in two days. In the evening, knowing that my landlord had his eye upon the picture as the best guarantee for the quarter's rent, then due, I took it out quietly myself, and so delivered it at Bayswater. In the morning the landlord threatened me with an execution, and I had to give up to him my few articles of furniture, books, and sketches, and go back to my father's house: he received me very kindly. My vacation was not a cheering one, but in two days a note came from Egg asking me to call. I went, and he was not in; but on calling the second time, the servant asked my name, and produced a letter which told me that the friend was Mr. Gibbons, the well-known collector, and that he had bought the picture, generously making the cheque for £5 extra to pay for the frame.* When I presented the cheque I asked for some one in authority, and requested to be allowed to leave the money on account, and have a cheque-book, which was granted, as great testimony to my apparent trustworthiness, and I went with grand air and paid off the landlord, who was persuaded that I had been shamming poverty. I then departed to the Lea marshes for a month, and painted the background and foreground of my "Missionary" picture, finding a model there also for the hut and its appendages. I had no studio, and thus, because I was very fagged with my long, hard, and anxious work, it seemed a good opportunity to go to Paris for a holiday with Rossetti, as we had long planned. We came back with greater food for reflection, but without change of

* The purchase of this picture was an act of generosity, for the gentleman never valued the work, but hid it away in a closet, and at his death, the family sold it alone.

purpose. Ary Scheffer was a god whom we could not adore. De la Croix was to me only a very far removed old master of poor capacity; even De la Roche's "Hemicyle" seemed fast gyrating round simple truth to get at the opposite extreme of Academical precision. On my return I took a studio with southern aspect, to gain sunlight for my picture, and at this I worked solely and steadily throughout the winter and spring, until the sending-in day came round again, with one or two points in my complicated groups scarcely completed.

In the meantime, Millais had painted his "Christ in the Home of His Parents," and my picture was again hung as a pendant to his. While we had been quietly working the hostile feeling against us had shown itself to be wilder and more extended. A newspaper had in its gossiping column revealed the meaning of P.R.B., which had been disclosed, through the weakness of Rossetti, to a rank gossipier, and far and near it seemed as if the honour of Raphael was the feeling dearest of all to the bosom of England, and that this we had impiously assailed. The leading journals denounced our work as iniquitous and infamous, and, to make our enormity more shameful in extra-artistic circles, the great Charles Dickens wrote a leading article against Millais' picture in *Household Words*. This was an attack upon the whole of us, and though my picture was not mentioned, for the prejudice excited was more practically damaging to me, since Millais had sold his work, while mine had still the duty to perform of tempting 150 guineas out of the pockets of some admirer or approver, before I could go on with a new work. Sometimes I went to the Exhibition stealthily, hoping to hear some opinion expressed, but as soon as the public arrived at my picture they invariably said, "Oh, this is one of those preposterous Pre-Raphaelite works," and went on to the next without looking again upon the canvas. One fellow-student, some years my senior, told me that he regretted to see me mixed up with this charlatanism; that he perfectly understood that our object was to attract great attention to ourselves by our extravagant work; and that when we had succeeded in making ourselves notorious (which, being undeniably clever fellows, we should soon do), we should paint pictures of real merit. I thereupon wickedly said that he had divined our purpose, and besought him to respect the secret, at which he led me to his contribution for the year, telling me that, through the course we had taken, his work, being of modest aspect—and it was this—was entirely overlooked. One gain my picture brought was a note from Mr. Dyce, asking me to call upon him; when I went, he welcomed me with recognition as the student in the Life School whose drawings he had noticed, and he congratulated me greatly on "The Christian Missionary." His proposition was—since he had learned that I had not sold my picture—that I should make a copy for him, about sixteen by twelve inches, of his

picture, then in the Royal Academy, of "Jacob and Rachel." The work had to be undertaken between six and eight in the morning; the price to be paid was £15, which I gladly agreed to. And so forthwith I set myself to this task; but the porters were not up when I arrived, and I was left ringing at the bell sometimes for more than half an hour, with no remedy, because the keeper and Mr. Dyce had had a quarrel about the plan, and the latter had forced Mr. Jones' hand to get me admittance at all. Usually, when I had been working an hour, there was the signal for clearing out made, and I had to continue my painting on a staircase throughout the day, going from time to time to the picture to collect further facts. The money was already bespoken for pressing debts, and I was driven to my wits' end to know what to do to escape from my hopeless prospect. There was the post of draughtsman to the Mosul expedition under Layard inviting applicants. I wanted still to continue the fight in England, but without money how could I get a picture ready for next year? My two companions were using the summer profitably; I was losing mine. Perhaps it would be better at once to go to the East, as I had already intended to do some day. I should have some leisure from the drudgery of servile draughtsmanship, and I would paint some subjects which might be executed there more truly than elsewhere. The gift was in the hands of Sir R. Westmacott, who had been kind to me in giving letters for studentship, and I applied to him, but the appointment had been made the previous day. Thrown thus again on my narrower fate, I had to trust to one other chance. When the "Rienzi" first appeared, one of the artists who complimented me most told me that he could not afford £100, or he would buy the picture at once, but he should be glad if I would some day paint him a picture of one or two figures (something like a picture of Hook's there was in that Exhibition) from Shakespeare or Tennyson. At my leisure I was to do a design for the commission, and let him see it. I had not liked to remind him of this and to ask for an advance; but at last I resolved upon doing so, for it seemed my only chance of being able to work. Among the subjects which I was eager to paint, should my patron be satisfied, three presented themselves as most suitable—one of "The Lady of Shalot," with the web breaking about her; one of "Claudio and Isabella;" and the last, an idea of which I have never yet made use. I worked at these designs almost unceasingly for some few days, and at last, pressed by impatience to see the result, and to hear my encouraging superior's approval, as well as to get the means to pay pressing small debts, I sat up all night to complete the drawings, refreshing myself at daylight with a swim in the Thames, and walking to my friend's house in time to catch him as he rose from breakfast. I had not then

seen him for many months. When I apologized, with an explanation of reasons, for my delay in having the designs ready for submission to him, and announced that I had at last brought them, to my surprise he declared that he had never proposed anything of the kind, and that he disliked my work too much ever to have thought of such a request, but as I had the drawings with me he would look at them. I was but little disposed to show these, but did so at last, to escape any suspicion of resentment. Abruptly, as before, he declared that, had he ever intended it, the sight of my designs, with their hideous affectation, would have cured him of the desire to possess any work of mine. I record this, acknowledging that the man at bottom was not bad-hearted. He had got warped by general prejudice, so that he could scarcely see what he was doing. I went away, and stayed in the street for a few minutes, too giddy and bewildered to decide upon my course. My good friend Egg lived near. Had he also gone over to our enemies? It would be well, I thought, to see him. I found him still at the breakfast-table. I told him my tale, and I said that it was no affectation for me to declare that for me to judge of the designs I had with me was impossible; that I was tired and disheartened for the time; that perhaps the inventions I had been busy upon lacked the spirit which my reading of the author's meaning had made me desire to give them. Would he therefore tell me quite candidly his exact opinion? I should trust to him to do this. He had been more critical recently, but I had the best reason to believe in his sincerity. His qualifications otherwise were balanced thus in my mind. He was a pictorial dramatist of true power, and he was a keen reader and renderer of human expression to the very realm of poetic inspiration, if not of imaginative interpretation. He was, too, of eminently temperate judgment. He turned the drawings over silently as to words, but humming ambiguously, and broke silence by asking questions about the designs from Tennyson and the Shakespeare subject, which showed what in them struck him most. He said finally to the "Claudio and Isabella," "And DID — say that he had never given you a commission? And DID he say that these designs were hideous and affected? DID you offer to paint any of these for fifty pounds?" And then he added, "I think them admirable;" and, with the "Claudio and Isabella" prison scene in hand, he emphatically proceeded, "This delights me. Well, I have been thinking that you must be very hard up—you have not sold your picture, and I suppose you've not got any paying work in hand. I can't afford fifty guineas, but will you do a small picture of a single figure for twenty-five guineas? Think of a subject, and let me see the design; and in the meantime I will write you a cheque for a few pounds." My reply was, "I am always losing my summer. If I don't get to work now, other

hindrances will come, and next year I shall not put in an appearance, and thus there will be permanent defeat. I have a panel at home, well seasoned, of right proportions; you like the 'Claudio and Isabella'; let me begin the picture for your commission." He objected that it was far too much in work, but added, "I wish to see it in hand. Take my money on account for a future picture, and commence the 'Claudio and Isabella' at once; we will settle about its ownership afterwards, and you shall do the little picture when it's convenient."

I was rejoiced to commence the picture. Before putting it on the panel, which was from a superannuated coach, and prepared by myself, I considered my opportunities. I gained permission to paint the inside of the prison from the Lollard prison at Lambeth Palace, and there I went for a few days, very much outdone in smartness by a man whom I had engaged for two shillings to carry some of my traps, so that he was taken for the master and I the servant! Several important parts I did there; the lute I hung up in the little window recess to get the true light upon it, and I made my assistant stand to make sure of the true tones. At home I advanced the work sufficiently to make a well-established beginning.

About this time my "Christian Missionary" came back unsold and uninquired for. It is in the gallery now, to be seen with the others, in perfect preservation, though it left my hand thirty-six years ago. I can look at it now dispassionately, as though the young man who did it had been some other. I can see its shortcomings and its faults; some the young man saw himself without having time and means to correct them; and I can see its merits, and I can see them more clearly than the youthful workman could when he was as then tired with his night-and-day devotion to expressing his meaning; tired, although the labour was the fascination of his life, and dispirited when the world gave him not one word of encouragement or commendation. And I wonder at the little originality of taste there was among our fathers and mothers when it was offered to them, and they, dealers and rich men of taste, turned away from it with contempt.* When I was arranging to send it to some provincial exhibition, Millais wrote from Oxford, where he was with Charley Collins, telling me that the lady and gentleman with whom they were staying had liked my picture in the exhibition, and that he believed if I sent it they would buy it. And so it went to Oxford, and a cheque from Mr. Combe came back in its place. This put me on my (financial) legs again, and I determined to paint a new picture for the next year's Exhibition, although it was already late in the autumn to begin the background of the design, which I most cared for. But I felt that, if possible, I should appear

* This picture, with the "Claudio and Isabella," is now in the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148 New Bond Street.

with an important work, next May, lest the enemy should triumph over our cause, as far as I could represent it, as having permanently defeated us, and I determined to attempt the subject I have mentioned—one from “The Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

I went at once to Sevenoaks with Rossetti, who wished to paint a sylvan background to one of the many fine designs which at this time he did not bring to a conclusion as oil pictures. A month’s pleasant and busy stay enabled us to return to town. Then the work of drawing from models and collecting materials had to be promptly undertaken. Mr. Frith, R.A., kindly lent me a suit of armour, which the servant at my lodgings announced as a tin suit of clothes. James Hannay (the present magistrate) sat for the head of Valentine, and a young barrister, already well known among journalists, and since greatly distinguished as a Cabinet Minister at the Antipodes, was good enough to let me paint the Proteus from his posing. At the last the completion of the picture was imperilled by unexpected events, so that I scarcely completed it on the day fixed by the Academy. This year I had a less good place in the Exhibition than before, and I should say that all of our works suffered greatly by the absence of support for their key of colour and effect. The treatment by the Press was more fierce than before. Our strongest enemy advised that the Academy, having shown our works so far, to prove how atrocious they were, could now, with the approval of the public, depart from their usual rule of leaving each picture on the walls until the end of the season, and take ours down and return them to us. In the schools (as we were told) a professor referred to our works in such terms that the wavering students resorted to the very extreme course of hissing us. The critic before mentioned, finding the pictures still left on the walls, then wrote that, although the *Academy* was dead to the feeling of self-respect which should prompt the Council to act on his advice, there was cause for congratulation in the thought that no gentleman of taste who valued his reputation would purchase such pictures; and, as far as I was concerned, so it seemed, since the post never brought me letters without their containing anonymous insults. There was, indeed, only one paper in London which did not join in the general cry; this was the *Spectator*, the editor of which from the first permitted William Rossetti (the brother of the painter) to defend our cause in his journal. With this exception, the public condemnation of our principle of work was universal, and at this time our cause seemed hopeless.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

(To be continued.)

MR. GIFFEN' ON LAND PURCHASE AND HOME RULE.

ALTHOUGH the formidable conditions of the Irish problem depend upon considerations more important than those of pounds, shillings, and pence, still Mr. Giffen has done good service in calling public attention to the statistical and financial aspects of the question. His contributions to it embrace two essays, which it will be well to keep distinct, as they relate to entirely different branches of the subject.

The first, which appeared under the signature of "Economist," explained in detail, and supported by numerous figures, a scheme for buying out Irish landlords, and transforming Irish tenants into proprietors.

The second, which appeared under his own name in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is in effect an attempt to reconcile the British public to Home Rule, by showing that they will be gainers rather than losers, in a pecuniary point of view, by a repeal of the Union and separation of Ireland from England.

For convenience the first will be referred to as the "Land Scheme," and the second as the "Home Rule Scheme."

It is obvious that there is no necessary connection between them, for the land scheme will probably be even more necessary if we reject Home Rule than if we grant it.

The general idea of the land scheme was, as far as I know, first suggested in an article of mine in the *Fortnightly Review* of last November, but it is such an obvious one that no particular credit can be claimed for the first suggestion, and I was only too happy to see it supported by such a high authority as Mr. Giffen, and widely discussed as "Mr. Giffen's scheme," especially as the leading features, and even the detailed figures, of his plan corresponded

very closely with those at which I had myself arrived independently.

Stated shortly it is this:—The rental of Ireland, which might become the subject of purchase by the State, taken on the scale of the judicial rents fixed by the Land Courts, would be about £8,000,000 a year. This would have to be reduced by at least 20 per cent. to arrive at the fair rent at the present day, after allowing for the fall in all agricultural produce, and for bad debts and expenses of collection. This leaves £6,400,000 a year, which at twenty years' purchase would require a sum of £128,000,000 for its purchase.

It is useless, however, to attempt any precision of figures, as the scheme of the Government will probably be known in a few days, which will be based on full official information, and I can only say that, whether it be more or less, the principle of the scheme would remain applicable, as there would be ample security against any undue burden being thrown on the British taxpayer.

Taking, however, the figure of £128,000,000, interest on this at 3 per cent. and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for sinking fund, would form an annual charge of £4,480,000 a year. The problem is to see how this could be met without imposing too great a risk or too heavy a burden on the British tax-payer, and its solution is as follows.

For this charge of £4,480,000 a year the State would have purchased a rental which, after abating 20 per cent. from the judicial rent, was £6,400,000 a year. This would admit of a further reduction of 30 per cent., or 50 per cent. in all, on the judicial rent, being made in fixing the rent charge at which the tenants are to become proprietors of their holdings. Rents reduced 50 or even 30 per cent. below the judicial rent would certainly be paid, and the tenant's interest would have a high saleable value. But the British tax-payer would not have to rely on this rent-charge alone for his protection. Mr. Giffen gives a statement of £3,704,000 a year as the amount of the grants made from Imperial revenue for local administration in Ireland in the year 1884–85. It is an essential part of the scheme that these grants should be stopped, and the expenditure undertaken by local boards in Ireland, to which the rent-charge payable by the new tenant proprietors shall be made over. Thus the English Government would be relieved from the odium and responsibility of collecting rents, and each district would have to collect its own rents, or go without the schools, roads, and other local objects, for which those rents provided the only fund.

As there is no chance of those Irish grants being reduced under the existing state of things, it is evident that to the extent of the present grants the British tax-payer would be no loser by guaranteeing with one hand a sum equal to that which he saved with the other.

Mr. Giffen assumes that the whole £3,704,000 a year could be saved. I think this estimate somewhat excessive, as I doubt the possibility of handing over the whole charge for the Irish police as long as it maintains its quasi-military character. But I think we might safely calculate on £3,000,000 a year being saved out of Irish grants and loans, leaving about £1,500,000 a year to be made up by a first charge on a total rent-charge of £8,000,000 a year, of judicial rents, reduced to £4,000,000 a year. This would be apportioned among the different districts, each of which would thus have its own local budget of receipt and expenditure, and any failure to meet its quota of the £1,500,000 a year due to the Imperial exchequer would become a charge on that district leviable by a general rate on all property within it.

It would be important to attach certain conditions to the tenure of the new property thus created for the benefit of the tenants, so as to avoid the recurrence of the evils from which Ireland is now suffering.

Subdivision below a certain limit should be strictly prohibited. Subletting at an increased rent should also be prohibited, though perfect freedom of sale at the fixed rent-charge should be allowed. The latter provision is very important, for it would tend to isolate each individual case, and prevent combinations of a whole class suffering from a common grievance of excessive rents. If A bought the tenant-right of one holding with his own money at a moderate price, while B bought another with borrowed money at an extravagant rate, A would have no motive to combine with B, and risk losing his own property, or having to submit to a heavy rate, in order to relieve B from the consequence of his own folly. This would greatly facilitate the collection of the rent-charge in each district by the local board, and in fact render it quite secure, as there would be scarcely a holding in Ireland which at this reduced fixed rent, would not have a saleable value.

Even as matters now stand, it is a great mistake to suppose that there is anything like a general conspiracy against rents in Ireland. On the contrary, the Irish are as a rule good rent-payers, and will make great sacrifices rather than risk being evicted. I can confirm from personal experience the statement made the other night in the House of Commons by the Irish Secretary, Mr. John Morley, speaking from official information, that the refusal to pay rent is, even now, almost entirely confined to cases where the landlord is unable or unwilling to make reductions to meet the depression of the times equal to those which English landlords have almost universally made during the last two years. I have been in several of the most distressed and disturbed districts of the west of Ireland during the last three or four years; I was in one of the worst of them last autumn,

where boycotting was in full force ; and I can safely say that I have never yet come across a single instance in which there was anything like a general strike against payment of rent when the landlord was willing to concede an abatement of 25 per cent. In all such cases rents have been and are being paid, unless in a few exceptional instances of sheer inability. There would therefore be really very little risk of the margin required, after deducting the Irish grants, not being paid.

But even if the risk were greater it would be well worth while to encounter it. All those who have paid the least attention to the state of Ireland must be aware that the land question is the key to the whole situation.

What is the actual state of that question ? The chief, or I might rather say the sole, industry in a great part of Ireland is that of agriculture. Sixty per cent. of the population—or, in other words, 3,000,000 of people—in Ireland depend on the land for their living. Of these, two-thirds, or 2,000,000, consist of tenants and their families, who pay rents to not more than 9,000 or 10,000 landlords. Of the 20,000,000 acres of land in Ireland, one-half is owned by less than 750 proprietors. One hundred and ten landlords hold among them 4,000,000 acres. Of these about half are non-resident. The absence of other modes of employment has led to an intense competition for land, which has had the effect of screwing up the standard of rents to a scale which is far too high, whether relatively to the scale of rents in England and Scotland, or to the value of the produce of the soil. Legitimate rent is the surplus of so much of the produce as remains after the cultivators of the soil have been supported in a position of decent comfort compatible with civilized existence. Tried by this test the scale of rents in Ireland is altogether excessive. By far the most numerous class, the tenants of small holdings, are neither decently fed, clothed, nor lodged, and live in a state of destitution unknown among the labouring classes of any other European country. Even the larger farmers, who are what is called “warm men,” and have saved money, have rarely done so except by extreme penuriousness, and living in a manner far below the standard of the corresponding classes in other countries. When I first visited Ireland I made it my business to compare the scale of rents and standard of living of small Irish farmers with those of a similar class in my own county (Orkney), and I soon arrived at the conclusion that Irish rents are, on the average, fully a third higher than for better holdings of the same class in the north of Scotland.

When the Land Commissioners were fixing fair rents under the Land Act, and there was a great outcry that they were making excessive reductions, I had a conversation with Mr. Forster at the

Irish Secretary's Lodge in Phoenix Park, in which I told him that I was convinced, on the contrary, that they were fixing rents too high, and that anything above Griffiths' valuation could not be paid, unless prices kept up and there was a period of agricultural prosperity.

This prediction has been abundantly verified; prices have fallen fully 30 per cent., and landlords in England and Scotland have had to submit to a reduction averaging not less than 25 per cent. on what were considered fair rents three or four years ago. The Irish tenants say, and in a great majority of cases say truly, "We cannot pay rents without a reduction equal to that which English and Scotch landlords, and most of the good Irish landlords are giving voluntarily." But there are a number of Irish landlords who are poor and embarrassed, and who say, "We have been already obliged to make one reduction of 20 per cent. by the Land Act, and we cannot afford to make another reduction of 25 per cent. on that."

When this is the case social war breaks out, and the landlord fights for his full rents by evictions, while the tenants defend themselves by non-payment, backed by boycotting.

What aggravates the difficulty is, that in a vast number of cases the rents are not only too high, but are levied on the occupiers for their own improvements. You may go round the whole West of Ireland, from Donegal, through Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, and the south of Cork, and hardly find one small holding out of ten in which the intrinsic value of the land was half-a-crown an acre, and where the whole additional value acquired by draining, enclosing, building a cottage, and bringing bog or moor into cultivation, has not been created by the tenant or his predecessor. I know instance after instance where the land was not worth sixpence an acre in its natural state, and is now let at ten or fifteen shillings an acre, simply and solely on account of tenants' improvements. Such a state of things cannot last. The abstract justice of Healy's clause is incontestible, that tenants ought not to be rented on their own improvements, but its practical application would annihilate incomes which have grown up under the protection of the law, and been recognized for generations as just as sacred and inviolable as any other description of property.

This is the real difficulty of dealing with the paralysis of law in Ireland. The right arm of England is amply strong enough to strike down Land and National Leagues, and suppress any form of organized opposition to the running of the Queen's writs; but its action is arrested by the feeling, that this practically means employing British bayonets to enforce unjust and impossible rents. Thus,

"Conscience 'tis makes cowards of us all."

and the first condition of a stern enforcement of the law is a settlement of the land question.

Such a settlement can only be effected in one of two ways : either by buying out the landlords by such a scheme as has been suggested ; or by leaving them to their fate, which, with an independent Irish Parliament, would certainly mean confiscation without compensation. Even without Home Rule it would mean leaving them to die by a lingering instead of by a sudden death, for unless we are prepared to evict half the population of Ireland, passive resistance, backed by boycotting, and in the last resort by outrages, will surely prevail against a mere handful of unpopular landlords.

The alternative of leaving the Irish landlords to their fate is one which I hope will never be adopted. It would be in the last degree mean and dishonourable, and it can never pay a great nation to do a mean and dishonourable thing. When we proclaimed Negro Emancipation, what would the world have thought of us if we had indulged ourselves in the honours of a cheap philanthropy at the expense of the West Indian proprietors? The case of the Irish landlords is exactly similar, or even stronger, for they are the descendants of the men who formed our garrison and fought our battles in the days when the struggles between Protestants and Catholics, Stuarts and Hanoverians, were questions of life or death. Nor are we free from blame even in more recent times, for it was British bigotry and blindness which prevented the endowment of Catholic priests at the time of the Union, delayed Catholic emancipation until it lost the grace of concession, and refused to listen to the comparatively moderate measures of land reform proposed by Mr. Sharman Crawford and Mr. Butt.

It would be shabby in the extreme to throw all the consequences of these miscarriages on the shoulders of the Irish landlords ; and I have always felt that while they had an extremely weak case in contending for the maintenance of excessive rents, they had an extremely strong case for compensation. In fact, I go so far as to say that if they are to be compensated in the only way possible, by buying them out at a fair price of a fair rent, there ought to be a Commission of Liquidation to assess equitably the proportion of the loss to be borne by the owners, the mortgagees, and other incumbrancers.

So far I entirely agree with Mr. Giffen in thinking that a land purchase scheme is the primary and essential element of any plan for restoring peace and permanent prosperity in Ireland. Also, that such a scheme might be carried out on the lines above indicated without imposing any serious burden or risk on the British taxpayer. But when we come to what I have called his Home Rule scheme, I find a good deal to which I cannot as readily assent.

His argument is :—

1st. That Ireland is overtaxed.

2nd. That although she contributes more than her proper share to the Imperial revenue, she receives back so much more than her proper share that we should be gainers by dissolving partnership and severing the connection.

As regards the first point, the question really turns on whether the tax on whisky is a burden or a benefit. A large majority in England and Scotland consider a tax on spirits as a benefit, and I am convinced that a majority in Ireland also, including the Catholic priesthood, and ministers of all religious denominations, almost without an exception, would deprecate any remission of taxation which flooded the country with cheap whisky. As regards the individual tax-payer, therefore, I cannot regard the tax on whisky, which makes up the greater part of the Irish revenue, as a burden, like the taxes on tea and tobacco, which undoubtedly are so, but which fall on the English and Irish tax-payer alike. If it were possible to do so, I believe there are few who would not like to see the tax on spirits doubled, that on tea repealed, and on tobacco greatly diminished.

It is evident also that under any system of Home Rule these taxes must be maintained at the same rate in Ireland as in England, to avoid the enormous risk of smuggling and inconvenience of trying to prevent it, if the duties were different.

So far, therefore, as the Irish tax-payer is concerned I do not think the contention can be maintained that he is overtaxed. But of course the point remains, that although the tax on whisky continues to be levied, its proceeds, so far as paid by Ireland, ought to be applied to Irish purposes.

Mr. Giffen estimates the contribution paid by Ireland to Imperial revenue at about £6,700,000, and he argues that, in proportion to the resources of the two countries, it ought only to pay £3,500,000.

If these contributions were levied by direct taxes—as, for instance, by the income tax—the comparison by resources would be fair; but it is by no means clear that it is so where the bulk of it is derived from an indirect tax on spirits, which nobody need pay unless he likes, and which every one would be the better for not paying. If population were taken as the test, Ireland, instead of paying £6,700,000, ought to pay £10,000,000. Probably the existing amount is not far off what any impartial foreign or American financier would award as an equitable adjustment, if the matter were referred to him.

If exception can be taken to Mr. Giffen's figures as regards the excessive taxation of Ireland, those which attempt to prove that, notwithstanding this excess, we should be financially gainers by a repeal of the Union, are still more open to objection.

He states the case thus:—

Overspent for British troops in Ireland . .	£3,000,000	
„ for local administration	2,928,000	
		<hr/> 5,928,000
Deduct excess of receipts from Ireland in proportion to its resources . . .		3,200,000
		<hr/>
Deficit, or gain to England by repealing the Union		£2,728,000

The first figure is arrived at by saying that we keep at least 24,000 troops in Ireland, while, on the basis of comparative resources, the number should be only about 5,000; so that we should save about 20,000 men, or, at an average of £150 per man, £3,000,000 in our Army Estimates by dissolving partnership.

This statement seems to me in many respects entirely fallacious. He says those extra 20,000 troops are “lost to us for Imperial purposes: the expenditure is pure waste.” This is far from being the truth. The troops in Ireland are to a great extent a reserve of the Imperial army, kept there at a cheaper rate than they would cost in England. In case of emergency the Irish constabulary, backed by some militia regiments, by the fleet, and by the Protestants, who form a fourth of the population, would be abundantly sufficient to put down any attempt at insurrection by the disaffected part of Ireland, and every soldier might for a time be withdrawn.

Again, it is certain that we are under- rather than over-insured, and that even if the Irish garrisons were withdrawn no prudent and patriotic statesman would think of reducing the army by anything like 20,000 men, even if Ireland were completely pacified by the concession of Home Rule. But this is entirely problematical, and, for a long time at least, we should be obliged to increase rather than diminish our army, so as to be in a position to deal promptly and efficiently with events which might not impossibly occur in Ireland. Suppose, for instance, the Irish constabulary placed under the control of Mr. Healy as Home Secretary, and a volunteer organization under Mr. Biggar as Minister for War, should we be likely to reduce the British army?

This head of saving must therefore be entirely struck out of the account.

The other item of Mr. Giffen's saving will be found equally to disappear on close examination—viz., that of £2,928,000 for the excess of grants for local administration. In the first place, the test of comparative resources can hardly be applied to such grants. Were it so, it would follow that a population of 100,000 living in the West End of London ought to receive ten times as much for schools, police,

and other local purposes, as an equal population living in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green. Taking the scale of comparative population, Ireland, on Mr. Giffen's own showing, only receives £1,308,000 a year more than its due proportion.

But a still more fatal objection remains. A great part of the grants for local objects in Ireland has been already absorbed in providing a sum to cover the interest on the purchase-money required to carry out the scheme of land purchase which Mr. Giffen admits to be the first indispensable requisite of any permanent improvement in the state of Ireland. The same sum cannot be counted to our credit twice over, and the real account of profit and loss to England from a repeal of the Union would stand:

Loss.—£6,700,000 of revenue transferred from the Imperial to the Irish Treasury.

Profit.—Whatever contribution might be settled as equitable from Ireland for joint purposes, such as the maintenance of a fleet and army, and interest of the National Debt. The amount of this contribution, if settled on the basis of resources, would be about one-twentieth, or £3,500,000; if on population, one-seventh, or £10,000,000. The practical result seems to be, that as a mere financial question, England would probably lose rather than gain by a repeal of the Union, but that the loss would not be enough to weigh materially in balancing the other considerations by which this weighty and momentous question must be decided.

In touching on these considerations I assume—(1) That a scheme of land purchase will be adopted, for without this I am convinced that no form of government, whether of absolute Home Rule or of absolute coercion, has a chance of success; (2) That a large measure of local government, whether in the form of county or provincial boards, will be conceded for all purely local matters.

The question remains, whether this can be supplemented by the establishment of an independent Irish Parliament consistently with the integrity and safety of the empire. When Mr. Gladstone's scheme is announced we shall see what he proposes in this respect, and how far it is accepted by the Irish party.

But in the meantime it is evident that it cannot be decided by clamour or preconceived prejudice on either side, and that there really are strong arguments for and strong objections against any such proposal.

The main arguments for are:

(1) That it would go far to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Irish race, both in Ireland and in the greater Ireland in the United States and British Colonies, and convert them into friends instead of enemies of England.

(2) That it would afford the only means of relieving the British Parliament from the disintegrating influence of a compact body of some eighty-five Irish members, obstructing business, lowering the tone of the House of Commons and the standard of morality among public men,* by the constant temptation of bidding for the vote which can gratify party feeling, and give party men the possession of place and power.

In considering the first point we must bear in mind that Irish hostility to England is based to a great extent, not on material grievances only, but on that uprising of the modern spirit of nationality which has produced such great effects in modifying the map and political relations of Europe. To understand it we must put ourselves in their point of view, and endeavour to realize how we should feel under like circumstances. Suppose the issue of the battle of Marston Moor had been different, and that the Stuart dynasty had triumphed, forced an Anglican Church on Scotland, abolished its national Parliament and courts of law, and governed the country by a garrison of some 7000 or 8000 Episcopalian lairds: would not all Scotchmen be Nationalists, and would not Scotland, with household suffrage and vote by ballot, return a compact phalanx of Scotch members ready to follow some Scotch Parnell in an agitation for Home Rule? And if half the population of Scotland were Free Church crofters, paying high rents on their own improvements to this handful of Episcopalian landlords, could the system be maintained and the rents be collected, in the face of a fall of 30 per cent. in all agricultural produce?

We may find this sentiment inconvenient, or denounce it as unpractical; but it is very practical in the sense that it is a fact which exists, will continue to exist, and has to be reckoned with. It is the motive which to a great extent actuates the population of the towns, the ardent young men of the rising generation, and the leaders who in the press and on the platform give form and expression to the mass of agrarian discontent arising from general poverty and the conditions of land tenure.

If therefore it were possible by any concession of Home Rule to satisfy this feeling, and let the Irish feel that they were as free as Canadians or Australians to assert their distinctive nationality and work out their own destiny in their own way, a great object would be attained. Nor would the advantage be less for us if we could get rid of the disturbing element of a powerful and disaffected Irish party in the British Parliament. At any rate, it would be worth incurring some risk to try the experiment. But there are, unfortunately, equally grave objections: the most formidable is that Ireland is not a homogeneous country. There are upwards of a

million of Protestants and the greater part of a whole province (Ulster), comprising a majority of the intelligence and energy of the country, who are bitterly opposed to any measure which would hand them over to the tender mercies of an Irish Parliament, two-thirds of which would be composed of their hereditary enemies.

It is very difficult to forecast what would be the political complexion of an independent Ireland. In the long run I am inclined to think that, with half the population converted into landowners, the Conservative element would preponderate. The influence of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, as well as that of all ministers of religion and men of education and property, would, I think, if the land question were settled, be thrown into the scale of law and order against the social democracy of the large towns, whose tendency is assuming more and more every day an affinity towards the doctrine and spirit of the French Commune.

But it is impossible to be sure of this; for along with many excellent qualities there is a fund of impulsiveness and wrong-headedness in the Irish character which lays them peculiarly open to the seductions of demagogues. In the first instance, there is too much reason to fear that old animosities would prevail, and that the party of Irreconcilables and Extremists would have a majority in the Irish Parliament. In this case, would not hostility to England and to the Protestant North lead them, notwithstanding any paper safeguards, into measures which would involve Ireland in civil war and necessitate our armed interference? And would not measures be adopted which would tend still more to drive capital and trade away from Ireland, and intensify the poverty of the country?

I am more afraid of this than of any positive danger to the Empire, for I agree with Mr. Giffen that Britain has so far outgrown Ireland in population and resources that any hostile movement by the 3,000,000 of disaffected Ireland could be at once and summarily repressed by our vastly superior force, if we could but exert it with a clear conscience, feeling that we had right on our side. For my own part I should prefer trying the experiment of a land purchase, with county or provincial boards, and postponing the larger and more perilous experiment of an independent Irish Parliament. But I feel that the best attitude for reasonable and patriotic men is to wait, in the calmness of conscious strength, until we see what scheme the fertile brain of Mr. Gladstone can propose, and can induce his colleagues to accept, to carry out his programme of satisfying the wants and wishes of the Irish people, consistently with maintaining the integrity of the Empire and discharging our honourable obligations towards the landlords and Protestants of Ireland.

In the meantime it may be sufficient to have pointed out that Mr. Giffen's figures conclusively establish the feasibility of the scheme of land purchase ; but that they fail to establish that England would make a financial gain by dissolving partnership with Ireland, though they show that any probable loss would not be large enough to weigh very heavily in the discussion of a question involving such important issues.

S. LAING.

MR. GIFFEN'S PROPOSED SOLUTION OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE value of Mr. Giffen's scheme over all previously proposed "solutions" of the Anglo-Irish problem arises from the fact of its recognition of the intimate relationship which obtains between the Irish land and national questions. I am aware of no previous instance in which any English statesman has thus wisely and boldly gone to the root of Irish discontent. Efforts *galore* we have had to deal with the land question separately, with a view to ending the Irish agrarian war—with results too well known to need recapitulation. Under other social and political conditions than those which exist in Ireland, these efforts of British statesmanship, or at least the three latest and most noteworthy of them—the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881, and the Land Purchase Bill of 1885—might have proved the charters of agricultural emancipation. But where British statesmanship has heretofore persistently blundered in Ireland was in attempting to apply remedies inadequate in themselves to the removal of evils which required redress, and in framing such remedies without reference to the national feeling of the people whom they were meant to satisfy, or with any regard to the views of those who really represented such feeling.

Mr. Giffen's proposals, or rather their principal and main features, have met with a reception from exponents of Irish Nationalist sentiment which no previous English legislative scheme for Ireland has obtained. This in itself, apart from their intrinsic merits, ought to be sufficient to induce Mr. Gladstone, or whoever may have to undertake the task of finally settling the Irish land question, to mould his legislation on Mr. Giffen's lines. Mr. Parnell, in his speech on the opening of the present session of Parliament, has spoken of these proposals as follows:—

"Some scheme of purchase may be devised on the lines understood to be suggested by that eminent statistician Mr. Giffen, in a recent letter, under which it may be possible—I do not pledge myself to the details—but generally under which it may be possible to purchase for a bulk sum the land in the occupation of the agricultural tenants."

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel (next to the Irish leader the most influential man in Ireland), in a letter which appeared in the *Statist* of February the 6th, said :

"I approve of the principal or main features of the proposal for the settlement of the Irish land question which appeared in a recent issue of the *Statist* over the signature of "Economist." The principle, as I take it, substantially is that the interest of existing landlords should be purchased out, and the land given to the tenant, subject to a rent-charge amounting to considerably less than the present judicial rents."

In a letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone on the 17th of February by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland the following passage occurs :—

"As regards 'the settlement of the land question,' we have no hesitation whatever in stating that, in our opinion, it now imperatively calls for a final solution, and that this cannot be better effected than by some such measure as that which certain English journalists and statesmen have recently advocated—that is, the purchase up by Government of the landlord interest in the soil, and the reletting of the latter to tenant farmers at a figure very considerably below the present judicial rents."

The *Freeman's Journal*, the most powerful organ of public opinion in Ireland, has likewise expressed its approval, subject to certain amendments in matters of detail. In England the reception given to Mr. Giffen's proposals may be fairly represented by what a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for February (presumed to be Mr. Chamberlain) has said :—

"The scheme published in the *Statist* newspaper, and which has been attributed to Mr. Giffen, has been objected to in some of its details, and it certainly appears to contemplate too large a payment to the existing land-owners, while the amount of grants from the Exchequer to local purposes seems to be estimated too highly. But in any case the fact remains, that such grants are made annually to a very large extent, and that they represent a capital sum which affords the basis for an immense operation in the way of land purchase, and of the municipalization of the land of Ireland by its transfer to local authorities, who may be invited and empowered, under proper conditions devised to prevent subletting and the re-creation of the landlord class, to deal with the existing tenants, and to give them full and independent rights of ownership, subject to a quit-rent of very much less than the present payment."

It may therefore be safely asserted that a larger consensus of opinion has endorsed this proposed remedy for Irish discontent than has found expression on the eve of any previous legislative parliamentary

programme for Ireland. Apart altogether from party interests, there must be a large volume of public feeling in Great Britain which will favour any measure that will carry with it the assurance of effecting a final and satisfactory settlement of the Irish land difficulty. The sympathies of all honest and unprejudiced minds will be enlisted on the side of Mr. Gladstone, if in this his third attempt to end the Irish agrarian war, he will boldly apply an efficacious remedy.

There are three considerations, however, which will more or less influence what I will call disinterested feeling in Great Britain with reference to land legislation for Ireland on the lines of Mr. Giffen's proposal: namely—(1) Will such a remedy really end agrarian strife in this country? (2) How will the terms of settlement affect the British taxpayer? and (3) will the rent-charge and the fiscal resources which will be at the disposal of the Irish State suffice for the efficient administration of the local affairs of Ireland, and for the payment of interest upon whatever Irish national debt will be incurred in the buying out of the landlords?

(1.) I have already pointed out the friendly reception which has been given to the scheme by Mr. Parnell, Dr. Croke, the Irish Hierarchy, and the chief Nationalist daily journal in Ireland. This endorsement, however, has been given subject to certain reservations regarding matters of detail. But, assuming that such minor matters will in debate offer no insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of the main features and principles of the scheme, such an endorsement may be taken as representing the views of the vast majority of the Irish people. There need be little apprehension as to the attitude of the Irish tenant farmers towards a measure which, while giving them security of tenure, will at the same time offer them a considerable reduction on existing rents. The one supreme need of the Irish tenantry at the present time, and in view of continued competition from abroad, is low rent.* Without a readjustment of the rent question it will be impossible for the Irish farmers to remain on their legs much longer, while the continuance of such a crushing burden as the present rents inflict upon agricultural industry will render the re-establishment of social order all but impossible of accomplishment. Moreover, the tenants would no longer be subject to an alien land system or anti-Irish landlords, under which the grievance of an unjust rent is accentuated by the knowledge

* Since the above was written Sir James Caird has addressed a remarkable letter to the *Times*, in which he says: "The land in Ireland is held by two distinct classes of tenants—the small farmers who pay rent from £1 to £20, and the comparatively large farmers who pay rent from £20 upwards. Of the first class there are 538,000 holdings, averaging £6 each; of the second class 121,000 holdings, averaging £56 each. The rent payable by the first class is £3,572,000, and by the second class £6,845,000. Five-sixths of the Irish tenants thus pay about one-third of the total rental, and one-sixth pay nearly two-thirds. If the present price of agricultural produce continue, I should fear that from the land held by the large body of poor farmers in Ireland any economical rent has for the present disappeared."

that such money is received without gratitude and spent mostly out of Ireland. The Irish State would naturally and necessarily be a sympathetic landlord. The rent-charge upon the tenant's holding would not be imposed in the interests of individual greed, but for the purpose of carrying on the administration of Irish affairs for the benefit of the tenant-farming as well as of every other class in the community; while such rent-charge, as will hereafter be shown, would be considerably less than what the tenant is now called upon to pay to an unsympathetic and anti-Irish individual owner. The national sentiment, which has up to the present always stood by the tenant in his fight against rack-rents and eviction—because the rack-renter and evictor has invariably been the representative of anti-national denomination—would, under a system of national proprietary, which would be just alike to the tenant and the nation, be enlisted on the side of the Irish State for enforcing obedience to law should the tenant be disposed to repudiate the payment of a just rent-charge.

Subletting has been one of the chief factors in Irish agrarian discontent. It would be necessary to safeguard the interests of law and order under an Irish State against the recrudescence of this evil of petty landlordism. This could be accomplished by making any charge upon land, other than that of the national rent-charge and those of local rates, non-recoverable by law. This would likewise prove an efficient remedy for the evil of "gombeenism," which has always been so prevalent in the poorer districts of Ireland. Tenants would thus cease to be the prey of the "gombeen" harpies; and as there would no longer be an inducement to these rural usurers to become mortgagees of a farmer's holding, a greater incentive to industry and thrift would thereby be indirectly promoted, while unhappy disputes over conacre subletting would cease to be provocative of disorder.

Another evil peculiar to Irish social life could be guarded against by an Irish State which would have the administration of the land in its hands. Hundreds of thousands of industrious but unfortunate people would have been saved from the demoralizing influence of the Irish workhouse, if anything akin to the Homestead Law which prevails in America had been in existence here in Ireland. Eviction has not only meant dispossession of the land, but the deprivation of the shelter of the very house which the tenant himself had either inherited, erected, or purchased. Families have been driven into the workhouse who under a Homestead Law could have retained possession of their homes, and some of the means by which another struggle would be possible to win a livelihood that would be free from the stigma of pauperism. To minimize the degrading effects of poverty, therefore, and if possible to eliminate the

workhouse, at least in its present repulsive aspect, from the social life of Ireland, and thus encourage personal dignity and independence among our peasantry, it will, in my opinion, be incumbent upon an Irish State to apply in some way the principle of a Homestead Law for Ireland.

The growing intelligence of the agricultural labourers, and their possession of equal political power to that of any other class in the community, as well as their undoubted claims to a better social existence, will make it necessary to have their interests carefully considered by the Irish State in its administration of the land. The various Labourers' Dwellings Acts which have been passed within the last few years, though each and all inefficient, are leading up to such a public recognition of the advantages which the country would derive from a well-housed class of agricultural labourers and the concurrent adoption of the allotment system, that little difficulty need be apprehended of a satisfactory settlement of this question by an Irish National Assembly. In connection with the carrying out of any such allotment system, and with a view to the adoption of migration, either from congested districts where wretched land obtains, or to relieve overcrowding in cities or towns, it may be necessary to deal in an exceptional manner with the tenure under which the occupiers of grazing lands hold the land off which millions of Irish people have heretofore been driven.

The growth of opinion in favour of the municipalization of the land on which cities and towns are built, is as common to Ireland as to England. The new Irish State would therefore find little difficulty in giving due recognition to the just principle for which this sentiment is contending, and thus promote the interests of the inhabitants of the large centres of industrial population in Ulster and elsewhere in Ireland.

(2.) With reference to how Mr. Giffen's plan of settlement would affect the British taxpayer, there can be no doubt but that this is the crux of the whole difficulty. It involves not only the question of compensation to the Irish landlords, but the equally difficult question, "How is the money to be obtained for such compensation?" Mr. Giffen's proposed solution of both these questions is simplicity itself. If Ireland, on the one hand, would only consent to give twenty years' purchase to the landlords, and if the British taxpayer, on the other, would only acquiesce in his suggestion that the Imperial Exchequer should loan its money for the transaction, the whole business would be settled. It will be folly, however, for the landlords to expect that Ireland will consent to the giving of any such price. Indeed, there is far greater reason to apprehend injury being done to the Irish State than to the Irish landlord when the question of compensation comes to be dealt with. While English public opinion

cannot but admit that the Irish landlords have damaged the interests of the Crown in Ireland as much as they have injured the interests of the Irish people, a chivalrous feeling to stand by them in their hour of defeat, rather than a desire to act impartially between them and the Irish people, will in all probability cause the Imperial Parliament to deal generously rather than justly with them at the expense of Ireland. Due consideration, however, must be given by the Imperial Parliament—or to whatever other tribunal the question of compensation will be referred when the terms of settlement are being arranged—to the present interests and future obligations of the Irish State. Absentee landlords, who have been draining Ireland of millions of its rental annually, have surely not been fulfilling obligations to the country out of which this wealth is taken, such as would justify the giving of the same rate of compensation to these individuals as to those who, to some extent at least, expended their rentals in Ireland? Again, land which has been brought from savagery to cultivation by the unaided labour and enterprise of the Irish people, and from which landlords have been exacting rent in violation of all justice, must in equity be transferred to the tenants and the Irish State on terms which will have a due regard to the manner in which its value was created. What would be a fair rent fixed by an unprejudiced tribunal with due regard to existing conditions, and not what is the present rental of the Irish landlords, ought to be the basis on which to discuss the selling price of the landlords' interest. It has been admitted by some who have had the fixing of judicial rents under the Land Act of 1881, that the reduction made by the Land Commission should have averaged 20 per cent. more than that actually effected—namely, an average of about 18 per cent. This would have amounted to an abatement which would still make the farmer pay more than the rent-charge which an Irish State should fix upon the land in view of the continued depreciating tendency of economic change.

Mr. Giffen has assumed that £8,000,000 a year represents the net landlord interest which would have to be purchased in the carrying out of his remedial measure. It is immaterial, to his arguments at least, whether this is a million more or less than what may be the net rental for actual expropriation. But it is very material to the people of Ireland, as well as to the British taxpayer, that no permanent interest or charge on the land should be included in this net rental, for which the Irish State would be the loser should the landlords succeed in including such interest or charge in their claim for compensation. Account must be taken not only of the fact that the judicial rents are not by at least 40 per cent. fair rents, but there must also be deducted the local rates at present paid by the landlords, the charges on large numbers of Irish estates for

drainage and other improvement loans which are not yet liquidated, cost of rent collection (a most important item), and bad debts. Assuming Mr. Giffen's other estimate to be right, that £10,000,000 represent the present *nominal* rent of Ireland, the foregoing deductions necessary to the fixing of the just *net* rental which will have to be purchased, would make the saleable landlord interest less than £5,000,000, rather than the £8,000,000 which is Mr. Giffen's figure. If a real and not a fictitious value is to be bought, this estimate is not one shilling too low. Present and prospective economic conditions must not be overlooked. The landlords must also come down in the number of years' purchase if Ireland is not to be compelled to contract a ruinous bargain. Twenty years represent the high-water mark of present landlord expectation. On the other hand, the feeling in Ireland is largely prevalent, that, if strict justice were done to the class, they would be entitled to little or nothing. In view of the growing feeling among the democracy of Great Britain against compensating landlords for what in justice is national property, the Irish landlords may deem themselves fortunate that their claims to compensation are not to be postponed to a time when that democracy will be fully represented in the Imperial Parliament. It is right to say, however, that Mr. Parnell has always declared for the buying out of the landlords; and as the task of assisting in the settlement of this question will devolve upon him and his party in the House of Commons, the number of years' purchase will either be determined between the Irish party and the Imperial Parliament, or through some machinery or tribunal agreed to by both sides of the Irish Land Question. Assuming that twelve years ought to be that at which the price will be fixed, we thus obtain twelve years' purchase of £5,000,000, or £60,000,000, as the amount which would, according to the foregoing estimates, have to be provided in the carrying out of Mr. Giffen's scheme for the expropriation of the Irish landlords.

This sum, according to Mr. Giffen's plan, would be provided in consols, the interest on which would amount to an annual charge upon Ireland of about £2,000,000. To insure the British taxpayer against any possible loss, and to indemnify the Imperial Exchequer for the loan of its credit, he proposes that Ireland shall continue to pay her present Imperial taxes, amounting to over £6,500,000 annually (and which he demonstrates in the *Nineteenth Century* for March to be "twice Ireland's proper share, if not more, to the Imperial Exchequer"), while such Exchequer should be exempt from expending the £4,000,000 out of this revenue which are now annually advanced for Irish local purposes. In fact, this portion of Mr. Giffen's proposal amounts in plain financial language to this: that the Irish people should be compelled to pay twice over for the loan by which the landlords are

to be purchased out—first, by the continuance of the payment of £3,500,000 annually in Imperial taxes which Mr. Giffen declares to be over and above our just proportion; and secondly, by the withdrawal of the £4,000,000 which we are now receiving for local purposes from the Imperial Exchequer. This, beyond yea or nay, would be an uncommonly smart transaction for the British taxpayer, if Irish representatives could be induced to agree to it. But no such ruinous bargain can possibly be sanctioned. It would be more in consonance with justice and fair-play if some account were to be rendered by the Imperial Exchequer to Ireland for, say, the £130,000,000 of which this unfortunate country (according to facts produced in the recent debate on Sir J. McKenna's motion) has been overcharged in taxation during the last thirty-five years. As England has upheld the Irish landlords in Ireland for her own purposes, and as a great portion of her annual expenditure in Ireland out of this excessive taxation has been for the maintenance of the unjust privileges and the enforcement of the no less unjust mandates of these "legalized spoliators," a rich and generous country, dealing with an injured and impoverished one, should take upon itself the burden of compensating those on whose account this excessive taxation has mainly been levied. There is little hope, however, of this view of Imperial obligation recommending itself either to Mr. Giffen or the British taxpayer. But if Ireland is asked to pay for the creation of a state of things which will insure her law and order, and a chance for promoting her material prosperity, England cannot on any fair ground refuse to pay also for a tranquillized Ireland, and the consequent removal of a danger to Imperial interests. To show her anxiety for peace, order, and an opportunity for the proper development of her resources, Ireland is willing to pay; but she cannot consent to pay at the ruinous rate which Mr. Giffen has suggested. England also ought to find it to her advantage to expend something for the attainment of a common benefit like that which the abolition of landlordism would confer upon Ireland. Mr. Giffen contends that she loses in the maintenance of the present state of things in Ireland something like £4,000,000 a year. As is generally known, and already pointed out, this loss is mainly incurred in upholding the unprofitable garrison of landlordism. By loaning her credit in the expropriation of this territorial garrison, she would save these four millions a year, and to this extent directly benefit the British taxpayer.

An Irish national debt of £60,000,000, incurred in getting rid of the chief cause of Irish poverty and agrarian crime, would be willingly borne by the Irish people in exchange for such a blessed riddance. The country could easily liquidate such loan. For the payment of interest England would have ample security in the

resources which the Irish State would have at its command in the excise, revenues, and customs, which now produce £6,500,000 a year, and in the rent-charge which would become national property. After the expropriation of the landlords, additional and stronger security would exist, in a universal desire to maintain by the exercise of good faith the right of managing our own local affairs, which the superior power of the Empire would be certain to deprive us of if we repudiated national obligations solemnly undertaken.

(3.) Will the rent-charge and the other fiscal resources which will be at the disposal of the Irish State suffice for the efficient administration of the local affairs of Ireland, and for the payment of interest upon the Irish national debt which will be incurred in the buying out of the landlords' interest in the land? First, as to the probable income of the new Irish State :

Excise, customs, and revenues...	£6,500,000
Rent-charge on land of Ireland after allowing a reduction of 50 per cent. on existing nominal rental ...	5,000,000
Estimated total annual Irish national revenue ...	£11,500,000
EXPENDITURE.	
Interest on Irish national debt...	£2,000,000
Sinking fund ...	1,000,000
Basing the future cost of Irish civil administration on the existing expensive scale, this would be a charge (for public works and buildings, salaries, expenses of public departments, police, law and justice, science and art, super-annuations, and charities, &c.) amounting to about ...	3,500,000
Education ...	1,000,000
Interest of outstanding balance of loans advanced by the Imperial Exchequer for public works, drainage, and other permanent improvements in Ireland (amounting in 1885 to £7,500,000) ...	800,000
Probably required to supplement local rates ...	1,000,000
Cost of rent-charge collection, bad debts, &c., say ...	1,000,000
Estimated total expenditure ...	£9,800,00

This would leave an annual balance in favour of the Irish State of £1,700,000 with which to carry out improvements or meet contingencies.

To those who believe that twelve years' purchase of the net landlord interest is too low a figure, it will be necessary to point out the difference between the value of land as a food producer, say fifteen years ago, and what it is likely to be fifteen years hence. In 1870 Great Britain and Ireland had more land under cultivation than obtains to-day. There was about the same number of horned stock then as now; but one of the food-producing competitors with Great Britain and Ireland—the United States—has put under crop during

the last fifteen years about one hundred million acres of land; or, in other words, the States have increased their productive area in that time to over twice the *entire* existing area of food production in these three countries. The increasing facilities for rapid and cheap transit across the Atlantic, and the fact that over two thousand million acres yet remain to be added to the American food-producing area (not to reckon upon the still undeveloped capacities of Canada and Australia) render it a simple rule-of-three sum, if the economic conditions remain the same, to estimate what will be the value of agricultural land in Ireland and Great Britain fifteen years hence. In other words, supposing the cost of transit remains stationary in Great Britain and Ireland, it becomes a question whether land at any appreciable distance from the markets into which foreign food is pouring with increased volume from all parts of the world, will have any rent value whatever fifteen years from now.

Some English critics have already raised the question, in connection with the Home Rule controversy, about Ireland's contribution to the National Debt, in case a local legislative assembly is granted to the Irish people. Mr. Giffen does not raise this point in his scheme or in his article to the *Nineteenth Century*, and it is to be hoped that it will not enter into the question of the final settlement of the Anglo-Irish difficulty. Ireland has certainly not been responsible for the creation of this debt; while, as has already been pointed out, she has been compelled to pay, over and above her just portion of Imperial taxes, more than £100,000,000 within the present generation. The £4,000,000 which England now profitlessly expends in Ireland will be saved to the Imperial Exchequer should Mr. Gladstone succeed in conferring a Home Rule constitution on Ireland. This, together with the cessation of Irish discontent, would surely be all the contribution which Ireland should in justice be called upon to make at the outset of her new career of peace and contentment.

While this article is being written Mr. Gladstone is framing his measure for the pacification of Ireland. The precise nature or scope of this coming legislation is yet kept back from the public. It is only fervently to be hoped that the measures finally resolved upon will be adequate to the great task which they are expected to accomplish. Half-measures of reform for Ireland have heretofore neither satisfied the Irish people nor obtained any satisfactory results to the English statesmanship which placed them on the Statute-book. Any repetition of half-hearted, halting legislative efforts will be followed by more discouraging consequences now than at any period since the monster blunder of the Act of Union. Full confiding justice, and reliance upon the healing efficacy of constitutional principles of government fearlessly

applied in the concession of an Irish national assembly for the complete management of Irish local affairs, will bring a greater reward to British statesmanship and create a greater safeguard to Imperial unity than could any jealous or niggardly measure for "provincial councils" hedged round with irritating conditions and needlessly insulting guarantees.

Scores of English correspondents have asked me, during the last few months, how an Irish State would be organized for the administration of Irish local affairs under a Home Rule Constitution. Somewhat in the following manner I would say :

First, there would be a representative, appointed by the Crown, as Governor-General or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, having such forces of the Crown as would be maintained in the country at his disposal. The Imperial Parliament would probably demand for such representative the right of veto on Irish legislation, similar to that already invested in the Queen.

Second, an Irish national assembly, say of 300 members, elected on the present, or, better still, a broader parliamentary franchise, by which the minority would secure as large a representation as possible. There would be no objection to a guarantee which would provide 25 per cent. of the entire representation for the Protestant portion of the Irish people. Districts could be grouped for this purpose, or a *scrutin de liste* method of election could be resorted to in order to insure to the minority its full quota of members. After the constituencies should have been appealed to and an Irish national assembly constituted, the representative of the Crown would then call upon the leader of the majority to form an Administration. The members of this Administration should be the heads of the various departments into which the work of Irish government would be divided. These departments need differ very little in name or organization from the boards which now constitute the machinery by which the local affairs of Ireland are mismanaged by irresponsible officials. One or two boards or departments would necessarily have to be added to those already in existence. The head of the Administration should be president of a council composed of the heads of, say, the following departments: Public Order (corresponding to a Home Office), Finance, Land and Agriculture, Trade and Commerce, Local Government, Public Works, Poor Law, Education, with the necessary law offices. The Administration to be responsible to the national assembly for the proper management of the local affairs of the country through these departments.

The question whether Ireland should continue to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament after receiving a local legislature, is one upon which there is division of opinion even among Nationalists.

For my part I believe such a representation would work little or no good for Ireland, nor be any advantage to the people of England and Scotland. It would be unjust to Great Britain to allow Irish members to interfere in its affairs, while Ireland would have the complete management of her own local matters. It would be better for the Irish people and better for the Empire to leave Ireland to the task of developing her material resources, the promotion of necessary social reforms, and of educating herself in self-governing qualities, until such time as the adoption of some scheme for Imperial Federation would make it mutually advantageous to Ireland, Great Britain, and the rest of the Empire, to have proportionate representation in an Imperial Assembly for the transaction of purely Imperial business.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

NEWMAN AND ARNOLD.

II. MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

THE difference between the intellectual and moral atmospheres which seems to have been breathed by Newman and Arnold is so astonishing that one can hardly realize that, for sixty-four years at least, they have been, what they still are, contemporaries. Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in 1678, says of his dream: "I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them." That appeared 208 years ago; and yet here have I been lecturing to you on one great man who has given in his hearty adhesion to one of these giants after years of meditative hesitation, while the second has been made captive—I will not say by the other giant risen from the grave, for I heartily admit that much of Mr. Arnold's spirit is distinctively Christian—but at least by a successor who has in him more, I think, of Pagan, than of Bunyan's Christian lore. What a curious light is this on Mr. Arnold's doctrine of the "Zeit-geist," the "Time-spirit," which he so much admires. In lecturing to you in this place on Butler, he said of the "Analogy": "The great work on which such immense praise has been lavished is, for all real intents and purposes now, a failure; it does not serve.

* Read to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on 19th February 1886.

It seemed once to have a spell and a power; but the Zeit-geist breathes upon it, and we rub our eyes, and it has the spell and the power no longer." And in another place he has said: "The Spirit of Time is a personage for whose operations I have the greatest respect; whatever he does is in my opinion of the greatest effect." Well, is it so very great after all? The "Zeit-geist" breathed upon Bunyan and made him believe that Paganism was dead for ever, and the Papacy in its dotage. It breathes upon us in the nineteenth century, and while some of its children rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pope is the true sponsor for revelation after all, others of them rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pagan is still in his youth; that there is indeed no revelation, and that Christianity, so far as it is true at all, is a truth of human nature, not of theology. To my mind the "Zeit-geist" is a will-o'-the-wisp, who misleads us at least as much as he enlightens. In the scene on the Brocken in Goethe's "Faust," the will-o'-the-wisp, when ordered by Mephistopheles—who also, we may remember, has the greatest admiration for the "Zeit-geist"—to conduct them to the summit, replies:

"So deep my awe, I trust I may succeed
My fickle nature to repress indeed;
But zigzag is my usual course, you know."

And that, I think, might very justly be said of Mr. Arnold's Time-spirit. Its usual course is zigzag. It breathes on us, and we can no longer see a truth which was clear yesterday. It breathes again, and like invisible ink held to the fire, the truth comes out again in all its brightness. However, the drift of all this is, that Mr. Arnold, while he sees much which Cardinal Newman has neglected, has certainly neglected much which Cardinal Newman sees, till they seem to live in worlds as different as their countenances. On the one countenance are scored the indelible signs of what a great Jewish prophet calls "the Lord's controversy;" on the other, whose high, benignant brow rises smooth and exulting above a face of serene confidence, there sits the exhilaration which speaks of difficulties surmounted and a world that is either fast coming, or in the thinker's opinion must soon come, over to his side. Mr. Arnold is a master of the grand style. He has the *port* of a great teacher. He derives from his father, the reformer of Rugby, that energy of purpose which makes itself felt in a certain authority of tone. You would never dream of applying to him Wordsworth's fine lines—

"The intellectual power through words and things
Goes sounding on its dim and perilous way."

Rather would his churches—for in some sense Mr. Arnold may be said to have churches of his own—quote the famous line—

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce, auspice Teucro."

He has succeeded in almost becoming himself what he has delineated in Goethe:

"For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man."

Certainly Mr. Arnold has not fallen into the latter error, whether into the former or not. He seems to have no doubts or difficulties in steering his course. He can eviscerate the Bible, and restore its meaning with the supernatural personality excluded. He can show you how to "evolve" the Decalogue from the two primitive instincts of human nature. He can reconcile Isaiah with the "Time-spirit," and teach us to read him with exceptional delight. He can show the Puritans what they might gain from the children of Athens, and the Athenian spirit, wherever it still exists, what it should learn from the Puritans. Take up the volume of his Prose Passages—and I know no book fuller of fascinating reading—and you will find in it the rebukes which cultivated Germany administers to English Philistines, the rebukes which Conservative good taste addresses to rash Reformers, and the rebukes which brooding self-knowledge delivers to superficial politicians. You will learn there how Ireland would have been dealt with by statesmen who dive beneath the surface; and even how helpless and impotent is popular foreign policy in the hands of a Minister guided by middle-class opinion. And when you have learned from his prose how keen and shrewd he is as an observer of the phenomena of his day, you may turn to his poetry, and lose yourself in wonder at the truth and delicacy of his vision, the purity of his sympathies, the mellow melancholy of his regret, and the irrepressible elation which underlies even that regret itself. I think him so very great a poet that I will keep what I have to say on his poetry to the last; but I must begin by referring to his more direct teaching, and especially to that teaching which implicitly accepts from science the exhortation to believe nothing which does not admit of complete verification, and which is intended to find for our age a truly scientific substitute for the theology of which the breath of the "Zeit-geist" has robbed us.

We must remember, then, that though Mr. Arnold proposes to demonstrate for us the truthfulness and power of the Bible, he commences by giving up absolutely the assumption that there is any Divine Being who thinks and loves revealed in the Bible—a proposition for which he does not consider that there is even "a low degree of probability." One naturally asks, 'Well, then, what remains that can be of any use?' Does not the Bible profess, from its opening to its close, to be the revelation of a Being who thinks about man and loves him, and who, because He thinks about man and loves him, converses with him, manifests to him His own nature as well as

man's true nature, and insists "thou shalt be holy because I am holy." Mr. Arnold, however, is not at all staggered by this. He holds that "we very properly and naturally make" God a Being who thinks and loves "in the language of feeling;" but this is an utterly unverifiable assumption, without even a low degree of probability. So that why we may "properly and naturally" mislead ourselves by "language of feeling" so very wide of any solid ground of fact, I cannot imagine. We have always reproached the idolators, as Israel represented them, with worshipping a God who is nothing in the world but the work of men's hands, the cunning workmanship of a carver in wood or stone. But why is it more proper or natural to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to "the stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," than it is to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to the graven images of an idol-founder? However, this is Mr. Arnold's contention, though at other times he is ready to admit that whenever emotion has been powerfully excited by supposed knowledge, and when that supposed knowledge turns out to be illusion, the emotion will disappear with the disappearance of our belief in the assumptions which we had formerly accepted. I should have thought that this would apply to the Bible, and that if ever we could be convinced that there is not even a low degree of probability for the conviction that God is a being who thinks and loves, all the emotions excited by the innumerable passages in which He is revealed as such a being, would die away and be extinguished. But this is not Mr. Arnold's view. On the contrary he holds that,

"Starting from what may be verified about God—that He is the Eternal which makes for righteousness—and reading the Bible with this idea to govern us, we have here the elements for a religion more solid, serious, awe-inspiring, and profound, than any which the world has yet seen. True, it will not be just the same religion which prevails now; but who supposes that the religion now current can go on always, or ought to go on? Nay, and even of that much-decried idea of God as the *stream of tendency in which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being*, it may be said with confidence that it has in it the elements of a religion, new indeed, but in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound."

It has always puzzled me very much to make out why Mr. Arnold should think, or say, that it is in any sense "verifiable," in his acceptance of that word, that the power which makes for righteousness is "eternal." But I believe, from a passage in "*Literature and Dogma*" (p. 61), that he really means by "eternal" nothing more than "enduring," and by "enduring," enduring in the history of man; so that the verifiable proposition which he takes as the foundation of a new religion is after all nothing more than this, that so far as history gives evidence at all, there has always been hitherto, since man appeared upon the earth, a stream of tendency which made

for righteousness. Nevertheless, if the earth came to an end, and there be, as Mr. Arnold apparently inclines to believe, no life for man beyond his life on earth, then the enduring stream of tendency would endure no longer, and "the eternal" would, so far as it was verifiable, sink back into a transitory and extinct phenomenon of the terrestrial past. Well, then, so far as the Bible holds true at all in Mr. Arnold's mind, we must substitute uniformly for the God who there reveals and declares Himself and His love, a being who cannot either declare himself or feel, in our sense, the love which he is said to declare; one who must be discovered by man, instead of discovering himself to man, and who, when discovered, is nothing but a more or less enduring tendency to a certain deeper and truer mode of life, which we call righteous life. No wonder that "the religion in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound," to which Mr. Arnold hopes to convert the world, does not always appear, even to himself, either hopeful or solid. For example, in one of the most beautiful of his poems, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," he explains, in a very different tone from that of the passage I have just quoted from "Literature and Dogma" (and I think a much more suitable and appropriate tone), how helpless and crippled his religious position really is, and how it came to pass that in visiting the home of one of the austere monastic orders he could feel a certain passion of regret without either much sympathy or much hope:—

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its
fire,
Showed me the high, white star of
Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the
gloom:
What dost thou in this living tomb?

"Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearned, so much resigned—
I come not here to be your foe!
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth;

"Not as their friend, or child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe, might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are
gone.

"Wandering between two worlds, one
dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side."

In his poetry Mr. Arnold is often frank enough, as he certainly is here. In his prose he will not admit that the Church to which he looks as the Church of the future is "powerless to be born." But powerless to be born it is; a "stream of tendency," more or less enduring, which cannot even reveal itself, is not a power to excite emotion of any depth at all, unless it represents not only a tendency, but a purpose. Religion, says Mr. Arnold, is "morality touched with emotion." But surely morality cannot be "touched with emotion" without reason, or at least excuse, for the emotion it is to excite. And yet this is what Mr.

Arnold's language seems to point at. In one of his American lectures he appears to say that the emotions will remain even though the objects which properly excite them disappear; and in another passage of the same lecture he appears to intimate that even the very same thought may be so expressed as either to excite emotion or not to excite it, the difference between the two modes of expression being, except in its actual effect, quite undiscernible. But if Religion depends on an accident of that kind, Religion is an accident itself. An intention to make for Righteousness rightly excites emotion, but a tendency and an intention are different. Plague, pestilence, and famine, in God's hands, have often made for Righteousness. But without faith in God, plague, pestilence, and famine are more likely to touch immorality with emotion than to touch morality with it.

How, then, is Mr. Arnold to conjure up the emotion which certainly does not seem to be naturally radiated from this more or less enduring "stream of tendency?" He strives to excite it by disclosing to us the promise of *life*, which is implicit in all conformity to this "stream of tendency;" for life is the word which, in Mr. Arnold's teaching, takes the place of faith. He values Christ's teaching because he says that it discloses the true secret of *life*—because it discloses a new life for the world, even after faith (as we understand it) is dead. This is the promise which he makes his favourite thinker, M. de Senancour, better known as the author of "*Obermann*," address to him:—

"Though more than half thy years be
past,
And spent thy youthful prime:
Though, round thy firmer manhood cast,
Hang weeds of our sad time,

"Whereof thy youth felt all the spell,
And traversed all the shade --
Though late, though dimmed, though
weak, yet tell
Hope to a world new made !

Help it to fill that deep desire,
The want which racked our brain,

Consumed our heart with thirst like
fire,
Immedicable pain ;

"Which to the wilderness drove out
Our life, to Alpine snow,
And palsied all our word with doubt,
And all our work with woe.

"What still of strength is left, employ
That end to help attain :
*One common ware of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again !*"

And that is the purpose to which Matthew Arnold has devoted what we may call his quasi-theological writings; in other words, his writings produced to show that we may get all the advantages of theology without the theology—which we can and must do without. This new teaching is that which Tennyson has so tersely and finely expressed in "*The Two Voices*":—

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant ;
Oh life, not death, for which we pant :
More life, and fuller, that I want."

To the same effect Arnold quotes M. de Senancour: "The aim for men is to augment the feeling of joy, to make our expansive energy bear fruit, and to combat in all thinking beings the principle

of degradation and misery." And Mr. Arnold's new version of Christianity promises us this life. "The all-ruling effort to live" is identical, he says, with "the desire for happiness," and this craving for life is, he asserts, sanctioned by Christ in the saying, "I am come that men might have life, and might have it more abundantly; and ye will not come to me that ye may have life." I had always thought this a promise of life given by a being in whose hands is the power to bestow it. Not so Mr. Arnold. This power of attaining life, and attaining it in greater abundance, is, he declares, a mere natural secret which Christ had discovered, and which any man may rediscover for himself. It is a method of obtaining life, of obtaining "exhilaration." Indeed, exhilaration is, says Mr. Arnold, one of the greatest qualities of the Hebrew prophets. And this exhilaration is attainable by a merely natural process—namely, the renunciation by man of the superficial and temporary self, in favour of the deeper and permanent self. In "Literature and Dogma" Mr. Arnold has explained "the secret of Jesus," the true secret, as he holds, for riding buoyantly upon

"That common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again."

We are there told that the essence of Christianity is not the possession of supernatural life flowing from the love or gift of a supernatural being, but is simply the use of a natural secret of the wise heart. The secret is conveyed in Christ's promise: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. Whosoever would come after me, let him renounce himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Christ's method, he says,

"Directed the disciple's eye inward, and set his consciousness to work; and the first thing his consciousness told him was that he had two selves pulling him different ways. Till we attend, till the method is set at work, it seems as if 'the wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts' (Eph. ii. 3) were to be followed as a matter of course; as if an impulse to do a thing means that we should do it. But when we attend we find that an impulse to do a thing is really in itself no reason at all why we should do it, because impulses proceed from two sources quite different, and of quite different degrees of authority. St. Paul contrasts them as the inward man and the man in our members; the mind of the flesh and the spiritual mind. Jesus contrasts them as life properly so named and life in this world. And the moment we seriously attend to conscience, to the suggestions which concern practice and conduct, we can see plainly enough from which source a suggestion comes, and that the suggestions from one source are to overrule suggestions from the other." ("Literature and Dogma," pp. 201-2.) "The breaking the sway of what is commonly called oneself, ceasing our concern with it, and leaving it to perish, is not, he (*i.e.*, Jesus Christ) said, being thwarted or crossed, but *living*. And the proof of this is that it has the character of life in the highest degree—the power of going right, hitting the mark, succeeding. That is, it has the character of happiness, and happiness is for Israel the same thing as having the Eternal with us—seeing the salvation of God." ("Literature and Dogma," p. 203.)

Now, surely it is hardly justifiable for Mr. Arnold, in describing the "secret of Jesus," to substitute for the words of Jesus words of his own so very different in tone and meaning from those in which that secret was first disclosed. Where does our Lord ever say that the evidence of spiritual life is in the consciousness it gives us of *hitting the mark*, of *succeeding*? If we are to take our Lord's secret, let us take it in his own language, not in Mr. Arnold's. Turn then to his own language, and what do we find? We find, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Does that mean the same thing as, for they shall have the joy of feeling that they have "hit the mark, that they have succeeded?" Again, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Does that mean the same as "for they shall feel that they have attained true success?" "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Does that mean the same as, "the more you are persecuted and maligned, the greater is your reward on earth, no matter whether there be any world beyond this or not." Yet that is what Mr. Arnold tries to make it mean in order to reconcile his interpretation of the "secret of Jesus" with the actual words of Jesus. I believe that Mr. Arnold misreads even the language of the conscience when he makes it say that as we advance in our development we become aware "of two lives, one permanent and impersonal, the other transient and bound to our contracted self; he becomes aware of two selves, one higher and real, the other inferior and apparent; and that the instinct in him truly to live, the desire for happiness, is served by following the first self and not the second." ("Last Essays on Church and Religion," pp. 116-117.) What we really become aware of is, that behind the loud-voiced, strenuous, well-established self of our lower nature, there is growing up a faint, embryo, struggling, nobler self, without strength, without permanence; but that on the side of that self there pleads another and higher power, offering us, if we listen to the nobler voice, infinite prospects of a new world of communion, a new buoyancy, a new career. It is not the nobler self which is, as Mr. Arnold says, strong and permanent. Nothing can be weaker or more fitful. But the promise is, that if we give ourselves to the weak and fitful but nobler voice, our doing so will bring us into direct communion with one who is really strong, who is really permanent, who is really eternal; not merely what Mr. Arnold means by eternal—namely, *more or less enduring*. I take it that "the secret of Jesus" is wholly misinterpreted if its promise of a communion between the weaker but nobler self and the eternal source of life and light be ignored. It falls in that case from the secret of Jesus to the secret

of Matthew Arnold. Now "the secret of Jesus" is life indeed. The secret of Matthew Arnold is only better than death, because it gives its suffrage on the right side, but with the right suffrage fails to connect the promise and the earnest of joy with which Jesus Christ connected it. I think every reasonable reader of the Bible must perceive that if this promise of permanent joy in an eternal love is not true, the whole chain of Hebrew prophecy is false and misleading, from the time of Abraham to the death of St. Paul.

But then Mr. Arnold will turn upon me with his demand for verification: Can the promise be verified? "Experience proves that whatever for men is true, men can verify." I should answer, certainly it is verifiable in a sense even truer and higher than that in which Mr. Arnold's own *rationale* of the moral secret, which he misnames the secret of Jesus, is verifiable. Even Mr. Arnold admits that his interpretation of the secret of Jesus has not always been verified.

"People may say," he tells us, "they have not got this sense that their instinct to live is served by loving their neighbours; they may say that they have, in other words, a dull and uninformed conscience. But that does not make the experience less a true thing, the real experience of the race. Neither does it make the sense of this experience to be, any the less, genuine conscience. And it is genuine conscience, because it apprehends what does really serve our instinct to live, or desire for happiness. And when Shaftesbury supposes the case of a man thinking vice and selfishness to be truly as much for his advantage as virtue and benevolence, and concludes that such a case is without remedy, the answer is, 'Not at all; let such a man get conscience, get right experience.' And if the man does not, the result is not that he goes on just as well without it; the result is, that he is lost." ("Last Essays on Church and Religion," pp. 115, 116.)

Well, if that is what Mr. Arnold means by verification, I think that it is easy to show that there is a much more perfect verification for the ordinary and natural interpretation of "the secret of Jesus" than for his mutilated interpretation of it. If it is verification to appeal to the best experience of the best, to the growing experience of those who have most intimately studied the various discipline of life, who can doubt what the reply must be to the question, Does experience testify to the self-sufficiency and adequacy to itself of what Mr. Arnold calls the permanent and higher self, or rather to its growing sense of inadequacy and dependence, and to its constant reference to that higher life in communion with which it lives? I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Arnold's mutilated interpretation of "the secret of Jesus," which omits indeed the very talisman of the whole, will receive no confirmation at all from the higher experience of the race, which testifies to nothing more persistently than this, that growing humility and the deepest possible sense of the dependence of the nobler self on communion with a righteous being external to it, is the unfailing experience of those in

whom the nobler self is most adequately developed. Mr. Arnold's *rationale* of what he erroneously terms the "more permanent" and "stronger" self—but what experience proves to be indeed a very variable and very weak self, leaning on constant communion with another for its strength—is a mutilation of the true experience of man as delivered by the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. Take the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison with thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Take Isaiah: "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Take St. Paul: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." It is impossible to find in the Bible anything like a reference to the permanent and stronger self which asserts itself in us. The testimony is always to a nobler but weaker self, which leans on the sustaining grace of God. Well, but says Mr. Arnold in opposing Bishop Butler's view that the most we can hope for in this life is to escape from misery and not to obtain happiness,—in this contention Butler goes counter not only to the most intimate, "the most sure, the most irresistible instinct of human nature," but also "to the clear voice of our religion." "Rejoice and give thanks," exhorts the Old Testament. "Rejoice evermore," exhorts the New. That is most true, but what is the ground of these constant exhortations in both Old Testament and New? Surely not the strength and depth of the life, even the higher life, in man, but, on the contrary, the largeness and generosity of the succour granted to the righteous by God. On what, for instance, is grounded the injunction which Mr. Arnold quotes from the Old Testament? On this, that "the Lord hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him." And again on this, that "the Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations." Can Mr. Arnold justify such a ground for rejoicing as that, on the lips of any one who disbelieves altogether in a God who "thinks and loves?" Again, what is the context of the injunction, taken from the New Testament? "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: *for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.*" The ground of rejoicing is a will—a will which is equally made the ground of prayer; without the ground for praying there could be no ground for rejoicing. Without a *known* will of God there could be neither the one nor the other. And it is the humility which recognises the strength, external to its own, which is the source

at once of the joy and the prayer. The life which is so abundantly promised throughout the Bible is indeed not natural life, as Mr. Arnold explains it, but what we are more accustomed to call *grace*: the life poured in from outside.

Nor, indeed, can I understand how Mr. Arnold's explanation can hold at all, without this supernatural source of strength and joy. When Mr. Arnold says that it is the "permanent" and "stronger" self which conquers, and gives us life by the conquest, is it inappropriate to ask, *How* permanent, and *how* strong? Suppose, as has often happened, that the deeper and nobler self suggests a course which involves instant death, where is the permanence? Mr. Arnold will hear nothing of the promise of immortality. That is to him *Aberglaube*, over-belief, belief in excess of the evidence. In some of his most exquisite lines he speaks of death as the

" Stern law of every mortal lot
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself, I know not what
Of second life, I know not where."

So that he guarantees us assuredly no *permanence* for the nobler self. And then as to *strength*: is the nobler self strong enough to endure the hard conditions which are often imposed on us by our best acts—the slander and persecution to which we expose ourselves, the misery which we bring on ourselves? The answer of the Bible is plain enough: No, it is not; but you may rely on the grace promised to the weakest, if you comply with the admonitions of that grace. Mr. Arnold can make no such reply. Unless the nobler self is intrinsically also the stronger self, in his opinion you are lost. It seems to me, then, that the injunction to "rejoice and give thanks," the injunction to "rejoice evermore," cannot be justified except in connection with a trust in One who can give us real succour from without, under the prospect of certain death, and the still more certain collapse of human powers in the presence of great trials and temptations.

In a word, the faith taught by revelation is not, as Mr. Arnold himself admits, Mr. Arnold's faith. The former is intended to awaken and discipline a group of genuine *affections*, using the word in the same sense—though in the same sense raised to a higher plane of life—as we use it of the human affections. Read the Psalms, and you will find in them the germs of all the affections generated in his disciples by Christ's own teaching: the shame, the grief, the remorse, the desolation, the hope, the awe, the love in its highest sense, which human beings feel in the presence of a human nature, holier, deeper, richer, stronger, nobler than their own, when they have sinned against it, and are conscious of its displeasure, its retributive justice, its joy in human repentance, and its forgiveness. The whole

drift of revelation is to excite these affections, to make us feel the divine passion which our human passions elicit, to reach the deepest fountain of our tears, and to fill us with that joy which, however deep, is all humility and all gratitude, because its source is the love of another, and not the strength or buoyancy of our own life. Well, this is not, and could not be, Mr. Arnold's religion. In his expurgated Bible, the affections in this sense have to be omitted. He tells us quite plainly that the facts—or, as he calls them, "the supposed facts"—by which the religious affections have been fostered in us are illusions, that our religion is nothing in the world but the culture of that ideal life which man has happily a tendency to develop. These are his words :

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact—in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion—of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact."

Well, if that be so, the emotion which Mr. Arnold insists on, in order to transform morality into religion, becomes a very mild and æsthetic kind of emotion indeed: not one which can penetrate the sinner's heart with anguish, not one which can irradiate the penitent's heart with gratitude. Imagine the changes which you must make in the language of the Psalmist to empty it of what Mr. Arnold calls belief in "the supposed fact," and to conform the emotions to that which is attached to "the idea" alone :

"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. . . . O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Take the divine illusion, as Mr. Arnold calls it, out of this, and how much of "the emotion" requisite for religion would remain? Has he not himself told us?—

"That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd
Man!
—He lived while we believed.

"While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave.
Men called from chamber, church, and
tent;
And Christ was by to save.

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard his death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

" Ah, o'er that silent sacred land,
Of sun, and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Sounds now one word alone !

" From David's lips that word did roll,
'Tis true and living yet :

*No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.*

Alone, self-pois'd, henceforward man
Must labour !—must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine."

Well, then, where is the "emotion" with which "morality" must be touched, in order to transform it into religion, to come from? Mr. Arnold makes no answer,—except that it must be emotion excited by ideas alone, and not by supposed facts, which, as he says, will not stand the tests of scientific verification.

But with regard to that asserted demand of science for verification, let me just make one final observation : that in the sense in which Mr. Arnold uses it, to explode all belief in light coming to us from a mind higher than our own, it equally explodes belief in the authority of those suggestions of the deeper self to which what he calls the "secret of Jesus" teaches us to defer. For why are we to obey them? Mr. Arnold replies simply, human *experience* teaches us that it adds to our life, to our happiness, to the vitality of our true and permanent self, to do so. But how are we to get the verification without trying both the wrong way and the right? You cannot found on mere experience *without* the experience. And does, then, the way to virtue lead through sin alone? Mr. Arnold guards himself by saying that some "finely-touched" souls have "the *presentiment*" of how it will be—a presentiment, I suppose, derived by evolution from the experience of ancestors. But is it a duty, then, to found your actions on those obscure intimations which your ancestors' experience may have transmitted to you? Should you not test your ancestors' experience for yourself before adopting it? Should you not sin in order to be sure that sin saps your true life and diminishes your fund of happiness? I fear there is nothing for Mr. Arnold but to admit that this is not sin—that *trying* evil in order to be sure it *is* evil, is not forbidden by any law, if there be no spiritual nature higher than man's, which lays its yoke upon us, and subdues us into the attitude of reverence and awe. The principle which Mr. Arnold calls "verification" is in reality fatal to all purity. It makes experience of evil the ground of good. For myself, I believe that there is enough verification for the purposes of true morality in the recognition, without the test of experience, of the higher character of the nature confronted with our own; and that we may learn the reality of revelation, the reality of a divine influence which should be a law to us, and rebellion against which is, in the deepest sense, sin, without trying the effect of that rebellion, without making proof of both the alternatives before us. The life even of the truest human affections is one long protest against the principle that you can know nothing without what is termed experiment and verification in

the scientific sense of the word. What creature which has learnt to love, tries the effect of piercing the heart of another before it learns to reject that course as treachery? Revelation, as I understand it, is an appeal to the human affections—a divine discipline for them. It no more demands experiment and verification, in the scientific sense which men try to foist so inappropriately into our moral life, than a parent would think of demanding from his child that, in order to be sure that his wishes and commands are wise, the child should make experiments in disobedience, and only conform to his father's injunctions after he had learned by a painful experience that these experiments had ended in pain and discomfiture.

In insisting on the striking, I might almost say the dismaying, contrast between the great Oxford leader, whose whole mind has been occupied with theological convictions from his earliest years of Oxford life to the present day, and the Oxford leader who has avowed himself unable to see even a slender probability that God is a being who thinks and loves, I said that I hoped to do something to attenuate the paradox before I had done. This is probably the right place to say a few words on the subject, for undoubtedly it is the assumption running through Mr. Arnold's theoretical writings, that no belief is trustworthy which has not what he calls the verification of experience to sustain it, to which we owe his repudiation of all theology. Undoubtedly, the twenty years or so by which he is Cardinal Newman's junior made an extraordinary difference in the intellectual atmosphere of Oxford, and of the English world of letters outside Oxford, during the time at which a thoughtful man's mind matures. Mr. Arnold was not too late at Oxford to feel the spell of Dr. Newman, but his mind was hardly one to feel the whole force of that spell, belonging as his mind does, I think, rather to the Stoical than to the religious school—the school which magnifies self-dependence, and regards serene calm, not passionate worship, as the highest type of the moral life. And he was at Oxford too late, I think, for the full experience of the limits within which alone the scientific conception of life can be said to be true. A little later men came to see that scientific methods are really quite inapplicable to the sphere of moral truth—that the scientific assumption that whatever is true can be verified, is, in the sense of the word "verification" which science applies, a very serious blunder, and that such verification as we can get of moral truth is of a very different, though I will not scruple to say a no less satisfactory, kind, from that which we expect to get of scientific truth. Mr. Arnold seems to me to have imbibed the prejudices of the scientific season of blossom, when the uniformity of nature first became a kind of gospel, when the "Vestiges of Creation" was the book in vogue, when Emerson's and Carlyle's imaginative scepticism first took hold of cultivated Englishmen, and Mr. Froude published the

sceptical tales by which his name was first known amongst us. Mr. Arnold betrays the immovable prejudices by which his intellectual life is overridden in a hundred forms; for example, by the persistency with which he remarks that the objection to miracles is that they do not happen, the one criticism which I venture to say no one who had taken pains to study evidence in the best accredited individual cases, not only in ancient but in modern times, would choose to repeat. And again, he betrays it by the pertinacity with which he assumes that you can verify the secret of self-renunciation, the secret of Jesus, in the same sense in which you can verify the law of gravitation, one of the most astounding and I think false assumptions of our day. I make bold to say that no one ever verified the secret of self-renunciation yet, or ever even wished to verify it, who had not assumed the moral obligation it involves, before even attempting a verification; while with the law of gravitation it is quite different: we believe it solely because it has been verified, or, in the case of the discoverer, because evidence was before him that it might very probably be verified. But though Mr. Arnold's mind is of the Stoical rather than the religious type, and though certain premature scientific assumptions, which were in vogue before the limits of the region in which the uniformity of nature has been verified, had been at all carefully defined, run through all his theoretical writings, it is nevertheless true that his whole intellectual strength has been devoted to sustaining, I cannot say the cause of religion—for I do not think his constant cry for more emotion in dealing with morality has been answered—but the cause of good, the cause of noble conduct, and in exalting the elation of duty, the rapture of righteousness. Allow for his prepossessions—his strangely obstinate prepossessions—and he remains still a figure on which we can look with admiration. We must remember that, with all the scorn which Matthew Arnold pours on the trust we place in God's love, he still holds to the conviction that the tendency to righteousness is a power on which we may rely even with *rapture*. Israel, he says, took "his religion in rapture, because he found for it an evidence irresistible. But his own words are the best: 'Thou, O Eternal, art the thing that I *long* for, thou art my hope, even from my youth; through thee have I been *holden up* ever since I was born; there is nothing *sweeter* than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal. The Eternal is my strength; my heart has trusted in Him, and I am *helped*; therefore my heart *danceth for joy*, and in my song I will *praise* him.'" ("Literature and Dogma," p. 319.) And Mr. Arnold justifies that language, though it seems to me clear that with his views he could never have been the first to use it. Still, do not let us forget that he does justify it, that the great Oxonian of the third quarter of this

century, though he is separated wide as the poles from Cardinal Newman in faith, yet uses even the most exalted language of the Hebrew seers with all the exultation which even Cardinal Newman could evince for it. I think it is hardly possible to think of such an attitude of mind as the attitude of a common agnostic. The truth is, that his deep poetical idealism saves Mr. Arnold from the depressing and flattening influences of his theoretical views. The poet of modern thought and modern tendencies cannot be, even though he strives to be, a mere agnostic. The insurrection of the agnosticism of the day against faith is no doubt one of its leading features ; but the failure of that insurrection to overpower us, the potent resistance it encounters in all our hearts, is a still more remarkable feature. Matthew Arnold reflects both of these characteristics, though the former perhaps more powerfully than the latter.

In passing from the thinker to the poet, I am passing from a writer whose curious earnestness and ability in attempting the impossible, will soon, I believe, be a mere curiosity of literature, to one of the most considerable of English poets, whose place will probably be above any poet of the eighteenth century, excepting Burns, and not excepting Dryden, or Pope, or Cowper, or Goldsmith, or Gray ; and who, even amongst the great poets of the nineteenth century, may very probably be accorded the sixth or fifth, or even by some the fourth place. He has a power of vision as great as Tennyson's, though its magic depends less on the rich tints of association, and more on the liquid colours of pure natural beauty ; a power of criticism and selection as fastidious as Gray's, with infinitely more creative genius ; and a power of meditative reflection which, though it never mounts to Wordsworth's higher levels of genuine rapture, never sinks to his wastes and flats of commonplace. Arnold is a great elegiac poet, but there is a buoyancy in his elegy which we rarely find in the best elegy, and which certainly adds greatly to its charm. And though I cannot call him a dramatic poet, his permanent attitude being too reflective for any kind of action, he shows in such poems as the " Memorial Verses " on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth, in the " Sick King of Bokhara," and " Tristram and Iseult," great precision in the delineation of character, and not a little power even of forcing character to delineate itself. What feeling for the Oriental type of character is there not in the Vizier of the Sick King of Bokhara when he remonstrates with the young King for taking too much to heart the tragic end of the man who had insisted, under the Mahometan law, on being stoned, because in a hasty moment he had cursed his mother :—

" O King, in this I praise thee not !
Now must I call thy grief not wise.
Is he thy friend, or of thy blood,
To find such favour in thine eyes ?

" Nay, were he thine own mother's son,
Still, thou art king, and the law stands.
It were not meet the balance swerved,
The sword were broken in thy hands.

" But being nothing, as he is,
Why for no cause make sad thy face !—
Lo, I am old ! three kings, ere thee,
Have I seen reigning in this place.

" But who, through all this length of time,
Could bear the burden of his years,
If he for strangers pain'd his heart
Not less than those who merit tears ?

" Fathers we *must* have, wife and child,
And grievous is the grief for these ;
This pain alone, which *must* be borne,
Makes the head white, and bows the knees.

" But other loads than this his own
One man is not well made to bear.
Besides, to each are his own friends,
To mourn with him, and show him care.

" Look, this is but one single place,
Though it be great ; all the earth round,
If a man bear to have it so,
Things which might vex him shall be found.

" Upon the Russian frontier, where
The watchers of two armies stand
Near one another, many a man,
Seeking a prey unto his hand,

" Hath snatch'd a little fair-hair'd slave ;
They snatch also, towards Mervè,
The Shiah dogs, who pasture sheep,
And up from thence to Orgunjè.

" And these all, labouring for a lord,
Eat not the fruit of their own hands ;
Which is the heaviest of all plagues,
To that man's mind, who understands.

" The kaffirs also (whom God curse !)
Vex one another, night and day ;
There are the lepers, and all sick ;
There are the poor, who faint away.

" All these have sorrow, and keep still,
Whilst other men make cheer, and sing.
Wilt thou have pity on all these ?
No, nor on this dead dog, O King !"

And again, how deep is the insight into the Oriental character in the splendid contrast between Rome and the East after the Eastern conquests of Rome, in the second of the two poems on the Author of "Obermann" :—

" In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay ;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

" He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

" The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

" The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain ;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

" So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey ;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day.

" " Poor world," she cried, " so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
(Go, seek it in thy soul !"

Or take the famous description, in the lines at Heine's grave, of our own country taking up burden after burden, with "deaf ears and labour-dimm'd eyes," as she has just taken up the new burden of Burmah :—

" I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country—for we,
Heavy and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags ;
We, too, say that she now—
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more—
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy.

" So thou arraign'st her, her foe ;
So we arraign her, her sons.

" Yes, we arraign her ! but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal ;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate."

Though not a dramatic poet, it is clear, then, that Matthew Arnold has a deep dramatic insight; but that is only one aspect of what I should call his main characteristic as a poet—the lucid penetration with which he discerns and portrays all that is most expressive in any situation that awakens regret, and the buoyancy with which he either throws off the pain, or else takes refuge in some soothing digression. For Arnold is never quite at his best except when he is delineating a mood of regret, and then his best consists not in yielding to it, but in the resistance he makes to it. He is not, like most elegiac poets, a mere sad muser; he is always one who finds a secret of joy in the midst of pain, who discovers a tonic for the suffering nerve, if only in realizing the large power of sensibility which it retains. Take his description of the solitude in which we human beings live—heart yearning after heart, but recognising the eternal gulf between us—a solitude decreed by the power which

“ bade betwixt our shores to be
The unplumb’d, salt, estranging sea ! ”

How noble the line, and how it sends a shiver through one! And yet not a shiver of mere regret or mere yearning; rather a shiver of awe at the infinitude of the ocean in which we are all enisled. It is the same with all Arnold’s finest elegiac touches. In all of them regret seems to mingle with buoyancy, and buoyancy to have a sort of root in regret. What he calls (miscalls, I think) the “secret of Jesus”—“miscalls,” because the secret of Jesus lay in the knowledge of His Father’s love, not in the *natural* buoyancy of the renouncing heart—is in reality the secret of his own poetry. Like the East, he bows low before the blast, only to seek strength in his own mind, and to delight in the strength he finds there. He enjoys plumbing the depths of another’s melancholy. Thus he says in relation to his favourite “Obermann”—

“ A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns,
Here, on its bed of pain.

“ Though here a mountain-murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine,
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine—

“ Yes, though the virgin mountain-air
Fresh through these pages blows;
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows;

“ Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony.”

But even so, the effect of the verses is not the effect of Shelley’s most exquisitely melancholy lyrics. It does not make us almost faint under the poet’s own feeling of desolation. On the contrary, even in the very moment in which Arnold cries—

“ Farewell! Under the sky we part,
In this stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will! O broken heart!
A last, a last farewell! ”—

we have a conviction that the poet went off with a buoyant step from that unstrung will and broken heart, enjoying the strength he had derived from his communion with that strong spirit of passionate protest against the evil and frivolity of the world. It is just the same with his "Empedocles on Etna." He makes the philosopher review at great length the evils of human life, and decide that, as he can render no further aid to men, he must return to the elements. But after he has made his fatal plunge into the crater of the burning mountain, there arises from his friend Callicles, the harp-player on the slopes of the mountain below, the following beautiful strain :—

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>" Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.</p> <p>" Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,</p> <p>" Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !</p> <p>" On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.</p> <p>" In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.</p> <p>" —What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom ?</p> <p>" What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?</p> | <p>What voices enrapture
'The night's balmy prime ?—</p> <p>' 'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.</p> <p>' They are lost in the hollows !
They stream up again !
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ?—</p> <p>' They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road ;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.</p> <p>" —Whose praise do they mention ?
Of what is it told ?—
What will be for ever ;
What was from of old.</p> <p>" First hymn they the Father
Of all things ; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.</p> <p>" The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm."</p> |
|--|--|

And we close the poem with a sense, not of trouble, but of refreshment. So in the tragic story of "Sohrab and Rustum"—in which the father, without knowing it, kills his own son, who dies in his arms—the poem ends not in gloom, but in a serene vision of the course of the Oxus as it passes, "brimming and bright and large," towards its mouth in the Sea of Aral, a course which is meant to be typical of the peaceful close of Rustum's stormy and potent and victorious, though tragic, career. It seems to be Matthew Arnold's secret in *Art* not to minimize the tragedy or sadness of the human lot, but to turn our attention from the sadness or the tragedy to the strength which it illustrates and elicits, and the calm in which even the tumultuous passions of the story eventually subside. Even the sad

poem on the Grande Chartreuse closes with a wonderful picture of cloistered serenity, entreating the busy and eager world to leave it unmolested to its meditations :

“ Pass, banners, pass, and bugles cease ;
“ And leave our desert to its peace.”

There is nothing which Matthew Arnold conceives or creates so well, nothing so characteristic of him, as the soothing digressions, as they seem—digressions, however, more germane to his purpose than any epilogue—in which he withdraws our attention from his main subject, to refresh and restore the minds which he has perplexed and bewildered by the painful problems he has placed before them. That most beautiful and graceful poem, for instance, on “ The Scholar-Gipsy,” the Oxford student who is said to have forsaken academic study in order to learn, if it might be, those potent secrets of Nature the traditions of which the gipsies are supposed sedulously to guard, ends in a digression of the most vivid beauty, suggested by the exhortation to the supposed lover of Nature to “ fly our paths, our feverish contact fly,” as fatal to all calm and healing life :

“ Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Agavan isles ;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
“ The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail ;
And day and night held on indignant
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.”

Nothing could illustrate better than this passage Arnold's genius or his art. He wishes to give us a picture of the older type of audacity and freedom as it shakes itself impatiently rid of the paltry skill and timid cunning of the newer age, and plunges into the solitudes into which the finer craft of dexterous knowledge does not dare to follow. His whole drift having been that care and effort and gain and the pressure of the world are sapping human strength, he ends with a picture of the old-world pride and daring which exhibits human strength in its freshness and vigour, and he paints it with all that command of happy poetical detail in which Mr. Arnold so greatly excels. No one knows as he knows how to use detail without overlaying the leading idea which he intends to impress on

us. The Tyrian trader, launching out into the deep, in his scorn for the Greek trafficker hugging the shore with his timid talent for small gains, brings home to us how much courage, freedom, and originality we may lose by the aptness for social intercourse which the craft of civilization brings with it. So he closes his poem on the new scrupulousness and burdensomeness and self-consciousness of human life, by recalling vividly the pride and buoyancy of old-world enterprise. I could quote poem after poem which Arnold closes by some such buoyant digression—a buoyant digression intended to shake off the tone of melancholy, and to remind us that the world of imaginative life is still wide open to us. ‘This problem is insoluble,’ he seems to say; ‘but insoluble or not, let us recall the pristine strength of the human spirit, and not forget that we have access to great resources still.’

And this is where Arnold’s buoyancy differs in kind from Clough’s buoyancy, though buoyancy is the characteristic of both these essentially Oxford poets. Clough is buoyant in hope, and sometimes, though perhaps rarely, in faith; Arnold is buoyant in neither, but yet he is buoyant—buoyant in rebound from melancholy reflection, buoyant in throwing off the weight of melancholy reflection. ‘The outlook,’ he seems to say, ‘is as bad as possible. We have lost our old faith, and we cannot get a new one. Life is sapping the noblest energies of the mind. We are not as noble as we used to be. We have lost the commanding air of the great men of old. We cannot speak in the grand style. We can only boldly confront the truth and acknowledge the gloom; and yet, and yet—

“Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.”

Through hope or despair, through faith or doubt, the deep buoyancy of the imaginative life forbids Arnold to rest in any melancholy strain; he only snatches his rudder, shakes out more sail, and day and night holds on indignantly to some new shore which as yet he discovers not. Clough’s buoyancy is very different. It is not the buoyancy which shakes off depressing thoughts, but the buoyancy which overcomes them:

“Sit, if you will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
What’er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven’s high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence, hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or, at least, faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead,
Not gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished,
In the great gospel and true creed
He is yet risen indeed
Christ is yet risen.”

There is Clough's buoyancy of spirit, which goes to the heart of the matter. But Arnold, with equal buoyancy, seems to aim rather at evading than averting the blows of fate. He is somewhat unjust to Wordsworth, I think, in ascribing to Wordsworth, as his characteristic spell, the power to put aside the "cloud of mortal destiny" instead of confronting it:

"Others will teach us how to dare
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?"

That, I should have said, is not Wordsworth's position in poetry, but Matthew Arnold's. Wordsworth "strengthened us to bear" by every means by which a poet can convey such strength; but Arnold, exquisite as his poetry is, teaches us first to feel, and then to put by, the cloud of mortal destiny. But he does not teach us, as Wordsworth does, to bear it. We delight in his pictures; we enjoy more and more the more we study it, the poetry of his exquisite detail; we feel the lyrical cry of his sceptical moods vibrating in our heart of hearts; we feel the reviving air of his buoyant digressions as he escapes from his own spell, and bids us escape too, into the world of imaginative freedom. But he gives us no new strength to bear. He gives us no new light of hope. He gives us no new nerve of faith. He is the greatest of our elegiac poets, for he not only makes his readers thrill with the vision of the faith or strength he has lost, but puts by "the cloud of mortal destiny" with an ease that makes us feel that after all the faith and strength may not be lost, but only hidden from his eyes. Though the poet and the thinker in Matthew Arnold are absolutely at one in their conscious teaching, the poet in him helps us to rebel against the thinker, and to encourage us to believe that the "stream of tendency" which bears him up with such elastic and patient strength is not blind, is not cold, and is not dumb. He tells us:

"We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign."

But if the "unknown Power" be such that when we will to enjoy, we are taught to resign, and when we will to resign, we are bid, though it may be in some new and deeper sense, to enjoy, surely the "unknown Power" is not an unknowing Power, but is one that knows us better than we know ourselves.

R. H. HUTTON.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWER AND OLD TESTAMENT REVISION.

IN the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1885, there appeared a lengthy article on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, the object of which was to point out the errors, inconsistencies, and even heresies by which the work of the Revisers was disfigured. This was done with a considerable parade of learning, and it must be added with no little asperity. The Reviewer marshalled his attack under two heads. He delivered first of all an assault on the Revisers' position with regard to the Massoretic text, and the estimate they had dared to form and to express in their preface as to the value of the Ancient Versions in correcting the text. And next he turned his artillery against their interpretations of certain passages, and more particularly against the heretical glosses which, as he affirmed, they had suffered to creep into their marginal notes.

The question of the text is no doubt a question of considerable interest; but it is not one which was directly before the Revisers. They felt themselves bound, except in very rare instances, to adhere to the Massoretic text. They had indeed good warrant for occasional departure from it, for they could plead the example of the translators of 1611. They might perhaps have shown even greater boldness than they did. It may be alleged against them that they have sometimes attempted to translate the untranslatable rather than forsake the received Hebrew text. But they have at least avowed in their margin that the Hebrew text is in some places apparently corrupt, and they have made some use, though perhaps not all that they might have done, of the Ancient Versions: and they could hardly go beyond this. They did not feel it to be any part of their duty to construct a text. Hence, in any review of their work, the question of the text is of comparatively minor importance. I

leave therefore for the present the Reviewer's observations on the text and the Versions, and I pass to his comments on the Revised Version itself.

And here I cannot forbear from saying just one word upon the *method* which he has thought fit to adopt. It is such as must close the door to everything like fair and impartial discussion. There are two criteria of translation set up by the Reviewer. The one is that the translation of all important passages shall be such as not to give room for novel interpretations. It must be one in accordance with what "we have been taught to believe;" "taught when we were young;" such as "Christian men have always been taught;" "the plain teaching which we received from our fathers;" and it is sufficient to stigmatize any other rendering as incorrect that "our early belief is at once reprov'd and repulsed by it." The other is, that the rendering must be in accordance with what the Reviewer is pleased to call "the Catholic interpretation of Scripture," or "the judgment of Catholic antiquity." If this is the method we are bound to follow in translating the Bible, we may as well throw our grammars and dictionaries into the fire. Such a method is in the last degree irrational. But it is not only irrational, it is subversive of all true reverence for Scripture. Our very reverence for Scripture demands that we should avail ourselves of every means in our power for its elucidation; and to substitute a blind acquiescence in traditional interpretations for a sincere and independent investigation into the truth is nothing short of faithlessness to God. The method which the Reviewer advocates would justify the Romanist in his adherence to the Vulgate as that which he has "always been taught to believe," even when it is glaringly and notoriously at variance with the original Hebrew; and would drive us to the conclusion that the fountains of wisdom and knowledge and Divine illumination were dried up somewhere about A.D. 400. I decline to believe this. Besides, if we are honest men we are bound to ask ourselves, first, what is true, and not what has been received or what is orthodox. Let us get the true meaning of Scripture and we may leave orthodoxy to take care of itself. When therefore the Reviewer says (p. 302), "we fear the Catholic interpretation of Scripture was by no means an object of concern with some of the Revisers"—I say boldly, I hope and believe it was not an object of concern with any of the Revisers, when the question of fidelity to the text was at issue; and this, first, because there *is no* Catholic interpretation of Scripture, as I shall shortly prove; and next, because if there were a Catholic interpretation of the Old Testament, it would be worthless, seeing that, with two exceptions, none of the Fathers could read Hebrew; that they were, many of them, wholly devoid of anything like critical instinct, and unversed in critical inquiries, and that their

interpretations turned entirely on the words of the Greek or the Latin version, and that, even when these versions departed altogether from "the Hebrew verity."

But even this is not all. The Reviewer has not been ashamed to make his appeal to religious prejudice in its worst and narrowest form, and in so doing to make statements and to throw out insinuations for which there is not a shadow of excuse. Thus he tells us (p. 295) that there "appears at first sight to be a determination on the part of the Revisers to throw doubt either in text or margin upon passages which have always been regarded by Christians as Messianic." And again: "As we have observed other passages dealt with in such a way as either to oppose the recognized Messianic character of the passage or the Deity of the Saviour, or to contradict plain Gospel teaching—we cannot overlook the fact that this is another passage in which a decided 'animus' against the Catholic creed is recognizable in some of the Revisers" (p. 305). Yet again: "In many instances they appear to start with a prejudice against the Christian faith." There is only one way of meeting charges of this kind, and that is by simply saying that they are untrue.

But sweeping aside these miserable accusations which the wholesome breath of masculine common sense will, I hope, drive away as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, let me come to the Reviewer's instances. He proposes to take certain texts, "each of vital importance, each bearing upon the Christian's hope, familiar to every grown-up man or woman who knows anything about the Bible at all"—the Reviewer of course means the *English* Bible—"and to see how the Revisers have dealt with each."

The first passage which he selects for remark is Gen. iii. 15, or rather the marginal note on that verse as it stands in the Revised Version. He says: "It is well known that this verse is the earliest foreshadowing of the hope of the Gospel. . . . The Seed of the Woman shall bruise the serpent's head; that is, shall *utterly destroy him* (the italics are the Reviewer's), though the serpent in turn shall bruise the heel of the promised deliverer."

Now I have no wish to be hypercritical, but I cannot help asking, Does the Reviewer mean what he says? Does he mean that the final issue of the conflict between Christ and Satan is that the devil will "be utterly destroyed?" And if he does, then I venture further to ask, with the greatest respect, whether this is one of those truths which he has "always been taught to believe," and whether it is in accordance with "the Catholic interpretation of Scripture?" I offer no opinion on the subject; I merely make a modest inquiry.

But the Reviewer proceeds to take the Revisers to task for having dared to put in their margin, "Or, *lie in wait*," as an alternative rendering for the verb "bruise," which they have retained in the text.

"According to the Revisers," he says, "the sinful, sorrowing pair were to be comforted by the thought that a mutual '*lying in wait*' should always be going on between the human race and the serpent species. For we presume the margin explains the text, and furnishes a version which shall remove all doubts as to its meaning. Let us therefore understand that, according to the Revisers, '*to bruise*' means '*to lie in wait for*.'"

This last petulant remark needs no refutation.* But how does the Reviewer *know* that the object of the promise was *to comfort* "the sorrowing pair?" No doubt there could hardly be a more consoling promise than to be told that the devil should be "utterly destroyed"—which the Reviewer tells us is the meaning of the verse. But is it the true meaning? This it is which we have to ascertain, and not to begin by saying the words ought to mean what we wish them to mean, therefore they do mean it.

Before, however, I proceed to a justification of the margin, let me point out some difficulties in the way of the received rendering here, which do not seem to have occurred to the Reviewer. And first of all it is obvious that the verb cannot be used in the two clauses of the verse in precisely the same sense. He who tramples on the serpent's head may certainly be said to "bruise" it; the serpent does not, in strict propriety of language, "bruise," it "wounds" the heel in which it fastens its fangs. This difficulty becomes still more apparent when we revert to the Reviewer's explanation of the first clause, the Seed of the Woman shall *utterly destroy* the serpent. What corresponding sense are we to fix upon the verb in the second clause, where the serpent is said to bruise the heel of the deliverer?

Accordingly, the verb has been rendered differently in the two clauses by many translators, both ancient and modern; as, for instance, by the Peshitta Syriac, the Vulgate, the Targum Jonathan, Saadyah, and the Rabbis. Luther, too, has in the first clause "*zertreten*," and in the second, "*in die Ferse stechen*." In the second clause the Vulgate has *insidiaberis*, the very reading which makes the Reviewer so angry, and Saadyah has "*bite*."

The verb נִסְּבָה, as the Reviewer correctly says, occurs only twice besides in the Bible, in Job ix. 17, where both the Authorized Version and the Revised Version have, "he *breaketh* me with a tempest;" and in Psalm cxxxix. 11, where the Authorized Version has, "If I say, Surely the darkness shall *cover* me," and the Revised Version, "shall *overwhelm* me." Now if in the former passage God may be

* I may, however, commend to the Reviewer's attention the following passage from the Preface of the Translators of 1611: "As St. Augustine saith that variety of translations is profitable for the finding out of the sense of the Scriptures: so diversity of signification and sense in the margin, where the text is not so clear, must needs do good; yea, is necessary, as we are persuaded."

said to "break" Job with a tempest in the same sense that a man crushes the head of a serpent with his heel, it is quite clear that in the latter the Psalmist did not intend to describe the darkness as "bruising" or "crushing" or "utterly destroying" him; although, strangely enough, the LXX. has there *καταπατήσει*, and in Job *ἐκτρίψῃ*, while in Genesis it has in both clauses *τηρήσει*, nor is there in any one of these passages any variation in the reading. The Reviewer indeed suggests that at some remote period the text of the LXX. in Genesis may have been tampered with; a very convenient mode of escape from the difficulty, though there is not a tittle of evidence to support the suggestion. But he says, "The only reading known to the Fathers was *τηρήσει*, *servabit*," and he adds, "Very cruelly did it cripple them. A feeble, fanciful comment on the grandest prediction which prophecy ever uttered is all that is anywhere to be met with in East or West. And this, though Jerome's *calcabit* shows that the only true translation was not absolutely unknown." * This is a frank and somewhat startling admission. If this were true, we should have a certain interpretation of an important passage, which the Reviewer calls in surely a somewhat exaggerated strain "the grandest prediction which prophecy ever uttered," unknown for centuries to the whole Church, East and West. What are we to think henceforth of the value of "Catholic interpretation?" "The grandest prediction which prophecy ever uttered" is misunderstood by every ancient Father who touches on the passage; and "a feeble, fanciful comment" thereon is "all that is anywhere to be met with in East or West." But unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for the Reviewer, he can hardly have examined his authorities with due attention. The earliest writer who, as far as I am aware, comments on the verse is Irenæus. He does so in two or three places in his great work, "Against Heresies." In one of these we have the original Greek, and he there quotes the verse as it stood in the LXX., *αὐτός σου τηρήσει κεφαλὴν, καὶ σὺ τηρήσεις αὐτοῦ πτέρναν*, and his comment is, *καὶ τὴν ἔχθραν ταύτην ὁ Κύριος εἰς ἑαυτὸν ἀνακεφαλαιώσας, ἐκ γυναικὸς γεγόμενος ἄνθρωπος, καὶ πατήσας αὐτοῦ τὴν κεφαλὴν* (Lib. IV., cap. xi. § 3 *ad fin.*). Is that "a feeble and fanciful comment?" Again, he refers to a discussion of the same subject in the previous book, where he observes (III., cap. xxiii.

* The translation is much older than Jerome. Tertullian was evidently acquainted with it. He is speaking of the adornment of Christian women, and he says, with biting irony: "Hoc quoque decrat Christianæ ut de serpente cultior fiat. Sic *calcabit diaboli caput* dum de capite ejus cervicibus suis, aut ipsi capiti, ornamenta struit?" (De Cult. Fæm. i. 6),—a passage on which Rigaltius remarks that it is clear that Tertullian had the reading of the Vulgate, *Ipsa conteret caput tuum*. (This early corruption of the pronoun was due to the habit of writing the final *e* of the masculine pronoun *ipse* with a diphthong, *ipseæ*, which was common among the early copyists.) Irenæus, as we shall see, used *παρήσει*, the Greek equivalent of *calcabit*.

§ 7—we have only the Latin): “Quapropter inimicitiam posuit inter serpentem et mulierem et semen ejus, observantes invicem: illo quidem cui morderetur planta, et potente calcare caput inimici; Altero vero mordente et occidente et interpediente ingressus hominis quoadusque venit semen prædestinatum calcare caput ejus, quod fuit partus Mariæ, de quo ait propheta, *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem.*” Is that “a feeble and fanciful comment?” or is it the very same comment for which the Reviewer contends as the only true and adequate interpretation of the passage? Once more Irenæus makes use of this verse, and once more he expounds it in the same way: “Omnia ergo recapitulans recapitulatus est, et adversus inimicum nostrum bellum provocans, et elidens cum qui in initio in Adam captivos duxerat nos, et calcans ejus caput, quemadmodum habes in Genesi dixisse serpenti Deum: *Et inimicitiam ponam inter te et inter mulierem, et inter semen tuum et semen ejus, ipse tuum observabit caput et tu observabis ejus calcaneum.* Ex eo enim, qui ex muliere virgine habebat nasci secundum similitudinem Adam, præconabatur observans caput serpentis.” Then, after quoting Galatians iii. 19, iv. 4, as illustrating the fulfilment of the promise in Christ, he continues: “Neque enim juste victus fuisset inimicus, nisi ex muliere homo esset qui vicit eum” (Lib. V., cap. xxi., § 1). Was Irenæus “cruelly crippled” in his interpretation, because he accepted the rendering of the LXX. *ἀντὶς σου τηρήσει κεφαλὴν, κ.τ.λ.?* Did it prevent his giving a Messianic interpretation to the passage? Does he not use *παῖσαι*, and his Latin translator, *calcare, elidere, vincere*, as the equivalents and explanations of *τηρεῖν*? Can it with any truth be said that “a feeble and fanciful comment on the grandest prediction which prophecy ever uttered is all that is anywhere to be met with in East or West?”

But we have not yet done with our patristic authorities. *Who* are the Fathers in whom this “feeble and fanciful comment” is to be found? In only two others, Origen and Augustine, have I been able to discover any comment at all. Origen alludes twice to the verse; in the first passage he explains it as denoting the struggle between man and the serpent (Hom. in Gen. xv. § 5, Opp. ed. Delarue, tom. ii. p. 101, D.); and in the second he says: “The wicked in like manner as the serpent—as it is said ‘and thou shalt watch (τηρήσεις) his heel’—will keep watch for (φυλάξουσιν) the heel of Christ and the righteous man” (Selecta in Psalmos, Ps. lv., *Ib.* p. 733, A.). A comparison of these passages goes far, I think, to show that Origen interpreted the verse (as Calvin did afterwards), first of the conflict of man, and then of the conflict of Christ with the serpent.

There remains only Augustine. He has two or three allusions to

this verse when he is commenting on other parts of Scripture, and no doubt he does not give it a directly Messianic explanation; but if he is "cruelly crippled" in his interpretation, it would seem to be much more because he read with the Latin the feminine of the pronoun "illa" or "ipsa," than because he had the rendering of the verb *observabit*, the equivalent of which, as we have seen, was no obstacle to Irenæus. So on Ps. xxxiv. 18, Augustine writes: "When the Lord would warn *the Church*, He says, '*She* shall watch thy head, &c.' The serpent watches when the foot of pride should come against thee, when thou art tottering, that he may cast thee down; but do thou watch his head; the beginning of sin is pride." On Ps. xlviii. § 6, he makes a similar remark. And again on Ps. ciii. (Heb. civ.) 26, § 6, commenting on the Latin, *Draco hic quem fecisti ad illudendum ei*, he says, "It is a great mystery" (*magnum secretum*) "but that this dragon is the enemy of the Church, not visible to the eyes of the flesh, but visible to the eyes of faith, who is also called a lion, as it is said in Scripture, 'Thou shalt trample on the lion and the dragon;' that 'he hath been subjected to thy head and shall be subjected to His body;' that in the first human pair the whole human race was summed up; that Adam was the figure of Him that was to come (Rom. v. 14), and Eve the figure of the Church;" and then he continues: "What is it that is said to the Church? '*Ipsa tuum observabit caput, et tu ejus calcaneum.*' *O Church*, watch the head of the serpent. What is the head of the serpent? The first suggestion of sin."

This is all that I have been able to find in the Fathers of the first four centuries on our passage. Indexes, I know, are not infallible; but I have searched the indexes to Justin Martyr, to Tertullian, to Clement of Alexandria, to Cyprian, to Athanasius, to Basil, to Gregory of Nazianzus, to Gregory of Nyssa, to Hilary, to Chrysostom, to Cyril of Alexandria, to Ambrose, to Jerome, and I have searched in vain for any comment whatsoever upon this verse. Of the three Fathers who do comment upon it, two at least, in spite of the rendering of the LXX., give it a Messianic sense—one of them, Irenæus, very fully and explicitly; and Augustine alone has a "fanciful" comment, which as I have shown, is not due to the rendering of the verb *observabit*, and even he does not exclude the Messianic sense altogether, though he gets at it in a roundabout way.

But the Reviewer is not more fortunate in his Greek scholarship than he is in his patristic references. "We shall be told," he says, "that of course it was the Septuagint Version to which the Revisers referred (in their margin). To which we answer, If it was, why did they not say so?" The reply is obvious: Because this interpretation does not rest solely on the authority of the LXX. (and the Vulgate in the latter clause), but is deliberately maintained as the

only correct linguistic rendering by many eminent modern scholars. "But next," he continues, "it cannot be, seeing that *τηρεῖν* does not mean 'to lie in wait for,' but 'to keep' (*servare*)—whether in the sense of 'observing' a command, or 'preserving' a thing of value." The Reviewer is entirely and doubly wrong. For, first, the Latin equivalent of *τηρεῖν* in this passage is, as we have seen in Irenæus and Augustine and the Vulgate, *observare*, not *servare*; and next, *τηρεῖν* can by no means be restricted to the significations to which the Reviewer would restrict it, as indeed Irenæus's comment on it plainly shows, but does mean, among other things, "to keep an eye upon," "to watch narrowly," whether persons or things, as *e.g.* in Aristoph., *Eq.* 1145, *τηρῶ γὰρ αὐτοὺς οὐδὲ δοκῶν ὄραν κλέπτοντας*, or again, "to watch for" with hostile intent, as in Soph. *Œd. T.* 808, *ὄχου παραστείχοντα τηρήσας κ.τ.λ.*, "watching for me, as I was passing the chariot, he struck me full on the head." Would the Reviewer really have us believe that the rendering of the LXX. means, "He shall *keep* or *preserve* thy head, and thou shalt *keep* or *preserve* his heel?"

We know now what to think of the Reviewer's scholarship; we know also what to think of his fairness and sense of justice when he writes that this is one of several instances which appear "at first sight" to show "a determination on the part of the Revisers to throw doubts, either in text or margin, upon passages which have always been regarded by Christians as Messianic."

(2) I shall say but little about the next passage which the Reviewer selects for comment, because it has been so fully discussed by Dr. Driver, first in the *Expositor* and afterwards in the *Philological Journal*, that any further discussion of it would be superfluous.* But I will endeavour briefly to answer two questions, one of which the Reviewer says he will not ask, and also one which he does ask. After quoting the margin of the Revised Version, he says: "Now, we will not ask why they (the Revisers) did not add the versions of the Vulgate and of Jerome ('*donec veniat qui mittendus est*')"—to which I reply that it is conceivable that a majority of the Revisers, being Hebrew scholars, did not consider that "*qui mittendus est*" was a legitimate rendering of the Hebrew word שִׁלֹה, *Shiloh*, or could be extracted from it, except by a change in the Massoretic text. To the question, which the Reviewer thinks it "quite reasonable" to put, why the Revisers did not add to their margin what the Targum of Onkelos gives—*Until the Messiah cometh, whose is the kingdom*, it is sufficient to answer, that this is not a rendering but a para-

* Dr. Driver, however, is surely wrong in supposing that the rendering, "Until Shiloh come," was not known before the sixteenth century. Shiloh is mentioned as one of the names given to the Messiah in the Talmud Babli (*Synhedrin* 98b), and this implies the received rendering.

phrase. Onkelos evidently did not regard *Shiloh* as a proper name; he took it as a compound word meaning literally "whose it is," and he expanded the pronoun "he" into "the Messiah," and the pronoun "it" into "the kingdom." It was no part of the Revisers' duty to furnish a paraphrase and interpretation of the text. But although they did retain in the text "Until Shiloh come," which can only be interpreted of the Messiah, the Reviewer adds, with characteristic charity, that "it would appear as if the Revisers not only wished to minimize the Messianic prophecies which occur in the text, but were anxious to suppress any distinct ancient evidence of a Messianic interpretation having ever existed."

I omit for the present a discussion of the Reviewer's instances, (3), (4), and (5)—viz., Lev. xvi. 10, 26; Psalm xxii. 16, and xlv. 6—though his statements are full of inaccuracies which it would be easy to expose; and I come to a passage to which he says "considerable interest attaches," it having been, as he rightly observes, at one time a battle-ground in the Arian controversy. The verse stands in the Revised Version, as in the Authorized: "The Lord possessed me (Wisdom) in the beginning of his way." But the margin in the Revised Version on "possessed" is, "or, *formed*." This kindles the Reviewer's wrath. "*The Arian gloss on the ἔκτισεν of the LXX.*" he exclaims, "has by the Revisers been regarded as constituting sufficient authority for introducing the heretical rendering into the margin of the English Bible."

Now, as the Reviewer is at the pains to point out that Athanasius had contended at great length that even if ἔκτισεν were accepted as the rendering here, "his opponents were not warranted in founding thereon an assertion that the Son of God (who in early Christian days was universally allowed to be the speaker in this passage) is a created being, and not very and eternal God," it is a little difficult to understand why the same contention might not be made now with regard to the margin "*formed*," which is merely the equivalent of the Greek ἔκτισεν, the rendering which Athanasius himself had. If therefore the Revisers have brought into their margin "the very interpretation ('*formed*') on which the Arian heretics insisted and relied," they have done no more than the Greek translator did in his text; and if the arguments of Athanasius show that the Greek translator did not support the Arians, the Reviewer has only to supply "unsuspecting" English readers with a translation of Athanasius to guard them against adopting the Arian conclusion. But the Reviewer might at least have told us how it was that Athanasius conducted his argument. Athanasius, it must be remembered, had only the rendering of the LXX., ἔκτισεν, and "very cruelly did it cripple" him. He argues at length that "created" in this passage does not mean "created;"

that the Divine Wisdom does not say, "I am a created thing," or "I was made a creature," but simply "he created;" and he quotes various passages of Scripture to show that the word "created" must be understood in a way consistent with the relation between the Father and the Son, and comes to the conclusion that the words are spoken entirely of the human nature of our Lord.*

The Reviewer might also have told us something about the Latin translation. Jerome, it is true, has "possedit," but Augustine has the old Latin "creavit," and he expounds it in several places precisely, as Athanasius does, as referring exclusively to our Lord's human nature. Thus, for instance (De Trin. Lib. I. § 24), he writes: "Secundum formam Dei dictum est, *Ante omnes colles genuit me* (Prov. viii. 25), id est, ante omnes altitudines creaturarum; et, *Ante luciferum genui te* (Ps. cix. [ex.] 3), id est, ante omnia tempora et temporalia: secundum formam autem servi dictum est, *Dominus creavit me in principio viarum suarum*: Quia secundum formam Dei dixit, *Ego sum veritas*; et secundum formam servi, *Ego sum via*."† And yet in the face of all this, the Reviewer has the assurance to tell us, not only that the sense "possessed" is that "which the Hebrew verity requires"—which, as I shall presently show, cannot be maintained, and indeed is not even insisted on by the Reviewer himself—but that it is that which "the voice of Catholic antiquity attests to be the only true one," though, as we have seen, Athanasius had *ἐκτίσε* and Augustine *creavit*; and again, that this is a phrase which, "in the judgment of Catholic antiquity, conveys the sublime doctrine of the eternal generation of the Second Person of the Trinity," when, as their own words show, both Athanasius and Augustine explain it entirely of our Lord's human nature. And accordingly, when the Reviewer suggests that the Revisers' marginal note should have been, "Or, as explained by the Arians, *formed*," a much more pertinent suggestion would have been, "Or, as explained by Athanasius and Augustine, *created*."

"But," says the Reviewer, "the Hebrew verity requires" the rendering "possessed;" though he lowers his tone somewhat on the next page, saying only that CANANI (it is Jerome's transliteration of the word) does not necessarily mean "he created me." Let us test the assertion by looking at some of the passages in which the word occurs. In the Authorized Version of Gen. iv. 1, it is rendered, "I have gotten," and in Deut. xxxii. 6, "thy father that hath bought thee;" and so also in the Revised Version, though here with the margin, "Or, *possessed*, or, *gotten*." But it seems far from improbable that in this passage we should render, "Thy father that created thee," or "brought thee into being." And again, in Gen. xiv. 19, where both Authorized Version and Revised Version have "possessor of heaven

* καὶ ἐνταῦθα γὰρ οὐ τὴν οὐσίαν τῆς θεότητος αὐτοῦ, ὡδὲ τὴν ἐκ πατρὸς διδόναν αὐτοῦ καὶ γενήσαν γέννησιν ὁ λόγος σημαίνειν διὰ Σολομῶντος εἰρηκεν, ἀλλὰ πάλιν τὸ ἀνθρώπινον, καὶ τὴν εἰς ἡμᾶς οἰκονομίαν αὐτοῦ.—Orat. II. contra Arian. § 45; see also § 47.

† See also Lib. de Fid. et Symb. § 6.

and earth," the LXX. are almost certainly right, ὅς ἐκτίσεν (as in Proverbs) τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ τὴν γῆν. The Revised Version rightly gives in the margin, "Or, maker," which happily seems to have escaped the Reviewer's scrutiny. In Ps. cxxxix. 13, though still the Revised Version follows the Authorized Version in rendering, "Thou hast *possessed* my reins," yet so orthodox an expositor as Delitzsch remarks that the verb here cannot mean *acquirere*, but must mean *condere*. And an authority for which the Reviewer probably has still greater respect, "The Speaker's Commentary," has the following note on the verse: "The Hebrew word will bear the meaning 'formed,' i.e., 'created': as Thou didst form and fashion, so surely Thou dost know completely," &c.

But the Reviewer is made uneasy by the rendering of the Syriac and the Targum, and accordingly he ventures upon a little excursion into the region of philology, and he gravely assures us that while Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, with the Syro-Hexaplar (why did he not add Jerome?) exhibit "*possessed me*," we are not to suppose that the evidence of the Syriac and the Targum is hostile because they have the word *l'ro*. This root, he observes, does not *necessarily* mean "to make out of nothing" (which of course is true), and he assures us that *BARA* in the Semitic languages is connected with the word *bar*, which means a "son," and hence that its primary meaning is "to bring forth;" and he concludes that "in reality, therefore, neither Syriac nor Chaldee is here opposed to the other versions." But this is to play fast and loose with language. Even if this supposed derivation were true, the Reviewer would not be justified in his inference. We must be guided as to the meaning of words by usage; we are not at liberty to extract a meaning of our own by going back to some supposed root signification. But the root idea of *bara* is not "to bring forth," but to "cut" and "fashion by cutting." It is common in this sense to the whole family of Semitic languages, and always with the same signification, of "forming," "fashioning," "creating," and the like. The Reviewer should really be a little more careful about his philology, as well as about his references to the Fathers.

I have thought it right to examine in detail and somewhat at length the Reviewer's comments on these two passages, on the marginal notes of which he fastens some of his worst charges against the Revisers. They may be taken as samples of the rest. But I hope in another paper to deal with others, which may perhaps be dealt with more summarily, and also to say something about the Massoretic text and the Versions. Meanwhile, I trust I have made it clear to those who may take the trouble to read what I have written, that the accuracy of the Quarterly Reviewer is in exactly the inverse ratio to his dogmatism.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

THINGS, NAMES, AND LETTERS.

THE January number of the *Nineteenth Century* contained an article by Mr. Frederic Harrison headed "A Pedantic Nuisance," which, when it came out, I read with a good deal of amusement. The title was ingeniously chosen, and some things in the article were ingeniously put. It called forth a kind of admiration to see the remarkable instinct with which Mr. Harrison pounced down on everything which seemed in any way to help on his argument and passed over everything that told against it. One looked on the article as a masterpiece in its own way; it showed real skill to be able to make so great a show with so little substance. But that was all. I know not how the Oriental or the Elizabethan scholars may have felt; for my own mind it never occurred to me to deal with Mr. Harrison's amusing style of controversy as one might deal with the objections of a serious scholar. To answer Mr. Harrison never came into my head. But not a few men whose judgment is worth having tell me that Mr. Harrison is so largely supposed to have dealt a successful blow against those whom he attacks that some kind of answer is really called for. Though it is a little late for the purpose, I therefore take up my pen.

In answering an article like this of Mr. Harrison's I cannot help talking about myself. I may therefore take the opportunity of expressing my unfeigned wonder at the belief, which seems to be very general, that my chief business in the world is to insist on some forms of spelling of my own devising, that I am eager and successful in founding a sect who spell after my fashion, and that I am very angry with any one who ventures to spell any other way. Now of all this I am utterly unconscious; in such a belief, as in some other beliefs about me, I can see only signs that the mythopœic

faculties of mankind are still as vigorous as ever. It may show how much better Mr. Harrison and others know me than I know myself; but I should have said that, while I undoubtedly spell some words in ways different from those in which they are commonly spelled in the newspapers, yet I simply write, either as was the common way when I was young, or as some particular scholar had written before me, who seemed to have good reasons for his way of writing. Of any originality in the matter I am quite unconscious: I am no less unconscious of attaching any particular importance to spelling. Still more unconscious am I of feeling any particular wrath against people who spell otherwise than I do. I should have said that I have spelled after the fashion of those of whom I have learned, that I have in several places given my reasons for following them, but that I have left other people alone. I cannot imitate Mr. Harrison's smartness of writing; I do not know that feeling of being a "superior person" which it seems that he feels whenever he reads of the "Battle of Senlac." When he says that I "gave us"—that is, I presume, Mr. Harrison for one—"three black marks for *Charlemagne*," I can only feel that, if so, I most certainly have given "three black marks" to myself. For the name "*Charlemagne*" is a name which I have often used already, and which I expect often to use again.

Mr. Harrison's title is well chosen for his purpose; it is sure to be effective. "Pedant" is a name that always tells. When a man shows that he knows something that one ought to have known oneself, when a man shows that he has taken pains where one has oneself been rather careless, it is a relief indeed to call him a pedant. When a man does his best to make his words answer to his thoughts and his thoughts answer to the facts, the trouble that he has taken is a reproach to those who have not taken the same trouble; but the reproach is taken away by calling the man who has taken such needless pains a pedant. "Nuisance," to be sure, is a stronger word; but I daresay that tells also. Indeed, Mr. Harrison, as he goes on, grows yet more vigorous in his speech, and tells us that the writings of certain people, myself among them, are disfigured by a practice which is a "scandal to literature." One only wonders that Mr. Harrison should waste so much earnestness on a matter so small in itself, and which one at least of those, at whom he hurls his bolts deems of so little importance.

To come to business, Mr. Harrison confounds two things which are quite distinct. One is what he calls "the custom of re-writing our old familiar proper names." This is, I conceive, a mere question of spelling. The other is what he calls "re-naming persons and places which are household words; heirlooms in the English language." This seems to involve questions which are a good deal more important

than mere spelling. To call men, and places, things of any kind, by their right names, that is by those names which convey true ideas and shut out false ideas, is the first business of the accurate writer of any kind. For that purpose he must use those names, new or old, of his own invention or of any other man's, whether suitable to Mr. Harrison's taste or offensive to it, which will best serve his purpose of communicating truth. I believe that in every study except history and philology this is acknowledged. Nobody blames the geologist or the astronomer because they call some object in their several sciences by a name which may be quite different from that by which it is called in some familiar masterpiece of poetry or rhetoric. Nobody blames them if they call the object of which they speak by names which they themselves have invented; nobody blames them if they change the names which they use a hundred times, if only they find the change enables them the better to set forth scientific truth. As I am driven by Mr. Harrison to talk of myself, let me give my own small experience. In my youth I learned a little "natural history," as it was called then, a name which I think is a very good one. I have not followed the study scientifically; I am not up to the last lights; but I still keep a certain interest in the matter; I now and then look in a book bearing on it. My difficulty is that the name of everything in the study, even the name of the study itself, is changed. I do not know my old friends; what used to be "natural history" is now cut up into twenty or thirty "ologies." Will Mr. Harrison believe that it jarred on my feelings quite as much to find the "musk-ox" of my young days turned into a "musk-sheep," as it could have jarred on Mr. Harrison's feelings to find the "Battle of Hastings" spoken of as the "Battle of Senlac"? Only, with the slower habits of my generation, I thought that the scientific naturalist who turned the ox into a sheep, and who certainly knew much better about the matter than I did, was likely to have good reasons for the change. Mr. Harrison, with the swifter habits of a generation later than his own, does not stop to think whether there may not be some good reason for the change which in the same sort troubled him; he will not even turn to read and weigh what is actually written to explain the change; he at once springs to his feet, and shrieks out "pedantic nuisance" and "scandal to literature."

I believe it is in this last word "literature" that the whole reason lurks why the political historian so often fails to receive the justice which is willingly done to the natural historian. The notion is that the musk-sheep is not "literature," and can therefore be no scandal to it: but that the Battle of Senlac is "literature," and therefore may be a scandal to it. The natural historian need not be "literary"; he may therefore use his own terms, whatever terms best express his ideas. The political historian is bound to be "literary"; he must

therefore use only "literary" terms, whether they express his ideas or not. We accept the compliment so far as it is a compliment; but we refuse the implied bondage. It is, I daresay, very good to be "literary," but it is better to be truthful; and in order to be truthful, we must use such language, "literary" or not, as may convey truthful ideas. "Literature" is perhaps beyond me; with some forms of it I certainly do not wish to have anything to do; but I must contend that, so far as the battle is bound to be literary, the musk-shcep is bound to be literary also. A mere list, whether of events or of animals, need not be literary; but any writing, whatever its subject, which forms grammatical sentences and is meant to be read and not merely to be referred to, is bound to be literary, in the only sense in which I can understand the word. That is, it should be written in the purest and clearest English that the writer can command; nay more, it should be written in a manner as attractive and pleasant to the reader as the subject will allow. So far as this, it is the duty of all of us to be literary, of the natural historian, no less than of his political fellow. It is clearly the duty of all to put their matter into the best shape into which they can put it. But if "literature," as one is sometimes tempted to suppose, now and then means shape alone without matter, with that of course none of us who write on any solid subject have anything to do. Mr. Harrison talks as if the names of things and the spelling of those names were unalterable things, fixed once and for ever after, which it is presumption in anybody to try to change. I should have said that both nomenclature and spelling are among the most changeable things in the world. I can remember in my own lifetime, and I should have thought that Mr. Harrison could remember in his, that not a few things have changed their names, and that not a few names have changed their spellings. And I have often ventured to think that the changes—mostly made by the newspapers—both in nomenclature and in spelling have not been for the better. I have even often been amused at seeing myself jeered at for some supposed strange innovation, when all that I have done has been to stick to the received practice of my youth, which I saw no reason to change, and which I saw many reasons for keeping. Let me take one case out of many. There is a border district of Germany and Denmark which used to be called *Sleswick*. I feel sure that it will be found so called in any English book or map fifty years old.* Now it is commonly written *Schleswig*, now and then *Slesvig*. If you write *Sleswick*, the printer, after his kind, will commonly enlighten your ignorance and turn it into *Schleswig*. Now I know of no good reason for taking to the new spelling, and I see several good reasons

* Gibbon, I see, writes *Slesvig*: *Sleswick* was certainly the common form on the maps of my youth.

for keeping to the old. *Sleswick* is not only the received English fashion; it comes much nearer to the real speech of the country; and, more than this, it has a political advantage. To write *Schleswig* claims the debatable land for Germany; to write *Slesvig* claims it for Denmark; to write *Sleswick* leaves the question open. So to write is to decide nothing between Denmark and Germany; it is simply to give the land, a land speaking a tongue which is nearly our own, the name which it used to bear in our own tongue. I do not think Mr. Harrison has said anything about *Sleswick*; but I know that some people have stared at my using the form, and I think it is a fair example of the kind of way in which a very good and simple defence can be made for many things at which a new generation stares, if only the new generation will stop and hear what the older generation has to say. But Mr. Harrison will not stop and hear what any one has to say. He will not even accurately read what has been written. He charges me, and doubtless others also, with having said things that we have not said, and he leaves out important things that we have said. In my life I have come across a good many things which I did not at first understand; it is even possible that Mr. Harrison may have done the like. I have often, even in writers to whom I looked up, found things that seemed to be strange, or even wrong, sometimes even in this matter of naming and spelling. But my rule has been to think that the writer most likely had some good reason for what he did, and by waiting and thinking I have often found out what that reason was. But waiting and thinking is too slow work for Mr. Harrison; nor is there anything about the process at all smart or striking. It is doubtless far more effective to imagine something out of one's own head, and to call on "goats and monkeys" to know whether one can bear one's own creation.

It appears from Mr. Harrison's witness that I have a school—a school "the most revolutionary in its methods and the most exacting in its demands." My school has "renamed the personages of English history." I was not aware that I had any school; I had fancied myself a humble scholar of those who went before me. Whenever I see myself charged as an innovator in the spelling of old English names, I have always smiled to think that this proves that there are people who meddle with these matters without having read Kemble or Lappenberg. Whatever my errors in the matter of spelling are, it is from them that I learned them. In truth I have never ventured to follow Mr. Kemble in his fulness. If Mr. Harrison strains at my *Ælfthryth*, he certainly could not swallow Mr. Kemble's *Ælfryth*. Whence he gets his *Karl* and his *Knud*, which in page 89 of the *Nineteenth Century* article I am supposed to talk about, I know not. As for the *Karl*, I doubt whether I have used that form (as the name of the first Frankish Emperor) anywhere for the last twenty

years, when I did use it in a particular essay where there was a particular reason for it. The *Knud* is quite beyond me; it is as droll as when in page 96 Mr. Harrison suggests that I (or somebody) should, to be consistent, talk of the *Kaiserinn Mathildis*. We thus see that Mr. Harrison has not stopped to learn the very simplest facts about the matters on which he has taken upon himself to write. He clearly thinks that there was some time or other when the form *Kaiserinn* would have been used in England. He clearly does not know that *Casere* and not *Kaiser* is the English form of the Imperial title, that neither *Casere* nor any other name of office has any Old-English feminine, and that the Empress Matilda, *pemperice*, as the Chronicle calls her, and other bearers of her name, appear, not as *Mathildis*, but as *Mathild* and *Mahald*. It would therefore, as Mr. Harrison truly says, look very odd to talk about the *Kaiserinn Mathildis*; it would look equally odd to talk in England about *Knud*. But I am specially concerned about the *Hwiccas*, one, according to Mr. Harrison, of "the familiar names" "that recur in every family." How has Mr. Harrison been always used to spell them? Who or what does he think that they are? And where did he find me, or any one else, writing about *Hrofesceaster* and *Cantwarabyrig*. I may doubtless have quoted the old forms of the names; surely I have never used them as ordinary names for Rochester and Canterbury. And then in the next page he seems to blame me for not writing *Lundenbyrig* and *Eoferwic*. He even ventures to say:

"It may be true that the contemporaries of 'Edward the Elder,' 'Edward the Martyr,' and 'Edward the Confessor' spelt the name *Eadward* or *Eadward*, if they wrote in English, though they did not usually do so when they wrote in Latin. But did the 'Edwards' of Plantagenet so spell their name?"

I can only infer from this that Mr. Harrison really writes purely at a venture. Had he turned only a page or two of any charters or chronicles dealing with the times before the Norman Conquest, he would have seen, in Latin as well as in English, "*Eadwardus*," "*Eadmundus*," at every step. Nay, the practice lasted on so long as to take in even those whom I suppose Mr. Harrison means by the odd phrase of "the Edwards of Plantagenet"; that is, one may guess, those Edwards who were descended from Geoffrey Plantagenet. The *Ead*-form is not uncommon in the Latin of the thirteenth century; I have before me Roger of Wendover (iv. 267), where Archbishop Edmund appears as "*Magister Eadmundus*," and the "*Annals of Tewkesbury*," A.D. 1239, where a son called "*Eadwardus*" is born to Henry the Third. This is all matter of mere curiosity; but it is Mr. Harrison who has raised the point. I mention it only to show how dangerous it would be to think that any man old or new had said or

not said anything, merely because Mr. Harrison, in a jaunty or a positive fit, ventures to say that he has said it or has not said it.

It is really not worth while to spend many words on this very small question of spelling. I have explained the principle on which I have gone in two prefaces, one to the "History of Federal Government," the other to the first volume of the "Norman Conquest." I cannot think that Mr. Harrison has read those prefaces. I do not suppose that they would convince him—if the matter is worth convincing anybody about—if he did read them. But they would at least show him that there is no inconsistency in a great deal in which he hastily sees inconsistency, that there are good reasons for a good deal about which he has not stopped to think whether there is any reason. As regards the spelling of English names, the case is a very simple one. The Latinized spellings of the older English names are utterly confused; the spellings in popular books are more confused still. It is absurd to write *Athelstan* and *Ethelred*, when the real form is *Æthel-* in both. And in a book like Mr. Kemble's, or like my "Norman Conquest," where we have to use a crowd of names of the same form, some in modern use, some not, it is unpleasant to write *Edward* and *Eadsigc*, *Alfred* and *Ælfhelm*. One almost naturally writes all the same way. The inconsistency has an unpleasant look, and it is hard to draw the line between common and uncommon. I venture to think therefore that in a book that may be called scientific it is better to write *Ælfred* and *Eadward*, along with other names of the same form. In a casual reference to those kings in a production purely literary, say in an oration or a poem by Mr. Harrison, it is much better to write *Alfred* and *Edward*. And I cannot help whispering that Mr. Harrison's singular luck in reading only what suits him has here stood him in good stead. While he knows perfectly well that in my larger writings I have written certain names as he would have me not write them, he has no notion at all that in some smaller, some less scientific, writings, I have written them just as he would have me write them.

I could say—I have elsewhere said—something about the writing of Greek names. But as on that score Mr. Harrison attacks only Mr. Grote and not me, I will make only one or two remarks. To those who read German books it sounds very funny to hear it said that Mr. Grote "*began* the practice of resetting the old Greek names; but that his spelling has not recommended itself to the world." And it would really do Mr. Harrison good to give a little time to the study of the history of the letter *υ* or *γ*, a subject on which there is very curious reading, and on which he seems a little in the dark. He might also give an hour or two to the nomenclature and history of the island which once was *Κόρυφα* (not *Κέρυφα*, save as London is *Londres*), and now is *Κοφινί* or *Corfu*. I really believe that Mr.

Harrison fancies that the two names *Korkyra* and *Corfu* have something to do with one another.

There is one other comment on my spelling on which I must say a word or two. Mr. Harrison is very angry because I speak of *Buonaparte*. I believe even *Bonaparte* would not satisfy him; it must be *Napoleon*. Will Mr. Harrison believe me when I tell him that, in doing what I have done in this matter, I am simply doing what I have been used to from my childhood? Will he believe me when I tell him that I was used to hear the name *Buonaparte* spoken in four syllables? So it is; but he must take my word for it; I cannot call up the long deceased speakers. I can remember the gradual change, in ordinary English speech, from *Buonaparte* to *Bonaparte*, and from both to *Napoleon*. The change was very gradual: you might find both forms in the same writing. Mr. Harrison says that *Buonaparte* was only found in "lampoons"; he calls it, a "nickname"; he likens it to talking about "*Veuve Capet*," and "*Mrs. Guelph*." Does Mr. Harrison really fancy that *Capet* and *Guelph*—will he let me say *Welf*?—are hereditary surnames? Or does he fancy that *Buonaparte* was a spelling invented in mockery? Medals struck in honour of "*Buonaparte*" are hardly "lampoons," and there are plenty such. It is perfectly clear that for a good many years people in England were apt to spell the name different ways according to their politics. But even now I cannot call every Tory writing a "lampoon." I remember a work of my childhood, which I have not looked at since my childhood, but which I am sure was not a lampoon, or at all in the style of O'Donovan Rossa. It was "*The Court and Camp of Buonaparte*." I am sure it was "*Buonaparte*" outside. I have a notion that it may sometimes have been "*Napoleon*" within. If so, it would mark the transitional stage which there certainly was. And I have a dim notion that the book I mean was written by Sir Walter Scott. But these things are so long ago that I remember them but faintly, while Mr. Harrison seems not to remember them at all.

But I will not dwell longer on these small points of spelling, as Mr. Harrison has started much greater points. "It is now thought scholarly," says Mr. Harrison, "to write of the battle of *Senlac* instead of the battle of *Hastings*. As every one knows, the fight took place on the site of Battle Abbey, seven miles from Hastings." Now, does everybody know? I have known men of good education and position who have thought that the battle was fought on the sea-shore. A few years ago I read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which made it plain that the critic and the writer whom he reviewed both thought that Taillefer sang his song at the moment of William's landing. Now it is because of dangers like this that it is better to give the particular place of the battle some name. In writing the whole story of the campaign,

a name for the actual spot is greatly needed, and I therefore ventured to give it the only name that I found for it anywhere. This was the name of *Senlac*, which is given to it by Orderic. I am indeed not at all sure that I ought to say that I "gave" it the name; I believe I am no more original in this than in other things. At any rate I have discussed the whole matter in my History; I have given my reasons, and my references to the writer whom I fully allow to be my one authority. Only I am a little curious to know whether Mr. Harrison, in his grand critical discussion of authorities, has ever found out when and where Orderic was born. "A monk who lived and wrote in Normandy in the next century" is a description which is literally true; but it is a little misleading. It would hardly suggest the fact, one of some importance in the matter, that Orderic was born in England in 1076. I grant that it is "pedantic" to speak of *Senlac* as the name of the spot; it is "pedantic" to distinguish, what are so easy to be confounded, the whole campaign of Hastings and the one day's fight on *Sênlac*. So to do is certainly "pedantic": for it conduces to accuracy: it may help to avoid a common mistake. In "literature" of course, if "literature" means writing where facts go for nothing, no one is bound to adopt it. But again how lucky is Mr. Harrison in his reading, whether directly in the originals or in my quotations and discussions of them. He has found out, either from the originals or from me, that, in the two or three passages in *Domesday*, where the battle of October is mentioned, it is called "*bellum apud Hastings*." He has been so lucky as not to find out, either from the original or from me, that the battle of September is in *Domesday* called "*bellum apud Eboracum*." Yet Mr. Harrison does not charge me with pedantry for speaking of the battle of *Stamfordbridge*, when, according to *Domesday*, I ought to say "the battle of York." Yet I am sure it must be pedantic to speak of *Stamfordbridge*; for so to speak is very needful for accuracy. As early as the thirteenth century Snorro got all wrong from knowing only the name of York, just as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* got all wrong in the nineteenth through knowing only the name of Hastings.

To wind up, I go back to Mr. Harrison's first indictment on p. 89.

"It" [that is, my supposed "school"] "began by an onslaught on 'Charlemagne' and the 'Anglo-Saxons,' and now to use either of these familiar old names is to be guilty of something which is almost a vulgarism, if not an impertinence. We have all learned to speak by the card of *Karl* and the *Old-English*; and it does us good."

Now I have nothing to say to the "vulgarism" or the "impertinence," or the "speaking by the card," or the "doing Mr. Harrison good." I daresay all these phrases are clever and literary. I only ask where have I said or implied that it is a "vulgarism" or an "imperti-

nence" to use any form? Where have I for twenty years past said anything about *Karl*? Where have I at any time said anything about "the Old English?" It is very easy for Mr. Harrison to put forms into my mouth which I at least do not remember to have used. If I have, let him give me chapter and verse. If it does Mr. Harrison good, as he says it does, to talk about *Karl*, I am glad to hear it; but I cannot claim the credit of the prescription.

But let "*Karl*" wait for a moment. There is, it seems, an "Old-English school," who are guilty of "Neo-Saxonism." This last *ism* I do not remember to have heard of before; but it would seem to be specially opposed to "Anglo-Saxonism." My "school" began with an "onslaught on the Anglo-Saxons." This means, I believe, that at the end of the first volume of my "*Norman Conquest*" there is an Appendix of some length in which I give my reasons against the very modern use of the word "Anglo-Saxon" to mean distinctively Englishmen who lived before 1066, their language or anything else belonging to them. I have there brought together a great number of instances of other and earlier uses of the form "Anglo-Saxon" and other kindred forms, uses in which nobody thinks of using the word now. I believe I have given good reasons, at any rate I have given some reasons, for preferring to call Englishmen and their tongue by the one name, that of *English*, by which they have uninterruptedly called themselves, and for calling the earliest period of English law, language, or anything else, when one has to distinguish it in a marked way, by the word "Old-English," used as a technical term. I have done this simply because it seems to me to avoid some popular confusions. But Mr. Harrison is displeased; he "wants a convenient term for the speech of Englishmen before it was affected by the Conquest." That is exactly what I wanted, and I thought that the word "Old-English" did exactly meet the need. But Mr. Harrison then tells us, with a little of the air of a man announcing something not generally known, that "Edward the Elder, the first true King of all England, chose to call himself '*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*,' and an immense succession of historians and scholars have used the term." It so happens that Edward the Elder chose to call himself, not "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" but "*Rex Angul-Saxonum*," a form used by Asser before him, but which I am not aware that any succession of historians and scholars have used. In fact, though I have in my Appendix brought together a great many quite equivalent forms, I am not at this moment prepared with a "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" in exactly that shape, though I do not dogmatically say that there may not be such. I should never have thought of insisting on such a mere question of spelling; only Mr. Harrison might perhaps think it of importance. Perhaps he corrected the spelling of "the first true King of all England"

because it was "a scandal to literature." Anyhow it is quite certain that the first true King of all England and the succession of historians and scholars did not use the compound word in the same sense. The historians and scholars may very likely have used the word "Anglo-Saxon" to mean "the speech [or anything else] of Englishmen before it was affected by the Conquest." But Edward the Elder, "Rex invictissimus Eadwardus"—in quoting Florence's Latin I must keep Florence's spelling, though I am quite ready to write "Edward" in my own English person—did not foresee the Norman Conquest, and could therefore hardly use "*Angul-Saxonum*" to mean Englishmen unaffected by that Conquest. All that he meant, all that any one else in England in those days who used the phrase meant, was to call himself "King of the Angles and Saxons," as distinguished from the "Rex West-Saxonum," often "Rex Saxonum," of his father, who had no immediate Anglian subjects. In that sense there is not the faintest objection to the use of the word "Anglo-Saxon" at any time from then till now, except that nobody would understand it in that sense. In the other sense, notwithstanding the historians and scholars, I venture to think that it is misleading. But I cannot but congratulate Mr. Harrison on his renewed good luck among the historians and scholars. In his reading of Kemble he never noticed that Kemble wrote *Ælfred, Eadweard*, and a crowd of like forms, some of which I do not write; for so to write must be an invention of me or my "school." But he at once noticed that Kemble used the word "Anglosaxon," because that fact might be turned against us. Only Mr. Kemble, like King Edward the Elder, had, perhaps again to avoid "scandals to literature," to submit to have his way of writing the name improved by Mr. Harrison.

And now we may rise to a higher level still, to the conqueror of those about whom I am uncertain whether Mr. Harrison will allow me to call them the "Old-Saxons." Perhaps the name might be allowed to pass, if only for its clear antagonism to "Neo-Saxonism." Anyhow in p. 98 the "Old-English school" are charged with "making rather too much fuss about this wonderful discovery that *Karl the Great* was not a Gaul." I am again in the dark; anyhow the matter does not concern me. I have never said anything about "Karl the Great" "not being a Gaul." The name "Charlemagne," Mr. Harrison goes on to say, is as much a part of the English language as is the title of "*Emperor*," and it is as little likely to be displaced by any contemporary phonogram as the names of Moses and Jesus.

I do not fully understand about the "contemporary phonogram." I can only guess that Mr. Harrison all the time believes that the object of the "Old-English school," the followers of "Neo-Saxonism,"

is to write names so as to express the *sounds* that were usual at the time when the persons spoken of lived. If this be the object, I at least have strangely failed to accomplish it in the case of the first Teutonic Emperor and of the mythical personage who has grown out of him. My custom has long been always to speak of "Charles the Great" or of "Charlemagne" according to a very simple rule. When I speak of the historical German King and Roman Emperor, I use the obvious English translation of his Latin description, "Carolus Magnus;" I call him "Charles the Great." When I speak of the subject of French romance, to whose imaginary personality the Teutonic Emperor has given a groundwork, but only a groundwork, I use the French name "Charlemagne." This practice Mr. Harrison oddly calls "an onslaught on Charlemagne." He more oddly still implies that to say "Charles the Great" or "Charlemagne" according to a certain rule, is an attempt to displace the name Charlemagne "by a contemporary phonogram." I must really give this up in despair; I cannot get beyond Mr. Harrison's seeming belief that the whole matter is a question, not of sense, but of sound. Through his whole article he does not show the faintest understanding of the objects of those at whom he jeers. To him it is all a question of "literature," hardly in fact of literature, a question of "phonograms," that is, I suppose, a question of sound. We must use such names as Mr. Harrison's ear is used to, such names as to Mr. Harrison's ear sound pretty. That the matter has anything to do with facts, anything to do with historic accuracy, anything to do with the best way of conveying truth, does not seem to have come into Mr. Harrison's head. Yet that is our object, our sole object. How either of the forms that I use, "Charles the Great" and "Charlemagne," can be a "contemporary phonogram" I do not understand. Assuredly no man uttered either sound in the year 800. But to use the two forms according to the rule which I have laid down does, to my mind at least, best set forth the facts of the case, and best draws the needful distinction between German history and French romance. To Mr. Harrison to draw such a distinction, that is, to attend to the facts of the case, seems a "pedantic nuisance" and a "scandal to literature." Yet even from the point of view of literature, the scandalous pedants sin in good company. Is not Mr. Harrison, positive as he is, a little hasty when he writes:

"In English literature, the literary name of the greatest ruler of the West is *Charlemagne*. . . . The entire world, and not England alone, has settled all this for centuries. Manuscripts and palæography have nothing to do with it."

Most truly "manuscripts and palæography have nothing to do with it." But how about the entire world? The countrymen of the greatest ruler of the West, the men who speak his tongue, are surely

part of "the entire world," and they translate "Carolus Magnus" by "Karl der Grosse" as naturally as we translate it by "Charles the Great." And how about English literature? There is a master of English literature, many think him the greatest master of it, about the spelling of whose name Mr. Harrison is so particular that I dare not spell it at all. Now he, strange as it may be, seems to have forestalled the "Old-English school" in his taste for "contemporary phonograms." Is there not a play called "Henry the Fifth," and do we not read in it how

. . . . "The land Salique is in Germany,
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and planted certain French." *

We, Old-English or Neo-Saxon, might be tempted to cry out "scandal to history," "scandal to geography," at such a description of "the land Salique." Mr. Harrison is bound to cry out "scandal to literature" at the presence of the words "Charles the Great," where the word "Charlemagne" would have filled up the metre, though hardly with the same weight of syllables. Mr. Harrison asks us to accept "Charlemagne"—a name that we never refused—as "good enough for Gibbon and Milman, for Hallam and Martin." † We may ask him to accept "Charles the Great" as good enough for the renowned English poet whose name we dare not spell.

I do not attempt to answer all Mr. Harrison's jokes and gibes. "Who can refute a sneer?" is a very old question. But I may notice that the greater part of Mr. Harrison's argument is made up of appeals to consistency. If we write A, we should also write B. And Mr. Harrison makes himself very merry with the things which he says that certain people, under certain circumstances, ought to write. I have no doubt that all those people could give some good reason why they would not, under these circumstances, write as Mr. Harrison suggests for them. I certainly could in the cases which he imagines for me. But then Mr. Harrison can start several false analogies in a line, while it would take several lines to show the falseness of each. As therefore I am writing not a volume but an article I must forbear. I must leave the "Galtachd-ic, and Kymr-ic, and Duitisch enthusiasts," whoever they may be, to fight for their own hands; I daresay they can fight very well. We "Old-English" or "Neo-Saxon" enthusiasts, are not hot about "contemporary phonograms"; we care very little about vowels and diphthongs; we do sometimes care about names, but only so far as names express facts. Mr. Harrison can do, and has done, better things than

* If Mr. Harrison will look on a few lines further, he will find something about "Charlemain," meaning thereby a person quite distinct from Charles the Great.

† Does this mean the French writer Henri Martin? What should he say but *Charlemagne*? *Charlemagne* is as much the natural French as *Charles the Great* is the natural English.

this reckless raid into regions where he does not know the road. Mere gibes and sneers are beneath him ; let him leave them to the professional merry-makers of the newspapers. And the great argument for consistency he may leave to an ingenious gentleman—from India, I believe—who wrote a few weeks ago to the *Academy* to say that such a piece of pedantry as writing *Ælfred* was not to be endured, but that, for the sake of accuracy, he must himself be allowed to write—I hope I have got the exact form—*Musalman* for *Mussulman*. Perhaps Mr. Harrison would appeal to his goats and monkeys to know whether he could bear such an ally. We of the Old-English and Neo-Saxon schools have no such powers to call on. We have to grin and bear Mr. Harrison and his allies how we can.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE TWO UNIONS.

A POLITICAL CONTRAST.

A GENERAL survey of the political condition of Europe, and of the many cases in which communities or States, formerly independent, have been welded together in a common empire or confederation, will show that three agencies have contributed to this result—conquests by arms, alliances by marriage of reigning families, and affinities of race.

Of the last there were few examples before the present century, and before the great democratic movement inaugurated by the French Revolution. In the previous history of Europe the two former were the main agencies by which States were united. Of the two, family alliances were fortunately the more frequent, as they have also been the more lasting, and the more happy in their results. They were effected for the most part without any intention of bringing about a complete union, but simply to secure more friendly relations; but often, through the unexpected failure of offspring in one of the two families, the other became the inheritor of the regal power in the allied State.

In the United Kingdom we have an illustration of each of these methods: Scotland became united to England by a family alliance, Ireland by conquest. The marriage of Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., with James, King of Scotland, was the subject of long negotiation between the two Courts, extending over three years, and frequently interrupted by disputes. It was eminently a diplomatic arrangement. Henry hoped by the marriage to remove all sources of discord with Scotland, from whose animosity his country had suffered so much. It is said by Hume that when the marriage was deliberated on in the English Council, some objected that England might by means of the alliance fall under the dominion of

Scotland. "No," replied Henry; "Scotland in that event will only become an accession to England." The marriage took place in the year 1503. It was exactly a hundred years, later that, on the death of his granddaughter Queen Elizabeth, the Tudor line came to an end, and England found the successor to its throne in James VI. of Scotland, the great-grandson of Margaret Tudor. Even then the chances had nearly determined against the Union with Scotland, for Henry VIII., in the plenitude of his power, had obtained from an obsequious Parliament the right to bequeath his kingdom as he pleased, and by his will he preferred the issue of his younger sister Mary to his Scotch relatives, and if his will had been recognized some member of the Seymour family might now be on the throne of England; but public opinion in England never recognized this arrangement: Elizabeth on her deathbed appears to have designated James of Scotland as her heir; by common consent, without the slightest opposition from any quarter, he assumed power; and the first Act of the new Parliament, assembled on the occasion, was to recognize his full title to the throne.

It may be presumed that the prospect of the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign had much to do with this unanimity of opinion against the strict legal aspect of the question; for, as Hallam has shown, there is little doubt that the legal title of the Stuarts was defective so long as the statute passed in the 35th year of Henry VIII. was unrepealed; but wise men throughout the country saw that great advantages might accrue from the union with Scotland, and opinion generally was in favour of maintaining the strict rules of hereditary descent, irrespective of the decision of a long-passed Parliament.

In the early years of James I. it was a main object of his policy to make the union of the two kingdoms a real and effective one. He assumed for a short time the title of King of Great Britain; he made very able speeches to Parliament advocating the union. He was aided in this object by Bacon, who used his utmost abilities in Parliament to secure a legislative union with Scotland. In Scotland the proposal met with general approval, but in the English House of Commons there was grave opposition to it. Sir E. Coke who had great influence there, felt much difficulty about it.

It seems probable that one cause for the jealousy of the English House of Commons was the fear that the king might make the Union the occasion for abridging their privileges. The procedure of the Scotch Parliament was very different from that in England. The Scotch peers, spiritual and temporal, sat and voted in the same House with the representatives of the people.* By the practice of their Parliament no motion or measure could be brought before it

* It will be seen later that the Union was mainly due to this.

without the previous assent of the Lords of Articles, a committee of Lords and Commons practically under the control of the Crown. In the able paper written by Bacon, on "Certain Articles touching the Union of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland," he broaches the expediency of assimilating the practice of the English Parliament to that of Scotland.

"Among the questions to be considered," he said, "will be the manner of proposition or possession of Parliament of causes there to be heard, which in England is used to be done immediately by any member of the Parliament, and in Scotland is used to be done immediately by the Lords of the Articles; whereof the one form seemeth to have more liberty and the other more gravity and maturity; and therefore the question will be whether of these shall yield to the other, or whether there shall not be a mixture of both by some commission precedent to every Parliament in the nature of the Lords of the Articles, and yet not excluding the liberty of propounding in full Parliament afterwards."

It is easy to see what enormous influence any such proposal would have given to the King over the proceedings of the English Parliament, and how much it would have abridged the liberties of speech and motion, which were then beginning to find full expression, and were becoming so inconvenient to the king and his Ministers. It is probable that Parliament hesitated to enter upon such a policy; at all events, from jealousy or other causes, the scheme of the King met with no favour, and after two sessions of barren discussion the matter had to be dropped. In default of a more complete union, England and Scotland remained legally two distinct countries. Their Parliaments, their executive, their laws, their finance were entirely separate and distinct. The only bond of union was their sovereign. Each country legislated for itself, often in a hostile spirit to the other. There was no freedom of trade between them, and Scotland contributed nothing to the wars in which England was engaged. The colonies acquired by England were considered as exclusively her property, and the Scots had no interest in them, nor right to trade there, beyond what foreigners might have.

Scotland, in fact, was not in law a dependency of the Crown of England; it was a country of which the King happened to be King of England, and there was always the possibility that the succession to the throne might be differently regarded by the Parliaments of the two countries.

In many respects its legal position differed much from that of Ireland. In the time of William III. the Scotch demanded the same privileges in matters of trade as Ireland, and commissioners were appointed by their two Governments to discuss the question. The demand of the Scotch was met by the English commissioners in this way:

"Ireland" [they said] "is not only under one king with us, as Scotland, but belongs to us, and is an appendage to the Crown of England, and laws made by the Parliament of England do bind them; and no law can be enacted by the Parliament of Ireland but what passeth the Privy Council of England, and orders of the Council of England do take place in Ireland; by all which it is absolutely in our power, when we grant privileges to them, to compel and keep them to the restrictions or limitations of them: all which is quite otherwise in relation to Scotland." *

The Parliament of England was in no sense supreme, and its enactments were of no force or authority in Scotland. On the other hand, Scotland appears to have been shut out by its position from any voice in foreign and colonial policy. It ceased, indeed, on the union of its Crown with that of England, to have a foreign policy. That of England was conducted by English statesmen under the direction of the sovereign, and was little subject to discussion in Parliament. It may be said therefore that the sovereign of Scotland also directed the foreign policy, but his agents were English statesmen, and practically, therefore, Scotland ceased to have any voice in such affairs; neither, however, did she contribute to the expenditure caused by foreign war or colonial adventure.

For a short period Cromwell effected a complete legislative union of the three kingdoms. The separate Parliaments of Ireland and Scotland were abolished; and in the Parliament held in London in 1654, Ireland was represented by thirty members and Scotland by twenty. On the Restoration, this arrangement came to an end, and the former constitutions were re-established. It was not till the year 1706 that the question of a closer union between England and Scotland was again seriously broached. In England the principal motive was the difficulty of the succession to the throne in the event of the death of Queen Anne. The English Parliament had recognized the succession of the Hanoverian line; the Scotch Parliament refused to make a similar provision; there were fears that they might recognize the Stuart succession. The Jacobite party were strong there, and there would be the greatest danger to England if the succession was differently treated by Scotland.

On the part of Scotland the main motive for the union was the desire to share in the commercial and colonial privileges of England. Scotland had enjoyed the privilege of perfect free trade with England for some years during the Commonwealth. By the wise policy of Cromwell all trade restrictions against Scotland had been swept away, and she had been admitted to an equal position as regards the home and colonial trade of England. The navigation laws, also first enacted during Cromwell's time in 1651, had been favourable to Scotland. These laws were so popular in England that at the Restoration they were speedily re-enacted; but Scotland was then excluded from their

* Bruce, "Report on Union," 274.

benefit, and she reverted in this and other trade and colonial matters to her former position of a foreign country.

The difficulties and commercial restraints caused by this change of English policy, and the financial embarrassments into which so many of the Scotch middle classes had been plunged by the disastrous speculations in the Darien and South African expeditions, and the feeling that their enterprise was checked and hampered by the want of capital, which English credit alone could give them, were among the motives which impelled Scotland to the Union. On the English side all jealousy of Scotland had ceased, and the fear of Jacobite plots fostered by foreign intrigue was an all-powerful motive to press on the Union.

The Union took the form of a formal treaty between the two countries. Acts were passed in their respective Parliaments appointing thirty-two commissioners on each side to treat for articles of Union. On the part of England, Lord Somers was the leading spirit; on the part of Scotland, Lord Stair. Among the commissioners on the Scotch side were many leaders of the Jacobites, who were cunningly put upon it by Lord Stair, with the object of engaging their interest. Every consideration was shown to the Scotch in the discussions and conclusions of this commission, which was managed by Lord Somers with consummate prudence and wisdom. Twenty-five articles of Union were ultimately agreed upon. Burnet says that "the advantages offered to Scotland in the whole frame of them were so great and so visible, that nothing but the consideration of safety that was to be procured by it to England could have brought England to a project that in every branch of it was much more favourable to the Scotch nation." Absolute free trade was secured to the people of the two countries, and equal rights in respect of the colonies; the Scotch were to bear the fortieth part of the public taxes; for when the land-tax of England was 4s. in the pound, equal to a revenue of £2,000,000, Scotland was to be taxed at £18,000. The same customs and excise duties were to be levied in the two countries; and as Scotland was to bear a share in the debt which England had contracted, £398,000 was to be raised in England and paid to Scotland for the purpose of paying any debts of Scotland, of recouping the losses in the African and Indian companies, and of bringing Scottish coin to the English standard. There was to be one Parliament in future, and the Hanoverian succession was confirmed for the United Kingdom.

The articles thus agreed to were submitted to the Scotch Parliament in the first instance, and were incorporated in a Bill. Prolonged discussions took place upon them, and much opposition was exhibited. The concurrence of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland was obtained by the promise that the maintenance of the

Church should be a condition of the Union and a fundamental law of the country. It has not unfrequently been alleged that the passing of the measure was secured by the free use of English money among the Scotch members; the investigations of Mr. Burton disprove this; though Burnet gives some countenance to the charge, he also says that the main success was due to a number of independent peers and members, who were not supporters of the Government, who held aloof for some time, but who finally threw their weight heartily in favour of the proposal. The thorough independence of this party, popularly known as the "squadron volante," gave an immense support to the cause. They were in great credit with Parliament and the country, and without their aid the measure could not have been carried.

The representatives of the people were nearly equally divided on the subject: it was the Peers who turned the scale. In the most important division the numbers were 116 to 83, of whom 70 Commons were for the measure and 62 against it. Burnet states fully the arguments on both sides. The desire for free trade, the hope for greater security from the English House of Commons against partial judges and a violent Ministry, the hope of being reimbursed losses caused by the Darien expedition, were the chief arguments on the one side. On the other were alleged the antiquity and dignity of their kingdom, which was to be given up and sold; that Scotland would sink into dependence on England; that there was no security their rights would be maintained; that Scotland would no more be considered by foreign States; that the Church would be endangered. These arguments were of no avail, and the articles were passed by considerable majorities. When the opponents of the Union saw that they were beaten they endeavoured to raise agitation in the country, and for a time there was danger of public risings; but the Government met the emergency with courage and firmness, and finally the measure passed on January 18, 1707, after a three months' debate.*

In the English Parliament it was felt by the Ministry that it was undesirable to court a discussion upon every point of detail, and that amendments on the articles as finally agreed to by the Scotch Parliament would probably engage the two Parliaments in discussions fatal to the whole project. A device was invented by Sir S. Harcourt which avoided this. The articles of Union were set out at length in the preamble of the Bill as having been agreed to by the Scotch Parliament, and the enacting part of the Bill was confined mainly to a clause ratifying these articles.

* Lord Stair died the same night, after taking part in the last discussion: his spirit was completely exhausted by prolonged and vehement debates.—BURNET, v. 204.

"This," says Burnet, "put those upon great difficulties who had resolved to object to several articles, and to insist on demanding some alteration of them; for they could not come at any debate about them; they could not object to the recital, it being merely matter of fact; and they had not strength enough to oppose the general enacting clause, nor was it easy to come at particulars and to offer provisions relating to them. The matter was carried on with such zeal that it passed through the House of Commons before those who intended to oppose it had recovered themselves out of the surprise under which the form it was drawn in had put them."

More discussion took place in the Lords, but the Bill was carried through by sufficient majorities, and on March 6, 1707, the great measure uniting the two countries in one executive and legislative union received the queen's assent.

It cannot be said that the measure thus passed was popular in Scotland. If the people had been polled it is probable that a considerable majority would have been against it. But the manner in which it was carried left no recollections displeasing to the national sentiment. The consideration and favour shown in every detail for the weaker nation, and the concessions made to opposing interests, did much to conciliate public opinion. "There was," says Burton, "a theoretical discontent against the whole arrangement, and a loyal desire to see the Stuarts restored. But it had little active vitality, and perhaps it was in human nature that the practical prosperity of the people soothed such political irritation as came of mere abstract principles."

It need not be added that the Union with Scotland has been maintained in the spirit in which it was entered upon. Full consideration has ever been given in the English Parliament to the views of Scotch members on measures affecting their own country. It has been the habit to call the Scotch members together and to take their opinions on Scotch questions. The administration of Scotland has been in Scotch hands. Nominally the Home Secretary has control over the administration of Scotland, but practically it has till lately been in the hands of the Lord Advocate. It has been rarely the case that Scotland has not been represented in the Cabinet, and the recent creation of the post of a Secretary for Scotland will insure this in the future. Lastly, Scotland has been much favoured by royalty. Our present Queen has identified herself with her Highland subjects, and has done her utmost to cultivate their loyalty and love. Though there may be some who think that purely Scotch affairs might be better disposed of by representatives sitting in Edinburgh, this is from no jealousy of England and from no disaffection to the Imperial Parliament.

How widely and unfortunately different have been the relations of Ireland and England before and since their union! These relations began in the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., with the spiritual

sanction of Pope Adrian IV. Though Henry's able lieutenants, Strongbow, Lacy, and Fitz-Stephen, with a very small force, overcame all opposition and extinguished every semblance of authority of the native kings or chiefs, and although the people submitted to English rule and accepted English law, yet but little of this law was introduced into the country. The victorious generals established themselves in various districts, where they obtained immense grants from the king, rather as military chiefs, independent of English law, governing by rude force, and allowing the natives below them to retain their own customs. It was only on the east coast that the English established themselves in any number, and claimed and enjoyed the benefit of their imported laws. Sir John Davis, the Speaker of the Irish Parliament of the time of James I., said that

"for 300 years at least after the conquest the English laws were not communicated to the Irish, nor the benefit of them allowed, though they earnestly desired and sought for the same. For as long as they were out of the protection of the law, so as any Englishman might oppress, spoil, and kill them without control, how was it possible they should be other than outlaws and enemies to the Crown of England?"

Yet the semblance of civil liberty and of representative Government was early established in Ireland. The Magna Charta was sent over for its guidance, and the English common law and its privileges were extended to the Anglo-Saxon colony. An Irish Parliament was summoned, of which the earliest statutes are to be found in the year 1310. The representation in these early Parliaments was confined to the English population; their statutes did not pretend to bind the Irish beyond the Pale; they frequently speak of the native Irish as enemies to the king. The small English community was little amenable to the authority of the king's Government, and appears to have been the main fomenters, for purposes of gain, of disorder among the native Irish. It was to curb their action, to maintain the royal authority, and to protect the natives from oppression, that the well-known Statutes of Drogheda were by the influence of the Lord-Deputy Poyning obtained from the Irish Parliament. By these statutes the lawlessness of the Anglo-Saxons within the Pale was restrained. It was made high treason to excite the Irish to war; all the English statutes up to that time were extended to Ireland; and it was also provided that no Parliament in future should be holden in Ireland till the king's lieutenant should have certified to the king under the Great Seal the causes and consideration and all the Acts which ought to be passed by it, and till such be affirmed by the king and his council, and a license to hold the Parliament be obtained. This last law, passed as a protection to Ireland, and in restraint of the small community which alone had legislative power, became in later times the main instrument in restraint of the legislative autonomy of Ireland.

A dependence of the Irish Parliament upon the king's authority was thus early established. It would seem that up to that time the legal position of Ireland was that of a dominion held by right of conquest under the Crown of England; the fact, however, that it had in law a Parliament of its own exempted it from jurisdiction of the English Parliament; for in the year-books of 2 Henry VI. and 2 Richard III. c. 12, it is laid down

"that a tax granted by the Parliament of England shall not bind those of Ireland, because they are not summoned to our Parliament. Ireland hath a Parliament of its own, and maketh and altereth laws; and our statutes do not bind them because they do not send knights to our Parliament, but these persons are the king's subjects, like as the inhabitants of Calais, Gascoigne, and Geneva, while they continue under the king's protection."

Sir E. Coke, however, in quoting this in the celebrated *Calvins case*, which determined the status of Scotsmen born after the union of the English and Scotch Crowns under James I. as that of natives of England, inserts in a parenthesis, "this is to be understood unless specially named." In his "*Institutes*" also he says:—"It is to be observed that such Acts of Parliament as have been made in England since the 10 Henry VII., wherein Ireland is not particularly named or generally included, extend not thereunto, for that albeit it be governed by the same law, yet it is a distinct realm and kingdom."* This is the first indication I have been able to find of legal authority for the proposition which was later accepted by English lawyers and English statesmen, that the Parliament of England was able to legislate for Ireland without regard to the Irish Parliament, and which in later times was often acted upon. Until after the restoration of the Stuarts there are few if any traces to be found of such legislation. In 1569, in a Parliament summoned by Sir H. Sidney, a party was formed in opposition to the Crown, and when an Englishman, representing a pocket borough, contended before the Lower House that the queen might by her own prerogative pass laws independently of the Irish Parliament, he raised such a tumult that he was with difficulty rescued. Again, when, later, Sir H. Sidney endeavoured to impose a tax upon the people of the Pale without the assent of the Irish Parliament, he was met by remonstrance and resistance, to which Queen Elizabeth was obliged ultimately to yield.

It was not till the reign of James I. that the distinction between the Pale and the rest of Ireland began to disappear. Sir E. Coke, speaking of this distinction says:—"Whereas heretofore some, not without scandal, have divided the kingdom of Ireland into the English Pale and the wilde Irish, let oblivion bury it or silence cover it, for now all are reduced to obedience and civil behaviour."

* 4 Coke's "*Inst.*" 352.

The civil administration of the Government was extended to the whole of Ireland; the judges held their assizes everywhere; the old Irish customs were declared to be void; the principal feudal lords surrendered their estates to the Crown, and received them back by English tenures, while their tenants were confirmed in their holdings, subject to a quit-rent; the Queen's writ was obeyed throughout Ireland. The English influence and race was extended, partly by settlements effected on confiscated properties in Ulster and Munster, and partly by the national development of trade and industry. Parliamentary institutions were extended to all the counties of Ireland, but at the same time, in order to secure power to the Crown and to the aristocracy, a great number of small boroughs were enfranchised, so that two-thirds of the members were returned by persons influencing them. These grants of enfranchisement were made by the king on his own authority. A remonstrance was addressed to him on this point, in which it was alleged "that by these enfranchisements the general scope and institution of Parliament were frustrated, they being ordered for the assurance of the subjects, that they be not pressed with any new edicts or laws but such as should pass with their general consent and approbation." The king replied, "What is it to you whether I make many or few boroughs? The more the merrier; the fewer the better cheer."

It is foreign to my purpose to do more than refer to the frequent rebellions in Ireland followed by confiscations, and the settlement on the land of English adventurers; to the unhappy rebellion in Ulster of 1641; to the horrors of the period of the civil war; to the subjugation of the country by Cromwell; to the various confiscations by which land passed from the hands of native Catholics to Protestants; to the reaction in favour of the Catholics under James II., followed by their final subjection in 1691, and their surrender at Limerick.

By the articles agreed to at this surrender, known as the Treaty of Limerick, it was provided that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as were consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of Charles II. Few Englishmen can read without shame what followed. The Catholics at this time in Ireland, whether of Irish or Anglo-Irish blood, may have possessed, even after the numerous confiscations, about one-sixth or one-seventh of the kingdom. Their numbers, moreover, were great. It was decided by the English Government to reduce their power by every possible means; and there followed a series of measures, known as the Penal Code, which were almost without parallel in Europe.

The first action in this direction was taken by the English Parliament. The 8 & 4 William and Mary, c. 2, required every member

of both Houses of the Irish Parliament to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to subscribe the declaration against substantiation, before taking his seat. This had been the law of England since the time of Elizabeth, but had never been adopted in Ireland. In Ireland, although in early times no native Irishman was allowed to sit in Parliament, in Elizabeth's reign and those of her two successors, Catholics were freely elected in considerable numbers. This Act, excluding Catholics from the Irish Parliament, is the first really important measure which I have been able to find in which the legislative supremacy of the English Parliament was practically carried out.

The Irish Parliament, thus purged of the Catholics, lent itself readily to the penal policy of the English Government. It excluded Papists from all the principal professions. It forbade them to open schools or to teach. It made marriages between Protestants and Catholics illegal. It disabled Papists from acquiring interest in land, except for terms of less than thirty-one years. It required them to conform to Protestantism within six months after coming into possession of land, on pain of forfeiture to the next heir. It forbade them to own arms; it permitted the agents of the Government to search their houses for arms. Finally, in 1715, it deprived the Catholics of the franchise, which had previously not been interfered with.

Burke, speaking of the effect of the Revolution of 1688, which is justly regarded as the commencement of the era of full constitutional liberties in England, said that as regards Ireland "it was the establishment of the power of the smaller at the expense of the civil liberties and properties of the far greater number and at the expense of the liberties of the whole." For the succeeding hundred years the bulk of the population in Ireland was practically deprived of all constitutional rights, privileges, or protection. The law ignored the very existence of Catholics except for the purpose of persecuting them. It was announced by the very highest legal authority in the time of George II. that "the law did not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic." Ireland indeed had its separate Parliament, but no Catholics or Nonconformists could sit in it; no Catholics could vote for its representatives. The English Parliament, whenever it thought fit, legislated over the heads of the Irish Parliament, and always to the detriment of Ireland, or at least of the Catholic or Nonconformist population. Thus it directed the sale of the estates of the Irish rebels, and disqualified Catholics from purchasing them. It passed an Act appointing a Commission to inquire into the value of the confiscated estates in Ireland, which William III. had granted to his favourites; and on the report of this Commission passed another Act directing the resumption of these estates; it enacted by another measure that all leases made to Catholics should be void; it under-

took the regulation of Irish trade for the benefit of English manufacturers or landlords, and without the slightest regard to the interests of Ireland; it prohibited the export of cattle from Ireland; it shut Ireland out of the benefit of the colonial trade, with an exception only of the exports of linen from Ulster. In reply to an address of the English Parliament, William III. in 1698 said, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures in Ireland," and in furtherance of this, Parliament forbade the export of woollens from Ireland, not only to England and its colonies, but to any other part of the world, and ruined at once all the growing manufactures in Ireland. It excluded Ireland from the benefit, or supposed benefit, of the navigation laws. Among the strongest of its proceedings was the inclusion of Ireland in the well-known Schism Act of 1714, directed against Nonconformists. Ireland was not originally included in this measure, but the House of Lords extended it to Ireland, by a simple amendment without notice, by a majority of 57 to 51, in spite of a vehement protest of the leading Whig Peers, who objected, in the then state of Ireland, to making a division among its Protestants. Bad as the Irish Parliament was, no such measure could have been passed in it.

In 1719, when the Irish House of Lords had, with the concurrence of the Irish judges, asserted a claim to be the Court of Appeal in Irish suits, the English Parliament passed an Act affirming its complete supremacy. By virtue of this and of Poyning's Act the subjection of the Irish Parliament was complete. That Parliament itself was so subservient to the English Administration and to the interests of the Episcopal Church, that there was little necessity on the English Parliament to exercise any control. The Irish Parliament was elected once only in every reign, unless dissolved by the king; of its members, considerably more than half were under the direct influence of the Crown, or of a few members of the aristocracy; of its House of Lords, a majority of the members ordinarily attending were bishops, of whom there were twenty-five. Its proceedings were strictly in law limited to the matters authorized by the English Privy Council.

For some years the government of the country was practically in the hands of the bishops, of whom Swift has given the well-known description, that when good men were appointed in London, they were waylaid by highwaymen on their journey to their Sees, who changed clothes with them and came over to Ireland to administer their episcopal functions. Later, the Government fell into the hands of a small oligarchy of peers, who through their pocket boroughs controlled the Irish House of Commons. The Lord-Lieutenants seldom resided for any length of time; they left the management of affairs wholly to this oligarchy. The first lord-lieutenant who attempted to make a change in

this respect was the dissolute Lord Townshend, who was appointed in 1767 for the purpose of supplanting the deep-rooted influence of the Irish oligarchy, and who succeeded to a great extent in doing so, by inaugurating the system of bribery and corruption of the Irish members which continued down to the Union in 1800, and by which alone the Union was carried.

During the period, however, I am now referring to—the hundred years following the revolution of 1688—Ireland was in the main governed in the interest of the Episcopal minority: it had no voice in the general affairs of the Empire. The only vestige of independence practically conceded to it, or rather to its dominant minority, was the regulation of its finance. The English Parliament and the English Privy Council did not attempt to levy taxes in Ireland without the consent of the Irish Parliament. It claimed the right indeed to expend the unappropriated balances in the Irish Exchequer; but this claim was resisted by the Irish Parliament, and was finally defeated by the latter taking care that there should be no such balances. With respect to taxes, it is worthy of notice that at one time it was proposed that there should be a special tax on the revenue of absentee landlords. The proposal raised a howl of indignation among the Whig peers in England, many of whom had large Irish estates, and they appealed to Lord Chatham to put a veto upon the proposal; but the Minister, in two very remarkable letters, refused to interfere on general principles. “The line of the Constitution,” he said, “a line written in the broadest letters through every page of our history of Parliament and people, tells me that the Commons are to judge of the propriety and expediency of supplies.” As time went on, and as political intelligence increased, even the Irish Parliament, restricted and subservient as it was, acquired yearnings for greater independence. It succeeded in evading Poyning’s Act by establishing a practice of debating and discussing proposals for laws and heads of Bills without the previous assent of the English Privy Council, and thus the thin end of the wedge of a more popular system was inserted.

Space will not permit me to do more than hint at the steps by which Ireland was roused to a desire for greater political independence by the writings and eloquence of Swift, Flood, and Grattan; nor can I do more than refer to the effect which the struggle of the Americans for independence had upon Irish opinion, to the straits to which England was reduced by her unsuccessful wars in America, to the volunteer movement in Ireland, and finally to the concession by England at the moment of her greatest difficulty, of legislative independence to the Irish Parliament. The Government of Lord North, which had sustained the king in his unwise policy against the

colonies, resigned, and was succeeded by that of Rockingham and Fox; and their first act on coming into power was to concede to the full the demands of Grattan and the Irish Parliament.

Resolutions were moved by Lord Shelburne in the House of Lords, and Mr. Fox in the House of Commons, to the effect that the Declaratory Act of George I. should be repealed. Mr. Fox stated that the Government would meet Ireland on her own terms, and give her anything she wanted in the way she herself seemed to wish for it. At the same time he intimated that a formal treaty should be made between England and Ireland, establishing on a firm and solid basis the future connection of the two countries. At present he proposed no such treaty, and contented himself with suggesting that commissioners might at some future time be appointed to negotiate it. The resolution passed both Houses without opposition. Mr. Burke, writing to Lord Charlemont of this conclusion, said :

“I take a sincere part in the general joy, and hope that mutual affection will do more for mutual help and mutual advantages between the two kingdoms than any ties of artificial connection. . . . I am convinced that no reluctant tie can be a strong one, and that a cheerful alliance will be a far securer form of connection than any principle of subordination borne with grudgery and discontent.”

The correspondence between Lord Shelburne and the Duke of Portland, the Lord Lieutenant, shows that the transactions of 1782 were not considered final, for the latter wrote :

“I have the best reason to hope that I shall soon be enabled to transmit to you the sketch or outlines of an Act to be adopted by the Legislatures of the respective kingdoms, by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of State and general commerce will be virtually and effectually acknowledged.”

Lord Shelburne replied :

“I have lived in the most anxious expectation of some such measure offering itself. No matter who has the merit, let the two kingdoms be one, which can only be by Ireland now acknowledging the superintending power and supremacy to be where Nature has placed it, in precise and unambiguous terms.”

It appears from the correspondence of Grattan that some discussion had passed between him and Fox on this matter, but the former declined to agree to any such treaty at the moment when the legislative independence of Ireland was being agreed to; in a letter to Mr. Day he said :

“The inevitable tendency of a negotiation would be to throw Ireland into a defensive attitude, to prolong the crisis which it was necessary for the peace of both countries to terminate as quickly as possible, to arouse suspicion, and to impose prohibitions. For the present he chose that the bond

between England and Ireland should be in law of no other kind than that Ireland is our own." *

Nothing, therefore, was done to define the relations of the two countries in Imperial matters. The restrictions on the Irish Parliament were repealed; the supremacy of the English Parliament was abrogated, but no arrangement was come to for the future guidance of common affairs. Most unfortunate was this omission, for it led, twenty years later, to the undoing of the work of Grattan, and to the complete merging of the Irish Parliament in that of England.

In the meantime no change was made in the administration of Ireland. Ireland had, no more after 1782 than before, an Administration or Ministry responsible to its Parliament. The Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary were sent over from England, and ruled as they had previously done. They received their instructions from the Ministry of England, and their principal duty was to maintain by every possible means the interests and the permanent ascendancy of the more powerful kingdom. This was more difficult than before, but the means were the same, and were more audaciously and openly resorted to—namely, that of purchasing support in the Irish Parliament by every form of bribery and corruption, by means of honours, places, and increases of salaries, bringing contempt upon their representative institutions, from which they have never fully recovered, and which more than anything else has indisposed people to look more deeply into the subject. Yet when we consider the position of the Irish Parliament, much allowance must be made for it; considering its unreformed condition, it is a matter for surprise that it did so much during its brief life of independence. Of its 300 members, only seventy-two were returned by free election; 123 sat for pure nomination boroughs and voted as they were directed by their patrons; the seventy-two were elected by a small minority of persons in their constituencies, consisting exclusively of persons belonging to the dominant faith. Yet in spite of this, public spirit and popular views found their expression in the Irish Commons, and within certain limits produced measures of great benefit to Ireland. The House contained within it an unusual proportion of men of a very high order of intellect and eloquence. Grattan, Flood, Curran, Plunket, Bushe, Saurin, Ponsonby, Sir John Parnell, and others formed a galaxy of talent of which any assembly might be proud. They showed also a wise spirit of conciliation to the Catholics. In 1792 they extended the franchise to them, and relieved them of many disabilities as to property; there can be little doubt that they would have carried Catholic emancipation to the fullest extent. In 1785 they carried resolutions as to trade and

* "Grattan's Life," ii. p. 249.

commerce greatly in advance of what the English Parliament were prepared to assent to. Except upon the question of the Regency in 1788, when a serious difference arose between the Irish and the English Parliaments, which was fortunately terminated by the recovery of the king, I do not find that any conflict arose between the two Parliaments on Imperial questions. In fact, the Irish Parliament left wholly to the English Parliament and English Government the administration of the Empire and the management of the colonies, the conduct of wars and in the main the expense of them. The position at that time of the Irish Parliament was well defined and described by Mr. Burke in the debate in 1785 on the resolution submitted by Mr. Pitt with reference to commercial arrangements with Ireland.

"To Ireland" [he said] "independence of legislation had been given; she was now a co-ordinate though a powerful State; but pre-eminence and dignity were due to England. It was she alone that must bear the burthen and weight of the Empire; she alone must pour out the river of wealth necessary for the defence of it. Ireland and other parts might empty their little rivers to swell the tide; they might wield their puny tridents; but the great trident that was to war the world must be grasped by England alone, and dearly it cost her to hold it. Independence of legislation had been granted to Ireland, yet no other independence could Great Britain give her without reversing the order and decree of Nature; Ireland could not be separated from England; she could not exist without her; she must ever remain under the protection of England, her guardian angel."

There seems to be reason to believe that Mr. Pitt at an early period of his career determined to abolish this independent Parliament and to effect a complete union with Ireland. There was a period, however, when he was inclined to concede Catholic Emancipation even with an Irish Parliament; and Lord Fitzwilliam was sent over in 1795 with instructions that the Government, though not prepared to initiate such a measure, would accept it if passed by the Irish Parliament; and upon this Mr. Grattan brought in a Catholic Relief Bill. There can be little doubt that with the support of the Government it would have been carried; but suddenly this policy of conciliation was reversed; Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, and a veto was put upon the further progress of the measure. There followed as a consequence the Catholic rebellion of 1798, put down with ruthless force; the Catholics were cowed and dismayed, and the occasion seemed a fit one to Pitt and the English Government to effect the Union and to put an end to a separate Irish Parliament. The task even then was not an easy one. The Irish county members, who constituted the main independent element in the House of Commons, objected to the Union. The Bar and the professional classes were united in opposition to it. The feeling of the country was unmistakably shown in the vast numbers of petitions against it.

The opposition of the Catholics was practically disarmed by secret negotiations between the Government and their leaders, holding out hopes that the United Parliament would concede emancipation. But, above all, the Government relied on corruption as its main means of obtaining the consent of the Irish Parliament. Nothing more base can be found in history than the unblushing bribery carried on by Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh for the purpose of effecting their object.

All these efforts failed in the first instance, and the Government proposal was rejected in the House of Commons by 107 to 104, which, considering the strength of the Government influence, was an extraordinary demonstration of hostility to the measure. Efforts were again renewed. Places, honours, and bribes were used more freely and openly than ever; and as a result, in the following year (1800) the measure was carried through the Irish Parliament, in spite of a vehement opposition led by men of unequalled talent and of the highest character. The reappearance of Grattan, who had withdrawn from Parliament in 1798, and who was suffering from illness, was a most dramatic scene, and his speech of two hours in length was one of the most eloquent and touching he ever delivered. The second reading was carried by a majority of 138 to 96. Of the majority, hardly a single member had not received a consideration for his vote, and did not hold some office. The owners of pocket boroughs were compensated at the rate of £7,500 for each seat; compensation for alleged losses in the civil war was freely given. Altogether it is estimated that a sum not far short of £5,000,000 was spent in easing the progress of the measure, a sum which was added to the Irish debt. The tariff was £8,000 for a vote, or an office of £2,000 a year, while peerages and honours without limit were lavishly distributed or promised. The measure was fully carried on June 7, when the opponents left the House in a body. A great display of force surrounded the Parliament House and prevented any popular demonstration. In the English Parliament no difficulty was found in passing the Bill. Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Grey led the opposition to it, but they found little support; and on the passing of the Act the union of the two countries was complete.

The Act of Union provided a common 'appellation for the three countries, that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish harp was directed to be quartered in the Royal Standard; later the Union Jack was prescribed as a national flag. In other respects the terms of Union followed closely upon the Scotch model. The Irish representation was settled upon the mixed basis of population and income. It was provided that the contribution of Ireland to the expenditure of the United Kingdom should

be in the proportion of two parts to fifteen. The public debt of Ireland, which had been increased in the last three years by the expenses of putting down the rebellion and of carrying the Union from four millions to twenty-seven millions, was to be kept separate until it should bear the proportion to the English debt of two to seventeen, when the two debts were to be amalgamated. The Irish Church was guaranteed as a fundamental institution.

Almost the first Act of the United Parliament was the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act for Ireland, and from that time to the present there have been very few years in which Ireland has been free from coercive laws. It need not be stated that Mr. Pitt found himself unable to keep his promise to the Irish Catholics that the United Parliament would give them Emancipation. If space permitted it would be well to continue the comparison between Ireland and Scotland. For Ireland no important legislation has been carried since the Union except after an agitation bringing the country to the brink of rebellion and civil war. It was so with Catholic Emancipation, for which Ireland had to wait nearly thirty years; it was the same with the tithe question; it was so also with the successive land measures.

It has never been the practice of English Governments to take the views of the majority of the Irish members as a guide for legislation. No Irish Catholic has ever sat in the British Cabinet. No attempt has been made by the English Sovereigns to identify themselves with Irish traditions or to cultivate Irish loyalty.

Looking back at the important epochs of 1782 and 1800, we have little difficulty in coming to the conclusion that both arrangements erred most unfortunately in the same manner. No one can doubt that the settlement of 1782, which left the relations of the two countries with respect to Imperial matters undefined and without regulation, was eminently unsatisfactory and even dangerous. If provision had been made for reserving Imperial questions, and confining the Irish Parliament by proper safeguards to Irish affairs only, the dangers would have been avoided, and there would have been no excuse for destroying altogether the autonomy of Ireland in 1800. Again, in 1800 a wise statesmanship would have left to Ireland the management of her separate affairs, and provided for the common affairs by a delegation or representation in the Imperial Parliament. In making this brief, and in many respects imperfect, comparison between the relations of Scotland and Ireland to England, my object has been in part to point out certain differences in their early constitution, and still more to recall the difference of treatment when their respective unions were effected. On the one hand, we find conciliation, the utmost regard to national and historic sentiment, and the recognition of equality as the basis of agreement; on the other, a cynical contempt for national feeling, and the forcing of

a great international arrangement by means of corruption of the most open and barefaced character. If, in lieu of Godolphin and Somers, Pitt and Castlereagh had dealt with the Scotch Union, in the same manner as a hundred years later they dealt with the Irish Union, it is difficult to believe that the former would have resulted in content and permanency. It is probable that if both these Unions had been deferred till the middle of the present century, we should, with the greater experience of the American Federation and other examples of the same kind, have formed them on the federal principle, and not have attempted the complete suppression of autonomy in either the one case or the other. We are now called upon to revise the arrangements between Ireland and England; in doing so we may hope that the errors of the past will be warnings against future wrong, and that means will be found to combine a tender regard for Irish traditions and yearnings for self-government with the maintenance and safety of the common Empire.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN DENMARK.

AN exposition of social and political affairs in Denmark cannot by any possibility be edifying, for dissension and discontent have set their stamp everywhere. I will, in the main, refrain from reflections, and let the facts speak for themselves; but their language is far from agreeable.

Agriculture, manufactures, and trade are all depressed. Workmen are without work; the Government officials have for years been waiting in vain for an increase of their salaries; reforms, which all acknowledge to be necessary, cannot be carried out. Division and intolerance prevail on all sides, and dissension forces its way even into the bosom of the family. Everything stagnates, and every mind is filled with bitterness.

One point, however, seems to be satisfactory—the finances! Year after year the Treasury of the State receives far more money than it expends. During the last financial year, 1884–1885 (ending 31st March), the aggregate expenditure amounted to forty-eight millions of Danish kroner (= £2,600,000); but the receipts were fifty-seven million kroner (= £3,140,000), or nineteen per cent. more than the expenditure! In the preceding year also there was a large surplus; and indeed this had been the case for the last eight years without a single exception. The consequence is, that the balances in the Exchequer which on March 31, 1877, were only twenty-three million kroner (= £1,270,000), were on March 31, 1885, fifty-nine millions (£3,250,000), an increase of 160 per cent. in eight years! And in fact the financial progress has been still greater than is shown by these figures, for a by no means inconsiderable sum has been employed, partly in paying off a portion of the national debt, partly in railways and other public works. The result has been, that while the amount in the Treasury has greatly increased, the national debt has at the same time considerably diminished.

All this looks very satisfactory, but nevertheless it is a mere delusion. The real cause of the improvement is not so much to

be found in an economically calculated expenditure, as in the fact that the Treasury has year after year taken from the taxpayers larger sums of money than were required. The Danish Government has sinned against the fundamental principle of a sound financial policy—viz., that the State ought not to raise more taxes than are necessary. But why not diminish the taxes?

The greater part of the revenue is obtained from the Customs duties, which are fixed by the tariff passed July 4, 1863. All agree that this tariff, made twenty-three years ago, is quite out of date, and imperatively demands reform. Many of the most important and most necessary articles of consumption are heavily taxed, and are thus made too dear for the purse of the poor population. Moreover, the tariff greatly depresses manufactures and trade (although it is intended to protect industry) by taxing such articles as coal, timber, metals, and many other raw materials. It is generally agreed that on these points the tariff needs reformation. By the same law of July 4, 1863, a shipping tax is imposed, which greatly hampers foreign shipping. On this point also public opinion is unanimous that the tax ought to be abolished.

But if it is agreed that the Customs duties ought to be revised and the shipping tax abolished, why is it not done? Because the Minister of Finance insists on the so-called "principle of compensation"—i.e., he demands that, for every million sacrificed in one direction, another million shall be secured from some other quarter. In other words, he will not allow the revenue of the State to be diminished, although, as before stated, the receipts are greater by many million crowns than the expenditure. The Folkething (i.e., the Danish House of Commons), however, demands not only a reform in the taxes, but also their diminution. This difference of opinion has for its result that nothing is done, that the Finance Minister year after year exacts the old, bad, and oppressive taxes.

It has already been stated that the Customs duties are fixed by a law passed July 4, 1863. It must, however, be added that some of the most important Customs duties were considerably increased by the so-called "war tax" of August 5, 1864. This law increased different taxes in order to recoup to the Treasury the loss it had sustained from the unfortunate war with Germany in 1864. By virtue of this law the Finance Minister has yearly obtained between three and four million crowns, and the whole of the loss from the war is thus now completely covered. Therefore it is that the Folkething says:—"As the law has now procured for the Treasury full compensation, there is no longer any reason for demanding these millions from the people." The taxpayers have at least a moral right to insist that these war taxes shall no longer be taken from them—nay, even more: Bishop Monrad, who was the Danish Finance Minister during the war of 1864, and who therefore must be better acquainted than any one else with the conditions under which the Act was passed, has expressly declared that it was the presupposition that the new taxation should only continue until the Treasury had recovered its loss, and that the retention of the law to the present day is a breach of public faith and justice. The present Minister of Finance, Herr Estrup, is, however, of another opinion. He will not relinquish these millions, and therefore the tax-

payers, in defiance of all justice, and in spite of the protests of the Folkething, are obliged to submit to these unnecessary imposts.

But what excuse does the Finance Minister give for thus continuing to demand that the taxpayers, in opposition to what is universally considered to be a sound principle of financial policy, are required to pay taxes which he himself confesses to be bad, and which the State does not need? Well, he answers, it is true the State does not want the money just now, but it will perhaps at some future time, especially if the military expenses should increase, or if at some future time other expenses should be augmented.

This reference to new expenditure which at some future time may be resolved upon is the rock on which taxation reform has been wrecked; and the consequence is, in the first place, that the taxes which press disproportionately on the poor still exist, and under the present Ministry will continue to exist; and in the second place, that the reforms which manufacture and trade are longing for have not been carried out, though all agree that they are extremely necessary.

The larger future expenses, about which the Cabinet during the eleven years of its existence has constantly been talking, have indeed recently begun to show themselves, and no one knows how rapidly they may grow. This much, however, is certain, if they do grow it will not be in the regular course, for it will never be with the consent of Parliament. But it can be done without Parliament (Rigsdag): the Government grants itself whatever it wishes to obtain. To an Englishman's ear this will of course be incomprehensible; but it is quite natural that a foreigner should be unable to understand the Danish Constitution, inasmuch as the Danes themselves differ so greatly in their interpretation of it. For I must remark that the Danish Government does not admit that it has violated the national charter in granting itself money, and passing any law it pleases, without the consent of the Rigsdag; on the contrary, it protests that its efforts are directed to the preservation of the national charter—only, it understands the charter in another sense than Parliament does: it does not violate the charter—it only interprets it.

The political contest in Denmark is therefore a contest as to the understanding of the charter. It began directly the anti-Ministerial party—the Left—was in the majority in the Folkething. The Folkething is that one of the two Houses of Parliament which corresponds to the House of Commons; the upper House is called the Landsting. The latter consists of sixty-six members, of whom twelve are nominated for life by the Crown, and the rest are elected for the term of eight years indirectly, mainly by the wealthier classes of the population. The Folkething consists of 102 members, returned by direct election, by universal suffrage, for the term of three years.

As long as the Cabinet was in accordance with the parliamentary majority no contest, of course, arose as to the interpretation of the charter; but the moment the majority in the Folkething became anti-Ministerial, and the Cabinet declared it would not retire, strife broke out. The majority in the Folkething thought, that as the charter lays it down that "the power of making and amending laws is in the Government *in conjunction with the Rigsdag*," a necessary

condition for the constitutional exercise of legislative power was that the Cabinet should be in harmony with the majority in the Folkething. The Cabinet, on the other hand, declared such a claim to be illegal. The Cabinet pointed to sec. 13 of the charter, according to which "the King nominates and dismisses his Ministers," and asserted this right to be unlimited. To the question, whether the King had a right to take "seven lackeys" for his Ministers, the answer was, that we might perfectly rely upon the wisdom of the King. To the question whether the Right would also perfectly rely upon this wisdom, when the King should dismiss Herr Estrup, the present Premier, and make Herr Berg, the leader of the Left, the Prime Minister, the answer was evasive. When again it was answered, "We always shall rely upon the wisdom of the King," it seemed that the Right thought it impossible that the King ever should take members of the Left for Ministers. The Cabinet feels its position strong, because the majority of the Landsting supports it. From a theoretical point of view the support of the Landsting ought indeed to be of no consequence to the Cabinet, for if the right of the King to nominate and dismiss Ministers be quite unlimited, as Herr Estrup asserts it to be, it makes no difference of course whether it is the Folkething or the Landsting, or the Folkething in conjunction with the Landsting, that is against the Cabinet. From a practical point of view the matter is, however, quite different. The Landsting has, for instance (besides its legislative functions together with the Folkething), the right of appointing from amongst its own members half the judges of the "Rigsret"—i.e., the Court of the Realm, which has to try parliamentary impeachments. The consequence is, that if the Landsting as well as the Folkething were against the Cabinet, the latter would be accused by the Folkething and found guilty by the Landsting, and the "Rigsret" would be obliged to retire, notwithstanding the pretended unlimited right of the King to appoint and dismiss his Ministers. When the charter granted to the Landsting the duty of forming half of the Court of the Realm (the "Rigsret"), it was supposed that this House would occupy an impartial and *mediating* position; perhaps a rather naïve assumption—at least one which has been disproved by the facts. Of course this prerogative of the Landsting is under present circumstances of the greatest importance; and when the Folkething, on the other hand, argues that the charter has granted another prerogative to the lower House—namely, that the Budget must in the first instance be submitted to the Folkething, so that that House might be able to exercise a special control over the *nervus rerum* of the State, the revenue and the expenditure, the Cabinet answers that that does not matter at all, because the Cabinet may itself take such money and make such expenditure as it thinks necessary; even if the Folkething should refuse the money and declare the expenditure unnecessary.

The dispute on the question of the right of the Folkething to influence the formation of the Cabinet had already broken out before Herr Estrup became the Danish Premier, on June 11, 1875; but under this Cabinet, and especially since the elections of April 25, 1876, when the Left succeeded in carrying almost three-fourths of the seats in the Folkething, the contest has become bitter.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the contest has

exclusively turned on the great constitutional question about the pretended unlimited right of the King to choose his Ministers as he pleases. It is true that the Folkething has refused a series of Bills, not because it disapproved of them in themselves, or thought it impossible to turn them into good laws, but only because the House was hostile to this Cabinet; and in the same manner the Cabinet has refused Bills merely because they were proposed by this Folkething. The stoppage of legislation is, however, not exclusively caused by this policy of obstruction: as regards the most important questions, especially the question of the fortification of Copenhagen, the Folkething entertains quite different views from those of the Cabinet.

I have already shown how differently the Cabinet and the Folkething consider the taxation question—the latter considering the relief of the burden of taxation to be highly necessary, especially for the poorer classes; while the Finance Minister absolutely opposes any such diminution. But the dissension between the Cabinet and the Folkething becomes yet more evident in the “national defence” question. The Left have by no means been unwilling to vote considerable sums for military purposes, but they have declined to assent to as much as the Cabinet demanded, and they have considered the fortification of Copenhagen on the land side, as proposed by the Government, as quite beyond the means of the country, and generally unreasonable. The Left have therefore asked for some place of defence which should be better proportioned to our resources, and they have insisted that the necessary funds should be raised by a tax not pressing specially upon the poorer classes. In 1876 the Government dissolved the Folkething, and in a manifesto to the electors declared the national defence to be the main question, and demanded a Folkething which would work for its solution in the Government sense. The answer given by the electors in the election of April 25, 1876, was not to be misunderstood: the electors not only re-elected all the opponents of the Government who had hitherto had seats in the Folkething, but also rejected the adherents of the Cabinet, so as to give the Opposition a majority of more than *three-fourths*. The Government, however, took no notice of this clear answer; they did, it is true, lay aside for a time the question they had declared to be a “question of life and death” for the country; but later on they brought it forward again and again, and each time in a form that less and less corresponded with the opinions of the Folkething. The same thing has occurred in a great many other cases; the Folkething, in reading both Government and private Bills, has most distinctly intimated the direction which the majority think it desirable legislation should take. The Government, on the contrary, has not considered it necessary to pay any attention to the opinions of the Folkething, though the Government party has gradually decreased, until at this moment it only numbers 19 members of the Folkething, against 83 in opposition.

It is not to be denied that, during the eleven years of M. Estrup's Government, many Bills have been brought in, and some have been passed, though the greater number have been voted down; but at the present day (1885-6) legislation has fallen completely into the background,* the main question being the very existence of the

* In the last session (October 1885 to February 1886), out of forty-one Bills proposed by the Government and by members of Parliament, only one was passed.

charter. While the lower House thinks that the very corner-stone of the Constitution is to be found in the words of the charter, paragraph 2 ("The legislative power belongs to the King *conjointly with the Rigsdag*"), the Cabinet has set itself to prove that the co-operation of the Folkething is by no means necessary, but that, on the contrary, the Ministers can carry on the government of the country and make laws in defiance of it. The Government has hitherto mainly based its contention on section 25 of the charter, insisting that this paragraph gives the Government a right to promulgate what is called a "provisional law"—including even a Money Bill—whenever the Government itself considers such a law urgent; and if the Rigsdag be not sitting, can even prorogue the Rigsdag for the purpose of doing so.

Appealing to this section 25, the Government, after having closed the session of the Rigsdag on April 1, 1885, on the same day issued a "provisional law" by which it empowered itself to raise taxes and spend them. As early as 1877, indeed, the Government had issued such a "provisional" Money Bill, but there is this difference between the provisional Money Bill of 1877 and that of 1885, that the latter went still further, and even empowered the Government to incur expenditure which the Folkething already had positively objected to. The provisional law of April 1, 1885, was, on January 25, 1886, rejected by the Folkething, and the Government, which would not acknowledge the validity of other votes of the Folkething, nevertheless acknowledged the validity of *this* rejection, and provided itself with a so-called "royal decree" ("kongelig resolution"), by which the Government was empowered, provisionally and until further orders, to provide for current expenses. True, section 49 of the charter expressly states that no expenditure must be made that is not authorized by the budget ("Finansloven"), and no budget was in existence at this time; but the Government did not consider this circumstance any impediment to its spending the money. How the Government has been able to interpret the charter so as to obtain the right to incur expenses which are expressly forbidden by section 49 of the charter we are not told. In the same section 49 it is expressly declared that "taxes must not be raised before the budget ('Finanslov') had been passed," and yet taxes have been raised in the period between January 25, 1886 (when the "provisional law" of April 1, 1885, was rejected), and February 10, 1886, when the Government issued another "provisional law" to the same effect as the rejected one of April 1, 1885. Behind what interpretation the Government seeks to defend its raising of taxes at a time when neither budget, nor "provisional law," nor decree, nor anything at all was in existence to authorize it, and in the face of the charter, is not known.

Besides these provisional Money Bills, the Government has also promulgated several other "provisional laws"—namely, a law which restricts the right of the citizens to procure weapons, and to exercise themselves in their use; a law for the institution of a military corps of *gens-d'armes*; a law to permit the Minister of Justice to make what expenditure he may think necessary for the police; and another law which greatly restricts the freedom of speech of the people. The Folkething has protested against all these laws, but the Government has paid no attention to its opinion, and though the laws were declared to be provisional, they exist to this very day, and will probably continue to exist as long as the Ministry itself exists.

It has been stated that in one case the Cabinet recognized the rejection of a provisional law by the Folkething to be valid. This must be explained.

Section 25 of the charter states that the Crown in very urgent cases, when the Rigsdag is not sitting, may promulgate "provisional laws," which, however, must contain nothing against the charter, and which *shall be introduced in the next Rigsdag*. The charter does not say that only the Government can introduce such laws into the Rigsdag; on the contrary, the charter gives to the members of Parliament an unlimited right of initiating legislation. According to this right a member of the Folkething in most cases has introduced the "provisional laws," and the House has refused their ratification. But the Government declared that section 25 ought to be interpreted in such a way that the rejection by the Folkething was without any validity under the law now introduced by the Cabinet itself. The Cabinet introduced itself, in January 1886, the provisional Money Bill of April 1, 1885, and therefore it recognized the rejection of it by the Folkething. All the other provisional laws were introduced by the Cabinet into the Landsting, and the Cabinet and its friends in that House so arranged matters that these laws never left the Landsting, and never were submitted to the Folkething by the Cabinet. Therefore the Cabinet paid no attention to the fact that the Folkething, using its private initiative, had protested against these laws.

Thus it will be understood that from this section 25 arises the main difficulty as to the interpretation of the charter: the Cabinet seems to think that section 25 has for its purpose to enable the Cabinet to carry on the Government of the country against the views of the representatives of the people, and the Folkething, on the other hand, asks, if this interpretation should be true, what then is the use and the sense of the charter?

Two more instances shall be mentioned in order to throw light on the manner in which the Cabinet interprets the charter.

Section 48 of the charter says: "The annual budget must in the first instance be submitted to the Folkething." Nevertheless, Herr Estrup introduced into the Landsting a budget which did not come to the Upper House from the Folkething. Herr Estrup defended this proceeding by stating that an identical budget had been submitted to the Folkething which, however, had rejected it. The one thus submitted to the Landsting was *substantially* identical with that which had previously been laid before the Folkething, but the *same* it certainly could not be, as the one refused by the Folkething had ceased to exist. The most celebrated lawyer among the members of the Landsting—the former Minister of Justice, Herr Krieger, who does not belong to the Left—declared in the Landsting that the proceeding of the Cabinet in this matter was illegal; but his voice was only a voice in the desert.

Before we go to mention the other instance, which illustrates the manner in which the Cabinet proposes to interpret the charter, we must remark that the Cabinet in many cases has thought it proper to persecute its opponents by raising actions against them, accusing them of insulting the Sovereign, disturbing public order, &c. &c. The

courts of justice in Denmark are organized otherwise than usual among civilized nations, and the Government is often successful in obtaining the conviction of its opponents for political offences. Such a judgment it obtained against two members of the Folkething, one of them being the Speaker of the House, Herr Berg. Herr Berg was sentenced to six months' imprisonment (with common prison fare) because he was thought to have instigated the removal of a superintendent of police from the orators' tribune at a political meeting—at least he had not prevented it. After this sentence the Folkething cheered its Speaker, and the great majority of the House re-elected him. But what did the Cabinet do? While the Rigsdag was still sitting it sent the Speaker of the Folkething to prison. It wished to send the Vice-President (Herr Horup) also to prison, accusing him of having insulted the King. One of the lower courts sentenced him indeed to several months' imprisonment, but the highest court of justice found him not guilty. The Speaker of the Folkething and another member of the House were thus imprisoned while the Rigsdag was sitting. Nevertheless, it is stated in the charter (section 57) that during the session of the Rigsdag, no member can be imprisoned without the consent of the House to which he belongs, unless he is taken in the very act. The Speaker and the other member of the Folkething were *not* "taken in the very act" (the act, indeed, being very problematical); the Rigsdag *was* sitting, and the consent of the Folkething was neither given nor asked for; nevertheless they were imprisoned. The Minister of Justice, being asked for an explanation, declared that, according to a "correct interpretation," the imprisonment was voted; no further explanation was given by him.

That is the way in which the Cabinet proposes to "preserve the charter" and promote "freedom and progress," as Herr Estrup says. Against his interpretations the Folkething protests; but whether the protest will produce any effect is quite another question. Of course the Folkething possesses no power physically to enforce its views; but the Folkething, it has been said, might and ought to impeach the Ministers before the Rigsdag for violating the charter. This course, however, has hitherto not been resorted to, and for the following reasons:—Either the court will declare the Ministers guilty; but in that case the question arises, whether the Ministers would not be able to find a new "interpretation," according to which they might avoid submitting to the sentence, and if that should be the case, of course it would have been of no use to appeal to the court. Or, the Ministers would be acquitted, and in that case the dispute would not be settled; it would only assume another character. The struggle would then turn, not on the interpretation, but on the reform of the charter; for it is certain that the nation will never allow the freedom it believed itself to have obtained in 1848 to be branded as a mere delusion by a sentence of a court whose members, being members of the Landsting, have morally bound themselves to support the Cabinet in its struggle with the Folkething.

Thus the political situation in Denmark seems at present to be desperate. On the one side stands the Government, with the small minority of the people which supports it. Of whom is this minority composed? In the first place, of great landlords, who are dreaming of a return to *l'ancien régime*, to the time when they held the reins

of the State completely in their own hands, and yet bore only a small share of the public burdens. In the second place, the minority includes Government officials, who of course, are dependent on the Ministers, and many of whom perhaps fear that a democratic development of public affairs would be dangerous to the interests of the bureaucracy. In the third place, the minority comprises a number of persons who have acquired the habit of saying and doing everything said and done by high society. On the other side, against the Cabinet stands the great majority of the nation—almost all the agricultural population, the workmen, and a large proportion of the middle classes. The opinion of this majority is, that as it has to bear the greater share of the public burdens, it also ought to have some influence over the direction of public affairs, and it believes that this is also the sense of the charter. But by what means will the majority succeed in carrying their opinions into effect? The Government points to its gend'armes and its prisons, and the people must arm itself with patience and wait for better times. The Danish people is a patient people, but it is not dull. Between the opposite parties an increasing bitterness is growing up, and the longer the present state lasts the worse it will be. The one party will have no intercourse with the other. The great landlord recalls the money he lent on the farm when the farmer belongs to the Left. The farmer will buy nothing from the dealer when the latter belongs to the Right. The peasant-proprietor refuses to pay the taxes which are raised according to the provisional Money Bill. The magistrates who serve the Government are regarded without respect by a great part of the population. A bad feeling between the King and the people has been created, and the very existence of the country is endangered.

Not only does the political situation of Denmark present a sad sight—its economical affairs also are not satisfactory. The farmers and cultivators of the soil, who compose the greater part of the population, are complaining. Many of them bought their farms in good times, when the price of land was rapidly rising. Now they find that they bound themselves to pay too much. The prices of agricultural produce, as is well known, have of late greatly declined, and many of the farmers are in embarrassed circumstances. But though many farmers are reduced, Danish agriculture itself is not as yet on the decline. It is true that Denmark of late years has been obliged to import more corn than it has been able to export; but cattle, sheep, swine, horses, and butter have been exported to a very considerable amount; and in the main we cannot as yet speak of any retrogression. The reforms of our agrarian laws, which were carried out under the present King's immediate predecessor, King Frederick VII., have greatly helped Danish agriculture. These reforms were chiefly directed to removing the bonds which formerly hampered the cultivators of the soil; and I may here especially refer to the solution of the question of leasehold tenure which took place under King Frederick VII.

At the accession of that king the so-called "*Fæstetvang*" weighed heavily on the farms belonging to an estate. If a landlord did not himself manage the farm, it was obligatory on him to let it on life-lease for the lives of the farmer and his widow, or else on a very long lease—for years. When a farm was thus let the leaseholder was

obliged to pay down a considerable fine, on taking possession, besides the annual rent, and it being uncertain how long his widow might live, it was uncertain whether it would pay him to make any expensive improvements, and consequently he very often omitted to do so. The premium he had to pay on taking possession also greatly lessened his capital. There were, in fact, so many economical and also social defects in this system, that the necessity of its reformation had long been obvious. It had often been proposed that the landlords should be compelled to sell their leasehold farms; at last it was, however, resolved only to *encourage* the sale, and this voluntary method proved successful. In 1861 a law was passed which abolished the obligatory leasing of those farms, which had been freehold for at least twenty years, and thus an opening was given for the gradual removal of this restraint upon the free letting of land. This law of 1861, and a later law of 1872, endeavoured to make it profitable for the landlord to sell the leasehold farms to the tenants, or their nearest relatives. The landlords felt this encouragement so strongly that almost all the former tenant-farmers have become proprietors: against 70,000 freeholders (peasant-proprietors) there are in Denmark now not even 5,000 leaseholders—a proportion of one to fourteen—whereas in the middle of the last century four-fifths of the farmers were leaseholders; and it can with truth be said that this transfer from leasehold to freehold has greatly strengthened the economical and social independence of the farmers. It is undeniable that this is one of the factors which have most contributed to raise Danish agriculture to its present high level. Of course, several other causes have been in operation. Under King Frederick VII. a great many other important reforms were carried through. The political freedom with which that king inaugurated his reign had a very stimulating influence. Moreover, there followed several fertile years, and the farmers had the pleasure of receiving high prices for their produce. The free access to the English market which was given by this abolition of the corn laws was also of great advantage to the Danish farmers. Railways, telegraphs, and steamers were built; the Rowland Hill reform was introduced; institutions of credit were founded; and in all economical and political respects the reign of Frederick VII. was a period of great reform. The effects of these reforms did not, of course, show themselves fully at once; the population had to become familiar with them. But by degrees their effects became more and more visible, and the result has been that the Danish farms now provide us with *many* more and much better products than they did at the accession of Frederick VII. Of corn, for instance, as against six million quarters in 1848, we now produce ten million quarters, and of a much better quality. Still greater is the advance in cattle rearing. The number of cows has increased, and so has their quality. Our butter, which formerly could hardly find a sale in England, now gets the highest prices. The Danish population now living better than formerly, and having increased considerably, their consumption has also increased; nevertheless, Denmark is now able to export live stock, butter, eggs, meat, pork, lard, bacon and hams, to the amount of one hundred million kroners (—£5,500,000) in excess of her imports. Let me lastly remark that, when Frederick VII. succeeded to the throne, the

arable land, pastures and meadows of Denmark hardly measured more than five and a half million acres; now they constitute more than seven millions. It will thus be understood that the value of landed property has risen enormously. At the accession of Frederick VII. it was not more than eight hundred million kroner (= £44,000,000); now it is three thousand two hundred million kroner (= £180,000,000), or four times as much.

These great agrarian reforms were attended by a great impetus to trade and industry; but of late the farmers have been complaining, and the industrial and commercial classes equally complain. Of course the present depression is in a large measure the consequence of the general economical state of Europe and America, but it is also partly due to the sad state of public affairs in Denmark.

The Socialist movement, which reached Denmark in 1871, has shown strength in 1884 and 1885.* In 1884 the Socialists succeeded for the first time at the elections for the Folkething, and since 1884 they have counted a few representatives in this House. In 1885 they organized a great many meetings all over the country, and founded many associations; also a considerable number of strikes were organized. Against this movement the employers formed employers' associations, and they tried also to form associations consisting of labourers as well as of employers, the aim of which was to cause derangement in the labourers' associations. Towards the close of the year the number of unemployed workmen considerably increased. The number of workmen without work is now extraordinarily large, and the distress among workmen in Copenhagen is greater than it has been for many, many years. On account of the constitutional struggle, the Government cannot come to any agreement with the Rigsdag concerning measures which might somewhat relieve the sufferings of the labourers.

And so we see that we are going to forfeit the great results which we owe to the reforms of Frederick VII. Our economic progress is diminishing, and the political freedom which that king wished for his people seems to have been a delusion. Political strife has set its mark on all thought and all life in Denmark.

ALEXIS PETERSEN-STUDNITZ.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—FICTION.

NO department of literature exhibits, so much as that with which we are here occupied, the influence of what a recent critic calls "the liberal movement in English literature"—what we should rather call the individualizing influence of modern democracy. Men belong to the City, said a remote past. Men belong to the Church, said a recent past. Each man is a whole in himself, says the present. Hence fiction, which more than any other branch of literature mirrors the popular philosophy of the hour, betrays a yearning for *distinction*, which is the characteristic of the present in a very narrow sense. We shall not discover it in the novels that pleased our grandparents. Miss Austen set herself to draw a very ordinary set of ladies and gentlemen. Her gallery does not contain a single portrait of a hero, a genius, or a saint. And even in Scott, rich in humour and in pathos as his creations are, it cannot be said that we anywhere find an impressive individuality. It was not that he invariably avoided portraiture—he drew his own father; and it was not that he had no knowledge of impressive individuals—he was familiar with Byron. It was that he felt, with the instinct of the true artist, that genius was no subject for itself. But take up the first novel of the day that comes to hand, and ten to one you find it occupied with the attempt to emphasize individuality by associating it with creative power. The first story awaiting our notice, for instance—"Camilla's Girlhood"—though, in other ways than that we would now touch on, showing a want of temperance (and our eulogy does not apply to the melodramatic portion), is a fresh and lively picture of character, so well conceived that we could fit almost every speech to the proper speaker. But the writer has not been content with Miss Austen's aim of painting a few ordinary young people, which she might have done with something of Miss Austen's grace; she has felt that the commonplace business of life was not enough to set up a novel, and has pressed art into the service. One young lady must have a genius for music, another for painting; and the young gentlemen must contribute to reviews whose imprimatur gives European celebrity. It is provoking to have so much pretty colouring spoiled by a wrong theory of light and shade. We should be told nothing in a novel that we are not made to feel. We are told a great deal in real life that we are not made to feel. We learn that the neighbour at dinner who made such irrelevant comments on our remarks was

* "Camilla's Girlhood." By Linda Villari. T. Fisher Unwin.

a distinguished judge, and that the companion of the evening who struck us as a specimen of absolute commonplace was a brilliant writer. But in this respect, as in some others, fiction should not mirror experience. It is but too probable that the great lawyer was not listening to our remarks, that the man of letters did not spend his epigrams on company unworthy of them. No such excuse will serve the novel-writer. Fiction should be for all its readers, ordinary or otherwise, an expansion of those rare moments in which the husk of life drops off; what we have seen in fragmentary disappointing glimpses should on its page be exhibited as a whole. To say this is in effect to deprecate, except in very rare cases, the portraiture of the artist. Where has Shakespeare drawn a poet? Almost never should an author try to *create a creator*. The attempt has been made very rarely in first-rate work, and we venture to think that even there it has still more rarely succeeded.

A good illustration of the truth of this principle seems to us afforded by a comparison of the two novels published by one of our cleverest writers since our last record. "*Rainbow Gold*"* may be called a study in the manner of Scott. It has some grave defects (we do not reckon among them the hiatus in the narrative, and the attendant opportunity for the reader's imagination, to which we have seen objections taken by some critics), but it is on the whole one of the most racy and vivid stories on our list. It has much humour and much pathos, though where the author aims at the last quality he sometimes misses it. Job Round, the hero, is a fine fellow, moulded by peculiar circumstances, and of course more impressive than any flesh and blood type with which we could compare him would be. It is of the essence of fiction that the *dramatis personæ* should concentrate and exaggerate the interest which they would arouse in life. But with this necessary deduction, he is not impressive; his interest lies in the loves and hates, hopes and fears, that belong to normal humanity; his character has no element of the exceptional. Hence we are not sensible of any want of proportion between description and effect. But when we come to "*First Person Singular*,"† where the interest depends on what is exceptional, we feel ourselves transported into a conventional world. It is not that we pass from the realm of our knowledge to the realm of our ignorance. The present writer is as little qualified by experience to judge of the talk of drunken sailors and the feelings of a deserter who repents a crime, as to judge the ideas of "the arch anarchist of Europe," to quote the supposed description given in a newspaper of the person who takes the centre of Mr. Murray's plot. But the circumstances which demand and imply the presence of such a character make us ask ourselves whether we have felt the electric neighbourhood of genius. The ideals that come before us in "*Rainbow Gold*" are those of a man who sympathizes with the joys and sorrows of ordinary men and women. The ideals that come before us in "*First Person Singular*" are those which suggest themselves to the mind when it tries to conceive of something brilliant, heroic, or impressive. The novel has many amusing passages and one well-drawn character,

* "*Rainbow Gold*." By David Christie Murray. Smith, Elder & Co.

† "*First Person Singular*." By David Christie Murray. Chatto & Windus.

but its personages and events demand, as their explanation and centre, a character of supreme importance; and we feel in reading the story as if we were looking at a picture where the subsidiary figures were painted with solidity and vigour, but where the centre was occupied by a mere faint outline, or as listening to a brilliant movement on a piano, where the key-note happened to be dumb.

Mr. Norris's last novel, though it is the biography of a novelist, can hardly be cited against our sermon. "Adrian Vidal's" * powers are so carefully toned down that we have no sense, when we close the book, of that disappointing intercourse with genius which is so very common in fiction, and not altogether unknown in real life. Mr. Norris is always eminently readable, and if in the respect just touched on he sins against our canon, he does so in company with Thackeray, who is his master in other ways. No writer can have a better master, but of course a copy cannot quite take rank with original work, and Adrian Vidal too much recalls Arthur Pendennis; still more does Lord St. Austell too much recall Lord Steyne for us to give the clever novel all the praise which it seems to claim. It is true that some immortal work is a copy, and Mr. Norris is not nearly so much of an imitator as Virgil. We are apt perhaps in this sense to overrate originality. But the moment any writer copies another, he chooses a background against which his own defects will show very clearly, because they are not likely to be those for which his ideal naturally makes room. Still, Mr. Norris has a good deal of Thackeray's humour: his description of the way in which his hero's *juvénée* informs an acquaintance, ignorant of their engagement, that he is *the* Mr. Vidal, her auditor carefully concealing his ignorance of this great unknown, has a touch of Thackeray's humour; while the scene in which an insolent fine lady signifies to the hero that he is not worthy of her attention has much of Thackeray's power, together with a character of its own. It is rather in the pathetic portions that we miss the master's hand. Thackeray uses only commonplace words and confronts only conventional situations, but he has a wonderful power of opening an infinite vista of love and sadness with a mere touch; and a study in his manner brings out any lack of the power to stir the heart. The story of a disappointing marriage should bring us face to face with one of the colossal sorrows of life. It is true that it has been the experience of many who are not conscious of having known any colossal sorrow, but in this respect also—as in that we have already touched on—fiction should be, as Bacon says of poetry, "greater than the world." We should not here find tragedy sheathed in the pettiness and outwardness which act as the anæsthetics of experience. To a certain extent we do feel this in "Adrian Vidal," and we think in another respect that the conjugal unhappiness of the Vidals is less well drawn than it might be. Mr. Norris seems to think that the same causes disturb the mutual love of man and woman before marriage and afterwards. This is a great error. A mere misunderstanding may prevent a happy marriage; a mere misunderstanding cannot poison it. Trifles light as air may separate for ever those who might have made each other's happiness, but when they have once

* "Adrian Vidal." By W. E. Norris. Smith, Elder & Co.

shared their lives, that which keeps them apart is knowledge, and not ignorance.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love,"

is not a reflection that throws much light on an estranged husband and wife. However, the difficulties of marriage have never been treated in fiction as they deserve to be; and it is a considerable tribute to a writer to say, as we can say of Mr. Norris, that he comes near enough to this aim to make us feel that he has missed it. His picture is full of clever painting and subtle observation, and is distinguished by a sort of modesty of conception which, to our mind, forms a large element in the attractiveness of a novel.

Who has a right to remind us of Thackeray if his daughter has not? And yet so discontented is the critical temperament that it is ready to meet a new version of Colonel Newcome with a grumble. Colonel Dymond, we presume, was meant as a frank replica of Clive's father. There is no image in fiction more distinct than the original, hardly any more full of pathos. But somehow the introduction of Colonel Newcome with a second wife, and a sister-in-law who reminds us of Mrs. Mackenzie, struck one of his admirers as bewildering and unsatisfactory. Our dear old friend died at the Charterhouse: this revival affects us as those troublous dreams where the beloved dead reappear, not to comfort, but to perplex us. His young wife, a fresh and graceful figure, rouses no such complaint, and till she becomes a widow we have nothing but good words for her. But her second husband brings in an atmosphere of the conventional and the melodramatic, in which all interest disappears. He seems to us a sort of vague reminiscence of Will Ladislaw in "Middlemarch," lighted up by a stage glare from the fires of the Commune; and such a picture, if it is to be effective, is not likely to be painted by the same artist who excels in nice character painting and clever delineation of domestic life. We cannot but believe that if Mrs. Ritchie had criticised her creation, she would have discerned the unfitness of her delicate pencil to deal with the horror of revolution and civil war, and the mistake of introducing these images of terror and national significance, except as the overshadowing influence of the novel. Yet as it is, she seems to turn with equal confidence from the English home where her genius works with its happiest result, to the scenes of foreign war, which need a different conception, a different treatment, and a different set of sympathies. It is strange to mark this dislocation of the creative and the critical faculty. However, no book on our list is likely to enjoy more popularity than the work which it mars, and there is a large portion to which it does not apply.

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of the fiction of our day, as compared with the fiction of our fathers, is its ambitious character. To them it was the diversion of an idle hour, the repository of their lighter fancies; to us it is the vehicle of almost all thought for which a large audience is desired. Like a coal-mine described in "Rainbow Gold," it encroaches unobserved on the subterranean territory of its neighbours, and honeycombs by its extension the domain of the

* "Mrs. Dymond." By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). Smith, Elder & Co.

preacher, the political essayist, and the biographer. Yes, even the biographer! He, we should have thought, was secure enough; he is well aware of the valuable character of his domain, and would be ready enough to sink his shafts in every possible quarter; yet even he, it seems, is forestalled. A popular writer of fiction at least finds it worth while to issue what we presume to be her autobiography as a novel, and we are sure that any interest inspired by it must be sought for on the ground of the historian. "Christopher Kirkland"* translates a woman's into a man's experience, and does it much less clumsily than we should have expected; the fact that Christopher is allowed to grow up without any education whatever being the only sign we can call to mind that we are in reality reading the story of female life. But the chief thing worth noting about the book is its value as a tribute to the literary need of distinctness of aim. Most biographies are interesting to some extent, and we have no doubt Mrs. Lynn Lynton's would be so to a considerable extent; but the first condition of interest in a biography is, that we should feel it an addition to our knowledge of fact. When so mixed with fiction that we can prepare ourselves with confidence neither to be instructed nor to be entertained, when we feel that we may be making room in a crowded memory for the products of a lively fancy or criticising a careful record of fact as wanting in *vraisemblance*, we feel ourselves falling into what may be described as a disagreeable intellectual squint. Of "Christopher Kirkland" we can only say that the portraits, where they are labelled, fail to reveal those of the originals with whom we are able to compare them: we would point out her allusion to a French orientalist as a marvel of infelicity, and on the other hand that the lack of vivid or picturesque effect drives us to suppose the object sought for was accuracy. There is some interest in the reflections which make up the bulk of the work, but its chief interest seems to us to lie in the conviction with which we laid it down: that Biography should whisper hints to Fiction—that if she speak aloud, she should address the public herself.

By far the most remarkable work we have to notice this time is "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,"† a shilling story, which the reader devours in an hour, but to which he may return again and again, to study a profound allegory and admire a model of style. It is a perfectly original production; it recalls, indeed, the work of Hawthorne, but this is by kindred power, not by imitative workmanship. We will not do so much injustice to any possible reader of this weird tale as to describe its *motif*, but we blunt no curiosity in saying that its motto might have been the sentence of a Latin father—"Omnis anima et rea et testis est." Mr. Stevenson has set before himself the psychical problem of Hawthorne's "Transformation," viewed from a different and perhaps an opposite point of view, and has dealt with it with more vigour if with less grace. Here it is not the child of Nature who becomes manly by experience of sin, but

* "The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland." By Mrs. Lynn Lynton. Richard Bentley & Son.

† "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chatto & Windus. "Prince Otto." By the same author.

a fully-developed man who goes through a different form of the process, and if the delineation is less associated with beautiful imagery, the parable is deeper, and, we would venture to add, truer. Mr. Stevenson represents the individualizing influence of modern democracy in its more concentrated form. Whereas most fiction deals with the relation between man and woman (and the very fact that its scope is so much narrowed is a sign of the atomic character of our modern thought), the author of this strange tale takes an even narrower range, and sets himself to investigate the meaning of the word *self*. No woman's name occurs in the book, no romance is even suggested in it; it depends on the interest of an idea; but so powerfully is this interest worked out that the reader feels that the same material might have been spun out to cover double the space, and still have struck him as condensed and close-knit workmanship. It is one of those rare fictions which make one understand the value of temperance in art. If this tribute appears exaggerated, it is at least the estimate of one who began Mr. Stevenson's story with a prejudice against it, arising from a recent perusal of its predecessor, his strangely dull and tasteless "Prince Otto." It is a psychological curiosity that the same man should have written both, and if they were bound up together, the volume would form the most striking illustration of a warning necessary for others besides the critic—the warning to judge no man by any single utterance, how complete soever.

We may associate Mr. Stevenson's striking picture with a little *jeu d'esprit* by an anonymous writer, about the same size, and fitly classed with it in some other respects, although it would be easy to regard the two as a complete contrast; "That Very Mab" * being as decided an example of intemperate as "The Strange Case" is of temperate art, and the sombre power shown in the representation of a profound moral idea being not less strongly opposed to the light touch which recalls Queen Mab to nineteenth-century England, and looks at the world through the fairy's eyes. But Queen Mab is witty, and there is something in the condensed power of Mr. Stevenson's tale which, though not necessarily implying wit, yet has a somewhat similar effect on the mind, and seems to belong to the same order of creative power. We will make the hazardous experiment of illustrating our epithet by extracting a satire on the Broad Church, which appears to us as full of truth as of wit, and while we lay our extract before the reader with all the diffidence with which we always detach brilliant writing from its context, we will venture unhesitatingly to assure him, that if he find it dull, nothing in the little volume is written for his benefit.

"Why won't you take up with my scientific religion? a religion, you know, that can be expressed with equal facility by emotional or by mathematical terms. It is as easy, when you once understand it, as the first proposition in Euclid. You have two points, Faith and Reason, and you draw a straight line between them. Then you must describe an equilateral triangle—I mean a scientific religion—on the straight line FR, between Faith and Reason."

"Oh!" said the Professor. "How do you do it?"

"First," said the Theologian hopefully, "taking F as your centre, FR as your radius, describe the circle of Theology. Then, taking R as your centre, FR as your radius, describe the circle of Logic. These two circles will inter-

* "That Very Mab." Longmans.

sect at Science, indicated in the proposition by the point S; join together SF, and then join SR, and you will have the equilateral triangle of a Scientific religion on the line FRS."

"Prove it," said the Professor grimly.

"Science and Faith," replied the Theologian readily, "equal Faith and Reason, because they are both radii of the same circle, Man being the radius of the Infinite. Theology——"

"Stop!" ejaculated the Professor in the utmost indignation. "What do you mean by it? I never in my life listened to such unmitigated nonsense. Who gave you leave to talk of a scientific religion as an equilateral triangle?"

"I find in you," continued the Theologian with benevolence, "much to tolerate, much even to admire. I regret that, formerly, some of my predecessors may have been led, by your aggressive and turbulent spirit, to form unnecessarily harsh judgments of your character, and put unnecessarily tight thumb-screws on your thumbs; but as for me, I desire to win you by sympathy and affection and physico-theological afternoon parties, not to coerce you by vituperation. Your eye of Reason, as I have often observed, is already sufficiently developed; supplement it with the eye of Faith, and you will be quite complete. It will then only remain for you to learn which objects it is necessary to view with which eye, and carefully to close the other. This takes a little practice (which must not be attempted in Society), but I am sure that a person of your attainments will easily master the difficulty. We will then joyfully receive you into our ranks. No sacrifice on your part will be required; you will retain the old distinction of F.R.S. of which you have always been justly proud; but we shall take the liberty of conferring upon you the additional privilege of the honorary title of D.D."

We may conclude with a notice of two novels which are associated by the common possession of pathos as the predominant feeling of each. Ouida's * last novel has her usual allowance of faults, obvious enough to every critic; and one in addition which we hardly know in any of her works, and which, from the novel-writer's point of view, is the most deadly of any, for parts of it are dull. But we, for our part, readily overlook all that is tasteless and ignorant, for the sake of that power which, in reminding us of the misery of the world, translates it into something softening, elevating, uniting. The reader may perhaps demur. An essay, a sermon, a moral treatise, he may plead, more fitly addresses itself to such a theme than a work of which the object is to give pleasure. We should fully allow that some immortal work, and a great deal of the most popular work, is almost entirely without the feeling. There is scarcely a touch of it in Homer, there is not a touch of it in many a novel much sought for at the libraries. But to us it appears one of the greatest gifts of the writer of fiction. It is not that we desire to be always contemplating the misery of the world; when we take up a novel we often desire to forget it. But an author who does not know it cannot make us forget it; and a writer who is to deliver us from its oppressive forms must be able to translate the manifold troubles of life, with all their bewildering entanglement, their distracting pettiness, into something that releases such tears as the foreign slaves shed on Hector's bier——

"Their woes their own, a hero's death the plea."

This power we almost always find in the writer who calls herself Ouida. We feel it in her writing as a keynote, sounding through

* "Othmar." By Ouida. Chatto & Windus.

much that is false and tawdry, and giving the whole the unity of a work of art; and also, as it seems to us, the purity of feeling that belongs to compassion as surely as cruelty belongs to lust. No deliverance from the darker passions of our nature, we believe, could be so absolute as that which should suffuse them with the passion of pity; where this influence is felt, all that is foul vanishes as beneath the touch of flame. The hero of Ouida's story, while devoted to a worthless wife (a personage quite as tiresome as she is wicked), is attracted by this deep passion of pity towards a beautiful girl who has been the victim of her capricious patronage, and whom, in consequence, he finds starving in the streets of Paris. There is something original and beautiful in the feeling which springs up between the two. The love that has all of passion but its limitation is indeed not very uncommon in life; it is an incident of many a career that looks commonplace enough. But it has rarely been delineated in fiction, and we know no more touching description of it than that given here.

It is in this power of embodying, and as it were concentrating, a deep compassion for the sorrow of the world, that we would associate Ouida's last novel with that of an older writer, who yet has been so sparing of her power that, though her first book was greeted, if we remember right, with warm admiration about a generation ago, we now have to notice only the second. "*The Story of Catherine*"* has been spoken of by some critics as if it were a first work, and the bulk of the novel-readers of our day were in their cradles, or at least in their nurseries, when "*A Lost Love*" was given to the world; while of those (we may mention among them the name of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Archer Clive) who welcomed in it the work, as they thought, of a new writer, many a one has passed away, and the unpretending little volume before us, like some strain of simple music, rouses memories in which it is itself forgotten. It would be exceeding the province of the critic to express at any length the wonder which arises, that the writer who showed so long ago that she had power to touch the spring of human emotions, has left it unexercised for the bulk of a lifetime; but it is difficult to judge the new-comer without some reference to its predecessor. "*A Lost Love*" was a picture of unrequited affection; the "*Story of Catherine*" is the picture of an affection given to an unworthy object, or rather to a non-existent object—a truder, fresh young heart captivated by a chivalric mask over cold and heartless selfishness. The theme is a well-worn one, but something in the treatment brings it home to the reader with less power, we think, than the earlier fiction, but with the same force of simplicity, and with more pathos. It is, as the former novel was also, rather a picture of emotion than of character; but there is something refreshing and restful in the trust of the author to a few simple chords for the whole effect, and the consistent avoidance of all effort at variety. The end affects the ear as an unexpected minor: the worthless husband is not killed off to make way for the faithful lover, and we are left with a sense of compassion, that is perhaps too like what is suggested by a large part of life. Ashford Owen in both her novels has followed what we think the truer instinct of the imaginative writer, in associating her work rather with music than with paint-

* "*The Story of Catherine.*" By Ashford Owen. Macmillan & Co.

ing. Pathetic narrative at all events owes its power to that which makes up the charm of music for the greater number of those who enjoy it—that vague suggestion of sorrow which sets it for the moment as a thing apart from us, and relieves feeling by bringing imagination to bear its burden for a time.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

II.—POETRY.

THE books of poetry published within the last year in England give evidence of no failure of the sources of inspiration. The poets apparently take very little notice of the discouraging voices which tell them they have no right to be poetical; that they ought to accept their position, and consider themselves the degenerate over-refined successors of the great men who lived seventy years ago. The critics may talk as much as they please of this age of literary decline, with its proper vices of pedantry and artificiality. The poets pay no attention. They will not renounce their faith in the old divinities. They refuse to acknowledge that all the good songs have been sung—all the good subjects used up—all the harmonies exhausted.

"Tiresias"* is a poem which might well be used to prove how little need there is for a master of poetry to take any newer way, or look for any other sort of theme, than those of the ancients. The songs and tragedies and annals of all countries contain stories of the self-devotion of one man for the people. But this last tragic monologue, the speech of Tiresias strengthening his son to face death, no more loses by comparison with earlier poems on such a subject than the hero himself would by comparison with others like him. It would be hard to find a nobler example than "Tiresias" of the highest poetical virtues gathered together in a short space.

Few poems of the modern world seem to bear out so well the philosopher's theory, that tragedy is a purification, clearing away all egoistic sentiment, and leaving only pure unselfish pity and awe. It shows that poetry has still its old power as a healer of private griefs and rages. To read it confers a sort of dignity upon the reader—shows him how the immortals regard the deaths of heroes—

"Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the stars,
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed."

It is a poem which, further, is among the most perfect in imagery and sound. The severity of its spirit does not make it abstract in language. There is no separation in it between the thought and the outward decoration of the thought. The life of the poem is all one—thought, passion, and imagination inseparable. The following passage is of irresistible force—an overwhelming harmony of all voices and

* "Tiresias, and other Poems." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Macmillan & Co. 1885.

instruments. Let who chooses distinguish them, and say what is due severally to the words, verse, thought, and fancy of the poet:—

“Menaceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear
Too plainly what full tides of onset sap
Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war
Rides on those ringing axles! jingle of bats,
Shouts, arrows, tramp of the horn-footed horse
That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers
Of that ear-stunning hail of Arès crash
Along the sounding walls. Above, below,
Shock after shock, the strong-built towers and gates
Reel, bruised and battered with the shuddering
War-thunder of iron rams; and from within
The city comes a murmur void of joy,
Lest she be taken captive—maidens, wives,
And mothers with their babblers of the dawn,
And oldest age in shadow from the night,
Falling about their shrines before their gods,
And wailing ‘Save us.’

“And they wait to thee!
These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own,
See this, that only in thy virtue lies
The saving of our Thebes; for yesternight,
To me the great god Arès, whose one bliss
Is war, and human sacrifice—himself
Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt
With stormy light as on a mast at sea,
Stood out before a darkness, crying, “Thebes,
My Thebes, shall fall and perish, for I loathe
The seed of Cadmus—yet if one of these
By his own hand—if one of these—

“My son,
No sound is breathed so potent to coerce
And to conciliate as their names who dare
For that sweet mother-land which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future; few, but more than wall
And rampart, their examples reach a hand
Far thro’ all years, and everywhere they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs.”

There is another piece in the book which in many ways deserves to rank beside “Tiresias.” “The Ancient Sage” is a noble ethical or philosophical poem, in which the wise man takes up a young poet’s rendering of *Vanitas Vanitatum*, and shows how to the initiated his examples of the worthlessness of all things may have quite a different meaning. The sage does not attempt to confute the poet’s melancholy argument by any counter-argument. It is not a *jeu-parti* between two poetical wranglers. He goes beyond the poet’s arguments altogether; while accepting and even emphasizing the vanity of the earthly life, he has, besides, his mystical knowledge of a mode of union with the Divine, in which all the odds are made even. This knowledge is incommunicable; there is no argument to convince, against their will, those who prefer to keep their belief in illusion:

“For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven.”

“The Ancient Sage” is even more remarkable than the author’s “Lucretius,” with which it is naturally compared, for the power shown

of expressing very abstract ideas with clearness and poetical force ; as in the following lines :—

“ But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour ;
 Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
 Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the Eternal Now :
 This doffle seeming of the single world ! ”

“ Balin and Balan,” the latest Idyll of the King, tells again how “ Balin met with his brother Balan, and how each of them slew other unknown till they were wounded to death.” To many readers it will be hard to say whether the prose of Malory or the verse of the Poet Laureate has the greater charm of old association. This chapter of that great book of chivalry, which seems never to grow out of date, will be received with welcome by many for its own sake, and also for the sake of all the years during which its companions—all the Idylls of the King—have delighted the world.

Two books of poetry, which are uniform outwardly and in other ways related, are Mr. Dobson's “ At the Sign of the Lyre,”* and Mr. Gosse's “ Firdausi in Exile.”† They are books which every reader of poetry considers carefully and jealously, anxious for the reputation of the authors, and for the poetic fame of the age to which they belong. Much is expected of them. They have entered for the big prizes.

Mr. Dobson's volume can hardly be considered apart from his “ Old-World Idylls.” Each book is a collection of earlier and later poems. Any general description of the one will apply equally well to the other. Both contain specimens of very various kinds of poetry, to the making of which go all sorts of poetic fancies. No one requires to be told how Mr. Dobson has discovered the quintessence of the eighteenth century—the Rosicrucian secret, to call up out of oblivion the brocades, and bows, and patches, even the voices and light laughter, of a careless Epicurean age. He delights to use this sort of magic. It is believed by some students that he has seen the real sedan-chair in itself, as it exists, apart from matter, in Plato's translunary paradise of ideas.

In the present volume he has given free range to his wit. The world of Prior and Gay is revived in a score of graceful poems, which confer on the old thoughts and fashions of speech a charm greater than they ever possessed in their original life. For it must be confessed that Mr. Dobson, in spite of his partialities, is not really of the same school as the authors whom he admires. He has “ the Passion of the Past ”—to use an expression from the “ Ancient Sage ” of Lord Tennyson—in a degree which quite disqualifies him from ranking with the contented, worldly Augustan authors. His eighteenth century is a ghost, with all harsh colours softened, spiritualized, and shifting, like those of the aurora.

There are not in this present book quite so many Greek subjects as in “ Old-World Idylls,” but there is enough to surprise and confuse any reader who may have known Mr. Dobson only as a witty versifier on sentimental-comedy subjects. The poet, it is true, makes a humorous protest against the exclusive tyranny of the great masters, an apology for the poetry of Herrick and his fellows :—

* “ At the Sign of the Lyre,” By Austin Dobson. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

† “ Firdausi in Exile, and other Poems,” By Edmund Gosse. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

"Where the voice like the piper Ma-aying
Comes playing,—
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer,—

"It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter
And after!"
(*"Jocosa Lyra,"* p. 80.)

But the most casual reader can hardly fail to notice, besides the "Praed" or "Locker" passages, others of an austerer and loftier style. There is no enmity between the elegiac and the comic Muse. The memorial verses on pp. 100–106 should be studied. The poem on Victor Hugo is the answer or counterpart of "Jocosa Lyra."

Mr. Gosse's "Firdausi in Exile" is a worthy companion of Mr. Dobson's book. Not that there is much community of subject or style, though Mr. Gosse has caught the gait of the Augustans (see his "Epistle to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventy-fifth birthday," p. 131). The likeness between the two poets is not much more than this, that they are equally scrupulous about the perfection of their writings. They both are "correct" poets, though not in the old sense of correctness. They claim, as moderns and disciples of the great Romantic poets, freedom in their choice of subject and of metre. They acknowledge the laws of no academy or arbiter of taste. But with all their freedom they are intolerant of anything slack or flabby in composition. They never put forward "good intentions" as a plea to save themselves.

"Firdausi in Exile" and the poems that accompany it are examples of careful and learned art. They command attention and admiration in virtue of the author's resolute endeavour after firmness and definiteness. Of the three longer poems, that of Firdausi is the best. It is a very eloquent narrative, which conveys to the reader a wonderful impression of Oriental vastness, spaciousness, and tranquillity. "The Island of the Blest" is far less pleasing. It gives, after Lucian's "True History," the story of a navigator's visit to the Happy Islands. The idea is a fascinating one. Unfortunately, Mr. Gosse has made a compromise between two inconsistent modes of treating the subject. Lucian treats the inhabitants of the Happy Islands with mischievous irreverence. A modern poet cannot take that method altogether—he cannot think of the Fairy Islands without a sort of half-humorous nostalgia. Mr. Gosse could not escape this sentiment—it makes all the beauty of his poem. Why did he not trust his instinct? Why did he determine to repeat Lucian's slanderous presentments of Ajax and Theseus, and even to add to them?—for Lucian knew better than to make his mob of blessed spirits hoot at Telamonian Ajax with the name of Cassandra. It was something less than generous in the poet to use this sort of invention. The poem has many beauties, but these things spoil it. In "The Cruise of the Rover," a ballad of men of Devon and "the Mexique bay" and the Azores, another poem has been added to the company of those which acknowledge the "Revenge" as their captain. It is impossible in a short space to give any account of the great variety of imagination to be found in the shorter pieces

that follow. They need not fear to be compared with the earlier poems of the author. The following stanzas from "The Church by the Sea," are as convincing a proof of the author's mastery as could be found in any of the more elaborate metres in this collection:—

"That spirit of wit, whose quenohless ray
 * To wakening England Holland lent,
 In whose frail wasted body lay
 The oricnt and the occident,

"Still wandering in the night of time,
 Nor yet conceiving dawn should be,
 A pilgrim with a gift of rhyme,
 Sought out Our Lady by the Sea.

"Along the desolate downs he rode,
 And pondered on God's mystic name,
 Till with his beads and votive ode,
 To Walsingham Erasmus came.

"He found the famous chapel there
 Unswept, unlatticed, undivine;
 And the bleak gusts of autumn air
 Blew sand across the holy shrine.

* * * *

"He mocked, that spirit of matchless wit;
 He mourned the rite that warps and seres;
 And seeing no hope of health in it,
 He laughed lest he should break in tears.

"And we if still our reverend fanes
 Lie open to the salt sea deep,
 If flying sand our choir profanes,
 Shall we not laugh, shall we not weep?"

The third series of Miss Ingelow's Poems * is not less admirable than its predecessors. It begins with "Rosamund," a dramatic idyll of the Spanish Armada, in strong and vigorous blank verse—a poem full of energy. The second piece, "Echo and the Ferry," is surpassed by none in the book for that sort of excellence which belongs to Miss Ingelow's best pieces—that freedom of rhythm and rhyme which is found in the wonderful poem of the "High Tide"—which seems to come from perfect confidence that the poetic inspiration will find its proper words, tone, and measure. Verse of this sort seems almost to justify the heretics who disbelieve in the rules of the art of poetry. None of what may be called the more regular poems—those in set metres, such as the octaves of "The Bell-Bird"—have so much of the unmistakable indefinable charm of freshness and life as those where the author has been left free.

Mr. Bridges, whose "Prometheus the Firegiver" † was noticed some time back in this REVIEW, has published a delightful version of the story of Psyche. ‡ There are many things remarkable in it: the simplicity and evenness of the whole poem; the absence of anything to impair the interest of the story, as distinguished from the interest of characters or moral; the strongly original versification, with its old-fashioned and well-justified confidence in rhyme as the chief beauty. The simplicity of the poem is not, any more than Chaucer's, in any way insipid or merely innocent and ignorant. The poet can

* "Poems." By Jean Ingelow. Third Series. Longmans.

† "Eros and Psyche; a Poem in Twelve Measures." By Robert Bridges. The story done into English from the Latin of Apuleius. George Bell & Sons. 1885.

express (vi. 27) Newtonian, as Chaucer could Ptolemaic science. He can declare metaphysical subtleties—where that is necessary—not less courageously than Spenser (i. 5). In the more proper business of epic poetry he describes briefly and vividly, without any appearance of strained compression or over-emphasis. The following stanza is from the first “Measure” of the poem:—

“ And after them sad Molycertes dravo
His chariot, that with swift unfellied wheel,
By his two dolphins drawn along the wave,
Flew as they plunged, yet did not dip nor reel,
But like a plough that shears the heavy land,
Stood on the flood, and back on either hand
O’turned the briny furrow with its keel.”

A new singer has appeared in the North. His name is Hugh Haliburton, a shepherd of the Ochils. His editor and sponsor is Mr. J. Logie Robertson, Master of Arts.* This shepherd of Glendevon uses thoughts which his editor regards as Horatian, but his true literary ancestors are those of his own country. He has the Northern gift of humorous verse. He, too, belongs to the great society of which Dunbar and Burns are the equal sovereigns. He takes his style from Scottish tradition: he employs the metres of the poems “wrote by the ingenious before 1600,” especially that old metre of Provence, invented (perhaps) by the Count of Poitiers in the eleventh century, passed on to England in the thirteenth, and saved by the Scottish poets out of the old mystery-plays to become the “crambo-clink” of Ramsay and his circle, of Fergusson and of Burns. Here is the youngest poet’s *non omnis moriar*:—

“ Sae I may say’t without a lee,
I dinna a’ thegither dee;
Therefore forbear to greet for me
 When I’m awa,
An’ keep a dry, a drouthie ee,
 I chairge ye a’.

“ When at my door the hearse draws up,
An’ Kate haunds roun’ the dirgy-cup,
Nae friend o’ mine will tak’ a sup
 For that the less,
But calmly, wi’ a steady grup,
 Cowp owre his gless.

“ The better part o’ me remains:
Whaur Allan Water meets the plains,
An’ Devon, crystal but for rains,
 Gangs wanderin’ wide,
Lang after me ye’ll hear my strains
 On Ochilside.”

But may it be long yet before he sings the swan-song!

A different sort of minstrelsy is to be heard in “Airs from Arcady;”† yet the two minstrels might agree on many things if they had a common language. The American poet is a follower of Epicurus in philosophy, and of Mr. Austin Dobson in style. His verse is always pleasant, and, in one poem at least, capable of more than an imitative grace.

* “Horace in Homespun: a Series of Scottish Pastorals.” By Hugh Haliburton, shepherd of the Ochils. With Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by J. Logie Robertson, M.A. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1886.

† “Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere.” By H. C. Bunner. London: Charles Hutt.

In "An Italian Garden,"* Miss Robinson has collected a number of poems as different as can be from those of the "New Arcadia," her last book of poetry.† Most of the pieces in the "New Arcadia" were idylls or ballads; or, if lyrical, lyrics with a considerable alloy of historical or descriptive matter to harden them. These present poems are almost entirely destitute of epical substance. Among them there is no rival to the concise narrative poetry or the free romantic poetry of the "New Arcadia." They are all lyrics, and lyrics of the vaguest and most melancholy kind. It cannot be hoped for them that they will ever be widely known. Their grace cannot escape notice; but that is not enough to make their unsubstantial and subtle meaning acceptable with the majority. They are too fragmentary, too indefinite. They are not addressed to the wide world—to the guests that listen like a three years' child when the ballad-singer begins. Such simple persons must be content to wait—taking with them from this volume poems like "Florentine May," and "Fireflies," and praising the author for the Tuscan melodies—"Rispetti," "Stornelli," and "Strambotti"—here used with English words.

It may be noted here that Musurus Pasha has completed his translation of the "Divine Comedy."‡

No record of last year's poetry would be complete without mention of the poems included in the "Literary Remains of C. S. Calverley," a book which forms no unworthy memorial of a writer remarkable in many ways, and not least for his infallible skill in all the secrets of verse.

W. P. KER.

III.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

TRAVEL.—Probably no Englishman knows Burma better than Mr. J. G. Scott ("Shway Yoe"), who was appointed the other day an Assistant-Commissioner of the country, mainly because of his exceptional knowledge of it; and all who want information about our new possessions and their interesting populations will read the little work he has just published on "Burma as it was, as it is, and as it will be."§ It is an excellent description both of land and people, and is as readable as it is instructive.—Mr. H. H. Romilly puts forth his book on "The Western Pacific and New Guinea"|| with modesty, but it is really one of the most interesting books of travel we have read, and contains, small though it is, an unusual amount of fresh and novel information. The author is Deputy-Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and Acting Special Commissioner for New Guinea, and he has enjoyed many exceptionally good opportunities for seeing native life in that little-known island. He was spectator, for example, at a regular battle between two hostile native tribes, and afterwards at the scraping, cooking, and eating of some of the slain, and no special

* "An Italian Garden: a Book of Songs." By A. Mary F. Robinson. T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

† "Dante's Paradiso." Translated into Greek Verse. By Musurus Pasha, D.C.L. Williams & Norgate. 1885.

‡ G. Bell & Sons. § London: G. Redway. || London: John Murray.

correspondent can describe what he has seen with more vividness or excellent taste.—Mr. J. D. Rees, Under-Secretary and Persian Translator to the Government of Madras, employed part of his furlough last year in travelling across a tract of Persia which is still blank in the latest maps, and which no other European has yet traversed—the tract in the north-west of Persia between Kasveen and Hamadan. He found it a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of fertile plains, and corn, and vineyards, and orchards, but where the English word politics (“*politik*”) has got current as the equivalent for a lie. His notes of his journey* are a careful and not unimportant geographical record.—When Baron von Hübner, formerly Austrian Ambassador in Paris and Rome, proposed at his advanced years to make a tour through the British colonies, his friends received the proposal with a discouraging silence—the kind of silence, he says, which in peoples is the lesson of kings † but he has not only done his 54,000 miles in the year, but written a most entertaining and instructive work about the journey. ‡ He visited India, the Cape Colony, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, and the United States, and chats pleasantly and wisely of all he has seen. His remarks have often a good deal of weight and value, coming as they do from a man of his political experience and manifest sagacity, who mingled with the people he met, not as an Englishman, but as a foreigner. In this respect, for example, he could study the South African question with considerable advantage, and his account of that colony is one of the most important and interesting parts of the book.—Mr. George E. Raum’s “Tour Around the World” † is a very different kind of work from Baron von Hübner’s. It is made up of letters written by an American tourist to his mother from each successive halting-place in his course round the world. The letters are apparently compiled for the most part from the guide-books, and might without loss have remained purely family heirlooms.—It is now nearly fifty years since the last English book on the Azores was published—Bullar’s “Winter in the Azores”—and many changes have taken place even in those remote and quiet islands since then, and much fresh knowledge has been gained. This has been gathered by Mr. W. F. Walker in a very complete and interesting account of the islands. § Mr. Walker describes their history, their scenery and natural productions, and the habits and character of their inhabitants; and gives some useful suggestions to invalids who may think of going to them in search of health, whether for their baths or for their climate. The book is furnished with serviceable maps and illustrations.—Don Horacio H. Hammick bespeaks the favour of the reader for his book on “The Duke of Wellington’s Spanish Estate” || by saying that many books have been written on Spain, but none ever so unlike any other as his. In a sense this is true. The object of the work seems to be a personal vindication of the author’s own relations with the management of the estate which was presented to the Duke of Wellington in 1814 by the Spanish nation, and has apparently been deplorably

* “Notes of a Journey from Kasveen to Hamadan across the Karaghan Country.” By J. D. Rees. Madras: E. Keys.

† “Through the British Empire.” By Baron von Hübner. London: John Murray.

‡ London: Trübner & Co.

§ “The Azores, or Western Islands.” By Walter Frederick Walker, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner & Co.

|| London: Spottiswoode & Co.

neglected by him and his successors since; but the interest of the book lies in the light it throws on the social and economic life of the Spanish peasantry, and in the details of estate management into which it enters.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the happy suggestion of Professor W. T. Gairdner, the Sanitary Institute has published a selection from the annual reports made by the late Dr. William Farr as superintendent of the Statistical Department of the Registrar-General's Office.* One cannot help being struck with the variety as well as the great interest of the information contained in the volume on all matters connected with the movement of population, and it would certainly be well if the example set by the Sanitary Institute were largely followed, and the masses of important knowledge now buried in our blue-books were in this way collected and recovered for general use.—Useful work of this kind is being done in another field by Mr. Gommo, who gives us a fresh volume of his classified collection of the contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868. The present volume† begins a new department, that of Archæology, on which the *Gentleman's Magazine* used to publish numerous contributions. Some of these were written by scientific archæologists, but even where they do not meet the requirements of modern science, they are useful for determining the condition of monuments at the time of writing, and other circumstances of interest. Mr. Gommo adds a few judicious notes and an index. The letters of George Sand have been translated and edited, with some notes and a biographical sketch of the authoress, by Mr. R. L. de Beaufort,‡ and published in three considerable volumes. In themselves those letters are disappointing and few of them would call for publication on their own merits; but their biographical value is high, and in this respect the more commonplace of them are not the least valuable, for they show us some of the better sides of a nature which is apt to be misunderstood. They throw interesting lights, too, on the working of Socialistic and other movements in France. Those to Mazzini and Flaubert are among the best.—An attempt by Professor Posnett of Auckland, in his work, "Comparative Literature,"§ one of the International Scientific Series, to put the bonds of science on poetry is at least a very able one. Buckle tried the same method with history. Success cannot be expected in either case, individuals being too strong for their surroundings in so many instances as to vitiate the laws which science intends to be axiomatic. Much that Dr. Posnett says, in most suggestive and learned fashion, is as useful for his opponents as his friends. The relativity of literature, followed through the clan, the city commonwealth, the nation, to cosmopolitan breadth, may be true, as the author richly illustrates; but there is much more in a Dante or a Shakespeare than the evolution of their periods. The work shows wide sympathy in many directions.

* "Vital Statistics." By William Farr, M.D. Edited by Noel H. Humphreys. London: Edward Stanford.

† The *Gentleman's Magazine* Library: "Archæology." Part I. By E. L. Gommo. London: Elliot Stock.

‡ London: Ward & Downey.

§ "Comparative Literature." By Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, M.A., LL.D., F.L.S., Barrister-at-Law: Professor of Classics and English Literature, University College, Auckland, New Zealand; Author of "The Historical Method," &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

—To lovers of music and its professors Miss Amy Fay's letters, under the title of "*Music-Study in Germany*"* will be as interesting now in the new English edition as they were some years ago, when they appeared in America. Of Liszt in his home at Weimar there is much enthusiastic account; and knowledge, chiefly in the superlative key, is given of many other musicians less known to fame. Miss Fay might have wished to be saved from the extraordinary preface to this edition by her friend Sir George Grove.—It is impossible to say anything genial of "*A Study of Victor Hugo*."† For all the early promise, Mr. Swinburne has been long excelling himself in degeneration at each successive effort in verse and prose. His exaggerations have made his literary criticism absolutely worthless, and his superlatives of admiration for the fireworks of Hugo have here reached the point of not only being maudlin, but grovelling. The attacks upon Carlyle, "*Coppermouth*" as he nicknames him, because one of many who will not extol Shelley and the Frenchman, show that even Mr. Swinburne is not quite without doubts in worship of this half-poet, notwithstanding his meandering protests. To rank Hugo with, not to say above, Goethe, Dante, and Shakespeare, is exactly the same kind of criticism as classing Doré with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. The amazing thing is, that there are cultivated Englishmen who believe in the man as a poet, whose real value is to be found in his power of telling sensational tales.—The verdict on Mr. George Barnett Smith's new book, "*The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria*,"‡ cannot be one of great approval. Compared with his previous political biographies, these monograms on Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and Salisbury, are mere exercises. The style is clear enough, and the judgment, from the Liberal point of view, sound; but there is a general want of purpose and strength which gives the sense of commonplace even to what ought to be important. The main idea is not happy, the lives overlapping each other to confusion. Of Gladstone and Beaconsfield the stereotyped portraits are drawn with a more sketchy pen than Mr. Smith on his past record ought to allow himself. The book has popular points.—Burdett's "*Official Intelligence*"§ has already in the past four years of its existence, won a well-deserved name as a very careful and complete manual of British, American, and Foreign Securities, but the volume for the present year takes a new departure by furnishing some chapters on financial topics of public interest, such as imperial and local taxation, colonial loans, Indian finance and Indian railways, municipal finance and corporation stocks, &c. These chapters constitute a most useful feature. They are extremely well done, and contain in a condensed form much information of a special kind which is not generally accessible.—Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy has beguiled the hours of his exile by a work of serious and scholarly labour, an exhaustive bibliography of his country, of all printed books, periodical writings, papers of learned

* "*Music-Study in Germany*." From the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "*A Study of Victor Hugo*." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus.

‡ "*The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria*." By G. Barnett Smith, author of "*Poets and Novelists*," &c. London: George Routledge & Sons.

§ London: Spottiswoode & Co.

societies, maps, charts, papyri, manuscripts, drawings, &c., treating of Egypt and the Soudan.* The first volume, which has just appeared, is singularly careful and complete. In committing it to the public, his Highness quotes the Turkish proverb: "The tongue and hand apprentice slake in the presence of his master," but in this case the work is really such as a master in bibliography would have no reason to be ashamed of.—A very useful and handy "Historical Atlas" † comes to us from America. It contains 141 maps, and the author, Dr. Robert H. Labberton, has written opposite each a brief explanatory statement on the period it delineates. Both maps and text are well executed, and the book will supply a want long much felt in our educational system. — From Mr. John Ashton's industrious pen—and scissors—we have another two-volume work on the social life of England in former times, "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century." ‡ The nature of Mr. Ashton's works is well known, and they enjoy a certain amount of public favour. They are made up of interesting but very miscellaneous scraps and cuttings from contemporary publications, with appropriate illustrations from contemporary prints; and if they cannot be ranked high in point of literary workmanship or historical value, they are certainly entertaining and easy reading. The present work deals with the first few years of this century.—"An Old Shropshire Oak," § by the Rev. J. W. Warter, has a flavour of an earlier literary time, when men still had leisure and enjoyed it with their books. Mr. Warter was Southey's son-in-law, and shows in the present work an unusual acquaintance with literature, every page bristling with felicitous and rare quotations. The old oak at Mr. Warter's home in Shropshire is supposed to relate its reminiscences for the last six hundred years, and what its father had told it of the times before that; and in this way Mr. Warter runs—or rather saunters in a musing, gossiping, always agreeable and instructive way—over the whole history of the county during that long period.

* "The Literature of Egypt and the Soudan, from the Earliest times to the year 1885 inclusive." By H. H. Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy. London: Trubner & Co. 3

† London: Macmillan & Co. ‡ London: Unwin.

§ London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.



MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH CONSTITUTION.

THE Constitution which Mr. Gladstone desires to create in Ireland is modelled on the system existing in the great colonies of the empire. There are certain variations and some novelties in the Irish scheme, but these are the lines on which it is drawn. I have sat for twenty years and upwards in the Legislature of the greatest but one of British possessions; have administered its Constitution in political offices, and, after it had been tested by experience and subjected to long and searching criticism, have helped to modify it from time to time in various directions. I naturally made the proceedings of other British possessions a constant study, and I purpose to examine the institutions about to be created in my native country by the light of this experience.

At the outset one must recognize that Mr. Gladstone's plan is not one of the fatal half-measures which fail because they satisfy no one. He has had the supreme wisdom to gratify the self-respect of the people for whom he proposes to legislate. It is not the spectre of a Parliament he designs to create, but a Sovereign Legislature, the supreme master within the limits assigned to it. And for this reason, though it is impaired by concessions to the prejudice or panic of colleagues and supporters, the Irish race throughout the world will receive it with enthusiasm. A sensitive and generous people, conscious of all he has done and dared on their behalf, will desire not to be outdone in generosity, and they will listen cheerfully to the advice to use magnanimously a concession so magnanimously designed, and carried out with courage so unflinching.

I need not pause to describe what colonial liberty is, or what it has accomplished. It is not disputed that life and property are nowhere more secure, that order is nowhere established on a surer

basis, or the will of the community ascertained more promptly or authentically than in the great colonies.

Why should this system, in successful operation in a dozen prosperous States, not be extended to Ireland? Mr. Chamberlain, echoing previous objectors, tells us why. "Canada," he says, "is loyal and friendly to this country; Ireland, I am sorry to say, at this moment is not loyal, and cannot be considered friendly." I will not dispute either proposition; Canada is loyal, doubtless, and Ireland is deeply and justly discontented. But to men familiar with the facts, this is the most stringent argument for accepting Mr. Gladstone's proposal. When it was determined to confer Home Rule on Canada, Canada was in the precise temper which Mr. Chamberlain attributes to Ireland to-day. She did not get Home Rule because she was loyal and friendly, but she is loyal and friendly because she got Home Rule. A couple of years before that concession was made Lower Canada rose in arms against the Crown. And not without adequate cause. The French Canadians were treated with a perfidy as shameless as the Irish after the surrender of Limerick. When the North American colonies revolted against George III., they invited the co-operation of the Canadian, but the Canadians declined the overture, and maintained their loyalty to the British flag. When the war was over, the insurgent provinces were acknowledged as a Free Republic, and the Canadians got a Legislative Assembly which had been promised as the reward of their loyalty. But the Act which created it placed it under the feet of a *quasi*-Government and Legislative Council of Englishmen, into which no Canadian was permitted to enter. They struggled for justice through tedious years; their leader used the Assembly as an organ to formulate their claims, and he was the first to demand the perfect parliamentary government which now exists in all the populous colonies. John Pym was not more certainly the author of a Free Parliament in England, or Lord Grey of a Reformed Parliament, than Louis Papi-neau was the author of colonial liberty wherever it is enjoyed. At long and last he resorted to force, when reason had appealed in vain, and he was beaten and fled for his life. These were Celts and Catholics, it may be said, who were unduly impatient. But at the same time Upper Canada, which had been created by the Imperial Government as a counterpoise to the Lower Province, and was inhabited by English and Scotch, rose also in arms under a Scotch Presbyterian, declaring that government from Downing Street was an intolerable grievance. They were easily defeated, but their action made their cause understood at home, and before twice twelve months had elapsed, Responsible Government was conferred upon both provinces, and some of the men who had recently been gazetted as traitors were sitting in the seat of authority and administering the affairs of the

colony. Canada has been contented and loyal from that time forth ; but this is a transaction which scarcely bears out Mr. Chamberlain's contention. Canada was as discontented and disloyal when Home Rule was refused as Ireland is to-day ; if Ireland is to be made a Canada, the road is plain.

The same story might be told of other colonies *mutatis mutandis*. In the Cape the system now known as "Boycotting" had its origin. The colonists starved the Governor and his Executive into submission on the question of admitting convicts. They did not fight, because they were too few for physical resistance ; but they paralyzed the Executive by a social insurrection, in which they refused to supply meat, drink, or service of any character. Briton and Boer emulated each other in this work. They completely succeeded : convicts were withdrawn ; they got a Legislature, to express their wishes by more legitimate methods ; and, finally, when they became sufficiently numerous, they got Responsible Government. As a natural result, the English colonists of the Cape are more enthusiastically devoted to the empire at present than the citizens of London or Birmingham.

But these are examples for the most part from Northern races ; the Irish, it seems, are a peculiar people, in whom fair dealing does not beget contentment or gratitude. "Why," the Philistines demand, with cruel and cynical effrontery—"why have they never been content with the laws and institutions which are sufficient for Englishmen and Scotchmen?" The answer is not far to seek. Never for one hour has Ireland been governed as England is governed. Never in one single Act of Parliament, except the one which enabled the country to send eighty-six Nationalists to the House of Commons, have the same principles been applied to the two countries. Never since William of Nassau made and broke the Articles of Limerick down to this day has a single Irish Catholic sat in the Supreme Government of the empire. Never since the Union admitted us to an equal share in the British Constitution have three consecutive years passed without an Act of the United Parliament suspending in Ireland the guarantees of personal liberty in force in the other island. Our local industries have disappeared under laws framed in London to destroy them. Our young men have no career at home, and still fly away to foreign countries to seek one. We are sinking under a burthen of taxes beyond our strength imposed upon us at Westminster. Englishmen of all classes are joyfully welcomed into the ranks of the Volunteers ; while under these equal laws no Irishman is permitted to learn the art of defending his native country. The youth of England and Scotland are trained in Christian schools supported by the State ; by an incredibly base exception, Catholic Ireland is denied the right of training its youth in the love and knowledge of God in any school or college where the

State has authority. Men who would not endure that system for their own children inflict it on ours. These are some of the equal laws which we reject with unaccountable perversity. It is humiliating to recite this litany of commonplaces; but objections which have been answered a thousand times start up anew to bar our way to justice, and we cannot afford to ignore them. When we turn from Ireland to regard the conduct of Irishmen who have had fair play, what do we find? There was loud exultation a few months ago throughout England at the spontaneous loyalty of New South Wales, which despatched an expedition to the Soudan at its proper cost. But who was the prime mover in that proceeding? The Prime Minister was the Australian son of an Irish Catholic. When an eminent public man, who, like Mr. Chamberlain, came from Birmingham, took exception to the legality of the proceeding, the populace supported it enthusiastically, and in New South Wales every third man is an Irish Catholic. Its most conspicuous defender was Sir Patrick Jennings, who is now Prime Minister; a man born and bred in Ulster, but who belongs to the race and religion of the majority of Irishmen. These are facts, I think, calculated to modify Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, and induce him to believe that the maxim, "Like case, like rule," has a world-wide application. But these are not the only facts; how many Irish regiments fought in the same army with the Australian contingent—Irish peasants in red coats? Men of Irish birth or blood have held the supreme offices of government in all the great possessions of the empire, and I have never heard of any case in which they failed to perform the duties entrusted to them adequately and honourably. Such offices are held by Irishmen at this hour, and I have not come in contact with one of these experienced rulers of free communities who did not insist that his native country also ought to be entrusted with the functions of self-government.

"Canada is loyal and Ireland is discontented," but there has been a sectional rebellion in the Dominion within the present year. It was suppressed, indeed, by a native Government, and nobody cares to remember it. Should the same thing occur in Ireland, how triumphantly it would be cited as a confirmation of all the black prophecies to which we have been treated of late. The human race under the same conditions exhibits the same phenomena everywhere; injustice begets resistance, and equity is the sole soil from which contentment and loyalty spring.

Mr. Trevelyan pushes the same objection a stage farther when he suggests that Egan and Sheridan will be members of the Irish Parliament. If, as he supposes, they were implicated in the foul murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish (on which I pronounce no opinion), I do not believe they will ever sit there. But if they be

only men who were engaged in revolutionary designs, he exacts a prudery from an Irish Parliament which the Legislatures he approves of have not exercised. A few years after the Canadian insurrection was suppressed, the two leaders, Papineau and Mackenzie, sat in the Legislature of the respective colonies which they had led in arms. How few Englishmen remember that misgovernment drove the Australian diggers to arms a generation ago, and that their leader has since been repeatedly a Minister of the Crown, and is at this moment Speaker in the Parliament of Victoria? What a statesman would desire, I think, is that honourable men of these antecedents should accept the new system loyally, and become agents of peace and progress under it.

It would befit a man of so wide reading as Mr. Trevelyan to consider whether his fears are not akin to former alarms which proved so visionary that they are now forgotten, except by students like himself. The first admission of Catholics into the army, the first employment of Irish soldiers in the Imperial service outside of Ireland, were met with shrieks of rage and panic. But Irish soldiers have since served the Crown for two centuries, and have they ever betrayed it? The enrolment of Highland regiments begot identical apprehension and the same dismal forebodings. Pass to civil affairs, and it is the same story of hobgoblins; even the Duke of Wellington was persuaded that Parliamentary Reform endangered the existence of the Crown. It was, of course, no better in the colonies; the clamour against conceding the management of their own affairs was as loud and angry as it is in the Irish case. The Canadian Tories foretold dire ruin when Responsible Government was promised; and in Australia Sir Charles Hotham, then Governor of Victoria, assured the Colonial Office confidentially that, if patronage was transferred from the Government to Ministers, the tariff at which offices would be sold would become as notorious as the price of a railway ticket.

His late colleagues are persuaded that Mr. Gladstone has made a fatal mistake. I remember one of his "fatal mistakes," thirty years ago, which gives me other hopes. The man sitting next me in the House of Commons nudged me one evening, and whispered that "Gladstone was going to commit political suicide." He made one of the most cogent and persuasive speeches it ever has been my fortune to hear against the Crimean War. The feeling of the House and the country was decidedly against him at the moment, but who applauds or justifies the Crimean War to-day? He performed on that occasion one of the highest functions of a man of genius—he anticipated opinion by a decade. That war, into which the country joyfully followed Lord Palmerston on the road to disaster, cost it more in perpetuity than Mr. Gladstone proposes to risk for the

establishment of permanent peace in Ireland. It added a hundred millions to the National Debt without benefit to any man or interest, except the gingerbread empire of Louis Napoleon.

The Ulster members transcend English alarmists in their vaticinations. They and their backers cry, "Look at the dynamiters and Moonlighters; is it to these miscreants you will entrust political power?" Do dynamiters and Moonlighters constitute the generous, high-spirited Irish race? One might as honestly call the wreckers of Oxford Street and Pall Mall the English people. Irish Nationalists, who love ordered liberty and desire fair play and equal justice, men who will consider it the crowning glory of their lives to serve in an Irish Parliament and labour to keep its aims high and its spirit generous, may be trusted to deal with Captain Moonlight. When they possess the key of their house they will know how to keep order in it. For my part, I go cordially for every measure of protection for the minority in Ulster or elsewhere; I wish them to be treated not only justly, but magnanimously. I would rather die resisting it than that any religious ascendancy should be established in Ireland. But, after all this, I pray the English reader to remember that the worst enormities the minority predict are precisely the wrongs which they and theirs have inflicted on us. And not in dead generations alone, when our houses were wrecked and our chapels burnt as an evening's recreation, but within my own memory. I was born and reared in Ulster, and in my boyhood I saw a Catholic murdered on the streets of my native town without any chance of redress. I have seen a conspicuous murderer enjoying absolute impunity because his brethren in the jury-box would not convict him on the plainest evidence. Nay, I have seen this murderer nominated for an office controlling the administration of justice in the bailiwick where his offence was committed. I have seen benches where the magistrates and their officers conspired in an Orange Lodge before they met in the Court-house, and where there was as little chance of justice for a Catholic as of justice for a Christian under the Mussulman. When I was a schoolboy there was but a single Catholic school in my native county, or in any native province of Ulster, above the condition of a poor school, while on all sides there were educational institutions endowed from the plunder of Celtic property. There was no university in Ireland where Catholics could win any distinction without taking the Sacrament of the Church of England. Catholics had not only no place in Parliament, but we could not sit in the pettiest corporation of our native country! And when were any of these fetters taken off, and a scrap of liberty gained, without provoking an uproar among the minority like the one we are witnessing at present? The great offence of the minority, Mr. Goschen suggests, is fidelity to the British connection. Their great

offence in the eyes of those who know them better, is that they have never loved anything but their own interest and the pleasure of inflicting pain and humiliation. Love of country they do not comprehend, and even their fidelity to party has been denied. Stanley Giffard, father of the late Lord Chancellor, declared that their traditional practice was to get all they could in the name of Protestantism, and scoff at its interests when they competed with their own. They are as fit subjects for generous sympathy as Mr. Goschen's other friends, the Pashas in Egypt and Macedonia. In what case have they ever practised the fair play which they insist we would deny them? Do Irish peers by any chance elect their representatives from the Liberal minority of their order? Do Tory municipalities or boards of guardians ever choose Liberal or National officers? In Belfast, where there are seventy thousand Catholics, only two men of that community have been able to make their way into the corporation in forty years. And worse, to my thinking, than the exclusive minority in Ulster are some of the backers they have found in England. I have read with mixed astonishment and contempt the plea for the Union which judges, statesmen, and nobles have set out in the *Times*. It is for the interest and convenience of England to maintain the Union, and maintained it must be. There is nowhere in these vigorous performances any serious recognition of the rights and interests which Ireland has in the premises. The cardinal maxim in virtue of which a better and nobler civilization superseded the "beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome," the higher law than personal gain or loss which the Ruler of the universe has established to regulate our dealings with our neighbours, is as much ignored by these distinguished and learned persons as if the impulses of brute force and base self-indulgence were still the approved canons of human action. The foundation of their claim to dispose of our national interests at their pleasure, and not ours, is identical in spirit with the claim finally surrendered at Richmond to the sword of General Grant, amid the applause of mankind—the claim, to wit, to traffic in the blood and sweat of fellow-creatures for some local or individual profit of the trafficker. The blind vengeance of dynamiters, who pursue their schemes without discriminating between the innocent and the guilty, and in apparent disregard of the wrong they may inflict, is a horrible spectacle; but the moralist would not find it easy to distinguish it *au fond* from the arrogant selfishness which refuses to consider the demands of justice because of some class, national, or personal interest which is pampered by maintaining the wrong. Let us assume (what I do not in the least believe) that Home Rule in Ireland would inflict some injury or inconvenience on England; has she any more right to hold a neighbouring

people in slavery for her profit or pleasure than the planter of Jamaica or the slave-owner of Alabama had that right?

When this Bill goes to a Committee it is the admitted design of its author that it shall be subjected to searching criticism, and amended wherever amendment is shown to be necessary. Mr. Gladstone intimated at the very outset, before his plan was specified, his willingness to consider suggestions from all who have interests at stake. This, it seems to me, is the true road to a final settlement. Alexander Hamilton and the American publicists who founded the Constitution of their country on bases which have withstood the strain of a century proceeded in this fashion. They inquired, listened, reflected, and then acted, and their work has proved indestructible. It is idle to talk of competing plans. When a great Minister, who controls opinion as no one has done since the first Pitt, and a great party adopt a public measure, it becomes the only basis on which men who have the same end in view can work. But a Constitution, like a coat, must be constructed with relation to the necessities and convenience of the wearer, or there is manifest risk of a misfit. The statesman who framed this measure has not the assistance in his Cabinet of one man of Irish birth, blood, or experience, except misleading experience in Dublin Castle; and, when the Constitution under which our country must live is at stake, Irishmen have a clear right and duty to make themselves heard on points where the native is the best judge. In this spirit I humbly submit the suggestions of one Irishman who has thought of nothing so habitually since his earliest days as how a just and final settlement of the Irish question may be obtained.

I. The withdrawal of the Irish members from the House of Commons while Ireland is still liable to Customs duties payable to the British exchequer cannot, of course, be logically or constitutionally defended. But, if the Irish accept this arrangement, the anomaly disappears. For my part, I would gladly see it accepted. We shall have enough to do for many a year in raising our country from the dust, and I should grudge to see a fraction of Irish sense or experience employed upon other work. The best Irishmen will assuredly stay at home, and only the worst will consent to go to London. What the representation of Ireland may become under such circumstances it is not pleasant to anticipate. We are warned that by the withdrawal we abandon control over the foreign and colonial policy of the empire. But there is no longer any colonial policy; the colonies manage their own affairs, and the gentlemen in Downing Street look on as benevolent spectators. As for foreign policy, Ireland has hitherto controlled it no more than she controls the course of the waves or the winds. Before ten years have elapsed, however, there must be a federation of the empire. It is

only on this condition that the colonies can be permanently retained. They are enthusiastically loyal, indeed, to the old country, but, if a great war on which they were never consulted delivers their cities to be burned and their homes to be sacked by a foreign soldiery, how long will that sentiment survive? There must be a Council of the Empire sooner or later, having charge of Imperial affairs, in which the colonies shall be fairly represented, and then Ireland will send her quota to that Supreme Assembly.

Should it be decided, however, as it may well be, not to divorce taxation and representation, 309 members at home, in addition to the contingent at Westminster, is a greater number than Ireland can furnish just now. In any case, indeed, the number proposed in the Bill seems to me unnecessarily great. There is no magic in 309. A smaller number would answer the purpose as effectually, or more effectually. The great colonies have generally less than a hundred members in the popular Chamber, and less than half that number in the other Chamber, though they are all larger than England, and some of them ten times as large. One hundred and fifty representatives of manhood suffrage and fifty of rank and property would preserve the same proportions which exist in the Bill. Would they not also be more properly deliberative assemblies, and less liable to become such a clamorous mob as I have often seen the House of Commons itself grow under temporary excitement? It is worth considering also that, as payment of members, on a moderate scale, must certainly be adopted in the Lower Chamber, it is well to make the burthen light by limiting the number of members. Representatives are compensated almost everywhere that Responsible Government exists except in wealthy England, and in Ireland the practice is inevitable.

II. The sitting of the two Chambers, or "Orders," together is a novelty with which, I think, the Irish experiment ought not to be embarrassed. The power of veto conferred upon the respective Orders could be exercised less offensively and quite as effectually in their separate Chambers. If there be any compensating advantage, I have failed to discover it. Even a democratic Republic like France could not dispense with the security which separate Chambers provide for the mature and repeated re-consideration of a proposal before a new-fledged theory becomes a law which men are bound to obey.

III. Orators who will not give us a scrap of liberty if they can help it tell us we ought to be indignant at the retention of the Royal veto, long disused in England. We are proffered the colonial system, and this is an essential part of the colonial system. The veto is still a living force in the colonies, reserved in their Constitutions, and employed whenever it seems imperatively necessary. It is felt and

acknowledged by colonial statesmen that the empire could not hold together if colonies might initiate measures which violated treaty obligations undertaken by the empire. On such questions the Governor is agent for the Imperial Government, and reserves a dangerous Bill for the Queen's pleasure. • In Ireland, till experience has taught us the precise lines within which lie questions of national interest, and outside which lie Imperial interests, it is a just precaution to retain the veto. And surely it would be an effectual precaution. An Act of Parliament cannot be created without the Royal assent, and to a manifestly unjust Act the Royal assent would not be given. This practice ought only to exist till the machinery of the State has got into good working order. After a few Parliaments, it could be dispensed with, as in time it will be dispensed with in the colonies. But meantime it is the manifest dictate of good sense.

IV. Will Ireland be content, the same orators demand, with having the military forces under the control of the Crown? Again I reply, It is the colonial system which we are offered, and this was the practice in colonies while any British forces were maintained there. Now there is not a single British soldier on the continent of Australia. And let it be noted that their withdrawal was not the work of colonists, but of the Government at home. If Ireland accepts this measure as final (as I believe she will), questions like this will in time be settled in Ireland as they have been settled in the colonies.

V. On the subject of guarantees much folly has been spoken: "They are not worth the paper on which they are written," and so forth. But there are guarantees in all the colonial Constitutions, as well as in the American Constitution, and they have never been violated. This fact is worth a deluge of rhetoric. I am for guarantees which will make the Parliament of Ireland a fair image of the whole people; not of this or that section, but of all. I confess, however, that I am not content with the guarantees in the Bill; and perhaps I am unjust to them because I have had long in my mind quite a different scheme. A high property qualification is an illusory security. When a property qualification existed in the House of Commons it was constantly violated. I may speak with some confidence on this point, as I perceive Baron Huddleston has been declaring, the other day, that a proceeding of mine on an election petition, when he was my counsel, brought the property qualification in England to an end. I had a rent-charge of the usual kind, and was petitioned against; but, instead of setting up any pretence that I bought it at a legitimate price, or collected it as it became due, I insisted on submitting to the Committee that the charge was created with the sole view of providing the qualification required by law,

but that, as it gave me the legal power to enforce it against the grantor's property, it was to all intents and purposes an adequate qualification. The Committee held that it was so, and this decision became the law of elections. With such a decision the whole system falls to pieces. It would be better, I submit, to require that candidates should be men who had served ten years in Parliament, or in municipalities or on boards of guardians, or had held certain offices, or belonged to the learned professions. The qualification for electors may be *bond fide*, but it ought not to be exclusively property in land. Special jurors, who are chosen from the class in view, include, in addition to landed proprietors, merchants of a certain capital and men of a certain rank. In Victoria the electorate of the Upper Chamber includes all the learned professions. But, to my thinking, the first Senate ought to be nominated in the Bill, to consist of experienced and, in a fair proportion, propertied men who frankly accept the new law, and desire to work it honestly. The scrutiny of Parliament and of the Irish people before the names were finally adopted would be a better security than the ballot-box for obtaining the best men available. They might be appointed for a limited period, or for life, and afterwards the system of election be established. But let us make sure of the first. "C'est le premier pas qui coûte."

VI. The differences of race and religion are paraded as insuperable barriers to common action, as if the same difficulties had not been overcome in Switzerland, in Hungary, and in Belgium. Since when has uniformity of political convictions been a condition of political liberty? Is not difference of political sentiments, on the contrary, the essential basis of Responsible Government? It is precisely because men differ widely in principle that Parliamentary Government is possible and salutary. Lord Salisbury and his friends are divided from Mr. Chamberlain *cum suis* by more intractable convictions than divide Ulster from Munster. Mr. Arch and Mr. Bradlaugh, the representatives of the Highland crofter and the Cornish pitman, sit in the same Assembly with the four brothers of the Duke of Abercorn, to whom their opinions are the abomination of desolation. But, it is presumed, the result of their contentions in a free parliament will not be chaos, but some appreciable advantage to the common weal.

VII. The proposal to transfer the existing 103 Irish members bodily to the new Legislature is, I think, a questionable expedient. The business to be transacted in an Irish Parliament will be widely different from the work they were chosen to do in Palace Yard. To reduce a social chaos to order, to encourage industrial enterprise, to complete an imperfect system of public education, to develop neglected resources, and to open the ledger of a State are tasks demanding special qualifications. There are many experienced citizens in the metropolis and the provinces who might help this good

work effectually ; and they are generally men who would have been quite out of place in a militant party. They could spend four or five months in a House in Dublin, meeting and separating at reasonable hours, though they could not spend seven months in London and sit up to the small hours without ruin to their ordinary pursuits and to their lives. The leaders of the Irish party will, of course, sit in an Irish Parliament by right of conquest, but is there any sufficient reason for withdrawing from the constituencies the unrestricted right of selecting the most suitable men they can find for an experiment which will test our capacity as a nation, and which all Europe and America will watch with a mixture of hope and fear ?

I have not debated the general principle at stake, because it is a truth beyond reasonable controversy that a nation will manage its own business better than strangers can do. Nor have I presumed to put forward these suggestions on behalf of any party or individual. I have interposed only in the interest of what I consider good sense and fair play ; but, if I have not mistaken my clients, good sense and fair play will find a substantial following in the end. Let me add that I would gladly aid, in however humble a degree, what seems to me one of the most courageous and disinterested achievements in human history. A statesman who has passed his grand climacteric, when the frame and brain demand repose, who voluntarily laid down power a little time ago, takes in hand a task fit for Hercules. Leisure to prepare for the judgment which is near at hand, and which happily for him he foresees with the same assured confidence as the re-assembly of the states of the realm at Westminster this month, is now his highest concern. But, before laying down his load of human care and responsibility, he braces his strength for one more supreme task for the service of two nations. A hundred years hence this will perhaps be the most memorable fact in English annals during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS AND ITS CAUSES.

THE economic crisis, which has already lasted ten years, is becoming yearly more and more acute. In every direction workshops are closing, blast furnaces are being put out, and factories and dockyards are dismissing half their workmen. The latter, whose lot is often said to be improving, finding themselves without employment, clamour for either work or for pecuniary assistance. None, I think, will deny that the immediate cause of all this suffering is the excessive fall in prices. The price of agricultural produce, and more especially of manufactured stock, is, as Mr. Mulhall recently demonstrated in his "History of Prices," now lower than in 1850.

But what is the reason of this extraordinary fall in prices? Many economists and statisticians—among others, Mr. Mulhall in England, and M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu in France—attribute it to improved methods of transport, to better machinery, to the telegraph, to different modes of fabrication, and to fresh soil being laid open to cultivation. But, in the first place, it would be strange that all this progress, which brings with it an increase of riches, should result in universal distress and want; secondly, the fall in prices affects all produce, even when the supply has increased but slightly, or even not at all; and, thirdly, between the years 1850 and 1870 this progress was far more marked than between 1870 and 1886; and yet, as Messrs. Soetbeer and Jevons and the *Economist* show, prices increased during the twenty years which succeeded 1850 from 18 to 20 per cent. How can the same cause produce a precisely opposite effect after 1870 to that produced during the preceding period?

It is quite certain that the intense crisis from which the entire world, with the exception of India, is now suffering is induced by

several causes ; but, amongst these, chiefly by one to which England has, I think, not sufficiently turned her attention, although the *Edinburgh* and other reviews have published several excellent articles on the subject. This cause is the ever-growing scarcity of gold, and the monetary contraction thence resulting ; it was remarked long before the crisis broke out, not only by bimetallists, such as Wolowski, Seyd, and myself, but also by the monometallist *Economist*, which, now that these predictions are realized, either forgets or denies them.

In 1869 the *Economist*, reviewing the previous financial year, wrote as follows :—

“ It may be safely affirmed that the present annual supply of thirty millions sterling of gold is no more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the expanding commerce of the world, and prevent the pressure of transactions and commodities on the precious metals, which means, in practice, prices and wages constantly tending toward decline. The real danger is that the present supplies should fall off, and among the greatest and most salutary events that could now occur would be the discovery of rich gold deposits in three or four remote and neglected regions of the earth.”

Unfortunately, instead of the discovery of new gold-fields, there ensued a falling off in the production of the old ones, and at the same time, after the victory of Germany over France, and the payment of the war indemnity of £200,000,000, the latter country at once adopted the gold standard. In the financial review of 1872, published in March, 1873, the *Economist* predicted the inevitable consequences of this measure in these terms :—

“ By the present Bill the German Government is certainly paying England the compliment of adopting its single gold standard, but the cost of the measure to the London and other money markets cannot but be great. As the annual money supply of gold throughout the world is reckoned at little more than £20,000,000, and the usual demand for miscellaneous purposes is very large, it follows that, if the German Government perseveres in its policy, the strain upon existing stocks and currencies will be most severe. Unless the annual production of gold should suddenly increase, the money markets of the world are likely to be perturbed by this bullion scarcity.”

Could the facts now taking place have been foretold in language more precise ? The scarcity of gold was predicted also by Bagehot, who wrote thus in 1877 :—

“ During the eighteen years which elapsed between 1858 and 1875, the importations of gold into England amounted to £331,179,000 sterling, the exportations to £251,413,000 sterling. The total absorption during that period was therefore £79,766,000 sterling, or about £4,432,000 a year, or, in other words, one-fifth of the total production. If Germany and America and, let us say, the Latin Union were to adopt the gold standard, the supply of this metal would scarcely suffice, and the money markets of the world would in all probability be seriously affected by this scarcity.”—*Depreciation of Silver*, pp. 79, 80.

Since these lines were written, not only has the production of gold fallen to £18,000,000 per annum, but also, as all civilized countries,

including even South America and Japan, are closing their mints to the coining of silver, they are, in point of fact, establishing a single gold standard.

The following are a few quotations which also prove how clearly the disadvantages of monetary contraction were foreseen:—

“The United States might take the single gold standard like ourselves, and this is what, till very lately, every English economist would have advised them to do. The evils of this plan had not then been seen.”—*Economist*, Sept. 2, 1876.

In a speech pronounced at Glasgow in November, 1873, Disraeli thus expressed himself:—

“I attribute the monetary disturbance that has occurred, and is now to a certain degree acting very injuriously to trade—I attribute it to the great changes which the Governments in Europe are making in reference to their standard of value; our gold standard is not the cause of our commercial prosperity, but the consequence of our commercial prosperity. It is quite evident we must prepare ourselves for great convulsions in the money market, not occasioned by speculation or any old cause which has been alleged, but by a new cause with which we are not sufficiently acquainted.”

On March 29, 1879, Lord Beaconsfield spoke thus:—

“All this time the produce of the gold mines of Australia and California has been regularly diminishing, and the consequence is that, while these great alterations of currency in favour of a gold currency have been made, notwithstanding an increase of population, which alone requires always a considerable increase of gold currency to carry on its transactions, the amount every year diminished, until a state of affairs has been brought about by gold production exactly the reverse of that which it produced at first. Gold is every day appreciating in value, and as it appreciates in value, the lower become the prices. It is not impossible that, as affairs develop, the country may require that some formal investigation should be made of the causes which are affecting the value of the precious metals, and the effect which the changes in the value of the precious metals has upon the industry of the country and upon the continual fall of prices.”

The first point to be examined is this: Can the scarcity of gold be the cause of a general fall in prices? On this subject Mr. Mulhall expresses a very extraordinary opinion, wholly opposed to facts. “The best authorities,” says he, “except Jevons, maintain that the supply of the precious metals has no perceptible effect on prices, a fact which the last thirty years fully confirm” (“History of Prices,” p. 11). He should not except Jevons only, but all English and European economists who acknowledge that prices are dependent on the ratio existing between the exchanges to be accomplished and the existing amount of metallic or other means of exchange. I think the question is nowhere more clearly explained than in Mill’s “Principles of Political Economy,” book iii. chap. viii. § 3, where we read: “The value of money depends, *ceteris paribus*, on its quantity, together with the rapidity of circulation;” and again, farther on: “An increase of the quantity of money raises prices, and a diminution lowers them. This is the most elementary proposition

in the theory of currency, and without it we should have no key to any of the others" (People's edition, p. 301). Mill, after this, devotes a paragraph to the explanation of the limits of this principle.

This theory has been most violently attacked in Germany, where it is known as the *Quantitäts-Theorie*. Even some bimetallists, and among others M. Otto Arendt, have joined in the attack. It seems to me that, if due weight be given to the words "*ceteris paribus*," which Mill says should be added to every economic proposition, it will be found at once that his theory cannot be assailed. The "*ceteris paribus*" condition no longer exists—first, if means of credit be more largely employed, and, secondly, if the volume of the exchanges to be accomplished varies. For instance, after the discovery of America, between the years 1493 and 1544, the production of gold and silver rose, according to Soetbeer, to £1,500,000 per annum—i.e., ten or twelve times the previous production—and yet prices rose very slightly, owing to a concurrence of circumstances having increased the demand for cash: first, the substitution of payments in money for payments in kind; secondly, the maintenance of permanent armies, lengthy wars, and centralization; and, thirdly, the development of trade and commerce. The same phenomenon was observable after 1850. Between 1841 and 1850 the annual production of the two metals amounted, according to Soetbeer, to 293,252,000 marks or shillings (£14,667,600). In the five following years, from 1851 to 1855, it rose to £35,528,400, from 1856 to 1860 to £36,889,950, from 1861 to 1865 to £38,821,750, and from 1866 to 1870 to £41,533,850. Thus the production nearly doubled in twenty years, whereas prices only rose about 15 or 20 per cent. Why? Because the *placers* of Australia and California gave such an impetus to international commerce in general, and to such enterprises as railroads in particular, that, in spite of credit being more extensively used, ample employment was found for the newly discovered gold.

Apart from the rise or fall in prices resulting from the increase or decrease in means of exchange, all goods are subject to changes in value under the influence of the law of demand and supply. For example, although the purchasing power of cash has fallen to less than one-fourth of what it was in the Middle Ages, or, in other words, although prices are now four times what they then were, the price of cloth and of linen has not increased because, thanks to the invention of machinery, the cost of production of these articles has considerably diminished.

These are some examples of the restrictions which the theory of the value of money depending on its quantity necessitates, and they should be very carefully borne in mind. Nevertheless, when one sees a variation in the production of means of exchange, accompanied

by a general variation in prices, it is difficult not to connect these two phenomena. For instance, I believe that, no economist has ever contested that the general rise in prices which took place between 1530 and 1800, and that which followed the afflux of Australian and Californian gold after 1850, were due to an increase of monetary circulation. M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu goes so far as to affirm that, had it not been for the extraordinary production of gold after 1850, France would have been bankrupt (*"Sciences des Finances,"* vol. i. chap. ii. p. 323). If it be true that the increased production of gold after 1850 led to a rise in prices, how is it that just the reverse—that is to say, a diminution in the production of gold, aggravated by the proscription of silver—does not induce a fall in prices now?

Mr. Mulhall and Mr. Atkinson deny the possibility of an "appreciation" of gold, because since 1850 the quantity of gold in circulation has doubled, whereas the population has only increased 40 per cent. But such general statistics as these throw no light whatever on the problem. The important point is the situation created in Europe by the decisions of the different Governments as regards money after 1873—that is to say, at the commencement of the present crisis. As Mr. Grenfell stated, in a speech delivered at Manchester on the 16th of February last, Germany coined 85 millions sterling and the United States 120 millions, while the resumption of metallic payments in Italy absorbed 16 millions. Here we have a total of 220 millions—an amount equal to the whole production of gold for the last ten years. Gold, like water, if spread over a larger expanse of territory, lowers in level at its original basin.

Messrs. Mulhall and Atkinson do not take sufficiently into consideration the amount of gold consumed in jewellery and art. They seem to ignore the valuable researches recently made on this subject by M. Soetbeer, and published under the title of *"Materialien zur Währungsfrage"* (Berlin, October, 1885). This volume ought to be translated into English, and certainly should form a basis for all discussions on the monetary question. According to these researches, jewellery and the arts, after due allowance has been made for the re-employment of old gold, absorb yearly 90,000 kilograms of pure gold, or about £12,000,000. As Mr. Moreton Frewen remarks, this great mass of gold, far from relieving and expanding the currency, must have caused still further appreciation of gold, because more gold would be required in the currencies to measure and effect the exchange of this volume of the metal sucked into commodities. Cliffe Leslie also demonstrated this point most clearly.

As regards the use of the precious metals in art, there is one very important phenomenon which has not yet attracted notice, and which proves to how great an extent money differs from other

merchandise. In the case of all other goods, when production diminishes and consumption augments, a rise in prices prevents a too great increase of demand. For money metals this is not the case, because trade can always obtain the metal from the monetary stock at the fixed 'mint value by melting coin. The very last kilogram of gold in France may be procured by any jeweller for 3,100 francs, and everywhere else in the same way. Messrs. Mulhall and Atkinson, on the contrary, consider the mass of gold to be met with under the form of jewels and gildings, &c., as playing the same part as money. And this is a grave mistake.

It can no longer be concealed that the gold budget presents a really alarming aspect. We have just seen that, according to M. Soetbeer's calculations, £12,000,000 are annually absorbed by the arts. The employment of gold for jewels, &c., is everywhere on the increase, and especially in the United States, where, according to the statistics of Mr. Burchard, Director of the Mint, 14,459,464 dollars in gold were absorbed during the year 1885. The amount of gold imported into India is also notably on the increase. Between the years 1881 and 1884 the excess of imports over exports of gold was £18,913,370 sterling—a yearly average of £4,728,342. If losses and wear and tear are taken into consideration, there remains only *one million sterling* to cover the monetary requirements of the entire world, with all its growing population and trade. Should not this single fact suffice to open the eyes of English statesmen, if they could, for a single instant, turn their attention in this direction?

The quantity of gold available for currency being insufficient now that silver is proscribed, it is quite certain that we are approaching a universal *régime* of paper money. In England it is already proposed to make a first step in this direction by the introduction of one-pound notes, which would have the effect of banishing from the circulation a quantity of metal equal to the value of the notes emitted.

If all who deny the scarcity of gold would but take the trouble to closely study this question, they would very quickly convince themselves of the reality of the phenomenon. It is only necessary to cast a glance at the amount of money coined in the principal countries of Europe. Formerly so important, it has now almost wholly ceased. In England, £4,000,000 sterling used to be coined yearly. Here is a list of the coinage there since 1878:—1879, £35,050; 1880, £4,150,052; 1881, £0; 1882, £0; 1883, £1,403,713; 1884, £2,324,025—during six years an average of £1,318,805, inclusive of the recoinage of sovereigns under weight, which, of course, adds nothing to the monetary stock. France, between the years 1850 and 1870, annually coined an average of about 300 million francs. Here are some more recent figures:

1879, 24 million francs; 1880, none; 1881, 2 millions; 1882, 3 millions; 1883, none; 1884, none—an average of less than 5 millions. It should be observed that the five millions coined in 1881 and 1883 were 100-franc pieces for the gaming-tables at Monaco. Belgium coined as follows :—in 1879, 0; 1880, 0; 1881, 0; 1882, 10 million francs (German gold rentelted); 1883, 0; 1884, 0. The Netherlands :—in 1879, 5,810,360 florins; 1880, 501,000; 1881, 0; 1882, 0; 1883, 0; 1884, 0. Italy : 1879, 2,929,320 francs; 1880, 2,590,660; 1881, 16,860,560; 1882, 139,523,040; 1883, 4,069,500; 1884, 322,100. Austria, since the adoption of paper money, has coined about five millions' worth of florins in gold yearly (the florin is worth two shillings), a great portion of which gold is from her mines in Transylvania. Russia alone, of all the European States, continues to coin extensively, but the Russian imperials make their way to Germany, where they are transformed into marks and exported, thus disappearing from European circulation. Russia coined as follows :—in 1879, 36,125,040 roubles; 1880, 31,300,056; 1881, 27,144,051; 1882, 22,735,045; 1883, 30,407,056; 1884, 23,126,038. Germany : 1879, 46,387,060 marks (the mark worth a shilling); 1880, 27,992,240; 1881, 15,521,220; 1882, 13,307,080; 1883, 88,287,470; 1884, 57,661,740. Until the year 1879, Germany annually acquired and retained additional gold; since that date she has lost every year. Her excess of gold exportations (Soetbeer's table) was for 1880, 8,883,000 marks; 1881, 31,567,000; 1882, 10,585,000; 1883, 21,278,000; and 1884, 14,659,000.

But in England this change is far more disquieting than in any other country. According to Bagshot's table, to which I have already referred, between 1858 and 1878 England annually absorbed £4,432,000 of gold. Since 1878 exactly the contrary phenomenon is observable, as the following statistics clearly prove. Excess of gold exports (—) or imports (+) :—1877, — £4,919,401; 1878, + £5,902,903; 1879, — £4,210,143; 1880, — £2,373,961; 1881, — £5,335,831; 1882, + £2,352,755; 1883, + £664,435; 1884, — £1,268,431. Thus between 1877 and 1884, instead of absorbing, as previously, £4,000,000 per annum, we see that she lost £7,940,408. Add to this the £2,000,000 yearly consumed by the arts, and we find that the monetary stock in England has diminished since 1877 to the extent of £24,000,000. As Mr. Fremantle, the Director of the Mint, estimates that the amount of gold coin in England is about £120,829,000, it is evident that about one quarter of the stock has already disappeared.

There is one important and recent phenomenon which merits special attention. It is this: the principal gold-producing countries, America and Australia, are rapidly developing as regards population, riches, and industrial and commercial activity, and they consequently retain for themselves an ever-increasing share of the gold extracted

from their mines, and also absorb a portion of the European circulation. Whereas in the Old World the coinage of gold is reduced almost to a minimum, it is increasing rapidly in Australia, and in the United States still more so. In England between 1879 and 1884 the gold coined amounted to £7,922,830; in Australia during the same period the coinage of gold was £24,112,000, and in the same length of time the United States coined 381,955,000 gold dollars. The mines of the United States produced 231,000,000 dollars during these seven years; the coinage of the country therefore exceeded the production by 150,000,000 dollars, and this excess was of course supplied by gold from the outside world.

The diminution of the quantity of gold sent by Australia to England is also a noteworthy fact, and is a confirmation of the foregoing conclusions. From 1871 to 1875, England received annually from Australia an average of £7,000,000; from 1876 to 1880 this average fell to £5,000,000; in 1881 it was further reduced to £4,470,186; in 1882 it amounted only to £2,996,549, in 1883 to £2,256,128, and in 1884 to £709,388. A more extraordinary fact still is that at the commencement of 1884 £920,000 in gold was sent from London to Melbourne.

But, it is argued, considerable economy of the metallic instrument of exchange has been effected by the ever-increasing use of credit; and statistics showing how widely the credit system has spread during the last thirty years are referred to. But comparisons at such remote dates prove really nothing. It is recent facts, dating from the commencement of this monetary contraction, which began to make itself felt in 1875 or 1876, to which we should turn our attention, and it should be observed that since that date the use of credit has rather decreased than otherwise. For the last few years, the clearings in London have been regularly diminishing, and the most competent living authority on the subject (Mr. Giffen) himself writes: "I much doubt whether any serious economy has been effected with regard to exchanges accomplished, by the substitution of credit for gold."

There are two certain and important facts which in themselves demonstrate the worthlessness of the general statistics referred to by Messrs. Mulhall and Atkinson. Already every country is lacking in the amount of gold requisite to effect exchanges. France, although richer in cash than any other land, only contrives to maintain a sufficient balance of gold at the national Bank by employing artificial means. On the one hand, the *receveurs généraux* send to the Bank all the gold paid them, and, on the other, the Bank directors and the State do their utmost to keep more silver in circulation. Belgium was forced to continue to form part of the Latin Union, in spite of the onerous conditions imposed, because she was not

possessed of sufficient gold to dare to face the consequences of defection, and because about three-fourths of her metallic payments are made in silver. In Holland, Soetbeer affirms, there is not more than 35,000,000 florins' worth of gold coinage, and at one moment the balance in gold at the Bank did not exceed 5,000,000 florins. A law has consequently been voted there empowering the Government to sell silver for the purpose of buying gold, if such a measure be deemed expedient. In Spain, silver has so thoroughly replaced gold, that for gold payments abroad 3 or 4 per cent. premium has to be paid when they are made in silver, which is a cause of great loss to all companies having to pay dividends in foreign lands. Germany has in circulation only 1,500,000,000 marks in gold coinage and 72,000,000 marks in gold bullion. This is insufficient for a country with 45,000,000 inhabitants. At all events, Germany does not consider herself possessed of sufficient gold to establish a single standard !

According to the Director of the Banca Nazionale, Italy does not possess more than 555,000,000 lire in gold—not a third of the amount requisite. It is not surprising, therefore, that the yellow metal is so frequently at a premium at Genoa and Rome. Last year, exportation deprived her of more than 100,000,000 lire. In Eastern Europe there is no gold whatever in circulation ; consequently, when these States, or companies, or individuals inhabiting them, have to make a gold payment elsewhere, their loss is considerable. The premium at Bucharest is 20 per cent. and at Buenos Ayres 40.

England alone, who rules the world by her commercial power, succeeds in attracting sufficient gold by raising the rate of discount ; and yet she of all countries in the world suffers the most, both directly and indirectly, from the present monetary crisis. The direct loss for India alone amounts to £4,000,000 sterling annually.

"Now," says Mr. Grenfell, "the total amount of Council drawings to pay the sterling Debt is, as I have already said, £4,000,000 sterling. Add to that the loss that all Anglo-Indians have to submit to when making payments in Europe, the loss on the dividends of foreign loans paid in silver, and, what is graver still, the uncertainty and variability of exchange, which completely disorganizes commercial exportation to countries which admit a double standard—all these are most serious considerations, and merit deep reflection. They are causes of losses quite peculiar to England, and perfectly independent of the present crisis and of the misery now assailing the British Isles in common with the world in general. And why are all these evils now afflicting humanity? Solely because there has been an endeavour to establish what Mr. Goschen calls a mischievous Utopia."

A great change has taken place in the London money market, formerly so powerful. The *Economist* mentions this in the following terms :—

"Ten years ago the sum at the disposal of the London Stock Exchange was

estimated by a competent authority to be about £4,000,000 sterling. At the present time it is far below this; when a demand for a million of gold absolutely carries off that sum from the market and detains it elsewhere, there is a sensible pressure on the exchange."—*Economist*, Feb. 4, 1886.

The objection offered on all sides is that, instead of money being scarce, it is a drug in the market; it overflows the banks; interest falls to 2, or even $1\frac{1}{2}$, per cent.; all the public Funds of Europe are unusually high, and the various States hasten to take all advantage they can of this plentiful supply by lowering the interest of their debts. I must here ask some attention from my readers, as there is a most delicate point to be studied—namely, the connection between the purchasing power of money and the rate of interest on loanable capital. Even Mr. Jevons does not appear to have thoroughly grasped this problem, which is admirably discussed in the number of the *Edinburgh Review*, already referred to, for January, 1886. "Let any person," it is here said, "consult his memory, or banking or commercial records, and he will find not only that high prices and a high Bank rate may go together, but that, *as a rule, they do go together.*" The reason of this is evident. When business is brisk and there are many new enterprises undertaken, money is earned rapidly and more goods are purchased; prices consequently rise. As, also, large capitals are required to start fresh enterprises and speculations, these must be borrowed, and the rate of interest rises. At the present moment the contrary phenomenon may be observed; no transactions are effected, the spirit of enterprise is dead, and no fresh schemes are set on foot.* A fall in prices is the natural result of this lack of demand for goods.

Capital, being little needed, accumulates in banks, and is offered at very low interest. As investments in industries involve almost certain loss, the public become fearful, and, for safety, money is placed where there is no risk, chiefly in the Funds. These of course rise, and Government takes advantage of this rise to convert the Debt so as to pay less interest. All incomes diminish, whether they be drawn from land, from industry, or from commerce. The entire social body is in a state of decline.

* A few figures will suffice to demonstrate the utter stagnation of business. A Belgian paper, edited with great care, the *Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels*, publishes annually a list of the issues during the year. Here are some comparisons between years of economic activity and years of stagnation.

Total issues for State and town funds and industrial enterprises, &c. &c.:—

Activity	{	In 1871	... 11,000,000,000	francs
		" 1872 12,636,000,000	"
		" 1873 10,908,000,000	"
		" 1882 4,540,000,000	"
Depression	{	" 1883 4,180,000,000	"
		" 1884 4,876,000,000	"
		" 1885	... 3,331,000,000	"

showing a reduction of more than two-thirds in economic activity.

With respect to money a strange phenomenon is observable which occurs in the case of no other merchandise. The quantity of money has but to be lessened for there to be more than enough, and the more it diminishes, the more will the excess be felt. The reason is this: When the quantity of means of exchange decreases, two consequences result. In the first place, prices fall, and therefore less cash is necessary for the operation of exchanges and the effecting of transactions—there is therefore no insufficiency of money; and, secondly, there seems to be too much money because, as the crisis consequent on the fall in prices puts a restraint on transactions, less money is necessary, and this therefore is unemployed and appears to be in excess.

It is a very singular, but a perfectly evident, fact that if half the coin in circulation were suddenly suppressed, the other half, instead of being insufficient, would be superabundant. If an article formerly worth £1 can be purchased for 10s., exchanges can be effected with as much facility as before, only on a basis of prices reduced one-half. In addition to this, as there would be a terrible disturbance throughout the economic world, all business would be suspended, and a quantity of money would lie idle. This is precisely the present situation.

The fundamental error of the majority of those who treat the monetary question is that they argue about money as about merchandise. The metal of which money is composed is certainly merchandise, but as soon as this metal has become the legal means of payment for all purchases and all debts, at a rate of value fixed by law, it at once acquires special properties. In the first place, that happens which we have just mentioned: that the more rare it becomes the more it apparently exceeds the demand. In the second place, if even the gold-mines were entirely to cease to produce, an ounce of gold could still be had for £3 17s. 10½d. The whole monetary stock is like a mine from which gold can be extracted, at the value fixed by the mint, by simply melting down sovereigns. This explains the fact shown by Soetbeer and Burchard, that the production of gold is diminishing, and yet its consumption by the arts is on the increase. General misery alone could stop the increase of this consumption.

Mr. Mulhall is of opinion that experience proves that "the supply of precious metals has no perceptible effect on prices." Facts demonstrate quite the reverse of this. According to M. Soetbeer, the value of gold and silver produced annually between the years 1801 and 1810 amounted to 210,547,000 marks or shillings; and between 1811 and 1820, only to 129,271,000 marks; and from 1821 to 1830, to 122,564,000 marks; and merely rose between 1831 and 1840 to 163,967,000 marks. Tooke, and especially Jevons, call attention to

a general fall in prices during this period. Between 1850 and 1870, the average production was 735,000,000 marks, and prices rose from 18 to 20 per cent. according to Jevons and Soetbeer, whose statistics so alarmed Michel Chevalier and Richard Cobden that they proposed to suspend the coinage of gold, and that the silver standard should be adopted everywhere. After 1873, silver being proscribed from European mints, gold alone regulated prices, and its production gradually diminished, so that the circulation, instead of being annually fed by an afflux of nearly 800,000,000 marks in gold and silver, after a few years only received 390,300,000 marks in gold, the present production, which is to a great extent absorbed by the arts, by India, and by the producing countries, the United States and Australia, themselves. The consequence of this is a considerable fall in prices, which Mr. Mulhall illustrates in his diagram on p. 1 of his new book, "History of Prices," by the difference between the figures 135 and 84.

It is true that it may be maintained that this lowering of prices is not wholly attributable to monetary contraction; but it cannot be denied that the fall in prices, then the rise, followed by the recent fall, exactly corresponded with the diminution, the increase, and the recent diminution of production of the metals used for coin.

Let us just cast a glance at the monetary revolutions that have been carried out by Governments. Until 1870 silver was the principal and, as Locke said, the true monetary metal all over the world; England alone had a gold standard. A few countries, like France and the United States, retained a little gold in circulation by the bi-metallic system; after 1873, suddenly and universally, save in India, the free coining of silver is prohibited, and gold coin, heretofore a luxury, becomes all at once the sole means of international exchange. And this change takes place simultaneously with a decrease in the production of gold and an increase in the activity of trade. The result of this is an unexampled fact in economic history. The mints in several large countries suspend coinage. Can it be admitted for a single instant that such revolutionary measures could be without effect on the economic world?

Another fact which further confirms the opinion that the present crisis is due to monetary contraction, is that between the years 1820 and 1830 a disturbance in trade precisely similar to what we are now suffering from took place. It may be truly said that the crisis is now general, India, which *alone* still coins silver, being *alone* spared. Here are two quotations taken at random. I read this in a letter from Paris in the *Indépendance Belge*, March 5, 1886:—
 "The decline is complete. No purchases are made, dancing is abandoned, money is lacking, and people close their *salons*. It is needless to insist on the part the industrial crisis plays in all this."

Here is a Report of the Belgian consul in Japan (July 5, 1885):—
 “The commercial history of the year 1884 in Japan is very far from encouraging. The Board of Trade at Yokohama reports as follows: ‘If the losses have been less in number and less considerable than in preceding years, the profits have also been exceedingly limited. The figures for the past year show, on the whole, a marked decrease, even when compared with the very poor statistics for 1883.’”

It is useless to describe the miserable state of trade in Europe. The daily papers are full of details on this subject; iron-works and factories are closing on all sides, bankruptcies are frequent, companies fail to pay their dividends, workmen strike either because their wages are reduced or because they cannot succeed in finding employment, factories are burnt or sacked, farmers give up cultivating their land, which they let lie waste. Between 1820 and 1830 the world presented a similar picture! The fall in prices was so severe that Brougham proposed to reduce taxes proportionately; and in 1822 the idea was even put forward of reducing the sovereign to fourteen shillings. Agriculture and industry alike suffered. The distress of the labouring classes was evinced in England by bread riots, by threatening Chartist processions, and by demands for help addressed to Parliament. Armed repression had repeatedly to be resorted to. Sismondi speaks of “this great European calamity” in his work “*Nouveaux Principes d’Economie politique*,” published in 1827, as follows (ii. 226):—

“A cry of distress is raised from all manufacturing towns of the Old World, and all the fields of the New World re-echo it. Everywhere commerce is struck with the same languor; everywhere it encounters the same impossibility of selling. It is five years, at least, since the suffering began; far from being allayed, it seems increasing with time. . . . The Protective system now prevailing in the public mind has been produced by the distress everywhere visible.”

The price of agricultural produce and the rent of land fell more than one-third. This is what the historian Alison says on this crisis:—

“The distress among the mercantile classes for years after the dreadful crisis of 1825, of the agricultural interest during the lowering of prices from 1832 to 1836, was extreme. The investment of capital in agriculture was, during this distress, everywhere grievously abridged, and, in many places, totally annihilated. Ireland, during the whole period, had been in a state of smothered insurrection. The heart sickens at the evidences, numerous and incontrovertible, which the parliamentary reports of the last ten years have accumulated of widespread, and often long-enduring, suffering amongst the labouring poor of England. . . . Since the Peace, the all-important question arises: What was it that had this effect? The answer is: It was the contraction of the currency which has been the chief cause of all these effects.”—*England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and a Contracted Money*, p. 51.

Writing in 1830, and speaking of the universal fall of prices, Jacob said (ii. 376):

"There must be some general cause producing such extensive effects, which are thus felt alike where taxation is high or low; under despotic and free government; and whether the land is cultivated by slaves, by serfs, by hired labourers, or by proprietors. What conceivable cause was there operating so universally and under the most various and opposite circumstances, save that decline of the mines and the increased application of their produce to other purposes than that of coin?"

Previous to 1848, said Newmarch, there had been a slow, but progressive, fall of prices in consequence of the inadequate supply of the precious metals. "Between 1809 and 1849," said Jevons, "prices fell in the ratio of 100 to 41."

During a period of lowering of prices, irreparable destruction of riches takes place. At the present moment in Belgium, just beneath my eyes, coal-mines are being completely ruined and abandoned, iron-works and factories are closed and deserted, and the buildings and machinery are left uncared for to perish little by little. Nothing is more sad than this gradual impoverishment, especially when compared with such a period of prosperity as that between 1850 and 1870, years of monetary plenty. Between 1820 and 1830, as at the present day, the causes of the crisis were very widely discussed. Some exceedingly curious letters on the subject were exchanged between J. B. Say and Malthus; the latter, like many persons of the present time, attributed the crisis to a general excess of production. J. B. Say, basing his arguments on the theory of *glut*, rendered classical by Mill, shows that a universal glut is an impossibility, and tries to demonstrate that the crisis, instead of being due to excess of production, proceeds from an insufficiency of production in certain countries.

In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on July 10, 1822, Mr. Matthias Attwood shows clearly that the general fall could only be explained by the means of exchange being reduced.

"But first he desired the House to consider to what extent and how universal the fall of prices in this country had been, referring to a paper which had been delivered to the Agricultural Committee of the last session of Parliament by Mr. Tooke, and which contained a list of the prices of thirty of the most important articles of commerce and manufacture, selected as exhibiting the extent of the fall of prices, which had taken place on all commercial commodities generally. The prices of all those commodities had fallen to the extent of £40 in the £100. Let this fact, then, be applied to the question as to foreign prices—was it asserted that a fall of prices as sudden, as great and universal, as this had taken place on the Continent at large? If so, it led necessarily to one of these two conclusions—either that all productions had everywhere suddenly increased in quantity, or that money had been reduced in its quantity; for the proportion between money and commodities had been altered, and one of those two conditions must therefore of necessity be admitted. Either all the productions of all industry, all climates, and all countries had suddenly increased, which it was impossible to believe; or otherwise, from whatever cause, a reduction in the amount of money generally in circulation had taken place."

From 1817 to 1827 such were the economic sufferings in the United States that an increase of Customs duties was demanded as a remedy.

The details of this persistent crisis will be found in the Reports of Mr. Fearon, who was sent by English merchants to America to study the situation. In the same debate, another member of the House (Mr. Western) said, speaking against the Act of Resumption :

"Two-thirds of the cultivators of the soil had in the course of a few years, and in a time of profound peace, been rendered insolvent. The turn of the landowners would soon come—they would soon be involved in the ruin of their tenantry."

The characteristics of the present crisis are, as we have seen, precisely similar to those of the crisis of 1820–35, and wholly different from the commercial and industrial crises which repeated themselves about once in ten years, and whose special features were their acuteness and their short duration. The excessive fall in the value of silver is a new and quite special cause of suffering for the agricultural world. Baron de Soubeyran laid this matter before the French Chamber in a speech delivered on February 8, 1886, in which he shows that Indian-grown corn attains a premium of more than 20 per cent. when imported into Europe. He thus expresses himself:—"Silver is the only legal tender in India. An ingot of silver is bought in London at the current price, 46½*d.*, sent to Calcutta and coined at the mint there, and with the produce of the coining of this ingot you purchase corn which you forward to London or Havre. There this is worth about frs. 13.70 the hectolitre, all expenses paid. If, on the contrary, the silver ingot instead of costing 46½*d.*, or frs. 170 the kilogram, its present price, cost 60¾*d.*, or frs. 220 the kilogram, its real worth, the hectolitre of corn ought then to be sold in London, Antwerp, or Havre at a price varying from frs. 18.50 to frs. 19.50—that is to say, that in all these ports it would be from frs. 4.75 to frs. 5.50 dearer than now."

One more question remains yet to be examined. Is a universal fall in prices, induced by monetary contraction or other causes, really an evil? Mr. Bonamy Price, with whom I recently discussed this point, wrote to me on the subject as follows:—"This lowering of prices, if it be general, affects no one's position, and presents the advantage of rendering less coin necessary for the effecting of the same number of transactions." This proposition would be exact at the outset of a nation's career, but it is completely erroneous in reference to a society where all the transactions and the debts have been regulated on a fixed scale of prices, in which case any lowering in this basis brings about serious disturbances and considerable suffering. Distinction must be made between two periods—the first, while the fall is taking place, and the second, after it is fully accomplished, and the balance re-established at a reduced rate of prices. The evils produced during the first period were admirably described by the American Monetary Commission of 1876, which simply depicted what was taking place before its eyes:—

"The very same reasons which make capitalists refuse to exchange money, whose command over property is increasing, for property, whose command over money is decreasing, also makes them refuse to exchange it for labour. In a commercial sense, industrial enterprises are never undertaken nor carried on except with the hope and expectation of gain. This expectation, unless under exceptional conditions, falling markets destroy. While capitalists, for these reasons, cannot afford to invest money in productive enterprises, still less can anybody afford to borrow money for such investments at any rate of interest, however low, and but little money is now borrowed, except for purely speculative ventures, or to supply personal and family wants, or to renew old obligations. Money withdrawn from circulation, and hoarded, in consequence of falling prices, although neither paying wages, nor serving to exchange the fruits of industry, nor performing any of the true functions of money, is nevertheless not unproductive. It may not be earning interest, but it is enriching its owner through an increase of its own value, and that, too, without risk and at the expense of society. . . . The peculiar effect of a contraction in the volume of money is to give profit to the owners of unemployed money through the appreciation of its purchasing power by the mere lapse of time. It is falling prices that rob labour of employment, and precipitate a conflict between it and money capital, and it is the appreciating money that renders the contest an unequal one, and gives to money capital the decisive advantage over labour and over other forms of capital invested in industrial enterprises. . . . The labour of the past is enslaving the labour of the present; at least that portion of the labour of the past which has been crystallized into money is enabled, through a shrinkage of its volume, and while lying idle in the hands of its owners, to increase its command over present labour and over all forms of property. The labourers must make their wants conform to their diminished earnings. Consumption is, therefore, constantly shrinking towards such limits as necessity requires. Production, which must be confined to the limits indicated by consumption, is constantly tending to a minimum, whereas its appliances, built up under more favourable conditions, are sufficient to supply the maximum of consumption. Thus idle money, idle capital, idle labour, idle machinery, stand facing each other, and the stagnation spreads wider and wider. It is in the shadow of a shrinking volume of money that disorders, social and political, gather and fester; that communism organizes, that riots threaten and destroy, that labour starves, that capitalists conspire and workmen combine, and that the revenues of Government are dissipated in the employment of labourers or in the maintenance of increased standing armies to overawe them."

It is then indeed that Shakespeare can exclaim :

"Gold ? yellow, glittering precious gold ? . . .
 Thus much of this will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
 Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant."

This same destruction of capital is now taking place everywhere. When a definite fall in prices is attained—but when will that be?—then another category of evils will become perceptible. Long-standing debtors, and more especially the taxpayers of largely indebted States—it must not be forgotten that these National Debts amount to £5,000,000,000 sterling—would be completely crushed for the benefit of the fundholders, for, in order to pay the sum owed, it would be necessary for the debtor to deprive himself of far more

commodities than when money was more plentiful. For example, a taxpayer who is taxed to the amount of £1 when corn is worth, £1 the hundred kilograms would have to deduct £1 from his revenue. If corn falls to half the price, he would have to deduct double the amount to pay his taxes and other calls upon him, and would probably be ruined. We see, then, that the victims of a fall in prices are the nations who are already overburdened by military expenditure. Stuart Mill explains that the consequence of this phenomenon is to despoil the active portion of a nation for the benefit of the do-nothings!

To resume our previous conclusions. At the Paris Monetary Conference of 1878, Mr. Goschen said that "every fresh demonetization of silver would produce a more disastrous crisis than any of those recorded in history." His prediction is being realized to the letter. From a gold production of £18,000,000 sterling, the arts take £12,000,000 and the East £4,000,000; losses, wear and tear, £1,000,000; there remains, therefore, just £1,000,000 for the monetary requirements of a world whose population is rapidly increasing, and especially in the gold-producing countries, the United States and Australia. Can it be admitted that such a state of things can continue without provoking unprecedented disturbance in the trade and industry of the entire world?

At the same time, this struggle for gold is the death-stroke of Free Trade. Sismondi calls attention to this in the passages previously quoted; where he says "it is the general distress to be met with on all sides at the present day which induces public opinion to incline so favourably towards Protective measures. Landowners and farmers declare themselves unable to compete with foreign produce, and they insist upon severe Protective laws." What took place in 1820-1828 is now recurring. The disastrous fall in prices has led France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain to raise their rates of duty, and has given birth in England to the "Fair Trade" party, which is simply Protection in disguise. How could it be otherwise? The public in general cannot understand the complex and insidious effects of monetary contraction or of the other causes of the crisis indicated. They see one alone, and that one is perfectly clear and unquestionable: it is that foreign produce can be purchased at a very low price; and to prevent this they are logically anxious that the duty on it should be made very heavy.

England, by maintaining a single standard, imposes it in reality on all other nations, and brings upon herself and on the world at large incalculable evils; but, in addition to this, she wholly extinguishes that noble ideal from whence a general harmony of interests and the fraternity of nations should spring—Free Trade.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWER AND OLD TESTAMENT REVISION.

II.

IN my last paper in reply to the *Quarterly* Reviewer I said I would omit for the present some of the passages on which he had fastened his charges against the Revisers. I did so because I was desirous of bringing into closer juxtaposition two passages—Genesis iii. 15 and Proverbs viii. 2—in which the Reviewer's argument turned mainly, if it did not turn altogether, on the use which he made of his patristic authorities.

I now retrace my steps a little, and take up some of the omitted passages. The first of these is that which stands third on the Reviewer's list—Lev. xvi. 8, 10, 26—a passage with which a well-known artist's picture of "The Scape-goat" made the whole world tolerably familiar a few years ago. The picture rested on a mistaken interpretation of the passage, but that was a matter of comparatively little moment to the artist. There is, however, on this, as well as on other grounds, a certain interest attaching to the passage; and the reasons for the change which the Revisers have here felt it right to introduce are worthy of consideration. How does the Reviewer deal with them? He begins by asserting that "the action of the Revisers in altering the text (*i.e.*, of the Authorized Version), and adding a meaningless alternative rendering [in the margin], has made complete havoc of the context." But he offers no proof of his assertion; instead of that, he content^s himself with observing that "with the Authorized Version 'scape-goat,' and the Authorized Version margin 'Heb. *Azazel*,' the English reader was well aware that there existed considerable doubt as to the meaning of the phrase; but he had a general idea of the sense of the passage." Perhaps the English reader might have a general idea of the sense of the passage, but it does not follow that he would have a correct

idea; and it is this only which is of any real importance. It is indeed satisfactory to see that the Reviewer can sometimes acknowledge the benefit of a margin, even when that margin throws "considerable doubt" on the meaning of a phrase which has been adopted in the text. It is a concession as welcome as it was unlooked for; because in censuring the Revisers he has made it the very head and front of their offending, that by their marginal notes they undo what they have done in the text, suggesting or insinuating a disturbing doubt, when they might have left "the unsuspecting English reader" asleep on the pillow of a comfortable ignorance. But we soon see that this concession is apparent rather than real, and must not be extended beyond the covers of the Authorized Version. We may take what we find there, but nothing else, and we must frame our interpretations accordingly. "We were taught when young to see in all this (*i.e.*, the story of the scape-goat, as it stands in the Authorized Version) the same doctrine conveyed typically which, by Isaiah, in his fifty-third chapter, is enunciated prophetically,"* &c. In other words, because we were taught this when young, it must of necessity be the true interpretation. And again, "this we say was the plain teaching on the subject which we received from our fathers, and it made a very difficult part of the Scripture tolerably plain to us" (p. 296). But on the next page we find that the passage is no longer "tolerably plain," but "sufficiently obscure"; the Revisers are censured for "making more obscure what was sufficiently obscure already."

"Who," exclaims the Reviewer, "can make anything whatever out of 'Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats, one lot for the Lord, the other for Azazel,' or the still less intelligible alternative (he had called it just before 'a meaningless alternative') of 'dismissal' for Azazel?" Now the Reviewer ought to be aware that a large number of the best and ablest and some even of the most orthodox interpreters (as, for instance, Hengstenberg and Baumgarten) have defended the rendering which the Revisers have given in their text, and have even contended that it is the only one grammatically defensible. So far indeed as the rendering of the Authorized Version is concerned, I may quote the opinion of the *Edinburgh Reviewer* (October, 1885), who, although he is not much more favourable to the Revisers than his brother of the *Quarterly*, nevertheless

* Let me commend to the Reviewer's consideration the following passage from Spencer (*De Legg. Heb. Diss. viii. cap. ix.*): "Plerique hic ad allegoriam confugiunt et rationem mysticam, cuneum illum nodo cuius in Lege solvendo parem existimantes. Cum autem eorum allegoriæ sensusque mystici meræ plerumque conjecturæ sint et ingenii lus, tenui tantum subnixæ rerum similitudine, nil mirum si eorum auctores abeant in diversa, eorum etiam rationes mysticæ vix ulla similitudine vel affinitate sibi mutuo conjungantur." He then shows how Justin Martyr, Cyril of Alexandria, and others, have given widely different interpretations of the passage.

contradicts him point blank; for whereas the latter says that the Revisers "might quite consistently with faithfulness have retained" the rendering, the former pronounces it quite "untenable." He will have the word "Azazel" to be a concrete noun with the signification of "going far away," or "far removed," and we must translate, he says, "For an azazel—i.e., as destined to be far removed, or going far away," an interpretation which does not differ very widely from that given in the margin of the Revised Version, "for dismissal." Even this is better than the "scape-goat" of the Authorized Version, which, besides other objections to it, is based on a false etymology. But like that it makes shipwreck of the passage by utterly destroying the balance of the clauses. "One goat *for Jehovah*, and the other *for*—not a person, but 'for going far away.'" Who can believe that this is what the writer meant? Or again, in ver. 10, who does not feel the awkwardness of the rendering, "to send him (the goat) far away, *for going far away* into the wilderness?" There may be difficulties of interpretation attaching to the rendering of the Revisers, but critically and grammatically it is almost certainly the true one. It is the only one which does justice to the two exactly similar clauses in the Hebrew of verses 8, 9, 10. The writer says: "And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot *for the Lord*, and the other lot *for Azazel*." Then in verse 9 we have again "the goat on which the lot fell for the Lord," and in verse 10, "the goat on which the lot fell for Azazel"—or as it might be expressed yet more briefly, "the goat on which the Lord's lot fell—the goat on which Azazel's lot fell." Now substitute in the alternate place of these clauses (of which I have given the literal rendering), "the scape-goat" for "Azazel," and you make nonsense of the passage. "The goat on which the lot fell for the Lord . . . the goat on which the lot fell for the scape-goat;" I may turn the Reviewer's question against himself and ask, Who can make anything out of *that*?

But what is the difficulty in the rendering that the Revisers have adopted? It is simply this, that Azazel must be interpreted of an evil spirit inhabiting the wilderness, and that consequently the direction here given seems in some measure to sanction a superstitious belief. But, if it were so, is that a reason for doing violence alike to all sound etymology and to the obvious logical requirements of the passage? Is it not conceivable that the Divine Lawgiver may have made use even of a superstitious belief in order to teach an important lesson? Is this altogether unworthy of Him who "knoweth our frame," and who teaches us "here a little, and there a little," as we are able to bear it? The ancient Hebrews believed that the wilderness was the abode of evil spirits. We see traces of

this belief even in the New Testament. To intimate to them by the significant rite which laid their transgressions upon the head of a goat which was to carry them to the evil spirit as being rightfully his, and not their own, is no trivial or false conception, nor one which apparently conflicts with anything that we have been taught of God's method in redemption.*

Moreover, this is no novel interpretation. It is implied in the ἀποπομπαῖος of the LXX., which, as Spencer long ago argued, cannot rightly be explained of the scape-goat (as if it were merely equivalent to ἀποπεμπόμενος, as Theodoret and others interpreted it), but must be taken in an active sense of a deity to be propitiated, like the "Dii averrunci" of the Romans.† Origen understands by Azazel, the devil (c. Cels. 6, p. 305). The Scholiast to Jerome on this passage says, the Hebrew is "laazazel," id est, *azazeli*, and in v. 26 he explains it as *cradelis Dei*, adopting a wrong derivation no doubt, but seeing clearly that a person was meant. In the Book of Enoch a fallen angel is spoken of by the name of Azazel (in the Greek text he is called Azazel and Azael), who exercises a malign influence upon men and entices them to evil. Some of the Rabbis have identified this evil spirit with Sammael, that is, with Satan, and although I am not concerned to defend this identification, yet it confirms all that has been said, and shows that there was a widespread early belief that Azazel was the name of a person and not of a thing. The whole question has been discussed by Spencer (De Legg. Hebr. Lib. iii. Diss. viii. tom ii. pp. 1039–1085) with a fulness of learning to which later writers have added but little. But Spencer was obliged to protest against being supposed to favour Socinianism because he advocated a rendering which cuts the ground from under the commonly received typical interpretation of the passage. And it would seem as if, notwithstanding all that has been done since Spencer's days to assert a reverent freedom in the interpretation of Holy Scripture, those who venture to depart from a received interpretation, on grounds however sure, and for reasons however convincing, must still be prepared to incur the charge of "starting with a prejudice against the Christian Faith."

The next passage which the Reviewer selects for observation is Psalm xxii. 16 :

"The Revisers," he says, "suffer the received translation to stand, but they

* The belief at any rate is not in any way more shocking than that which was at one time current in the Church, as an explanation of the doctrine of the atonement—viz., that the ransom was paid not to God but to Satan, who, however, was deceived in the transaction, he not being aware that "the hook of the divinity was concealed in the humanity." Was this a "Catholic" interpretation?

† So Pollux, note: οἱ δὲ δαίμονες οἱ μὲν λύντες τὰς ἀρὰς, ἀλεξίκακοι λέγονται, ἀποπομπαῖοι, ἀποτρόπαιοι κτλ. And Cyril of Alexandria says of the second goat, τὸν γε μὲν ἕτερον ἀποπομπαῖον τῷ καὶ πονηρῷ ἀκαθάρτῳ δαίμονι πεμφθῆναι κατὰ τὴν ἐρημιον.

entirely evacuate its meaning by their marginal note. Having admitted that the Sept., Vulgate and Syriac support the text, they volunteer the information that other ancient versions have '*They bound,*' while 'the Hebrew text as pointed reads, like a lion.' If the Revisers were really bent upon being critical, why did they not add that this is probably one of the eighteen passages which are known to have been tampered with by the Scribes."

As is not unusual with him, the Reviewer has very kindly answered this question for us, for he informs us in a note that in Dr. Ginsburg's "Massorah" (vol. ii. p. 710), "three lists of passages occur claiming to be corrections of the Scribes. In the first list there are seventeen texts, in the last two eighteen. The three lists do not agree with each other, *but this passage is found in neither of them.*" Does the Reviewer, then, really mean to assert that although this passage is not given in any of these lists as one of the "corrections of the Scribes," it was nevertheless the Revisers' duty to say in their margin that "probably" it *was* one of such corrections?

I do not know whether the Reviewer would defend pious frauds, but I am loth to believe that his moral code in matters of criticism is so lax as this.

But, after all, what have the Revisers done? Here is an instance in which there is singularly conflicting evidence as regards the text. The existing MSS., with one or two exceptions, are all one way; the Versions are all another. The MSS. are, as pointed, in favour of a noun; the Versions are in favour of a verb. But the Versions differ as to the sense of the verb; some have "they bound," some "they pierced," or a near equivalent. [and Aquila, in his first edition, "they put to shame"]. The Massoretic text as pointed has "like a lion." These are the facts of the case, and these facts the Revisers considered that they were bound as honest men to put before the English reader. It must be remembered that in retaining the rendering of the Authorized Version in the text, they were forsaking the Massoretic reading. Now their rule was to follow the Massoretic reading. The Reviewer himself contends again and again that they ought to follow "those far-seeing men the Massoretes," and not to follow the Ancient Versions,* except, I suppose, in cases where, as here, the Versions happen to support the Reviewer.

But, says the Reviewer, whatever may be the state of the text now, there is "Jacob ben Chaiim, who certainly states that he found

* As for instance, in 1 Kings x. 5, where, says the Reviewer, "it is remarkable that all the ancient versions, even Jerome, give the rendering of the Revised Version marg. 'burnt offering;'" and yet he is determined, notwithstanding, to twist this margin into a charge of heterodoxy against the Revisers; for he observes: "To the unwary reader this is an insignificant alteration. A little information on the matter will acquaint him painfully with the significance of the change. This passage has been brought forward in proof of the non-existence of the Levitical law previous to the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. 'If Solomon offered this sacrifice, how is it possible that a law existed which limited the sacrificial function to the priests?' Such is the argument," &c. So we were to quote the Versions when, as in Psalm xxii., they favoured the orthodox, and to suppress their evidence when, as here, they supported the unorthodox critics!

'they pierced' in certain correct copies, and that 'like a lion' was written in the margin to be 'read' (the Qri); only if we bring him forward we shall be told that Jacob became a Christian, and that his testimony is unworthy of credit, as he wrote with interested views. But men should remember that it is perfectly possible for a Jew to become a Christian * without becoming a liar." Yes, men should remember it, and should therefore adduce his testimony with a scrupulous regard to truth. Why does not the Reviewer give Jacob ben Chaiim's note in full? He says: "In some correct books I found 'written' כָּאֲרִי and 'read' כְּאֲרִי, but I sought among those words which are 'written' with ׀ at the end and 'read' ׀, and did not find it numbered in the reckoning; and also in the various readings which exist between the Easterns and Westerns, and it was not numbered there."† That is to say, he did not find that the reading with the verb was recognized by the Massorites at all. Consequently, what is there reprehensible in the Revisers' conduct? They have merely stated the facts. The Reviewer, indeed, challenges them on this score: "Then as to the Revisers' remark about 'the Hebrew text as pointed,' he exclaims, 'Where is it so pointed?' Only in certain MSS.; others actually read 'they pierced.'" But the fact is, that in by far the great majority of existing MSS. the Hebrew text is so pointed as to read "like a lion." It is, indeed, something to have got from the Reviewer the admission that there *are* pointed MSS.; for on p. 284 he had made the remarkable discovery that "the Massoretic text is without vowels," although the Massorah constantly refers to the vowels, mentioning most of them by name, and the oldest MS. (of which the date is certain) has the vowels according to the Eastern system of vocalization.

For myself, I have pointed out in my "Commentary on the Psalms" (vol. i. pp. 255-6, 6th edit.), how this apparent opposition between the Hebrew text as written, and the Versions, may be reconciled. If we neglect the Hebrew points of the word which now reads "like a lion," and substitute for them other points, we may turn the word into the *participle* of a verb, meaning "piercing," and this, I think, is probably the true reading. Thus we get practically the verb rendering of the Versions without any alteration in the consonants of the Hebrew text. In the critical note to which I have already referred, I have collected the evidence bearing on the subject, and I need not transcribe it here. The Reviewer does not object to the Revisers' text, he objects to their margin; he cannot

* Jacob b. Chaiim was not a Christian at this time.

† Even Pearson, from whom the Reviewer takes all this, says on the words, "They pierced my hands and my feet." This translation, indeed, seems something different from the Hebrew text as we now read it, כָּאֲרִי יָדַי וְרַגְלֵי, "Sicut leo manus meas et pedes meos." And he too gives part of Jacob b. Chaiim's note, and omits the rest.

deny that the margin states facts, but he thinks it supplies a rendering which makes absolute nonsense of the passage.* If so, it must be very harmless. I am not concerned to defend the reading, I am only concerned to defend the justice and propriety of the marginal note. But the truth is, the Reviewer argues as if any doubt thrown upon the reading of this particular verse was a doubt thrown upon the Messianic character of the whole psalm, whereas that remains precisely what it was before. The Messianic character of the psalm does not depend upon the rendering of a single phrase—a phrase, moreover, which is not quoted in the New Testament—it turns upon the obvious and striking references in the psalm as a whole to the circumstances of our Lord's crucifixion. The loss of a single phrase, however expressive, cannot seriously affect these.

The Reviewer's next instance (5), Psalm xlv. 6, need not detain us long. Here, again, it is the margin, not the text, which provokes his wrath. In the text the Revised Version, like the Authorized, has: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." But the margin is: "Or, *thy throne is the throne of God*," &c. The Reviewer quotes the Ancient Versions as supporting the text, although the Syriac, "The throne of God is for ever and ever," certainly does not do so; and the Targum, "Thy glorious throne, O Jehovah, is established for ever and ever," is at least doubtful. "But what possible sense," asks the Reviewer, "can be attached to the words, 'Thy throne is the throne of God'?" Does 'the throne of God' mean no more than 'the throne of the Lord' (1 Chron. xxix. 23); an abridgment for the full phrase, 'Throne of the kingdom of the Lord' (1 Chron. xxviii. 5), which Jeremiah explains to mean, 'Jerusalem'? Does the verse mean, 'Thy throne is at Jerusalem for ever and ever'? I answer that "the throne of God" does mean no more (and no less) than "the throne of the Lord" (1 Chron. xxix. 23). When it is said that Solomon sat on the throne of the Lord, this can mean nothing less than that he sat upon the throne which the Lord had given him, that he sat thereon as the Lord's representative, that he sat there sustained and protected by the Lord's right hand. There is nothing poor or trivial in such an interpretation as this; but the Reviewer chooses to put his own quite arbitrary interpretation on the words, and then exclaims, "This is a bathos to which we are not accustomed in Hebrew poetry."

The rendering given in the margin—though I do not for a moment accept it—is that of the great Jewish scholar, Ibn Ezra, and has been defended by many modern interpreters. It found a place in the margin for a reason which has evidently never occurred to the

* The Targum did not think so, for it *supplies* a verb to complete the sense, "*biting my hands and feet like a lion*." It is evident that the Targum did not find a verb in the text, as the Reviewer asserts, but had the reading "*like a lion*," and merely added the verb to explain the construction.

Reviewer's mind. The difficulty of rendering "Thy throne, O God," is that it seems at first sight to destroy altogether the primary reference of the psalm to a contemporary Jewish monarch, who was the type and visible image of the future Messiah. It is a difficulty which presented itself to the mind of Calvin, and has been felt by the most orthodox expositors since. I do not think it insuperable. I have said in my note on the psalm that the name God (*Elohim*) is here given to the Jewish monarch, as it is elsewhere, to rulers and judges in a lower sense, as reflecting the Divine majesty upon earth, that it has, therefore, a first application to Solomon but that in its fullest and truest sense, it appertains only to the Antitype.

But it would seem as if the Reviewer had never heard of the *duplex sensus* of prophecy, the first historical sense, and the ultimate and higher sense in which prophecy reaches forth to its fulfilment; although this is a conception with which all students of prophecy, since the time of the Reformation, have been familiar, and although it has been adopted and defended with the soundest and most pertinent arguments by writers whose orthodoxy has never been questioned. Hence it is that he cannot understand the margin here. Hence it is that he thinks the margin on Genesis iii. 15 destructive of a Messianic interpretation. Hence it is that he cannot understand the margin on Isaiah vii. "or maiden" * as an alternative to "virgin," the object being of course to indicate not only that the word in the text does not mean "virgin" in the strict sense, which is perfectly certain, but to intimate that the mother whom Isaiah saw there before him, and the birth of whose child was to be a sign to Ahaz, was then a marriageable young woman, that she would be married, and that the events which he foretold as imminent would actually take place within three years after her child, Immanuel, was born. In other words there was a typical birth, and a typical Immanuel. But of all this the Reviewer is sublimely unconscious. Hence in this same 45th Psalm he will have "the king's daughter all glorious within," and says in defiance of all Hebrew that the Psalmist has done his best to make it plain she was so, because he cannot understand how the king's daughter could be the bride of the Jewish monarch, and consequently would, as a matter of course, occupy the women's apartments in the inner parts of the palace. The Hebrew word '*penimah*' is never used of the inner being of man or woman, but always of the inner portion of a building, and hence of that inner part where the harem was situated.

I pass on to number (8) of the Reviewer's instances, the prophecy in Haggai ii. 7, which stands in the Authorized Version, "And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come," &c. This is one

* Aquila Symmachus and Theodotion render *νεαῦρος*, though the LXX. have

of the passages to which Bishop Thirlwall referred in his speech on the Revision of the Bible, delivered in the Upper House of Convocation of the Southern Province, on February 10, 1870, as illustrating his remark that one effect of Revision would be to "deprive many of the clergy, and perhaps still more of the dissenting ministers, of some of their most favourite texts." . . . "I may cite as an instance," he says, "the words of Haggai, 'the desire of all nations,' in which the phrase of the original does not really apply to a person, but means 'the precious things of all nations,' a change which would prevent many from using it as it is commonly used." It is not surprising therefore, perhaps, that the Reviewer should be made angry by the change. "Christian men," he says, "have always been taught that this is a clear prediction that the Messiah should come before the temple at Jerusalem was destroyed." And again, "Our early belief is at once reproved and repulsed by the Revisers' text—the desirable *things of all nations shall come.*" Well, this may be a melancholy thing; but there are many beliefs of our childhood, and perhaps even of our manhood, which must be subjected to this rude process, and the sooner we make up our minds to accept the unwelcome fact the better. And one would have thought that a serious and earnest student of Holy Scripture would have been anxious to ascertain its true meaning, even at the risk of having his "early belief at once reproved and repulsed." There ought to be but one rule followed in the translation of Scripture, as of every other book, but with the more jealousy in proportion as the issues involved in the study of Scripture are more serious, and that is, to ascertain as nearly as possible, and to express as closely as possible, the exact sense of the original. None other ought to influence a translator; and this was laid down by Bishop Thirlwall when, in a later speech delivered on February 16, 1871, he moved a resolution to the effect that—

"this House does not intend to give the slightest sanction or countenance to the opinion that the members of the Revision Companies ought to be guided by any other principle than the desire to bring the translation as near as they can to the sense of the original texts; but, on the contrary, regards it as their duty to keep themselves as much as possible on their guard against any bias of preconceived opinions on theological tenets in the work of Revision."

The Reviewer is, of course, in direct conflict with the Bishop, but it may safely be left to all reasonable men to say on which side common-sense and true reverence for Scripture are to be found. If indeed the Reviewer had been able to furnish any plausible defence of the rendering of the Authorized Version we might have listened to him with respect, but he does not even attempt it. He only makes the astounding assertion that "There is no grammatical difficulty in the authorized rendering;" whereas the grammatical difficulty is quite insuperable. It is briefly this, that the noun

"desire" is in the singular, and the verb "shall come" in the plural. Accordingly the rendering of the Authorized Version "presents the aspect of a solecism like that which we should have had in the Vulgate if it had translated, 'Venient desideratus.'"^{*} Obviously then the noun "desire" is here used in a collective sense, and it is equivalent to "desirable things" (as it is also in 1 Sam. ix. 20, where the meaning is fixed beyond question by the contrast with the asses). But the Reviewer, as usual, is unable to credit the Revisers with common honesty, and accordingly he observes: "We can discover no reason why it (the rendering of the Authorized Version) should not be admitted here,—*except by those who are prejudiced against all Messianic prophecy.*" We are so accustomed to charges of this kind that it is scarcely worth while noticing them. But the Reviewer would hardly assert that so orthodox a commentator as Hengstenberg was "prejudiced against all Messianic prophecy" and yet he writes: "'The comfort of the heathen' (Luther's translation) had struck such deep root in the field of practice, in hymns, sermons, &c., that most of the commentators shrank from the thought of abandoning an interpretation which had grown so dear to them in a way which was not that of critical research. Its untenableness was most distinctly affirmed by Calvin among the early writers, and appears clearly from the following reasons. According to it the plural מְדַבְּרִים admits of no justification" (Christologie, iii. i. p. 226).

Köhler too, having observed that the words were understood by Luther and most of the earlier commentators of the Messiah, proceeds to say, "But this interpretation is utterly impossible, if it were only because the subject מְדַבְּרִים has the plural מְדַבְּרִים for its predicate; for this points, by necessary inference, to the fact that the subject is conceived as a collective noun."

The Reviewer is obliged to admit that the LXX., the Syriac and the Targum are all against him, and that he is only supported by Jerome and the Vulgate, who are really but one and the same authority, and the Latin here is indisputably wrong. "The English translators of the Bible," says Heberden, quoted by Archbishop Newcome, "have followed the Vulgate against the plain construction of the Hebrew text, and have differed from all the other old translators."*

But is it true that the passage ceases to be Messianic when we have restored the true rendering? Certainly not. All that is lost

* The *Edinburgh Reviewer* does not attempt to defend the Authorized Version here though he thinks that the Revised Version is one "to which at least quite as serious critical objection will be taken, and that not from the orthodox side alone." He would apparently prefer rendering "the choicest" or "best" among the heathen, and critics of great name have no doubt taken the same view; "to which," says Bishop Thirlwall, "there is no objection but the want of harmony with the context, and the obscurity of the description."

is an express reference to a personal coming of the Messiah. "That omission," observes Bishop Thirlwall—

"Might be of some importance if Haggai were the only prophet of the Old Testament. But there can be no doubt that he and his readers were familiar with the writings of the elder prophets. They knew that the 'precious offerings of the nations' involved the previous coming of the Messiah, that it was when 'the Redeemer had come to Zion' (Is. lix. 20) that the influx of 'the desirable things' described in chap. lx. ['the silver and the gold' of Haggai] was to ensue. In a word, the doctrine which [the Reviewer] strives to establish by artifices of interpretation which tend to bring our Biblical criticism into discredit, is contained, though not directly, yet by clear and necessary implication, in the rendering which he stigmatizes as anti-Messianic, though both in itself and in the view of those who adopt it, it is not one whit less Messianic than his own."*

The Reviewer gives us a list of fifteen instances, taken at random, where the Revised Version differs from the Authorized, and placing these in parallel columns, with the Revised Version margin between them, he asks: "What is there deserving of a moment's attention? . . . The expressions are for the most part equivalent in each of the passages cited."

Among these expressions, which the Reviewer says "are for the most part equivalent," are the following:

Gen. xlix. 4: "unstable as water"—"bubbling over as water."

Ex. ix. 31: "boded"—"in bloom."

Lev. xxvii. 2: "When a man shall accomplish a vow"—"When a man shall make a special vow."

Josh. viii. 33: "Commanded that they should bless the people of Israel first of all"—"Commanded at the first that they should bless the people of Israel."

1 Sam. xvii. 32: "because of him"—"within him."

1 Kings vii. 9: "according to measure"—"after divers measures."

If the Reviewer can see no difference between these alternative renderings it is useless to argue with him. In every one of the other instances he quotes there is a difference, though in some a little intelligent reflection may be necessary before the exact difference of meaning is perceived.

I cannot follow the Reviewer through all his wearisome pages of carping objections. It is not worth while. But there remains one piece of original criticism which I cannot overlook; it is so infinitely entertaining. The Reviewer has made many remarkable discoveries respecting the Massoretic text; the discovery which I am about to notice is certainly not the least remarkable.

"The Revisers," he says, "have ignored more than half the important readings in the Massorah," and the following instances

* Bishop Thirlwall (letter to Mr. Faussett, in "Literary Remains," vol. iii. p. 470), to whom I am largely indebted in the foregoing paragraphs. I may also refer to the Commentary on Haggai in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" by my brother Archdeacon Perowne, where the rendering of the Revisers is amply defended.

are selected of "well-known readings *which make a difference to the sense*," which have been thus ignored by the Revisers.

(1.) "Gen. xxiv. 33, וַיֵּשֶׁב text, וַיֵּשֶׁב margin. Authorized Version follows the Qri ('and there was set'). Similarly Revised Version; but no note occurs to the effect that another reading has '*and one set.*'"

Is the Reviewer serious in giving an instance like this? The meaning is precisely the same, whether you render "and one set," or "and there was set."* This is only one of those trifling grammatical corrections by which the Massoretes tried to help simple and unlearned readers by substituting the easier form for the more difficult. Such Massoretic notes abound. Scores of them might have been quoted by the Reviewer. But it would have been childish pedantry had the Revisers placed them in their margin.

(2.) "Isaiah v. 29, וַיִּנָּחַשׁ text, וַיִּנָּחַשׁ margin. Authorized Version follows the Qri ('they shall roar'). Similarly Revised Version; but we are not informed that the Hebrew has '*and there is a roaring.*'"

The Hebrew, of course, has nothing of the kind; the Revisers would have shown their ignorance of the very elements of Hebrew grammar, and would have exposed themselves to the ridicule of every scholar, had they put any such note as this. The two forms are absolutely identical in meaning, the one being merely the simple future, and the other the perfect with the emphatic *Vav* prefixed, which is constantly used as a future. Whichever reading is adopted the rendering can only be, "they shall roar."

"(3) Isaiah xxx. 32, בָּנֵי in text, בָּנֵי in margin. The Authorized Version has '*with it,*' the margin has '*against them.*' The Revised Version gives eight lines of margin to this verse, but not a word about this variant, though the difficulty is an easy one to explain."

Here again, I ask, what is the value of the variant? "To fight with *them*," means, of course, to fight with the Assyrians, who are mentioned just before; "to fight with *it*" would mean to fight with the land of Assyria, which has not been mentioned, though it is implied. But it would only have puzzled the English reader to have given the variant without a long explanation, and the sense is substantially the same.

"(4) Ezekiel xvi. 51, עָשִׂיתִי (*sic*) in text, עָשִׂיתִי (*sic*) in margin. Authorized Version, 'thou hast done.'* Similarly Revised Version, omitting all notice of the difference in reading. It may be alleged by the revisers that this is an ancient way of writing the second person of the perfect. No doubt about it, but why did they go out of their way (in ver. 52) to read '*sister*' in the margin when no such variant is to be found," &c. &c.

* It is hardly necessary to give an instance, but I may refer to such a well-known passage as Is. ix. 6, where both Authorized Version and Revised Version have "his name shall be called," though the literal rendering of the Hebrew would be "and one shall call his name;" but, as I have said, this is the commonest of all idioms.

This is extremely amusing—quite the Reviewer's critical masterpiece. It is plain that he can neither read nor write Hebrew. He might have saved himself one blunder if he had given the margin as it stands: "The (final) ם is superfluous." Instead of this, he not only gives a margin of his own, with a punctuation also his own, but he points his text wrongly, giving םַּ as if it were the first person of the perfect ("I have made," which would be absolute nonsense), instead of םַּ which, of course, is only a *plena scriptio* of the second person feminine. And then he naïvely adds: "But it may be alleged that this is an ancient way of writing the second person of the perfect. *No doubt about it.*" If there is no doubt about it, what ought the Revisers to have done here? Ought they to have added a margin informing the English reader that here is a peculiar grammatical form in the Hebrew? If so, they must have done the like in hundreds of other instances, and the folly of such a proceeding is evident. But the break—the sudden turning aside with the question, "but why did they go out of their way (in verse 52) to read 'sister' in the margin, when no such variant is to be found," is quite inimitable. The Reviewer may like to know that the authority for this reading is the text itself, and that the Revisers did not "think it worth while to commence a Massorah on their own account." But enough of such trifling.

If variations like these are all that the Reviewer can produce as having been "passed over by the Revisers," the indictment is not a very formidable one. If these are fair specimens of the *apparatus criticus* which "those far-seeing men the Massorettes" have bequeathed to us, no Hebrew scholar would attach the slightest importance to it. But it is astonishing that any critic professing to have even a smattering of Hebrew should gravely have brought forward instances such as these of "important" various readings making "a difference to the sense," which the Revisers ought to have noticed. If they had noticed them they would have given to the world the most conspicuous evidence of their unfitness for the task entrusted to them. They would have been the laughing-stock of both hemispheres for their pedantic folly.

After this specimen of the Reviewer's competence for his self-imposed task, it is hardly worth while to follow him through the many absurdities of his lucubrations on the text and the Versions. What does he tell us? He tells us that the Massoretic text is "indefinitely old, 1,500 years older than the oldest of the Versions," whereas we cannot certainly trace it beyond the first century of our era, and there is abundant evidence that before that time other recensions must have existed. He tells us that the earliest manuscript "of the whole Old Testament extant" is of the tenth century, and that the Codex Babylonicus (which contains only the later Prophets) is

earlier (p. 283), whereas this Codex bears the date 916, and there is no known MS. of the *whole* Old Testament earlier than the eleventh century. He tells us (p. 284) that the marginal notes of the Massoretes contain the various readings called "Qri" (read) and "Kthib" (written), although the "Kthib" is simply the text, and the "Qri" is the marginal note correcting the text. He tells us that the Massoretes were a body of learned men, who some time between 300 and 600 A.D., sat down, and out of a number of MSS. before them, culled what they considered the best readings, and so fixed the text, and that so great was their zeal on this behalf that they constructed a gigantic work called the Massorah, with a special view to the conservation of the texts; whereas the Massoretes were not a single body of scholars, but belonged to many different schools in the East and the West, carried on their labours from the sixth century to the eleventh, and were engaged, not in fixing the text, which had been fixed long before by the Scribes, but in keeping it in a stereotyped state by enumerating every grammatical form, and the occurrence of different words, and even letters, in the Bible, so as to render it almost impossible for later copyists to make a blunder which would not be immediately detected. He tells us that the Massoretic text was "without vowels" (p. 284); whereas the Massoretic notes deal largely, as I have already observed, with the vowels and accents. He tells us that the Versions are for critical purposes practically worthless, although we have MSS. of the LXX., the Syriac, and the Latin centuries older than the oldest of our Hebrew MSS. And finally he tells us, with an audacity that scorns critics and criticism, and history itself, as the ostrich scorns the horse and his rider, that the greater part of the Septuagint Version is "of post-Christian origin" (p. 287).

I appeal fearlessly to every scholar in England, in Germany, in France, in America, or wherever else a scholar is to be found, and I ask, What judgment do they pass on a pretender like this? Fifty-eight pages has the Reviewer written, and there is not one that does not betray extraordinary ignorance, or that is not disfigured by some unfounded assertion, or some uncharitable insinuation. Seriously, it is to be regretted that the pages of any English Review should have been blotted by work like this. From beginning to end there is not one single piece of honest, manly, straightforward examination of the Revisers' work, no attempt to estimate it in the scales of an impartial criticism, but merely the determination to damage it as far as possible by an appeal to religious prejudice and intolerance, based on the flimsiest and shallowest pretence of learning. "Controversies," says Cardinal Newman, "should be decided by the reason. Is it legitimate warfare to appeal to the misgivings of the public mind and to its dislikes?" No, it

is not legitimate warfare, but it is that in which the *Quarterly Reviewer* has engaged. 'I do not defend everything that the Revisers have done ; they are but human, and may have made mistakes. But I do assert their honesty; I assert this of them individually and as a body that their aim was truth. There was no orthodox party among them zealous to retain what stands in the text, and no unorthodox party seeking refuge in the margin. Each one followed his conscience, and was guided solely by what he believed to be true principles of criticism and interpretation in giving his vote ; and the same man voted sometimes for the margin and sometimes for the text in the very passages which have been the subject of the Reviewer's animadversion. These marginal notes are of the greatest possible value. Even if they should at first bewilder and confuse "unsuspecting English readers," they will act as healthy stimulants ; they will make them see that more than one rendering of even important passages is possible ; they will have the salutary effect of teaching them to distrust some of their "early beliefs," and to read their Bible in future with a more intelligent faith. If "clergymen and Dissenting ministers have been robbed of some of their favourite texts" by the changes introduced in the Revision, it will be ample compensation, not only that the new rendering in the text is more accurate than the old, but that in many instances the margin will discover to them a choice of meanings, and lead them, if it does no more, to doubt their own infallibility or that of some favourite commentator.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

• GOVERNMENT BY JOURNALISM.

GOVERNMENT by kings went out of fashion in this country when Charles Stuart lost his head. Government by the House of Lords perished with Gatton and Old Sarum. Is it possible that government by the House of Commons may equally become out of date? Without venturing into the dim and hazardous region of prophecy, it is enough to note that the trend of events is in that direction. Government tends ever downward. Nations become more and more impatient of intermediaries between themselves and the exercise of power. The people are converting government by representatives to government by delegates. If a deputy or a member votes against the wishes of his constituents, he is denounced as a usurper, even if he be not cashiered as a traitor. Side by side with this ever-strengthening tendency may be observed a scientific development rendering possible the realization of the popular aspirations. The world has perceptibly shrunk under the touch of Stephenson and Faraday, of Hoe and of Edison. If we, like the Germans, had been in the habit of marking our milestones by time instead of distance, this would be much more easily realized. We are all next-door neighbours. If any one raise his voice, it is audible from Aberdeen to Plymouth. Hence science has realized for us in the nineteenth century the ancient Witanagemote of our early English ancestors. Our Parliaments gradually developed out of the Folksmote of the German village, in which every villager was free to speak and free to vote. In theory at least, in its early days, every freeman could attend the national Witan. It was only as the territory widened over which citizens of the commonwealth were scattered, and their numbers swelled to a multitude far beyond the area of earshot, that the system of delegation sprang up, which, as its latest development,

has produced the recently elected House of Commons. In some of the more primitive Swiss cantons the ancient custom still prevails, and the whole adult democracy is summoned by sound of horn to debate and decide the affairs of the rustic commonwealth. In England we seem to be reverting to the original type of English institutions. The telegraph and the printing-press have converted Great Britain into a vast agora, or assembly of the whole community, in which the discussion of the affairs of State is carried on from day to day in the hearing of the whole people.

The discussion is carried on daily, but the new Witan can only vote authoritatively once in six years. As it usually votes alternately in opposite lobbies it is obvious that the House of Commons is often out of harmony with the nation which it represents. But the repeal of the Septennial Act is no longer a plank in the Radical platform. Triennial parliaments are out of fashion. A representative assembly that has ceased to represent its constituents has lost its *raison d'être*. It is a usurpation based on fraud. Yet it is endured, and the demand that once was energetically urged for more frequent elections has died away. The reason probably is that, although the authority of a House which has ceased to represent the people is a despotism, it is a despotism tempered by the Press and the Platform. That is to say, in other words, that the absolutism of the elected assembly is controlled and governed by the direct voice of the electors themselves. The Press and the Platform, of course, do not mean the printed words of a news-sheet or the wooden planks of a platform. They are merely expressions used to indicate the organs by which the people give utterance to their will, and the growth of their power is indicative of the extent to which the nation is taking into its own hands the direct management and control of its own affairs.

The secret of the power of the Press and of the Platform over the House of Commons is the secret by which the Commons controlled the Peers, and the Peers in their turn controlled the King. They are nearer the people. They are the most immediate and most unmistakable exponents of the national mind. Their direct and living contact with the people is the source of their strength. The House of Commons, elected once in six years, may easily cease to be in touch with the people.

A representative may change his mind in one direction, his constituency may change its mind in another, and they may gradually lose all points of contact with each other, beyond the subscriptions, which fail not, until they have as little in common as Mr. Parnell and the citizens of London. The member immediately after his election leaves his constituency, and plunges into a new world with different atmosphere, moral, social, and political. But an editor, on the other hand, must live among the people whose opinions he essays to express. It

is true that some papers in the provinces are edited from London, and with what result? That, speaking broadly, the London-edited news-sheet is a mere news-sheet, without weight, influence, or representative character. Of all drivelling productions, commend us to the provincial "leader" written in Fleet Street. The editor must keep touch with his readers. He must interest, or he ceases to be read. He must therefore, often sorely against his will, write on topics about which he cares nothing, because if he does not, the public will desert him for his rival across the street. This, which in one sense is a degrading side of journalism, is in another a means of preservation and safety. A newspaper must "palpitate with actuality;" it must be a mirror reflecting all the ever-varying phases of life in the locality. Hence it represents a district as no member can, for, whereas he may be a stranger, selected at a crisis to say ditto to Mr. Gladstone or to Lord Salisbury on some issue five years dead and gone, the newspaper—although, as Mr. Morley says, it to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven—is a page from the book of the life of the town in which it appears, a valuable transcript of yesterday's words, thoughts, and deeds.

It is constantly up to date. The day before yesterday is as the date of the deluge. Editors alone of mortals live up to the apostolic injunction, and, forgetting the things that are behind, ever press forward to those which are before. The journalist is constantly *en évidence*. Constituencies sometimes forget they have a member. If they even for one week forgot they had a paper, that paper would cease to exist. The member speaks in the name of a community by virtue of a mandate conferred on poll-days, when a majority of the electors, half of whom may have subsequently changed their minds, marked a cross opposite his name. The editor's mandate is renewed day by day, and his electors register their vote by a voluntary payment of the daily pence. There is no limitation of age or sex. Whosoever has a penny has a vote; nor is there any bribery or corruption possible in that extended constituency which casts its votes—and its coppers—every morning or every evening in the working days of the week. Nor must there be forgotten the reflex influence of the editor on his constituency. For the purpose of moulding a constituency into his own way of thinking, the editor has every advantage on his side. An M.P., even if he be loquacious, cannot make as many speeches in the session as the editor writes articles in a week. And the editor prints every word, and spreads it abroad before his vast congregation, with "never a nodder among them all," as Mr. Lowell observes in his admirable preface to the "Pious Editor's Creed;" while the member addresses half-empty benches, and his speech is mangled by unappreciative reporters. For one-third of a year Parliament is in recess. The chamber of the Press is never

closed. It is in perpetual session. For Parliament is merely a part of the machinery of government. The newspaper is that, and more besides. It has become a necessity of life.

But the importance of the newspaper as a substitute for the House of Commons is but partially due to the utterances of its editor. Its reports are often more valuable than its leaders. Lord Salisbury proclaimed seven years ago that the special correspondent was superseding the editor, chiefly because he was nearer to the things which people wished to see. The Press is at once the eye and the ear and the tongue of the people. It is the visible speech if not the voice of the democracy. It is the phonograph of the world. On its columns are printed the spoken words of yesterday, and it is constantly becoming more and more obvious that the importance of a spoken word depends chiefly upon the certainty of its getting itself printed. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches of 1879-80 would have fallen comparatively powerless if they had only been addressed to the people of Penicuik and West Calder. A great speech is now delivered in the hearing of all the nation. The orator ostensibly addresses a couple of thousand, who cheer and hear. He is in reality speaking to the millions who will read his speech next morning at breakfast. The growth of the power of the Platform is largely the creation of the Press. If a statesman now wants to impress the nation, the last place in the world where he will make his speech is in Parliament, because in no place will it be worse reported. Epoch-making speeches are nowadays all delivered on the stump. The public only cares for what it hears. No one knows what goes on after twelve o'clock in Parliament, and no one cares. Why? Because the newspapers do not report late sittings. Debates between twelve and three might be conversations in a Government department for anything that the country knows about them. If questions were taken at the end of the sitting they would dwindle. The House is chiefly useful because it secures the reporting of both sides of debates, which otherwise would not be reported, unless the debaters were men of front rank. For the Press has a closure of its own, which it mercilessly enforces, and few there be that escape from it.

In one respect it must be obvious even to the most careless observer that the Press has become to the Commons what the Commons were to the Lords. The Press has become the Chamber of Initiative. No measure ever gets itself into shape, as a rule, before being debated many times as a project in the columns of the newspapers. All changes need to pass as a preliminary through this first whirl of popular opinion. Not until it has been pretty well citizenized and ed out in the Press does a proposal of reform come to be read his co time in the House of Commons. This power of initiation it sphere secured by natural right. For in its free and open halls the must

voice of the poorest and humblest can be heard. If so be that a man can think a thought, and frame that thought in intelligible English with sufficient brevity to escape the Rhadamanthus in whose eyes excessive length is a vice going before to judgment, justifying summary execution without benefit of clergy, he can make himself heard, if not in one paper, then in another. There is no such democratic debating-place as the columns of the Press: provided, of course, the debater does not too rudely assail the great unwritten conventions which govern respectable journalism. For journalism in the possession of superstitions also is not unlike Parliament.

There are of course papers and papers. There are papers of business, papers of advertisement, papers of sport, papers of opinion, and papers of power. It takes all sorts to make up a world, and there is as much diversity in journalists as in members of Parliament. But all of them go together to make the Fourth Estate, which is becoming more powerful than all the other estates of the realm. Great is the power of the printed word. This, as Victor Hugo's hero says in "*Notre Dame*," pointing first to the printed page and then to the soaring towers of the great cathedral;—"This will destroy that." *Notre Dame* has survived Caxton for many centuries, and Parliament will continue to meet in the midst of a newspaper age, but it will be subordinate. The wielders of real power will be those who are nearest the people.

Statesmanship among Parliament men is becoming every day more and more what Mr. Matthew Arnold described eighteen years ago as the mere cult of the jumping cat. Even the duty of twisting the tail of that influential dictator of our destinies is regarded as superfluous. Leadership, in the sense of the science of leading, is reduced to a mere striking of the average. Mr. Gladstone, who might have been a leader in the better sense, has laid it down as a political maxim, that "the most important duty of a leader is to ascertain the average opinions of his party, and largely to give effect to them." That is opportunism reduced to a system, in which the leaders are the led, and the rulers the servants of the ruled. It is the new and unexpected rendering of the old text—"If any one would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all." But how will the cat jump? That is a problem inscrutable as the decrees of Fate.

If the British householder only knew his own mind, the task might be possible; but when that wielder of the sceptre is himself befogged, how then? Then the Parliament man, straining his eyes through the murky darkness, anxiously interrogating the vague forms which loom through the mist, turns eagerly to the journalists for light and guidance. They are often but blind guides. To them also the oracles are often dumb; but they are at least nearer the Delphic.

cave whence issue the fateful words of fortune or of doom; and none but those behind the scenes can realize the weight which newspapers sometimes possess in deciding issues of vital import. To the devout worshipper of opinion a newspaper article is often accepted as decisive, as was the flight of birds at an auspicious moment by an ancient augur. But it must be at the auspicious moment. The same article, or a hundred such, a week earlier or a week later, would pass unheeded.

The importance which the Press possesses as a gauge of public opinion might be enormously increased. But even now it is immense. Mr. Trevelyan's description of the British station-master as a being who feared nothing under heaven save the daily Press, may be applied literally to some of our most prominent and self-opinionated statesmen. It is a guide to their path and a lamp to their feet, and some who profess the greatest contempt for its utterances cower most abjectly under its lash. This springs from the position in which they are placed. What is there to guide a prudent politician as to the depth of water under his keel? Bye-elections, if there are enough of them and if they are studied comparatively with due regard to the antecedents of the constituency, are undoubtedly the best help in taking political soundings. Some day, if Parliament regains its authority so far as to make the democracy anxious to keep it in tune with the constituencies, a series of periodical bye-elections will be arranged for at stated intervals, in order to enable representatives to test the rising or the falling of political feeling in the country. But bye-elections at present only occur at haphazard, and members perversely refuse to die just when a few test elections would be most useful. Private letters from constituents are a most untrustworthy test. Those who need them most are least likely to receive them, and members have often pointed to their empty letter-bag as a proof that there was "no feeling on the subject," within a few weeks of such a manifestation of the reality of the feeling on the subject as to deprive them of their seats. It was so with the publican revolt in 1874, and with the anti-Turkish revolt in 1876-80, and it was so at the late election on the questions of Fair Trade and Disestablishment.

Public meetings, it will be said, are superior even to newspapers as exponents of public feeling. It is true, because a public meeting is the direct utterance of the voice of Demos without any intermediary. There is nothing in England so powerful as a series of public meetings. But public meetings cannot always be sitting. Their effect, although enormous and immediate, is evanescent. It is only when the popular mind is very excited that spontaneous meetings can be held, and hitherto the attempt to get up meetings by wire-pullers at Birmingham and elsewhere has not been a conspicuous success.

Equally untrustworthy is the caucus as a test of the opinion of the constituency. The caucus represents, as a rule, the fighting men-at-arms of the party. It is probably elected by a fraction of its own party, and it is always of necessity more political and more partisan than the body in whose name it speaks.

Hence members anxious to know how public feeling is going are driven back upon the newspapers. But what newspapers? That depends upon the member. Each chooses his own oracle. As a rule, the Liberals look to the provincial, the Conservatives to the metropolitan Press. But the odd thing is that while members are frequently swayed from side to side by the utterances of the provincial Press, it is a rare exception for any of them to study that Press intelligently. They are dependent for the most part upon the more or less fragmentary excerpts from the rural oracles which the London papers dignify with the title of "Epitome of Opinion." The swing of the Ministerial pendulum has been frequently decided by those extracts, which in times of crisis are much more influential with both parties, but especially with the Liberals, than any London editorials. Yet although politicians will lavish thousands in order to carry a single seat, the comparative study of the signs on which a dozen seats may depend is left to haphazard, or the arbitrary selection of a vehement opponent of the Ministerial policy.

Another curious thing is the way in which prominent men are encouraged or depressed by seeing in print praise or abuse of schemes which they have in hand. A Minister who has some little social reform which he wants to push gets a friend to button-hole a few journalists, and to induce them to insert paragraphs or articles in favour of his proposal. If he succeeds, and the notice appears, the Minister will pick up new courage, and renew his efforts to pass the Bill, declaring in all honesty that he is encouraged to do so by the fact that "public opinion has spoken in its favour." All the while he is perfectly well aware that the so-called public opinion was nothing but the printed reproduction of his own words transmitted through a friend to an obliging human phonograph. The echo of human voice imparted a confidence nothing else was able to secure.

I remember on one occasion being confidentially approached by a permanent official who holds a high place in an important department. He was a personal friend, and he spoke freely. He wanted me to write an article praising a certain Act connected with his department, against which some interested clamour was being raised. "Why just now?" I asked. "To stiffen the back of my chief," he replied. "He does not want to surrender, but he needs backing up, and if you could see your way to publish a rouser, he would pluck up courage enough to put his foot down." As I wanted him to put his foot down, I wrote the "rouser," and soon afterwards had the

satisfaction of knowing, that it had had the desired effect. The Minister knew nothing of the communication that had been made to me, but without that communication, and the action which followed, he would have given way, and mischief, which he regarded even more seriously than I did, would have ensued, specially affecting the department for which he was answerable. Every newspaper man of any standing will probably be able to cap this story by others of the same kind, in which a newspaper has, as it were, the casting-vote in the decision of State business.

Although Ministers fear the Press and obey the Press, even when they most abuse it, it has hardly dawned upon the Ministerial intelligence that it is worth while to tune the organ to whose piping they have so often to dance. Queen Elizabeth, wiser in her day and generation, took care to tune her pulpits. Instead of denouncing a "temporizing press," statesmen would find it more convenient to take its conductors into their confidence, so far at least as the imparting of confidential information necessary to enable them to criticize intelligently a policy which, without such guidance, they might, on the facts open to them, believe they were bound to oppose.

They are constantly telling us that without public opinion they can do nothing; but they forget that public opinion is the product of public education, and that the first duty of a statesman is not to wait on public opinion, but to make it. It is not only that there is no communication, but that often the information given is absolutely misleading, and Ministerial journalists painfully persist in advocating policies and putting forward hypotheses which are utterly incompatible with the line which Ministers have determined to take. Without going so far as to maintain that the Prime Minister, who has to communicate every day what passes in Parliament to her Majesty, should be equally communicative to those who wield a power in the State immeasurably greater than that which still clings round the phantom of monarchy, it would, from the point of view of self-interest, be good policy for a Minister in an important crisis, when public speech is impossible, to see to it that public opinion is not led astray from sheer lack of knowledge of the vital facts which govern the situation.

Of course there are journals which sometimes receive information more or less surreptitiously, and these communications are sometimes regarded as bribes. Item, so many "tips;" *per contra*, so much support. The average Ministerial conception of the service which organs of public opinion should render to their party is the exact antithesis to the service which a newspaper can render. The soundly Liberal newspaper that merits Ministerial favour is held to be the newspaper which most servilely says ditto to every Ministerial dictum.

The Minister utters the word : great in his opinion should be the company of those who publish it. The result is that some journalists, reputed to have brains and the reflective and critical appendages thereof, never exercise them except on matters concerning which Ministers have made no *ex cathedra* deliverance, and their comments, every one knows beforehand, will be nothing more than a long drawn-out note of admiration and approval. That is party journalism in its most dangerous and most worthless sense. The Swiss peasant, who at selected spots in Alpine valleys sounds a lusty note upon his Alpine horn, with a keen eye to the copper of some passing tourist, wakes the echoes of his native hills in much the same fashion that Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury rouses the responses of these obedient editors from Land's End to John o' Groat's. But the shepherd of the hills knows that the reverberation which rolls from crag to crag, and leaps from peak to peak, is but the prolonged echo of his own blast. It is reserved for English statesmen to palm off upon themselves and upon the public the journalistic echoes of their own voice, sent back by the party claque, as the utterances of an independent judgment happily coinciding with their own. A fatal Nemesis attends this subservient journalism. Its anxiety to fawn deprives its idol of the advantage of friendly but independent criticism ; and a Minister presiding over a divided Cabinet sees with dismay that over-anxious loyalty to himself often leads his zealous sycophants to exalt into a stereotyped article of party faith a compromise to which he had most reluctantly consented to tide over a temporary crisis in the hope of speedily reverting to a truer path.

II.

Great as is the power of journalism in its present undeveloped and rudimentary stage, it may yet become a much greater power in the State. Whether it will take advantage of its opportunities or not cannot at present be seen. The future of journalism depends almost entirely upon the journalist, and at present the outlook is not very hopeful. The very conception of journalism as an instrument of government is foreign to the mind of most journalists. Yet, if they could but think of it, the editorial pen is a sceptre of power, compared with which the sceptre of many a monarch is but a gilded lath. In a democratic age, in the midst of a population which is able to read, no position is comparable for permanent influence and far-reaching power to that of an editor who understands his vocation. In him are vested almost all the attributes of real sovereignty. He has almost exclusive rights of initiative ; he retains a permanent right of direction ; and, above all, he better than any man is able to generate that steam, known as public opinion, which is the greatest force of politics. In the realm of political dynamics he has only one rival :

the Platform is more powerful than the Press partly because by its reports the Press is a great sounding-board for the Platform, and also because more men with faith—which after all is the only real force—go upon the Platform than upon the Press. Over the Platform the Press has great and arbitrary powers. It is within the uncontrolled discretion of every editor whether any speech delivered in the previous twenty-four hours shall or shall not come to the knowledge of his readers. No censor in France under the Empire, or in Russia to-day, exercises more absolute authority than English journalists. They decide what their readers shall know; or what they shall not know. This power of closure is enormous. One man is a favourite with the press, and his speeches are reported in the first person. Another man has offended the reporters or the editor, and his remarks are cut down to a paragraph. Sometimes considerations of discipline are held to justify this boycotting; at other times—not, I am glad to say, to any considerable extent—it is decreed on grounds of personal spite or party vindictiveness. Every editor is familiar with the efforts made to induce him to give speakers or meetings good reports, and the degree of importance attached to it by those who wish to be reported is a fair measure of the power wielded by the editorial Procrustes.

But a journalist can not only exercise an almost absolute power of closure both upon individuals and upon causes, he has also the power of declaring urgency for subjects on which he is interested. He can excite interest, or allay it; he can provoke public impatience, or convince people that no one need worry themselves about the matter. Every day he can administer either a stimulant or a narcotic to the minds of his readers; and if he is up to his work and is sufficiently earnest himself, he can force questions to the front which, but for his timely aid, would have lain dormant for many a year. Of course, no journalist is omnipotent, and even the most powerful journalist cannot influence those who do not read his paper. But within the range of his circulation—and readers, of course, are much more numerous than subscribers—he may be more potent than any other man. The damnable iteration day after day of earnest conviction wears like the dropping of water upon the stone. No other voice sounds daily in their ears, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And it is not in one man's ears, but in his neighbour's and his neighbour's, until the whisper of the printed word seems to fill the very air. Even though they dissent, they have to reckon with it. They know the man in the train or on the omnibus, or in the restaurant, has been listening to that unspoken voice. The very arguments which you reject, and the illustrations which seem to you misleading, are a bond of union between you and him—so much common ground upon which you meet, even though you meet to differ.

Not only can he generate driving force to force measures, and force them through obstacles otherwise insuperable—the journalist can also decide upon the priority of those measures. The editorial Hercules is always besought by so many mud-stuck waggons to help them out of the slough of official opposition and public indifference; that he has abundant opportunity of selection. Of course, there are some causes dead as Queen Anne, which all the king's horses and all the king's men could not bring to life again. But, other things being equal, or nearly equal, it is the voice of the Press which usually decides which should be taken first. I am not sure but that this prerogative is one of the most important attributes of the journalistic power, although it is one which is perhaps least appreciated among journalists themselves. As a profession, our ideal is deplorably low. Every one is familiar with Thackeray's famous picture of the multifarious activities of a great newspaper, one of whose emissaries is pricing cabbages in Covent Garden while another is interviewing Sovereigns at foreign capitals. The pricing of cabbages is a useful and indispensable although humble department of journalistic activity; but, judging from the editorials of many newspapers, the man who prices the cabbage seems to have been employed to direct the policy of the State. In every profession to which has been entrusted the spiritual guidance of mankind, there have ever been some mutton-loving shepherds who cared for the fleece and the flesh rather than the welfare of the flock which they tended. But a church must indeed have gone rotten before its leading ministers publicly avowed so degrading an ideal of their high vocation. Yet journalists who frankly avow what is called the bread-and-butter theory of their craft are unfortunately but too common, and from such of course nothing can be expected. Water cannot rise beyond its own level, and the highest journalism is never above the high-water mark of the faith and intellect of the individual journalist.

It has been openly asserted not so long ago that a journalist is neither a missionary nor an apostle. Knowing as I do that it is given to journalists to write the only printed matter on which the eyes of the majority of Englishmen ever rest from Monday morning till Saturday night, I cannot accept any such belittling limitation of the duties of a journalist. We have to write afresh from day to day the only Bible which millions read. Poor and inadequate though our printed pages may be, they are for the mass of men the only substitute that "the progress of civilization" has provided for the morning and evening service with which a believing age began and ended the labours of the day. The newspaper—too often the newspaper alone—lifts the minds of men, wearied with daily toil and dulled by carking care, into a higher sphere of thought and action than the routine of the yard-stick or the slavery of

the ploughshare. The journalist may regard himself as but the keeper of a peep-show, through which men may catch glimpses of the great drama of contemporary life and history; but he is more than that, or rather there are before him possibilities of much higher things than that. If, as sometimes happens, the editor is one who lives not merely in the past and present, but also in the future, to whom nothing is so real or so vivid or so constantly present to his mind as his high ideal of "an earth unwithered by the foot of wrong, a race revering its own soul sublime;" then upon him surely there is compulsion laid to speak of that in whose presence he dwells, and ever and anon, in the midst of the whirl of politics and the crash of war, to give his readers those "golden glimpses of To Be," which in every age have revived the failing energies and cheered the fainting hearts of mortal men. If that is being a missionary and an apostle, then a journalist must sometimes be both missionary and apostle, although to my thinking his vocation is more analogous to that of those ancient prophets whose leaders on the current politics of Judæa and Samaria three millenniums ago are still appointed to be read in our churches—it is to be feared too often to but little purpose.

But it is not of the prophetic aspect of journalism that I would speak at present: not of the journalist as the preacher, so much as of the journalist as ruler. To rule—the very idea begets derision from those whose one idea of their high office is to grind out so much copy, to be only paid for according to quantity, like sausages or rope-yarn. Bunyan's man with the muck-rake has many a prototype on the press. To dress contemporary controversy day by day in the jacket of party, to serve up with fresh sauce of current events the hackneyed commonplaces of politics—that in their eyes is journalism; but to rule!—Yet an editor is the uncrowned king of an educated democracy. The range of his power is limited only by the extent of his knowledge, the quality rather than the quantity of his circulation, and the faculty and force which he can bring to the work of government.

I am but a comparatively young journalist, but I have seen Cabinets upset, Ministers driven into retirement, laws repealed, great social reforms initiated, Bills transformed, estimates remodelled, programmes modified, Acts passed, generals nominated, governors appointed, armies sent hither and thither, war proclaimed and war averted, by the agency of newspapers. There were of course other agencies at work; but the dominant impulse, the original initiative, and the directing spirit in all these cases must be sought in the editorial sanctum rather than in Downing Street. "Take care of that *Pall Mall Gazette*," said Mr. Gladstone in 1874, jokingly, to a Conservative Minister. "It upset me; take care lest it does not upset you." And what Mr. Gladstone said in joke of the influence

wielded by Mr. Greenwood, other Ministers have said in bitter earnest of other editors.

Of course, one great secret of the power of the Press is that it brings its influence to bear upon divided Cabinets and distracted Ministers. When a Cabinet is all at sixes and sevens, without seeing any way of harmonizing the antagonistic sections, a clear and decided stand taken by a powerful journal outside is often able to turn the balance in its own direction. The journalist who is able thus to throw the sword of Brennus into the scale necessarily exercises more real influence than any one outside the Cabinet, and oftener than many a Minister inside that mystic circle. So well is this recognized that occasions are not rare in which Cabinet Ministers have more or less openly allied themselves with an editor, relying upon the accession of force thus gained outside the Cabinet, to enable them to operate with greater power within. Only those who have been within that mystic circle know how little opportunity is afforded any Cabinet Minister, except the Premier and one or two more, of expressing any opinion on subjects outside his own department. On any question of the first magnitude every Minister of course has a voice, even if he has nothing more; but upon any other question he has hardly even that. Any man with the instinct of government in him, and a wide general interest in all departments of the State, will find—unless, of course, he can rise to be Prime Minister, or next to Prime Minister—much more scope for his ambition in the chair of a first-class journal, than at the desk of a second- or a third-rate Cabinet Minister. And even, as compared with the office that is highest of all, that of the Prime Minister, such an editor would have to think twice, and even thrice, before changing places with its occupant. He has two great advantages over the Premier. He does not go out of power every five years, and he is free from all the troublesome trumpery of State routine and of subordinate patronage which constitute such a tax upon the time and patience of the Minister. He is less concerned with the serving of tables, and can devote himself more exclusively to those social and political questions for the solution of which Governments exist.

Whatever may be thought of the comparison between an editor and a Minister of the Crown, there can be no doubt that the influence of the Press upon the decision of Cabinets is much greater than that wielded by the House of Commons. The House of Commons holds in its hands the power of life or death. But the House of Commons' authority is always exercised after the event. When a policy is in the making, the House is dumb. Cabinets regard Parliaments as judges who may condemn them to capital punishment, but not as guides to direct their steps. At a time when a debate might be useful it is gagged, because no papers can be laid

before it; and when the papers are produced, it is told that it is no use crying over spilt milk. In questions of peace or war Parliament reserves little save the power of cashiering after the event those who have made a dishonourable peace or plunged into a criminal war.

Far otherwise is it with the Press. It is never so busy or so influential as when a policy is in the making. It is most active when Parliament is most inert. Its criticism is not postponed until after the fateful decision has been taken, and the critics are wise with the wisdom that comes after the event. The discussion in the Cabinet goes on *pari passu* with the editorial polemic, and is therefore of necessity more influenced by it than by the *ex post facto* judgments which are delivered six weeks after by the House of Commons.

The enormous advantage of being up to date, of discussing subjects that are, in the slang phrase, "on the nail," is undoubtedly the chief source of the inferiority of the influence of Parliament to that of newspapers. But the Press has many other advantages. It has freer access to experts. Let any question—say the annexation of Burmah—come up, and within a week an energetic editor can have sucked the brains of every living authority in England or in Europe, and printed their opinions in his columns. Parliament can listen to no expert unless he is a British subject in the first place; in the second place, he must have persuaded a majority of householders in some constituency to send him to St. Stephen's; and in the third place, the subject must be brought on in some debate in which he can catch the Speaker's eye. Failing any one of these essentials, the expert's voice is dumb so far as Parliament is concerned, and of course, as for five months of the year, when the question has come up for settlement, Parliament itself is not sitting, he cannot be heard. The parliament of the Press has no such arbitrary limitations. It has no recess, but is ever open, a public forum in which every one who is qualified to speak is freely heard.

For the discussing of details, for the ~~Exhaustive~~ hammering out of a subject, for the fashioning of clauses and the shaping of Bills, Parliament no doubt has the advantage of the Press. That may be freely admitted. But that is largely departmental work, for which no one has ever claimed any special fitness in the Press. Newspapers must deal with principles, with general programmes, with plans of campaigns; they cannot undertake to superintend the wording of a provisional order, the drafting of a Bill, or the drill of a regimental company.

It is easy, say some, for journalists in their armchairs to lay down, doctrinaire fashion, cut-and-dried programmes as to what ought to be done. It is the getting of it done that tests the governor;

as if the getting of it done does not necessarily follow, and even govern, the decision as to what ought to be done. A journalist who is purely a doctrinaire may be an invaluable benefactor to the human race—he will not be a ruler. The journalist who makes his journal an instrument of government must consider the ways and means as carefully as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, must calculate the strength of opposing forces as diligently as a Whip, and study the line of least resistance like any opportunist; for his, after all, is the same craft as that of the Monarch or the Minister, the governance and guidance of the people; the only difference being, that while with the craftsman expediency is apt to become supreme, the Press, as the heir of a large section of the spiritual power wielded in earlier times by the clergy, must ever keep principle to the front. It represents—imperfectly no doubt, but still better than any existing order—the priesthood of Comte. Its range is as wide as the wants of man, and the editorial *we* is among many millions the only authoritative utterance.

An extraordinary idea seems to prevail with the eunuchs of the craft, that leadership, guidance, governance, are alien to the calling of a journalist. These conceptions of what is a journalist's duty, if indeed they recognize that imperious word as having any bearing upon their profession, is hid in mystery. If it may be inferred from their practice, their ideal is to grind out a column of more or less well-balanced sentences, capable of grammatical construction, conflicting with no social conventionality or party prejudice, which fills so much space in the paper, and then utterly, swiftly, and for ever vanishes from mortal mind. How can they help to make up other people's minds when they have never made up their own?

The cant, that it is not for journalists to do this, that, or the other, is inconsistent with any theory of civic responsibility. Before I was an editor and a journalist I was a citizen and a man. As a member of a self-governing community I owe a duty to my country, of which the sole measure is my capacity and opportunity to serve her. How can any one, who has the power in his hands of averting a grave evil, justify himself if he allows it to overwhelm his country, on the pretext that, being a journalist, it was not his duty to avert evils from the commonwealth; his duty being apparently to twaddle about chrysanthemums and spin rigmaroles about the dresses at the last Drawing-room or the fashions at Goodwood. A man's responsibility is as his might, and his might depends largely upon his insight and his foresight.

The duty of a journalist is the duty of a watchman. "If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I

require at the watchman's hand." A man's duty is to do all the good he can and to prevent all the evil, and on him who seeth to do good and doeth it not, lies a heavier condemnation than it is prudent to face.

A knowledge of the facts—that is the first and most indispensable of all things. Lord Beaconsfield once said that power belonged to him who was best informed; and, like many of his remarks, this contains much truth. Of course a head of a department, or an M.P., has, or ought to have, more opportunities of learning the facts than any journalist; and on many subjects, no doubt, especially those concerning which the Foreign Office keeps the public resolutely in the dark, the Minister, although not the Member, has an enormous advantage over the journalist. But this is minimized to a certain extent by the confidential communications constantly made, by those in the "swim," to journalists in their confidence, and compensated for by the absurd conventionality which often acts as a barrier between those who know the facts and the responsible depositaries of power. Hobart Pasha, before he was restored to the Navy List, could not be consulted as to the plan of campaign projected in the Black Sea last spring, and the scheme was almost projected before the man who knew more about campaigning in the Black Sea than any other sailor in Europe could be consulted, although the plan was to have been carried out, if possible, in conjunction with the fleet under Admiral Hobart's command. Another case quite as remarkable, followed by consequences more deplorable, was the neglect of the War Office to seek General Gordon's advice as to the defence of Khartoum and the defence of the Soudan before Hicks marched to his doom in the waterless deserts of Kordofan. General Gordon had commanded in the Soudan. He knew better how to defend Khartoum than any living man. But although he was in the country, he was never asked a question as to what should be done. He did not care to obtrude with his advice unasked, and he was allowed to leave the country without a single consultation on the affairs of the Soudan. Had he been consulted then, the need for his subsequent expedition would never have arisen, and that, although the necessity for sending some one was admitted, never seemed to occur to the Government until it was forced upon their attention by a newspaper interviewer. But this is all of a piece with the actions of administrations everywhere. The last men with whom Ministers consult in framing Irish measures are the most trusted representatives of the Irish people; and Scotland Yard recently only followed the traditions of Downing Street in sending a detective on a journey of nearly a thousand miles to fail in discovering what could have been learnt at once by a simple question at Northumberland Street. "The last man whom they want to see at the Colonial Office," said a leading South African bitterly, "is a

colonist ;" and what is true of colonists appears even more forcibly in the case of distinguished foreigners and others who lie outside the routine of officialism.

A journalist is, or ought to be, a perpetual note of interrogation, which he affixes without ceremony to all sorts and conditions of men. No one is too exalted to be interviewed, no one too humble. From the king to the hangman—and I have interviewed both—they need no introduction to the sanctum, provided only that they speak of facts at first hand bearing directly upon some topic of the day. That universal accessibility, that eagerness to learn everything that can be told him by any one who knows the facts, gives the editor one great advantage; and another, perhaps as great, is the compulsion that is laid upon him to serve up the knowledge he acquired in a shape that can be read and remembered by all men. There is no such compulsion on the Minister. Contrast the newspaper *précis* of some important negotiation and the Blue Book—there is the difference at a glance. Often the *précis* is execrably done, apparently being handed over at the last moment to the odd man of the office, who does police paragraphs and such like, but there is at least an attempt to construct an intelligible narrative. In the Blue Book there is none. It is a huge and undigested mass of material, which not one in a hundred thousand ever reads, and not one in a million ever masters. To paraphrase Robert Hall's saying, the officials put so many despatches on the top of their head, they crush out their brains.

I am claiming no superiority *per se* in the journalist over the Minister. Put two men mentally as identical as the two Dromios, one in the Foreign Office and the other in Printing House Square or Shoe Lane, and the exigencies of their respective offices will drive the latter to be more acquisitive of latest information from all sources than the former, for the self-interest and the conditions of the business are constant forces, whose operations drive the editor on, while the Minister is tempted to confine himself within the smooth groove of official routine.

Another limitation on the efficiency of Parliament, as contrasted with the greater liberty of the Press, is the tendency of members to confine their attention to those who vote. To do nothing for nothing, to care for nobody who cannot pay for attention received in votes at the ballot-box, is one of the most odious features of modern Parliaments. But voters, even under household suffrage, are but a seventh part of the inhabitants of these islands, and barely a hundredth part of the subjects of the Queen. The constituency of the newspaper is wider. Everything that is of human interest is of interest to the Press. A newspaper, to put it brutally, must have good copy, and good copy is oftener found among the outcast and the disinherited of the earth than among the fat and well-fed citizens. Hence

selfishness makes the editor more concerned about the vagabond, the landless man, and the deserted child, than the member. He has his Achilles' heel in the advertisements, and he must not carry his allegiance to outcast humanity too far. If he wishes to plead for those whom society has ostracized not so much because they are wicked as because they are improper, then self-interest pleads the other way. Mrs. Grundy tolerates crime, but not impropriety; and it is safer to defend a murderer than a Magdalen, unless of course she belongs to the privileged orders, and is either an actress or the plaything of a prince; and even then, while it is permitted to excite any amount of curiosity about her, the moral aspect of the case must be strictly tabooed. So rigidly is this carried out that it is doubtful whether, if an edict were to be issued condemning every woman to the Lock Hospital to be vivisected at the medical schools for purposes of demonstration, the more decorous of our journals would deem the wrong scandalous enough to justify the insertion of a protest against so monstrous a violation of human rights. The medical journals of course would enthusiastically support it; the *Saturday Review* would empty vials of its sourest ink over the indecent Mænads and shrieking sisters who publicly denounced such an outrage on humanity and womanhood; and the great majority of the papers would avoid the subject as much as possible, in the interests of public morality and public decency. In reading some of our public journals, we begin to understand how it was that slaves were crucified nightly outside the walls of ancient Rome, without even a protest from the philosopher or a tear from the women of the empire. Not so long ago, when the Contagious Diseases Acts were in the height of their popularity, it seemed probable enough that even crucifixion in a garrison town would have been regarded as a service done to humanity and morality by those who, in the interests of hygiene, have materialized the Inquisition, and naturalized the familiars of the Home Office as police spies in English towns.

It is the fashion, among those who deny the power of the more advanced journalism of the day, to sneer at each fresh development of its power as mere sensationalism. This convenient phrase covers a wonderful lack of thinking. For, after all, is it not a simple fact that it is solely by sensations experienced by the optic nerve that we see, and that without a continual stream of ever-renewed sensations we should neither hear, nor see, nor feel, nor think. Our life, our thought, our existence, are built up by a never-ending series of sensations, and when people object to sensations they object to the very material of life. What they mean, however, is not to object to sensations *per se*, but to sensations in unexpected quarters. It is the novel, the startling, the unexpected, that

they denounce; the presentation of facts with such vividness and graphic force as to make a distinct even although temporary impact upon the mind.

"You must not pump spring water unawares
Upon a gracious public full of nerves,"

is the canon of the anti-sensationalist; and if you do, it is held by some to be so grave an offence as to justify them in saying anything, even if they deny that the water was cold which roused them into a state of indignant clamour. Now, I have not a word to say in favour of any method of journalism that can fairly be called exaggerated or untrue. Mere froth-whipping or piling up the agony, solely for purposes of harrowing the feelings of the reader, and nothing more, may be defended as ghost stories are defended; but I have nothing to say for that kind of work. That is not the sensationalism which I am prepared to defend. The sensationalism which is indispensable is sensationalism which is justifiable. Sensationalism in journalism is justifiable up to the point that it is necessary to arrest the eye of the public and compel them to admit the necessity of action.

When the public is short-sighted—and on many subjects it is a blear-eyed public, short-sighted to the point of blindness—you need to print in capitals. If you print in ordinary type, it is as if you had never printed at all. If you speak to a deaf man in a whisper, you might as well have spared your breath. If his house is on fire, you are justified in roaring the fact into his ear until he hears; and it is just the same in journalism. The myriad murmurs of multitudinous tongues, all busy with "the rustic cackle of the bourg," render it practically impossible for any one to obtain a hearing for the most important of truths, unless he raises his voice above the din. And that is sensationalism so-called. Mere shouting in itself is one of the most vulgar and least attractive of human exercises. A Cheap Jack has the lungs of a Stentor, but who listens to him? It is the thing you shout that will command attention after you have first aroused it, but you must arouse it first; and therein lies the necessity of presenting it in such a fashion as to strike the eye and compel the public at least to ask, "What is it all about?"

"But if this be so, and we all take to shouting, we shall merely have increased the general hubbub, without rendering ourselves any more articulate." In that case, should that improbable possibility be realized, the best way to attract attention would be to speak in whispers. Every one remembers the familiar story that comes to us from the Congress of Vienna—"Who is that personage? He has not a single decoration: he must be very distinguished." And as it is

with stars and decorations in the mob of kings and diplomatists, so will it be with a multitude of pseudo-sensationalists. For sensationalism is solely a means to an end. It is never an end in itself. When it ceases to serve its turn, it must be exchanged for some other and more effective mood of rousing the sluggish mind of the general public into at least a momentary activity.

The "Amateur Casual," whose hunk of bread is still preserved under a glass shade at Northumberland Street as a trophy of that early triumph, was a piece of sensationalism of the best kind. Mr. James Greenwood himself went through the experiences which he described. His narrative was carefully written up, and no pains spared to make every detail stand out in as life-like and real a fashion as was possible, and the object of its publication was the attainment of a definite improvement in the treatment of the poorest of the poor. It secured, as it deserved, a brilliant success, both social and journalistic. The man and dog fight at Hanley, which the same journalist contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, was as perfect a specimen of bad sensationalism as his first venture was of good. It was a more or less unauthentic horror, immensely exaggerated, even if it ever occurred, and its publication could not serve, and was not intended to serve, any other end beyond the exhibition of brutality. It failed, as it deserved to fail. But the contrast between the two specimens of the handiwork of the same noted journalist is sufficient to illustrate the absurdity of imagining that the last word has been said when a newspaper or an article is dismissed as sensational.

It would not be difficult to maintain that nothing can ever get itself accomplished nowadays without sensationalism. Mr. Spurgeon built up a solid church by as painstaking labour as ever man put forth, but no man was ever more soundly abused as a mere sensation-monger than the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In politics, in social reform, it is indispensable. Without going so far back as the sensationalism of "Uncle Tom," or of the still earlier literature which abolished slavery, it was sensationalism of the most sensational kind which enabled Mr. Plimsoll, by sheer force of will, to dab a disk of paint upon the side of every merchantman that hoists the English flag. It was the sensationalism of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," emphasized by a journalistic sounding-board, that led to the appointment of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. And it was sensationalism that passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Sensationalism, in fact, is not unlike the famous chapel bell whose peal Mr. Gladstone heard and obeyed in the case of the explosion that shattered Clerkenwell. Or, if I may vary the metaphor, I may compare sensationalism to the bladder full of dry peas with which it was the custom to rouse the sages of Laputa from reverie to attend to the urgent claims of life and business. The

British public is not Laputan, but it often takes a deal of rousing. Even when its object-lessons have been written in characters of blood and flame, it has too often ignored their significance. For the great public the journalist must print in great capitals, or his warning is unheard. Possibly it has always been so. • Every phase of sensationalism seems to have been practised by the Hebrew prophets, who, however, stand altogether condemned by the canons of our superfine age. • •

•As an instrument of culture, taking culture in Mr. Arnold's sense, as familiarity with the best thoughts expressed in the best terms by the ablest men, the Press has many and glaring faults, but for the common people it has no rival. There is often an intolerable amount of the jargon of the two great gambling hells of modern England—the Stock Exchange and the race-course—for a mere ha'porth of suggestive thoughts or luminous facts; but the ha'porth is there, and without the newspaper there would not even be that. The craze to have everything served up in snippets, the desire to be fed on seasoned or sweetened tit-bits, may be deplored; but although mincemeat may not be wholesome as a staple diet, it is better than nothing. If, as Carlyle said, the real university is the silent library, the most potent educator is the newspaper. The teacher is the ultimate governor.

But I am more concerned with the direct governing functions of the Press. And foremost amongst them, unquestionably, is the Argus-eyed power of inspection which it possesses, and which, on the whole, it exercises with great prudence and good sense. I remember hearing Mr. Gladstone tell a foreign visitor that he believed that the free, unfettered Press of this country had done more to reform its Government and purify its administration than all the Parliaments, reformed or unreformed, that had ever existed. Whenever you shut off any department from the supervision of the Press, there you find abuses which would speedily perish in the light of day. The net effect of Mr. Gladstone's exordium was, that if he were called upon to prescribe any single English institution in use to improve the Government, say, of an empire like that of Russia, he would say that a free Press would do more good than a representative assembly. The newspaper has become what the House of Commons used to be, and still is in theory, for it is the great court in which all grievances are heard, and all abuses brought to the light of open criticism. But it is much more than this. It is the great inspector, with a myriad eyes, who never sleeps, and whose daily reports are submitted, not to a functionary or a department, but to the whole people. The sphere of this inspection needs to be enlarged so as to include such official establishments as lunatic asylums, prisons, work-houses, and the like. An editor of a daily paper, or his represen-

tative, should be *ex officio* vested with all the right of inspection enjoyed by a visiting justice or a Home Office inspector. If the right were to be conferred only upon one newspaper at a time, but allowed to all in rotation, an honourable emulation would be set up, and a sense of responsibility stimulated, for the discovery of abuses and the suggestion of reforms. It ought not to be necessary for a journalist to have to personate a tramp to expose a casual ward, to get himself locked up as disorderly to see how the charges are treated at a police station, or to commit a misdemeanour to be able to say whether the "skilly" of prisoners is edible, or whether the reception cells are sufficiently warmed. It is not enough that an order to visit public establishments on a specified day should be given to a journalist. To be effective, inspection should ever be unforeseen. It is at such an hour as they think not that the inspector, who is really dreaded, makes his call.

And as a corollary to this it should be added that the law of libel should be so modified as to permit a newspaper much greater liberty to publish the truth than the Press at present possesses. A *bond-fide* report of a visit of inspection might subject a newspaper to an action for libel. The greater the truth the greater the libel, is a maxim to which there ought to be large exceptions, not dependent upon the caprice or the leniency of a jury. A *bond-fide* report of an inspection ought to be at least as privileged as a *bond-fide* report of proceedings in a police court. But the necessity for liberating the Press from the disabilities which impose penalties for speaking the truth, is a wide subject, which cannot be dealt with here.

Even as it now is, with all its disabilities and all its limitations, the Press is almost the most effective instrument for discharging many of the functions of government now left us. It has been, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, and still is, the most potent engine for the reform of abuses that we possess, and it has succeeded to many of the functions formerly monopolized by the House of Commons. But all that it has been is but a shadow going before of the substance which it may yet possess; when all our people have learned to read, and the Press is directed by men with the instinct and capacity of government.

W. T. STEAD.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

"I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of Nature."—*Pope*.

"God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear."
—*ROBERT BROWNING*.

LITTLE more than twelve years have passed since a thrill of sorrow vibrated through the hearts of many English children on hearing of the death of their devoted friend, Mrs. Gatty. She died in October, 1873, at the age of sixty-four. Her writings have had a great and lasting influence on our juvenile literature. Many of them, it is true, appeal to those who have left childhood behind, even more strongly than to those for whom they were specially intended. The poetry of much of their symbolism, still more the suggestion of the mystical meaning, the "hidden soul," of the external objects amidst which we live, can, indeed, be but very imperfectly appreciated by children, yet many children are intensely sensitive to much they can but most vaguely understand.* And this no one knew by intuition and by practical experience more thoroughly than Mrs. Gatty. The main-spring of almost all her literary achievements is to be found in her intense interest in, and sympathy with, the young, which led to her dedicating, as she did, her powers to their service.

And for few things are children more her debtors than for the vivid interest in natural objects of all kinds which she awakens. Not only the birds and beasts of our woods and fields, all our "furred and feathered" neighbours, but even "the dear green lizards," "the great goggle-eyed frogs," she teaches her readers to love as friends and fellow-sojourners in this world, which a little more widely extended sympathy would render to many so much less dreary than it is. Nay more, the very commonest things and incidents of daily life, the changing seasons, the rain and sunshine, snow and mists, the moss

* See especially "Parables from Nature," First and Second Series, and "Worlds not Realized." (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

on an old flower-pot, the vegetables in a cottage garden, she invests with a vitality that might make better than a fairy-tale out of the dullest walk or most commonplace surroundings. It would have been strange indeed if the boys and girls of that day, among whom were many personally unknown little correspondents, her "magazine children," as her daughter calls them, had not grieved for the loss of Mrs. Gatty.

And now, again, child-world has been mourning, and this time in a sense even more inconsolably. For it was on Juliana Ewing, of all the Gatty family, that the mantle of her mother's rare and sweet gifts most fully descended. And she, too, is gone. The 13th of last May was a sorrowful day for our nurseries and schoolrooms. It saw the death of the friend who had worked for them so faithfully. She thought of her young readers to the last; a number of but sketched-in or unfinished stories testify to the projects she had hoped to execute. But it was not to be. The brave, gentle woman had completed her task on earth—resigned as ever, yet as ever bright and hopeful, able even in her dying days to enter so heartily into the spirit of a humorous story that, as her sister tells us, "we had to leave off reading it for fear of doing her harm,"* dear "Madam Liberality"† passed away to that other world which to one like her can never have seemed a very strange or distant one.

It is not, however, of Mrs. Ewing herself that I propose to speak, nor even of those of her books which, in the course of the last few months especially, have become so well known, so universally loved, that they may indeed be spoken of as "household words." "Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," "Lætus Sorte Meâ"‡ (this last better known by its second but, to my thinking, far less touching and characteristic title of "The Story of a Short Life"), and others of her works have had their beauties already pointed out in many quarters and by the ablest hands. Her exquisitely quaint, humorous, and yet often pathetic verses for children, with their lovely illustrations, are—surely?—in every nursery.§ And the sketch of herself recently given to the public by her sister, Miss Gatty, is perfect of its kind. Its absolute simplicity, notwithstanding its almost too careful avoidance of anything approaching to sisterly partiality, brings her before us in a way that nothing else can ever do. More may be written of her in the future by those who had

* See "Juliana Horatia Ewing and her Books." By Horatia K. F. Gatty. (S. P. C. K., Northumberland Avenue.)

† See "Madam Liberality," reprinted in "A Great Emergency, and other Tales." (Messrs. Bell & Sons.) "In her story of 'Madam Liberality,'" says Miss Gatty in her sketch of her sister's life, "Mrs. Ewing certainly drew a picture of her own character that can never be surpassed. She did this quite unintentionally, I know."

‡ "Works by Juliana Horatia Ewing." Shilling Series. (S. P. C. K.)

§ "Verse Books for Children," written by Juliana H. Ewing, depicted by R. André, First and Second Series, 1s. each (S. P. C. K.), and "Poems of Child Life and Country Life," First and Second Series, 1s. each (S. P. C. K.)

the best opportunities of knowing her intimately and thoroughly, and who, as friends only, and not relations, may feel able to let their enthusiasm have full vent, but in one not so privileged it would be presumption to say more.

Setting aside Mrs. Ewing's best-known books, there exists a little group of her works—some half-dozen reprints of stories originally written for *Aunt Judy's Magazine**—which, though as to bulk the most important of her works, and as to finish scarcely inferior to the three I have referred to, are nevertheless very much less well known. And with regard to several of these, the only cause of reproach which (by juvenile readers especially) can be brought against "Jackanapes" and "The Story of a Short Life"—namely, "that they end so dreadfully sadly"—does not exist. And here, passing, I may touch on another point much discussed in connection with Mrs. Ewing's books. They are, say some, more *about* than *for* children. There would be truth in this criticism were one to accept the doctrine that children's literature must be limited to children's comprehension. But with this it is possible to disagree.

Books for children should be written in such a style and in such language that the full attention and interest of the young readers should be at once enlisted and maintained to the end without any demand for mental straining or undue intellectual effort. But that everything in a child's book should be of a nature to be at once fully understood by the child would surely be an unnecessary lowering of the art of writing for children to a mere catering for their amusement or the whiling away of an idle hour. Suggestion in the very faintest degree of ought not only that they should not, but even that they *need* not yet know cannot of course be avoided with too exquisite a scrupulousness. But—a very different thing this from tales with a visible purpose of instruction, intellectual or moral, which are happily a bygone fashion—*suggestion*, on the other hand, of the infinity of "worlds not realized;" of beauty; of poetry; of scientific achievements; of, even, the moral and spiritual problems which sooner or later in its career each soul must disentangle for itself, seems to me one of the most powerful levers for good which we can use with our ever and rapidly changing audience. It is but for a very short time that children, as such, can be influenced by books specially written for them; but a very few years during which last the quick receptiveness, the malleability, above all the delightful trustfulness common, one would fain hope, in a greater or less degree to all children. "A wicked book," to quote one of Mrs. Ewing's favourite proverbs, "is all the wickeder because it can never repent." Surely, taking into consideration the short but tremendous susceptibility of

* "Mrs. Ewing's Popular Tales." Six volumes. Uniform edition, 5s. per volume. Cheap edition, 1s. (Messrs. Bell & Sons.)

childhood, equally strong condemnation should be given to a book not even worse than unwise or injudicious, if written for the young. For the evil such may do can *never* be undone.

Judged even by the severest standard, in no respect can Mrs. Ewing's books be found wanting, even though it may be allowed that they are sometimes "beyond" an average child's full comprehension; they never fail to attract and interest and impress—and, in the words of a youthful critic, "to give us nice thinkings afterwards."

The first, in order of date, of the six volumes comprising the series in question is a story published nearly twenty years ago, which appeared originally as a serial in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, titled "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances."*

This was Mrs. Ewing's first work of importance; and, though in some few particulars it betrays a less experienced hand than her later stories, it is full of charm and merit. It is more particularly written for girls, and well adapted for that indefinite age, the despair of mothers and governesses, when maidens begin to look down upon "regular children's stories," and "novels" are as yet forbidden. There is, perhaps, in the first "remembrance" especially, "Mrs. Moss," a little too much of the old lady's reflections and philosophy, for which, by-the-by, she herself prettily apologizes—

"'Old people become prosy, my dear. They love to linger over little remembrances of youth, and to recall the good counsels of voices long silent. But I must not put you to sleep a second time'"—

but the groundwork of the whole, the thread on which "Mrs. Overthway's" reminiscences are strung, is charming. The opening description of the lonely "Ida," gazing out of her nursery window at "the green gate, that shut with a click," through which, up three white steps, lived the little old lady "over the way," with whom in the first place the little girl falls in love as a sort of fairy-godmother personage, to know her afterwards as a real friend, would entice any child to read further. The story, too, has the merit of a happy ending. There is, of course, as there could not but be, a great deal of pathos in the old lady's recollections of her youth—

"'If you will ask an old woman like me the further history of the people she knew in her youth,' said Mrs. Overthway, smiling, 'you must expect to hear of many deaths,' but, "'it is right and natural that death should be sad in your eyes, my child, and I will not make a tragedy of my story'"—

but this is brightened by touches of the humour never long absent from Mrs. Ewing's pages, and which she knew so perfectly how to introduce. To give but one instance, which occurs in the story of "The Snoring Ghosts," that of the two little sisters away from home

* "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances." First of the series of Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. Bell & Sons.)

for the first time, on a visit on their own account; who, terrified by mysterious sounds in the middle of the night, take refuge with an amiable but very sleepy neighbour, a "grown-up" young lady whose bedroom was next to theirs.

"In the bed reposed—not Bedford" (the maid)—"but our friend Kate, fast asleep, with one arm over the bed-clothes, and her long red hair in a pigtail streaming over the pillow." . . . She wakes at last and listens to the tale of their woes. "'You poor children,' she said, 'I'm so sleepy. I cannot get up and go after the ghost now; besides, one might meet somebody. But you may get into bed if you like; there's plenty of room and nothing to frighten you.'"

"In we both crept, most willingly. She gave us the long tail of her hair, and said, 'If you want me, pull. But go to sleep if you can!'—and before she had well finished the sentence her eyes closed once more. In such good company a snoring ghost seemed a thing hardly to be realized. We held the long plait between us, and, clinging to it as drowning men to a rope, we soon slept also."

Except in the last story, "Kergvelen's Land," which owes its description of albatross life to Mrs. Ewing's husband—like herself, "a very accurate observer of Nature"—and which reminds one much of Hans Andersen, "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances" brings out less than others of her stories one strong feature of Mrs. Ewing's character, which she doubtless inherited from her mother—her love of animals. But a touch here and there reveals it. What can give a more perfect picture of an owlet than this?—

"a shy, soft, lovely, shadow-tinted creature, who felt like an impalpable mass of fluff, utterly refused to be kissed, and went savagely blinking back into his spout at the earliest possible opportunity."

"A Flat Iron for a Farthing,"* the second of this series, appeared in 1870. As is the case in "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," the saddest part of the narrative—and this is most touchingly told—comes at the beginning. Like the former book, too, it ends happily. It is an autobiography—a favourite form of writing with Mrs. Ewing—a fact which inclines one to demur to the statement that children, as a rule, object to it. "I can't bear 'I' stories," a tiny damsel is reported to have said. Mrs. Ewing's predilection for the use of the first person arose probably from her instinct of completely identifying herself with her characters. No writer for children has discarded so thoroughly as she, in spirit and in deed, the old and altogether false system (which children themselves are the first to detect and resent) of writing *down* to young readers. "A Flat Iron for a Farthing; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son," is the history, as its second title tells, related by himself, of a boy from infancy to manhood. And it is no small triumph on Mrs. Ewing's part that, in spite of her hero's great originality and quaintness of character, and of his being

* "A Flat Iron for a Farthing; or, Some Passages in the Life of an Only Son." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. Bell & Sons.)

represented as the only child of a very wealthy man, she has succeeded in depicting him as neither morbid nor a prig. Some of the scenes are very amusing; that of the little fellow "dropping in" on a neighbour "to exchange the weather and pass time like," as he himself expresses it, is delightfully funny. A dear dog, too, figures in this story—a dog who,

"fortunately for me, simply went with my humour without being particular as to the reason of it, like the tenderest of women,"

and ran sixty miles in one day rather than be separated from his master—an incident which we are sure Mrs. Ewing would not have given unless it had been a true one. There is much earnest, though not didactic, writing in this book, many "serious" passages of great beauty. And the childish "idyll," as one is tempted to call it, of the "Flat Iron" itself, which ends in the most happily old-fashioned romance, is too delicately lovely and original to spoil by quotations.

"Six to Sixteen,"* the next on our list, is also an autobiography. This story is specially for girls. But scarcely for girls as young as the ages naturally suggested by its title. For girls *from* sixteen upwards, it is excellent reading, though perhaps some parts of the book—those, in particular, describing the woes of the mismanaged and hypochondriacal Matilda and the defects of Miss Mulberry's school—would be more profitable for parents, or those in charge of young people, than for the young people themselves. But nothing can be more invigorating or bracing in tone than the description of the heroine's life with the healthy, merry, quaint, and yet cultivated children of the moorland rectory. There is a great deal of uncommon "common-sense" and true wisdom in the mother's warnings to the girls on their first little venture into the world on their own account. Warnings—

"against despising interests that happen not to be ours, or graces which we have chosen to neglect, against the danger of satire, against the love or the fear of being thought singular, and, above all, against the petty pride of clique.

"I do not know which is the worst," I remember her saying, 'a religious clique, an intellectual clique, a fashionable clique, a moneyed clique, or a family clique. And I have seen them all.'

Mrs. Ewing's dogs are in great force in this story. There is a whole posse of them at the rectory—"the *dear* boys," as they are called, to distinguish them from "the boys," the "communs des martyrs," the merely human sons of the house. And the prim French lady's exclamation of "*ménage extraordinaire!*" when, "on the first night of her arrival, the customary civility was paid her of offering her a dog to sleep on her bed," is not perhaps altogether to be wondered at.

* "Six to Sixteen: a Story for Girls." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

"Jan of the Windmill: a Story of the Plains,"* first appeared as a serial in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, in 1872, under the title of "The Miller's Thumb."

It is a question with many who are thoroughly conversant with Mrs. Ewing's books if this story should not take rank among them as the very best. As a work of art, there is much to be said in favour of its doing so, though some of its greatest merits—its originality, the novelty of its scenery, its almost overflowing richness of material of all kinds—militate against its ever attaining to the popularity of "Jackanapes" or the "Short Life," in which the interest is absorbed in the one principal figure—a figure in both instances masterly in its beauty and in its power of appeal to our tenderest sympathies.

With children of both sexes and of varying ages, "Jan" is a great favourite, even though—and this fact surely but increases their real value—like almost all Mrs. Ewing's writings, it contains much which only ripened judgment and matured taste can fully appreciate.

The central idea is the growth, amidst, in some respects, peculiarly matter-of-fact surroundings, of an "artist nature." That this nature in varying degrees is less rare in childhood than is commonly supposed, even though the after-life may prevent its development when it is not sturdy enough to resist, Mrs. Ewing is evidently strongly inclined to think.

"That the healthy, careless, rough-and-ready type is the one to encourage, many will agree who cannot agree that it is universal or even much the most common."

And if in this opinion our author errs, it must be allowed she does so in the good company of Wordsworth, Gray, and others.

This central idea we are never allowed to forget. Through all his experiences—as "peg-minder," as miller's boy, as "screever" in the London streets—Jan, with the golden hair and sloe-black eyes, stands out among the crowd of characters as a being apart, even when himself the most simple and unconscious. The plot of the story is well worked out, though the latter part gives one the feeling of being compressed into too small space. There are some very happy touches, which might have been made more of. The character of Lady Adelaide, and her relations to the stepson whose existence she had never suspected, we should have liked to hear about in more detail. Mrs. Ewing's wonderful familiarity with "wind-miller" life and with the Wiltshire dialect is accounted for by Miss Gatty in her notice of this story.† But the manner in which

* "Jan of the Windmill: a Story of the Plains." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

† See "Juliana Horatia Ewing and her Books." By Miss Gatty. (S. P. C. K., Northumberland Avenue.)

she knew how to turn to account the assistance she received in this case, as well as that given her by Major Ewing and various friends in other stories, is beyond all praise.

The children and the beasts in "Jan" are all delightful. The opening description of gentle Abel's adoption of his baby foster-brother, the meeting in the woods of the big-bodied and big-hearted child "Amabel" with the little hero, the tragic account of the fever in the village and Abel's death, are all perfect in their different ways. And the animals are particularly interesting. There are the pigs, of whom, we are told,

"the pertness, the liveliness, the humour, the love of mischief, the fiendish ingenuity and perversity, can be fully known to the careworn pig-minder only ;"

and the dignified mongrel, "Rufus," with the

"large, level eyebrows," "intellectual forehead, and very long, Vandykish nose, and the curly ears, which fell like a well-dressed peruke on each side of his face, giving him an air of disinherited royalty," who, on first meeting Jan, "smelt him exhaustively, and, excepting a slight odour of being acquainted with cats, to whom Rufus objected, decided that he smelt well ;"

and the brutal pedlar's old white horse, "with protuberant bones quivering beneath the skin ;" yet with that "nobility of spirit"—through all his troubles—"which comes of a good stock"—the horse which Amabel rescued, and then persisted in curry-combing with her mamma's "best tortoiseshell comb"! They are very fascinating, all of them. And perhaps there is no prettier, or funnier, or more pathetic scene than that where Jan "strikes" as "peg-minder" when he finds that his pet pig is destined to be slaughtered.

"I axed him not to kill the little black 'un with the white spot on his ear.' And the tears flowed copiously down Jan's cheeks, while Rufus looked abjectly distressed. 'I would follow me anywhere.' 'I telled him to find another boy to mind his pegs, for I couldn't look 'un in the face now, and know 'twas to be killed next month—not that one with the white spot on his ear. It do be such a *very* nice peg.'"

"We and the World : a Book for Boys,"* should, by right of its date, come last of the series. But for convenience' sake it may be noticed before the four shorter stories which, bound together, make the fifth volume. "We and the World" is emphatically "a book for boys"—a very spirited and exciting tale of adventure, so excellently told, so graphic and life-like that many a boy finds it difficult to believe it to be the work of a woman, nay, more, of a peculiarly woman-like woman, whose delicate health debarred her from any unusual physical exertion, or, notwithstanding the travels by land and sea which she used for such good purpose, from personal ex-

* "We and the World : a Book for Boys." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

perience of the "adventures" which sometimes fall to the lot of her sex. These remarks, however, apply more to the second half of the story. The first recalls Mrs. Ewing in many of her other domestic tales. Nothing can be more characteristic than her descriptions of her favourite "North-country" homes and lives; in these, often a word or two brings before us a complete picture. The following passage—

"The long, sweet faces of the plough horses as they turned in the furrows were as familiar to us as the faces of any other labourers in our father's fields"—

is a photograph, or better than a photograph, in itself. And even in this first part we marvel how Mrs. Ewing could describe, "so like a man," in boy parlance, the skating scene on the mill-dam, the rescue of the half-drowned peasant, &c. Later in the book, when we come to "Jack's" running away (for which, by-the-by, he is let off with unusual leniency?), his experiences as a stowaway, his hardships at sea, and all his other adventures, this power of Mrs. Ewing's, of depicting with perfect accuracy, of reproducing to the life, scenes and incidents which it was impossible for her to have had personal knowledge of, fills the reader with ever-increasing astonishment. "She was greatly aided," we are told, "by two friends in her description of the scenery in 'We,' such as the vivid account of Bermuda and the waterspout in chapter xi., and that of the fire at Demerara in chapter xii., and she owed to the same kind helpers also the accuracy of her nautical phrases and her Irish dialect,"* but even this fails to explain the impression of perfect "at home-ness" in her subjects. One has to fall back on that strange, though sometimes disputed, "clairvoyance of genius," aided in Mrs. Ewing's case by her enormous power of sympathy, as the solution of the problem. It brings to mind the marvellous correctness with which, in a recent novel, the author, who at the time he wrote it had never left England, describes the unique observances attending the election of a Pope at Rome, a description which, in the words of one in past years present on one of these rare occasions, "could not have been more perfect had its author been one of the cardinals themselves."

One chapter of "We and the World," the tenth, gives a painfully graphic account of that fearful thing—nowadays, we trust, scarcely to be met with—a really bad boys'-school. The description must have been founded on fact, otherwise Mrs. Ewing would not have inserted it. But that she did so with intention and deliberation is evident. And its introduction leads to much wise and thoughtful remark on a subject which as yet is perhaps scarcely sufficiently considered in the education of our children, boys especially—that of

* See p. 62 of "Juliana Horatia Ewing and her Books." By Miss Gatty. (S. P. C. K.)

cruelty. For more of this terrible "survival" of our lowest nature still exists among us, in all classes, than we like to allow.

"Man, as man," says our author, "is no more to be trusted with unchecked power than hitherto." "No light can be too fierce to beat upon and purify every spot where the weak are committed to the tender mercies of the consciences of the strong."

It is a question if the first symptoms of a propensity to cruelty are checked as promptly as they should be. "Extenuating circumstances" are in such a case accepted by many a father who would refuse to take into consideration aught but the bare fact were his son accused of falsehood or cowardliness. Yet though, to quote Mrs. Ewing again, "cruelty may come of ignorance, bad tradition, and uncultured sympathies," it is very rarely well to condone it. Our English ideas as to honour and truthfulness are, as regards boyhood at least, in most respects rigorous, if rough; it is seldom with us that a child's falsehood is dealt with other than summarily. Yet there are many degrees of falsehood. There is the so-called "story telling," often the most innocent "romancing" of very young or imaginative children, which, while explained and confined to its true domain, should never be punished; there is the hasty falsehood born of fear—a momentary impulse of self-defence of an essentially truthful child; there is even sometimes, still more carefully to be dealt with, the deliberate lie induced by the bewilderment of a painful crisis where truth and honour seem to clash. But cruelty, intentional and habitual, can be shaded away by no considerations of this kind. It is *inhuman*, and as such should be regarded if the cruel boy is not to run the risk of developing into that monster in human form, "a man possessed by the passion of cruelty."

"A Great Emergency, and other Tales" *—the latter consisting of "A Very Ill-tempered Family," "Our Field," and last, but far from least, "Madam Liberality"—is the title of the fifth volume. All of these appeared first in *Aunt Judy's Magazine* in the years between 1872 and 1877. The first story, though written previously to "We and the World," is in a sense a pretty parody on the *bonâ fide* hardships and adventures of the real runaways in the other story. It is full of humour, and the closing scene, where the heroic little sister and the lame brother save "Baby Cecil" from burning to death, is beautiful. It contains, too, some wise hints on school-life which, if attended to, might save some small people much trouble and mortification.

"A Very Ill-tempered Family" is, as some families who do not think themselves "so very ill-tempered" might testify, painfully true to life. It ends satisfactorily, however, for the sorely needed lesson is learnt, and well learnt. But the gems of this volume are the two sketches, "Our Field" and "Madam Liberality." Nothing sweeter

* "A Great Emergency, and other Tales." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

surely was ever written than the former. It reads as if jotted down by some unseen hearer of the children's thoughts and talks; one sympathizes in their innocent pleasures; one could almost cry with anxiety about how "Peronet," the dog's, tax is to be paid. All through it reminds one of a freshly gathered bunch of wild-flowers, and brings before us almost better than anything she ever wrote how Mrs. Ewing loved such things—children, and "beasts," and flowers—loved and understood them.

"The sun shone still, but it shone low down, and made such splendid shadows that we all walked about with grey giants at our feet; and it made the bright green of the grass and the cowslips down below, and the tops of the hedge, and Sandy's hair, and everything in the sun and the mist behind the elder-bush, which was out of the sun, so yellow—so very yellow—that just for a minute I really believed about Sandy's godmother, and thought it was a story come true, and that everything was turning into gold.

"But it was only for a minute; of course I know that fairy tales are not true. But it was a lovely field. . . ."

The last story, "Madam Liberality," in the light which Mrs. Ewing's sister has lately thrown upon it, one touches with a reverent hand. The unconscious revelation of the writer's own character that it contains silences all criticism, transforms our admiration even into tender sympathy. Yet independently of this knowledge, the little story is infinitely touching, and of its kind a *chef-d'œuvre*. The great-hearted, brave-spirited, fragile-bodied little maiden, with whom "a little hope" went such a very "long way;" so sensitive that on one occasion, in a toy-shop, when she is misunderstood by the shopman, who, hearing her speaking to herself, imagines she means to buy, her agony is almost indescribable—

"Madam Liberality hoped it was a dream, but, having pinched herself, she found it was not"—

yet so courageous that at all costs she tells the truth.

"'I don't want anything, thank you,' said she; 'at least I mean I have no money. I was only counting the things I would get'" (for her brothers and sisters) "'if I had.'"

This is a picture one cannot easily forget.

And the scene where, after all her efforts and self-sacrifice, her ill-luck still pursues her, and, obliged to give up hopes of her poor little "surprise," her Christmas-tree for the others, she finds it at last too much for her—

"impossible to hold out any longer, she at last broke down and poured out all her woes"—

it is very difficult indeed to read without tears.

Besides the six volumes we have now noticed, a seventh will soon be added to this series.* This will contain six of Mrs. Ewing's

* "Melchior's Dream, and other Tales." Mrs. Ewing's "Popular Tales." (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.)

earliest stories and two of her later. The first of these, "Melchior's Dream," written so long ago as 1861, is one of the best of what may be called her sketches of family life. Though not written too visibly to "point a moral," it contains a beautifully expressed lesson. The other stories—among them one called "The Viscount's Friend," of which the scene is laid in the first French Revolution—are all tender in tone, and, for so young a writer as Mrs. Ewing then was, marvellously finished in style. The two last sketches, "A Bad Habit" and "A Happy Family," written respectively in 1877 and 1883, are excellent.

In the earlier stories there is, naturally, less of the remarkable "many-sidedness" of insight and sympathy nowhere more shown than in two stories which, though not making part of the series now under review, I cannot but notice in passing as pre-eminently typical of Mrs. Ewing. These are the exquisite story, "Brothers of Pity,"* where, though one of a large family, she completely identifies herself with the "only child" of whom she writes; and "Father Hedgehog and his Neighbours,"† in which the description of gipsy life, the peculiarities of gipsy talk, are as perfect as if our author had spent months among the strange people of whom she writes. In her earlier stories, too, the flashes of humour are less frequent, as indeed is to be expected. For in a sound and healthy—in other words, a faithful and hopeful—nature, true humour ripens and mellows with age and experience; it is only in poorer soil that it degenerates into cynicism.

In this particular, as in others throughout the writings of Mrs. Ewing, notwithstanding the entire and almost unprecedented absence of any approach to egotism, one feels the closeness of *herself*: her books are the true exponents of her pure and beautiful nature. The key-note of both was sympathy. 'To this all who knew her can testify. I myself can speak to her ever ready interest in the work of others lying along similar paths to her own.

Yet more, this sympathy was stimulated and vivified by what was perhaps her strongest characteristic—her almost boundless trust in her fellow-creatures—a trust which, like "Madam Liberality's" "little white face and undaunted spirit, bobbed up again as ready and hopeful as ever" after each disappointment or even "apparent failure." And to doubt the greatness of the power for good of this beautiful hopefulness of hers would surely ill become either those who knew Juliana Ewing in her life or who have to thank her for the books she has bequeathed to their children—and to themselves.

LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

* "Brothers of Pity, and other Tales of Beasts and Men." (S. P. C. K.)

† "Father Hedgehog and his Neighbours." See "Brothers of Pity, and other Tales." (S. P. C. K.)

THE CHILD OF THE ENGLISH SAVAGE.

THE Christianity and the civilization of a people may both be measured by their treatment of childhood. In the old Roman world fathers had power of life and death over their children; they might inflict torture upon them, they might sell them as slaves, they might cast them out to die. Children were the father's chattels, and as he neither knew God nor his own soul, his children were to him without rights and he to them without obligations. He knew no Creator and Law-giver to whom he must give account.

In the measure in which God is known the soul is also known. The consciousness of our relation to God awakens a consciousness of our relations to all who are made in His own likeness. No man may ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Am I my sister's keeper?" "Am I the keeper of children?" The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man bind us all to each other in a twofold duty of love, of service, and of self-denial under penalty of our Creator's law.

Nevertheless, "when the world in its wisdom knew not God," it lost the light of self-knowledge, of brotherhood, and of duty.

It was Christianity that revealed our Father's kingdom and the inheritance of His children. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6). This light shone from the Child Jesus. The love of Fatherhood was revealed in the Eternal Father; and the love of Motherhood in the Mother of the Eternal Son. A new and divine consanguinity bound man to God and man to man. It has thereby created the sanctity of home and the charities of domestic life. We were already children of God our Maker; we are now children of God by a new birth, and by sonship in Jesus Christ.

It was in the fulness of this divine charity that our Lord manifested His love for children. He took them up in His arms; He laid His hands on them; He blessed them; He declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven; He made them examples even to His Apostles; He declared that each one of them had an angel before the face of their Father in heaven; that it were better not to be born than to offend against them; that it is a sin even to despise or to slight the children of God. What then shall be the end of those who maim and torture, degrade and destroy, the little ones of our Heavenly Father?

The love of God for childhood is a law to us; as He loves them, so ought we; not fathers and mothers only, but all the family of the redeemed. A child is not only made in the image of God, but of all His creatures it is the most like to Himself in its early purity, beauty, brightness, and innocence. It has an immeasurable capacity of joy and bliss, and of eternal union with God in the beatific vision. Nevertheless, a child is the most helpless and defenceless of the creatures that God has made. The offspring of the lower creation is no sooner born into the world than it can, for the most part, care for itself. A child does not even know its own dangers. It is thrown for protection, guidance, and nurture upon its parents and upon us. It depends on us with an absolute need, as we all depend on Him "in whom we live and move and have our being." What a mystery is pain in a child. Death reigns over them even in their early innocence. The feeble texture of their frame is quick in every nerve with the sense of suffering. To wound a child, then, is brutal. And if pain in childhood is a mystery, how much more wonderful is the sorrow of a child. The whole soul of childhood is open to the sting of sorrow. To wound a child by unkindness or by wrong is not brutal only, but fiendish. And yet, in the light of English Christianity and in the rankness of English civilization the strong and the wicked wreak their strength and their wickedness, without remorse or pity, upon innocent and helpless childhood. Men who have fallen from God are more guilty than they who have never known Him. The guilt of a Christian and civilized society is therefore darker, deeper, and more Godless than the guilt of the old world in its darkness. Society illuminated by the knowledge of God cherishes every child as the son of the Great King, and a brother of the Divine Infant, in Bethlehem. Society, when the light of the knowledge of God is extinct, in its malice and its license deals with children as its prey. And in the measure in which that divine light fades away, the wrongs and sorrow and sufferings of childhood arise again and multiply as in the old world which the judgment of God has swept away.

It is, then, a joy full of thankfulness that God has awakened among

us a tender love and care for His little ones, perishing in our refined and luxurious, but also brutal and licentious cities; and has also kindled in the hearts of men a stern and inflexible indignation against the malefactors who do them hurt or wrong.

About eighteen months ago, following the example of Christian citizens in New York and Liverpool, a few men and women in London banded themselves together to resolutely and persistently attack cruel ways with children. They were persuaded that the evil had serious and wide-spread existence, and they had no belief in the absurd idea that the evil would set itself right. In face of the great difficulty, that cruelty is done chiefly where its doer is most secure from detection, and where no one has a right to follow him—in the man's own "castle," as a common saying has it, or, more appropriately, in his own dungeon—the Society, with but one officer, has dealt with at least ninety-five cases in one year. Inquiries, reprimands, and in some cases punishments, through courts of law, were the means it used, but they were only the means. Its real work was in the better state of things in the children-world, in the fewer moans and sores and tears of the little victims of reckless brutes, and the lightening sense of dread which lay upon them—all which are celebrated by the children, not by statisticians. And even those sunnier days and quieter nights of little dwellers in the ninety-five chiefly London homes, are maybe not so much as a tithe of the Society's actual work. For every individual savage on whom the Society actually laid its hand, probably salutary fear fell upon a score of his neighbours and acquaintance, who had similar evil ways with their children; and new efforts were made to meet the new enemy by at least limiting their fury.

To paint a picture of the "Triumph of the Innocents" one has no need to go to Egypt for a groundwork, nor to Herod's pitiable victims for the figures. Its air might be filled with angel-children, once bruised with blows, crippled with kicks, and faint with hunger, looking down watching the little company of playing children in some grimy London court, where, since they had been abused out of the world, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has prosecuted a man. Their little eyes, which used to weep, should be made glad with the sight of their old comrades rejoicing in the new and happier times.

But besides the less cloudy and sad lot in private dwellings, the new Society has made itself felt in public institutions. What greater reasonableness it has introduced into the chastisements of that "Industrial School," that "Home" of a sisterhood, and on board that "ship of war" into which it carried its crusade against unjust and iniquitous proceedings, cannot, of course, be estimated.

Fifty-three of the domestic cruelties were of the nature of punish-

ments—floggings, for instance, from which even garroters would have shrunk—punishments which were constant, and to which the little victims could see no end.

Thirty were cases of horrible neglect, deliberate starvation, with a view of bringing about, in a roundabout way, the child's death.

Twelve were cases of a kind of cruelty which cannot be even named.

Nothing is more startling than the pleas men make to the officer—make, too, to the magistrates—in justification of their conduct, quite expecting them to be accepted. And in the spontaneous and clearly genuine amazement with which they learn that such pleas cannot be allowed, philosophers may learn that these horrible, and to a Christian country scandalous, evils exist largely because of social neglect: no demand has been made upon their doers; they have been done for generations.

"My father did it to me, and nothing was done to him," jerked in a fine young fellow, almost in tears, as his case proceeded, and the magistrates rebuked his unspeakable savagery towards quite a little boy. They themselves are magistrates of a terrible kind, yet they will sometimes cry at the announcement of "three months' imprisonment," the shame of the exposure is so great. The childish iniquities which they punish with their heaviest vengeance of clenched fist and nailed boots are of the most trifling kind: spilling a jug of beer, which little numbed hands have fetched across a slippery street; dipping a finger into a mug of treacle; spending the pence given for schooling (a more serious kind), have at times filled some wretched room with shrieks, roused a court, landed a child for weeks in a hospital, and, thanks to the Society, a man for months in gaol.

Here is a case of a carpenter, in his wrath, because his boy had carried his two pennies to the old toy-woman who sold tops, instead of to his schoolmaster. On the discovery of the wrong, the door of the house, in which the father and son are, is deliberately locked; the boy, hurried into the back room, is made to strip to the skin, and for ten long cruel minutes his bare flesh is flogged with double thongs of rope till the man himself is fairly tired, his unexhausted vengeance throws down the rope, unlocks the door, and makes for the public-house. Refreshed with drink, he returns. The astonished, bleeding boy, who had fallen on his face upon the bed, still stripped, for he had been far too crushed and sore to dress, at the sight of the returning man, more terrible in his fury, starts to his feet and pleads, "I will never do it again." Oaths and curses break in for reply. The rope is seized, and the already lacerated back is beaten again and again, while the tyrant grips his victim by the arm, the boy shrieking and pleading in the wildest manner. By this time a neighbour (long-suffering, as the neighbours of furious men inevi-

tably become) assails the door, demands admission, and is ordered to mind his own business. His wrath still unexhausted, the father, seizing a hammer handle (of oak, it was proved), belaboured the boy on the head till he at length fell down helpless and unconscious on the floor. A policeman had by this time been procured, the door was forced, the man arrested, and the boy, as it seemed dying, carried through the streets to the nearest infirmary for the doctor to try to save. There for long weeks he lay in agonies and weakness before he was fit to get about again.

Happily for the father, the strong man had a strong son, with a much-enduring constitution, or there would have been an effectual stop put to the boy's stealing (which the man pleaded was his sole provocation), and there would have been also a good chance of his having to answer the charge of manslaughter. Indeed, the fact that he had gone to prison on the evidence of the boy made it probable that after all this, double evil would occur. Those who knew him best knew what the boy had to expect on his father's return from prison and his own from hospital; and as the law is perfectly heartless in the way it treats such children, he would be made over to the custody of the brute he had got punished the moment he was out of prison. Politicians have taken no pains to find out the just way of dealing with this class of children, so that the Society was bound to break the law, and become guilty of technical abduction to save the child, and the father from murder.

Cruelty to offspring people tacitly accept as the accompaniment of great poverty, squalor, and social misfortune; but the Society's work lends no sanction to that idea: it is almost the reverse of true. Against the poor, the terribly poor, it can bring hardly a complaint. As a class they seem full of a rough kindness which costs them much sacrifice. Nor is it the blustering and noisy man who is cruel. He will make a stir when he gets home at night, but his children know that there is no real danger from him. The true English savage is often quiet, and is generally the earner of good wages. Squalor enough there is in his home, for he spends almost everything out of it and upon himself.

In the most flagrantly wicked case with which the Society has had to deal, twelve shillings a week was the man's pension, and regular wages made this into two pounds; with full-time work it was two pounds ten shillings; yet his dwelling was horrible. Nor had he many mouths to feed. At no one time had he more than two children, and only three in all. He was so good a workman, too, that his employer, anxious not to lose six months of his services, volunteered him a high testimonial, which was produced in court. Yet he deliberately got rid of his three children, all of them, one after another.

The first passed away before this Society had made his acquaintance. The neighbours said it had never had enough to eat; in plain English, that it died of starvation. The doctor, giving the cause of death its scientific name, certified "mesenteric disease," while the coroner, looking at the whole facts of the case, called the man "a disgrace to humanity;" and there, to the shame of the locality be it spoken, the matter ended, and the father was free to go and do as he would once more; which he did, and another child followed. The medical certificate was furnished; the inquest and funeral and everything in all respects happened as before, with one exception this time—the case came to the ears of the London Society. The death took place thus: It was in winter, in a bare room, on a mattress. The child, a girl, had but two garments on: a chemise and a print frock. There was no blanket, no coverlet, no sheet. The window was curtainless; the nights were frosty. There was no fire in the grate, nor had there ever been through all the long illness. There was no food, no physic, not even a cup of water to drink. Through all the pain of her slow, weary dying, she had been untended, whilst for some weeks before she passed away she had been quite unable to attend to herself: she could not turn in bed, she could not raise a limb. Her bones almost protruded through the bed-sores which added misery to her misery. Happily, during many of the last days through which she lay in darkness and bitter cold, while actual death was slowly taking place, unconsciousness must have been as kindly to her as death: she possibly felt nothing, but gently breathed herself away.

Dowstairs sat the pair with whom she had lived from her birth—her father and mother. They brought her no share of their tea nor crumb of their bread. They had blankets for themselves; they had fire there. During these cold weeks a baby was born. That was brought to her, and laid in an onion box in a heap of rags in one corner of her room: it was not wanted. Children were a nuisance. Population was a nuisance. Men were right who said so. It made times bad and bread scarce, and there wasn't much money for pyramids and billiards. The parents did not care for the new-born baby in the box, nor for that wasting child on her couch. While the wailing of the hungry "little stranger" continued, on Feb. 14 the girl's heavy breathing ceased. On her coffin-lid was written, "Sarah, aged 7 years," and she was laid on the top of her sister in the cemetery. To people who tend their own offspring, new-born or sick, with such wistful care, listening for their invalid's lowest murmured want, turning their pillows, moistening their fevered lips, watching for the least sign of exhaustion, through days and nights, having no comfort till the little sick thing is well again, and who feel when it is dead and gone that they must lie down and die themselves, such a story

seems simply impossible. But unhappily these harrowing particulars have all been proved, and have been admitted too, by the accused parents in a court of law.

Yet, how much of this horrible guilt is society's! While the two deaths were taking place, and it was vaguely known that a second child was going the way of the first, and perhaps a third was doing so too, the man went to his work and the woman to her gossip; and there were no neighbours' curses on the woman; no blows drove the man from his work. Folks get to think these things are to be allowed, "like a lot of other things as is not right, and nobody is ever punished for;" as a well-meaning neighbour said, by way of explaining her inaction, "Nobody is ever punished for them." Neither the working men (who read it all in their local paper), nor the master, nor the clergy, nor the guardians of the poor, nor any town authority took proceedings against the man. But the share of guilt is not all theirs. Why do so few seek the aid of the law? Surely it is, in part at least, owing to the want of straightforwardness in the legal question raised, and the uncertainty of doing any real good, with the possible disastrous moral consequences of an acquittal of the guilty in the nation's courts. If by one malicious act a man get rid of his child, society has arranged to get rid of him; but in a case like this there is practically very little risk of any legal consequences whatsoever, and at the worst, to our national shame be it spoken, he has only to count with "six months' imprisonment with hard labour," less than he would risk by stealing half-a-pound of tobacco. Thanks to the London Society, this guilty pair are serving their six months whilst we are writing.

The duty society owes to the lives of unwanted children is greatly increased by the waking-up of evil-disposed men to the modern ideas that population is a nuisance, and that God and a future judgment are "superstitions;" and, be it remembered, the new foundations which are offered to their belief and conduct call them so. By such ideas the security to child-life cannot be increased, and if Parliament is wise, it will take knowledge of the fact, and enact unambiguous laws which a happier state of things rendered unnecessary. A secularized conscience, at the dictation of certain apostles amongst us, is shaking itself from old-fashioned restraints with a thankful sense of freedom, like a horse from his harness at the end of the day. As the tendencies of religious considerations are being superseded, the tendencies of legal ones must take their place, or tampering with infant life will be greatly increased. Good sentiments about children have spontaneous root in human nature, and they may survive the inspirations of Christian motive for a while, but not for long. They will not survive the inspirations of an anti-population creed. There are little communities in every English city where, in this matter

of child-life, law should lack neither sharpness nor certainty, and at present it lacks both.

Again we urge that it is not the humble fellow, with the short black pipe in his mouth, loitering with slovenly gait at the street corner, with whom the friends of child-life and happiness have to contend. Too often it is with well-spoken, well-dressed men, who would call *him* but an animal (and to his credit be it said, he does not disgrace the name); and who will discuss with you "superstitions" and high questions of State. Twice in six months, one father had to be sent to prison whom it seemed a shame to send at all. When he had gone his second time, there was found on his table "The Floating Matter of the Air," by Tyndall, with his book-mark at page 240, to which he had read. Had you passed him and his wife together in the street you would have unconsciously felt a certain pride in the British workman; yet was he not ashamed to express openly a desire to be rid of the tasks and limitations his children set to his life, and twice in one night he gave an infant of fifteen months old a caning for crying of teething. His clenched fist could have broken open a door at a blow, and with it, in his anger, he felled a child three years and a half old, making the little fellow giddy for days, and while he was thus giddy felled him again; and because the terrible pain he inflicted made the child cry, he pushed three of his huge fingers down the little weeper's throat—"plugging the little devil's windpipe," as he laughingly described it. He denied none of the charges, and boldly claimed his right; the children were his own he said. And one of the papers, quoting his remark, took occasion to warn the readers that we might have another of those Societies whose business it was to interfere with parental rights.

Like most cruel men, he added to cruelty the wickedness of false witness, which, being only against a child, nobody ever prosecutes. He said that they were bad children, little liars and fiends. Three months were they in the Society's shelter whilst their maligner was in prison, and when the grave, frightened little looks with which they came had passed away, they were 'full of the ways of sunny childhood; and a more docile child, or one more ready to twine his arms round your neck, you seldom find than was the little fellow he again and again made giddy by his deadly blows. He was a man whom no pretty words, no tender carcasses could mollify. Such men's children—and they are many—are subject to an almost eternal punishment. Though all sorts of bad characters have been given to children—though they have been accused of being liars, thieves, vixens (even infants in arms have been called vixens), and the like—by savages to magistrates as reasons for their severity, the Society is able to say that from every quarter to which the children have been sent, and from its own knowledge of them in its shelter while awaiting

permanent disposal, the children receive the kind of character which would be given to the children who have the happier fortune of belonging to the families of its own committee. While they were in its shelter, they laughed and played together with no greater calamity than an occasional stand-up talk, a tumble, or the breaking of a toy.

Here is another case. It is of a woman with a boy in her charge whom she would willingly "get rid of."

At the age at which the Society got possession of him the normal weight of a boy is 60 to 70 lbs.; he weighed only 27 lbs. Under the tight-drawn skin every bone could be seen; what little flesh there was, was all marked with bruises and wounds, old and fresh, from beating with a walking-stick and straps. They were on the head, the hands, the wrists, the back, the face. In this emaciated condition he had been made by "mother," as he called her, to carry flat-irons, one in each hand, up and down stairs, going his weary way up and down, up and down, from early morning till late at night. Each iron weighed 7 lbs.; together, they were more than half his own weight. He had sometimes carried them from half-past seven in the morning till nine at night. Often for thirty-six hours he had had nothing to eat, and, what must have been worse to bear, nothing to drink; through nineteen of which he was going along his weary, useless way up and down steep cottage stairs, with his merciless weights in his hands. When at the long intervals the woman chose to give him food, he was never allowed to stop to eat it, nor was he ever allowed to have enough; to have once had enough to eat would have been heaven to him; with such food as he was allowed to have, his brother fed him on the stairs as he went to and fro.

If it happened that he saw a chance of a crumb and took it; and was found out, his sore thin limbs were beaten for stealing. He got at the cat's meat; he was punished by more weary tasks, "to keep him out of mischief." When the woman went out he was locked in the coal place. Weary and sore and ill, he sometimes stopped and fell against things, or dropped the irons; then she beat him with her remedy for all his soreness and faintness and hunger, a walking-stick, a rod of thorns, or a strap; and at times she added a pinch of salt to the raw wounds she had made. She forbade him to go out, for he had once stolen away beyond their gate and begged bread of a neighbour. In a very little while he would have quietly expired in bed, the doctor would have certified some disease as the cause of death, and that would have been the end of the matter.

The boy did not live in a crowded slum, but in an isolated cottage, surrounded by a garden that yielded flowers and fruits to his father's culture. Father and step-mother both were thrifty, and had money

laid by in the savings-bank. Their cottage was not squalid, but clean and white. Six days they laboured, and even bought meat for their cat; and on Sunday the man at least went to chapel. The woman was a spiteful fiend, though for all that she wore a decent bonnet and shawl, and was always sober and "respectable." The money in the savings-bank was chiefly her saving. And while the meek, gentle child of the dead mother went dragging himself wearily up and down her stairs, the terrible load dragging at his skeleton arms, she was sitting in her easy chair, by a clean hearth and singing kettle, knitting her stockings. The only fault of the father seemed to be that he had neither much heart nor will of his own, and he cared more for being at peace with his masterful wife than for the unendurable miseries of his almost perishing son.

Happily, the boy was constitutionally strong, and in the cottage hospital to which he was removed, after a critical time (in which more than once life seemed gone from him), he made flesh; and when he left his bed he could not get into any of his clothes.

"It is all rickets" was the woman's bold plea on the first hearing in court; and had the boy once passed beyond the reach of inquiry, alas! all that science could have said would have been the same. The "disease" which stands in the Registrar-General's return covers many a wickedness. Rickets it was; but rickets are passing away, and he has the prospect of growing up a healthy boy.

So far as the Society can see, the real root of persistent savagery to children is mainly twofold: it is, first, a sullen, ill-conditioned disposition; and secondly, a cowardice which limits its gratification to unresisting and helpless things. It is due not to peculiarity in the spirit of the abused child, but to peculiarity in the spirit of the adult abuser of the child. Men become addicted to cruelty as they become addicted to drink and gambling. It is a vile pleasure in which they indulge, some occasionally, some persistently; making their homes into little hells. In some cases, drink, trouble, and more or less of provocation, and the like, may temporarily and grievously aggravate its expression; but these things are not its real cause, and with its worst and most chronic forms they are not even associated.

Such was the kindly heart of the miserable victim of this female spite that it was with the greatest reluctance he answered the questions which brought the mercilessness of his persecution to light. And his is the common disposition of little sufferers from cruelty, and the fact constitutes one of the difficulties which beset attempts to bring their abusers to justice. Few of them are ready to accuse, many are ready to forgive; they are friends of their abusers, with a friendship far closer than a brother's.

A little while ago there might have been seen a small girl of nine years old, who had suffered greatly from her father's hand before

she reluctantly told the tale which got him into prison, now standing at his prison door. It is the morning of her father's release. No one is with her; she is alone, and shivers as the cold April wind lifts her poor thin garments and her hair, for she is without any covering to her head. She has loved and dwelt with him all her days, she will love and dwell with him still; perhaps nobody else will do so now, for he has been in there. At length the door opens, and she sees him coming through. Her pale little face lights up with a look that speaks welcome more than words—it is her father—such looks as win from true men their tenderest caress and kindest words. As she steals up to him, there is in her what could have burst upon him with shouts and leaps of joy. It longs to do so; but it is sorely discouraged; the father looks so sullen. Yet, in spite of that, she sidles up towards the fellow as he is leaving the doorway, with such a timid, pathetic little prayer in her uplifted silent face. For a few seconds she is walking by his side. Then he half turns his head and looks at the face so full of gentle woe, which now has a half-born smile in it. Is he going to let her kiss him? "Be off!" he growls. He is a thickset fellow, and he half lifts the arm next to her as if he would slap the pleading little face with the back of his hand if she continued another step by his side. The child stops instantly; the man goes on. She stands a moment, and then turns and goes meditatively and slowly back, sits down on a stone step, and—"cries," you say. No, she does not cry; there are young eyes already tired of tears. They are too old to weep. Her heart had been silenced with a blow for the thousandth time; that was all. There are little children reared in hunger and curses and blows, whose hands are ever ready to stroke the beard of the big men who have inflicted their sores and made them sick to death; they never waver in filial fidelity. It is with but few of the deepest aches and pains of unfortunate children that the law can deal. The torture of sympathies, and trusts, and loves—this it is which makes bodily injuries all the more strange and hard to bear.

Turning fresh from a case like that of the woman of that garden-cottage, the milder cruelties of which, generally speaking, mothers are capable seem almost a relief. One woman, the mother—"to keep him from the School Board," as she alleged—put her little son into an empty orange-box, and having corded it up, thrust it under her bed, leaving it there until she turned the key in her door at night, after her day with her orange basket in the streets. She did this daily for weeks. But, comparatively trifling as the cruelty may seem, what must have been the sufferings of the child's mind in his dark and silent prison for all the long hours he lay in it. It was a veritable coffin, in which he was daily buried alive. Happily, sometimes he was drugged. When the Society got possession

of him he was almost out of his mind. This child was the mother's own, her only one, and she was in good earnings.

The Society has felt greatly the need of the Legislature giving time to the consideration of changes in the law. Already it has succeeded in altering one law, the law of evidence as it affects very little children, who are often cruelly injured by immoral men, and whose evidence is generally the principal evidence in the case. The law that required that no evidence should be received unless given upon oath, practically excluded the bulk of such cases from court, for to give evidence on oath the witness must understand the nature of an oath, and be able to answer questions upon it. The effect was that such offenders against the life and health of children too young to fulfil this condition were beyond the reach of punishment, and they generally knew it. Sir Richard Cross described the proposal as too profound a change in the law of evidence in criminal cases for the House then to entertain it; but the Society persisted, and, thanks to Mr. Stcad's great awaking of public feeling upon the point, the House did entertain it, and ultimately passed, and without a division, the following law:—

“Where, upon the hearing of a charge under this section, the girl in respect of whom the offence is charged to have been committed, or any other child of tender years, who is tendered as a witness, does not, in the opinion of the court or justices, understand the nature of an oath, the evidence of such girl or other child of tender years may be received, though not given upon oath, if, in the opinion of the court or justices, as the case may be, such girl or other child of tender years is possessed of sufficient intelligence to justify the reception of the evidence, and understands the duty of speaking the truth.”*

And the judges have been surprised at the immediate and, as the Society regards them, natural and splendid results. Little sufferers who have been clearly speaking the truth are now for the first time under the protection of the Crown, though they are too little to comprehend theological questions.

Its next proposals will be, first, to place the child of the savage on the same level as his dog. Already the English savage has learnt that it is not safe nor decent to knock his cattle about, but he has all sorts of maxims as to parental rights—his house being his castle, and the like—which make it both safe and decent and altogether as it ought to be, to knock his child about: his notions of his child's honesty and truth demand it of him. At present the law explicitly forbids “ill-treating, abusing, torturing and insufficient feeding” of dogs, allowing the Court to construe the meaning of these simple words. What the Society will submit to Parliament is a proposal to

* Criminal Law Amendment Act, section iv.

do the same for children ; that is all, but that will be enough to work a miracle on the behaviour of brutal parents.

It will also ask that a man's wife shall be able to give evidence on behalf of her child against a cruel husband. At present she counts for nobody in the case, though she is as good a witness as anybody else in the case of the dog. A step-mother is allowed to give evidence against her husband, but not a real mother. The mother of an illegitimate child is allowed, but not a married mother.

"I did not care for his beating me," cried one woman whose baby had been shamefully and persistently injured ; "but I cannot stand his beating baby." The magistrate gave her the only consolation the law permitted him—his own sincere regret that he could not help her. "I am sorry it is so," said Mr. Bushby, "but it is the law ;" and the savage went home the victor, and the mother tried to drown herself.

It will also ask for a law to limit the hours during which children—veritable slaves—are allowed to sell in the streets. They are generally the earners of drunken, idle tyrants' livings. Then the Society intends to appoint a night officer ; till then, though there are hundreds of little creatures whose lives are one long weary misery now in the night-streets, it is illegal to interfere.

If the new Parliament is wise, it will accept all these proposals, and make it possible to get at cruelty anywhere and everywhere, and on whomsoever committed, even on a "man's own child." We need a straightforward Draconian code against it. To-day, boys and girls are being hurt, degraded, killed, that reckless men may sing songs to personal liberty, parental rights, and God knows what.

There are those that say—as that ugly mongrel of falsehood and truth has it—"You cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament." We might commend these to the English brickfields and coal-mines of twenty-five years ago. What was it that set them in harmony with the Christian conscience of the land ? Or we might, better still, commend them to the districts of certain London stipendiaries we could name, where the long familiar shrieks and moans of young voices are being quieted. True, there is room enough for the moralists still, but the arms of savages have been restrained. At a few sharp sentences, with the ring of manly denunciation in them, the whole neighbourhood has been startled into a higher idea of the demands of the Crown on behalf of its young subjects. In some other districts, the old cries and curses give shameful witness to the presence of another kind of authority on the bench.

That the national will can effect immense revolutions in the conditions of child existence is beyond doubt,—not alone because it can impose direct annoyances and miseries on its savage abusers, but because it can set up a standard of right and wrong, and community obligation, which is a still more powerful influence. In no

rank of life are parents of pure conscience, least of all are the ill-conditioned. And as long as the spirit of morality and religion is short of universal, the necessity of protective laws for children can never be superseded. To every child its property is already secured; to every child the endurableness of its existence ought to be secured, especially where the law is its only protection. And the result of such laws will, in the long run, be both moral and religious; because punctilious and bracing righteousness about the bruising of but one baby-body in its midst exalteth a nation. The unhappy child of the savage, growing up under the new unconscious influences of such surrounding, will carry into manhood freedom from the evil habit of the past; for disuse is destruction.

As a people, we have already set up the throne of law in warehouses of merchants, to see fair-play between trader and trader; the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children wants to set it up in the courts and slums of the land, to see fairness between an unworthy parent and his helpless offspring. And the throne cannot be put to a more worthy or beautiful use.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.
BENJAMIN WAUGH.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.*

A DISCUSSION, in which many eminent persons took part, was lately held with a view to finding an answer to the question, "What hundred books are the best?" It would have been more profitable for us had we been advised how to read any one of the hundred; for what, indeed, does it matter whether we read the best books or the worst, if we lack the power or the instinct or the skill by which to reach the heart of any one of them? Books for most readers are, as Montaigne says, "a languid pleasure;" and so they must be, unless they become living powers, with a summons or a challenge for our spirit, unless we embrace them or wrestle with them.

Now if some of those who have proved their power of getting to the heart of great books were to tell us of their craft or their art or their method, we should listen with interest and attention; and if we were to compare method with method, we could not fail to learn something worth learning. One would like to know, for example, the process by which Sainte-Beuve dealt with an author; how he made his advances; how he invested and beleaguered his author; how he sapped up to him, and drew his parallels and zigzags of approach; how he stormed the breach and made the very citadel his own. We have heard of the secret of Hegel; but it is not Hegel alone who has a secret. Every great writer has a secret of his own, and this is none the less difficult to discover because the great writer made no effort at concealment. An open secret is as securely guarded as any, like Poe's purloined letter, which was invisible because it was obviously exposed upon the mantelpiece. Every great writer has his secret, and there are some writers who seem to cherish their

* In this article I have said nothing of the historical study of literature and its interpretation through the general movements of the life and mind of nations.

secret and constantly to elude us, just at the moment of capture; and these, perhaps, are the most fascinating of all, endlessly to be pursued. Who, for example, has ever really laid hold of Shakespeare? He is still abroad, and laughs at our attempts to capture or surprise him. If some fine interpreter of literature would but explain to us how he lays hand on and overmasters the secret of his author, we should feel like boys receiving their lessons in woodcraft from an old hunter—and we are all hunters, skilful or skilless, in literature—hunters for our spiritual good or for our pleasure. How to stalk our stag of ten; how to get round to the windward of him; how to creep within range; how to bring him down while he glances forth with startled eye (yet does he not always elude us?); yes, and how to dismember him and cart him home (but is he not far away, filling the glades with ironical uproar?)—in all this it is that we should like to be instructed by some experienced ranger of the woods.

We speak of the interpretation of literature; and it may be asked, Is not literature itself an interpretation—interpretation of external nature and of the nature of man? Why, then, should we speak of an interpretation of that which itself interprets, an interpretation of an interpretation? And persons who talk in this way are also likely to say that a work of literature—a poem, suppose—which does not explain itself is not worth explaining. But literature is more than an interpretation of external nature and of human life; it is a revelation of the widening possibilities of human life, of finer modes of feeling, dawning hopes, new horizons of thought, a broadening faith and unimagined ideals. Moreover, every great original writer brings into the world an absolutely new thing—his own personality, with its unique mode of envisaging life and nature; and in each of us he creates a new thing—a new nerve of feeling or a new organ of thought; a new conception of life, or a new thrill of emotion. We sometimes call him by even a higher name than revealer; we call him a maker or creator. The ideal world in which we live and move and have our being—a world in the most literal sense as real as the material universe—is indeed in great part the handiwork of man the creator. By countless generations of men this world of thoughts and hopes and fears and joys and loves has been brought into existence, and it is still in process of creation. To reveal or to create this world every great thinker, every great artist has helped in an appreciable degree. It is inhabited by noble creatures—men and women—Achilles, Odysseus, Prometheus, Oedipus, Helen, Antigone, the Socrates of Plato, the two explorers of the circles of Hell and the mount of Purgatory, Don Quixote on Rosinante, Hamlet, Imogen, Cordelia, Falstaff, Prospero—all born of the brain of man the creator. That we should understand the facts and the laws of this ideal world is surely little less important to us than that we should measure the

courses of the planets or explore the universe that lies in a drop of stagnant water.

Now if literature be part of a gradually opening revelation or creation from man's spirit, it is easy to understand how it should need to be interpreted. It cannot be comprehended all in a moment; its widening horizons can hardly be recognized. The light of a new truth, coming suddenly upon us, blears our eyes. Seeing, we see, and do not perceive; hearing, we hear, and do not understand. A great point is gained when men acknowledge that something has indeed come before them, though what it is they cannot tell; when they see men as trees walking; when they know that a voice has spoken to them, though it be as the voice of a trumpet, the words of which they cannot understand. At first with most men the revealer can do no more than this; whatever he utters must be for them at first a dark saying or a parable. The majority of men are slow to apprehend new truths, are slow to become sensitive to new feelings. They require to have these things demonstrated and brought home to them. Or, if they try to take things up at once, they take them up, as we say, by the wrong handle, and get no good of them. But time alone is needed, with a serious effort on the part of each man to interpret things to and for himself, using in that effort whatever aid he can obtain from his fellows, who may happen to be better qualified than he to come at the meaning of the widening revelation. A great writer never fails ultimately to become his own interpreter; only this may need much time—perhaps the lifetime of a generation of men. And thus it is quite right to say that a poem which does not explain itself is not worth explaining; only we should add that it sometimes needs twenty, thirty, forty years to explain itself to the mass of men, and that for a long period it may be able to explain itself only to a few chosen disciples.

The professional interpreters of literature, as a class, do not help us much. These are the scribes of literature, who expound the law from their pulpits in the reviews, weekly, monthly, quarterly. The word "critic" by its derivation means a judge rather than an interpreter, and the function assumed by these ministers of literature resembles that of a magistrate on the bench. Now a crew of disorderly persons, often of the frailer sex, each of whom, more perhaps through weakness than wickedness, has been guilty of bringing into the world a novel in three volumes; now a company of abashed and shivering poetlings, each charged with the crime of having uttered counterfeit verse, comes before his worship the reviewer, who lightly dismisses some with a caution, and sentences others to public laughter and the stocks during a week. And the sad thing is that though instances have been known in which a poetaster reformed and became a respectable citizen, the female

novelist, having once erred, is lost to all sense of shame, and inevitably appears before the bench again and again, once at least in every six months during the period of her natural life. We need this police and magistracy of literature, and we may cheerfully admit that, unless bribed by friendship or malice, they do in the main truly and indifferently administer justice of a rough-and-ready kind.

But, if in the company of petty poetical offenders there happen to be one true prophet—a Shelley, a Wordsworth, a Keats—the chances are that his worship the reviewer, hearing the evidence against him, and being addressed by the prisoner in an unknown tongue, for which no interpreter can be found in the court or in the city, will, with irritated impatience, sentence him to the stocks for seven days, which under no circumstances can do him much harm, and which may teach him the advantage of learning to speak plain English. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, Whitman—each in his day has stood in the stocks, and every fool has been free to throw a cabbage-stump or a rotten egg at the convicted culprit. In the case of some of these, perhaps, the sufferings of their late apotheosis have been more severe than the light affliction of their early martyrdom.

When we inquire what were the obstacles that hindered or delayed the recognition of such writers as these, and turn to the utterances of the critics who gave expression to the popular thought or sentiment, we find the accusation of obscurity a constant part of the indictment drawn up against them. The poet has been well termed "a pioneer of beauty," and he may also be a pioneer of passion and of thought. But nothing is more unintelligible, nothing looks more like affectation, folly or downright madness than enthusiasm for ideals of beauty which the world has not as yet learnt to accept. If we were asked to name a poem of this century, the beauty of which now imposes itself inevitably on every reader, we might well name Coleridge's "Christabel." But to the *Edinburgh* Reviewer "Christabel" was "a mixture of raving and drivelling;" and he goes on to suggest that the author of the poem may possibly be under medical treatment for insanity. "A more senseless, absurd and stupid composition," wrote another critic, "has scarcely of late years issued from the press." If we were asked to name the highest poets of the middle of the eighteenth century, we should instantly name Collins and Gray. And of Collins, the great eighteenth-century critic, Johnson, wrote, "The grandeur of wildness and the novelty of extravagance were always desired by him, but were not always attained;" and he specifies the faults of "harshness and obscurity" as characteristic of Collins. "My process," he writes contemptuously in his life of Gray, "has now brought me to the wonderful 'wonder of

wonders,' the two sister odes ['The Progress of Poesy,' and 'The Bard'], by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of 'The Progress of Poetry.'"

The same accusation of obscurity, coupled with the accusation of childish simplicity and puerility, was brought a generation later against the leader of the reaction against Gray's poetical style. In Johnson's place now stood Jeffrey, as the representative of critical taste, judgment and sagacity. And Jeffrey was a critic of no ordinary powers; a quick and keen understanding, great versatility of mind, a certain enthusiasm for literary beauty, much wit and fancy, a brilliant manner of setting forth his ideas—these were Jeffrey's gifts. In 1807 appeared two little volumes containing some of the noblest poetry of Wordsworth, his loftiest sonnets, his most radiant and profound poems of Nature, some of his most pathetic renderings of human passion. The collection closed with his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, "beyond doubt," said the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication. We can pretend to give no analysis or explanation of it." Four years later the critic of the *Literary Register* lamented the "incomprehensible system of poetry" which was the ruling power in these two volumes of verse; Mr. Wordsworth's "drivelling nonsense" was better "calculated to excite disgust and anger" than anything the critic had ever seen. In other words, the poetry of Wordsworth brought a new thing into English literature, and its speech was at first an utterance in an unknown tongue. In 1816 was published the first high achievement of Shelley's adult years, "Alastor." The *Monthly Review* condescended to notice the slender octavo and pronounced it absolutely unintelligible. "We entreat Mr. Shelley," the critic wrote, "for the sake of his reviewers as well as of his other readers (if he has any) to subjoin to his next publication an *ordo*, a glossary and copious notes illustrative of his allusions and explanatory of his meaning." Seventeen years later the earliest of Mr. Browning's dramatic monologues, "Pauline," appeared. A copy fell into the hands of John Stuart Mill, then a young man and known as a literary critic. Struck by its originality and power, he wrote to the editor of the magazine to which he was a contributor, requesting that he might be allowed to review the poem in the next number. The editor replied that unluckily it had been already reviewed. On turning to the criticism of "Pauline," Mr. Mill found that it had at least the merit of brevity, for it was contained in a single line: "Pauline, a piece of pure bewilderment." Only within the last two or three years has the charge of unintel-

ligible obscurity brought against Mr. Browning been silently dropped ; and now we are in the most correct fashion if we express surprise that any one should ever have delayed perplexed in the tangle of the most involved period of "Sordello." The whirligig of time, in the course of half a century, has brought in its revenge.

When we hear this accusation of obscurity brought against a great writer we may remember a word of Goethe: "He who would reproach an author with obscurity, ought first to make an examination of himself, to be sure that he is inwardly clear. A very clear hand may not be legible by twilight." In other words, do you yourself bring light or darkness to the study of the author? do you bring attention, clearness and energy of mind, a patient receptive spirit, a readiness to respond to what is admirable even though it be strange?—for with all these you bring light, and without them you bring darkness, or at least a shadow.

A second accusation, sometimes justly but often recklessly advanced, which tells with great effect for a time against a certain class of poets and artists, is the accusation of immorality. If it can be coupled with the charge of obscurity it tells with double force.

Instead of obscurity, the less courteous word "nonsense" is often employed, and if it can be represented that the poet invites his reader to partake not merely of a dish of clotted nonsense, but also of nonsense which is poisonous, a twofold motive is supplied for turning away from what he offers.

Now this accusation of immorality, as brought against a great writer, may be wholly false, or it may be true in some respects, but false in being advanced absolutely and without qualification. The entire tendency of a writer may be towards righteousness, and he may be reviled as an immoral writer. Or, what more frequently happens, his dominant influence on character may be potent for good, but on certain side issues he may be ethically unsound; these are detached from the whole and are represented as central. A writer who brings to his age some new and precious gift, some quickening of moral sensibility, some reinforcement of spiritual faith and spiritual passion, is peculiarly exposed to this reproach. We find it hard to conceive, and yet it is a fact, that to the early *Edinburgh* Reviewers the writings of Southey and Wordsworth seemed dangerous in their moral tendency. Where, asked the guardian of public morals in the *Edinburgh Review*, did the Lake School find its inspiration? Primarily in the anti-social and dis-tempered sensibility of Rousseau, his discontent with the present constitution of society, his paradoxical morality, and his perpetual hankering after some unattainable state of voluptuous virtue and perfection. Discontent with the present constitution of society—that was the high crime of Wordsworth and Southey in their follow-

ing of Rousseau, and to be virtuous means to be satisfied with things as they are. So it was also with Charles Kingsley when he published his "Yeast;" the little leaven of Christian socialism might possibly leaven the whole lump of society. With the eager anger which inflames celestial minds, the *Guardian*, representing orthodox English churchmanship, flung against Kingsley its vile accusations of profligacy and heresy. "It is the countenance the writer gives to the worst tendencies of the day," so wrote the *Guardian* reviewer, "and the manner in which he conceals loose morality in a dress of high-sounding and philosophical phraseology, which calls for plain and decided condemnation." But immorality may be of many kinds, and to be a child of the devil, if we may trust the derivation of that name of the father of lies, is before all else to be a false accuser. The truth indeed is great, and will prevail; but sometimes the lie does not rot until its work is done, and the truth prevails too late,

"When none cares whether it prevail or not."

Perhaps the most grievous wrong is done when the accusation has a fragment of truth to countenance it. Such was the case with the charge of immorality so persistently brought against the poetry of Shelley. Setting aside the crude work of his boyhood, there is undoubtedly in Shelley's writings an element of unsound thinking, derived in the main from the teaching of Godwin's "Political Justice," which may be fairly termed immoral. To be unjust to the past out of which we have grown is immoral, and to the eighteen hundred years of Christendom Shelley is constantly unjust. It is the part of impiety to think scorn of our heritage from the ages which have helped us to whatever we possess of wisdom and generous passion, and the power of high resolve; and Shelley's gaze was so ardently fixed upon the future, and so dazzled by the vision of things yet to be, that he could not estimate aright the precious increment of good received from many generations of men. But the central influence of Shelley's poetry was on the side of justice, charity, beauty, truth. He, more than most other writers, inspires his reader with an unquenchable aspiration after ideals of beauty, love, gentleness, truth, justice, purity. And it was his special glory to have kept in vital relation with the spiritual forces issuing from the last century, and full of constructive power for modern society, at a period characterized all over Europe by terror and base reaction.

Let us remember that a chief function of the poet is to free, to arouse, to dilate the consciousness of his reader. True to the abiding laws of morality, he is often compelled to revolt against the temporary moral conventions of the Scribe or the Pharisee, for whom the quickening truth has hardened into a crust of tradition, which impedes all free growth and movement. It is his part to be through his finer sympathies and through his imagination a moral

pioneer, discovering new duties of the heart or hand or head. But to quicken a new life in men, he is sometimes compelled to wage war against a morality which has stiffened into mere routine. In every epoch when the moral ardour of man has been roused, and a vigorous movement initiated in favour of a higher or a wider conception of human life, the reformers have had to face the reproach of removing ancient landmarks—which indeed they do—and of endangering the settled order of society. We can easily conceive how dangerous to virtue the doctrines of Christianity must have appeared to an old Roman moralist—how vulgar and popular must have appeared the new emotional movement. And it sometimes may happen that the reformers, though rendering a high service to humanity, are driven, in this direction or in that, by the pressure of the ideas forcing them forward, or by the exaltation of their own enthusiasm, beyond the bounds; they are human instruments of high truths, and it were strange if they did not mingle an element of infirmity and error with what they achieve. Our duty towards them in such a case is to recognize the error, to condemn it, to forgive the erring mortal, and to remain loyal to him and his cause. Thus at the present moment, should we see a woman of pure and courageous heart widening, by life or by literature, the accepted ideal of woman's part in the world, and asserting her right to spend her treasures of love and devotion in the attempt to check or remove some of the foul wrongs and injuries and unwholesome sores of humanity, and should she be betrayed, in life or in literature, into error or excess through generous zeal, or the pressure of her convictions, we must judge that error or excess severely, and condemn it sternly, and forgive it freely, and remain true to our new reformer and the cause which she, encumbered with weakness, represents.

Let us then understand that these two reproaches brought against an original writer—the reproach of obscurity and the reproach of immorality—may in fact signify that he offers some precious gift of thought or passion to the world, which as yet the world is unwilling to receive. Mr. Mill, in his essay on Alfred de Vigny, contrasted admirably two types of poet or artist—the Conservative poet and the Movement poet. The Conservative poet, resting his inventions on the broad basis of a settled faith, the broad basis laid by the past, will attain, with little struggle if he be a man of high powers and rich human sympathy, a high level of excellence, and he may receive an immediate and wide recognition. Such was Walter Scott. The Movement poet is in some respects less fortunate. He wings his way towards radiant apparitions of faiths, hopes, charities, whose feet have not yet touched the earth. Borne forward with aspiring courage, he may soar straight and high, but also he may be

caught in tempestuous gales too strong for him, and be whirled he knows not where. Such a writer is peculiarly exposed to the accusations of obscurity and immorality; and it is quite possible that for lack of the safeguards of organized social life, from which perhaps he has been unjustly cast forth as a rebel, now and again failing of his radiant heights, and baffled and dispirited, he may in fact sink below the level on which they tread safe, who have no wings to soar.

An immense and sudden popularity can belong only to the writer who interprets into art the settled feelings and established convictions of his time, or to him who stands at the head of some large advancing movement already organized. It can never belong, at the outset, to one who goes forward alone as a pioneer. And popularity, of course, may be suddenly attained by the charlatan or the lucky retailer of moral platitudes. From count of copies sold we cannot determine whether the fortunate author be a Tupper or a Scott. But there is one indication of the presence of some exceptional quality of genius which never fails. We can point to no writer who drew early to his side a small band of eminent disciples, and at the same time suffered shame and scoffing or total neglect from the crowd, who did not in the end prove a power in literature, and gradually win acceptance from the world. Such was Wordsworth's position in the opening years of our century; such a little later was Shelley's position. Such was Carlyle's half a century since, and Mr. Browning's at a date more recent. Such also was Mr. Whitman's position until of late, when a considerable company has gathered to his side and the voice of opposition has almost fallen silent.

Now, if any one of us be drawn towards a great writer, and resolve that in spite of obstacles he will interpret, for his own use or that of others, the writer's meaning and message, the first thing to attend to is this—that the author and his work be regarded as a whole bearing on life as a whole.* Our prime object should be to get into living relation with a man; and by his means, with the good forces of Nature and humanity which play in and through him. This aim condemns at once all reading for pride and vain-glory as wholly astray, and all reading for scholarship and specialized knowledge as partial and insufficient. We must read not for these, but for *life*; we must read in order to live. Only let us bear in mind that in order to live our best life we do not chiefly need advice, direction, instruction (though these also we may put to use); we need above all an access of power rightly directed. And hence we must guard against the growth of a spirit which is perpetually

* I borrow a phrase from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who writes in his essay on "The Choice of Books": "There is this stamp upon every stroke of eighteenth-century work—the habit of regarding things as wholes bearing on life as a whole."

craving the didactic, or narrowing power into preaching. There are many great works of literature and art from which we learn little or nothing, at least consciously or in set term and phrase; but we go to them as a swimmer goes to the sea. We enter bodily, and breast the waves, add laugh and are glad, and come forth renewed and saturated with the breeze and the brine, a sharer in the free and boundless vitality of our lover, the sea. We have won health and vigour, although the sea has only sung its 'mysterious choral song, and the waves have clapped their hands around us, nor has ocean once straitened his lips to utter a little maxim or a moral sentence. And with such writers we may be trustful and generous, and put aside the petty spiritual prudence which it is well that we should make use of when we go to one who is chiefly a teacher. Such an oceanic writer as Shakespeare or Goethe may contain within his vastness some things that belong to the rankness and garbage of the earth; but so antiseptic is his large and free vitality, played upon by the sun and breeze, so wholesome is his invigorating saltiness, that we may dash fearlessly across the breakers, and quit his sands and shallows for a gleeful adventure in the deep.

We are often instructed to enter on the study of a great writer in a spirit of reverence, and this is well said when it means that we should be neither impertinent nor impatient; but it is ill said if it tend to foster in us the spirit of hero-worship. Approach a great writer rather in the spirit of cheerful and trustful fraternity; this is better than hero-worship; and do homage only to the eternal laws of Nature or of God. The great master is better pleased to find a brother than a worshipper or a serf; and only to a brother, no matter though he be a younger brother, will he lay bare his heart. Surely the master has no particular affection for the idolatrous coterie that reprints his worst verses, with a monograph on the number of occasions on which he turned the loops of his y's and g's to left or right. This is neither literature nor life, but pedantry and puerility. It was not because Carlyle was a hero-worshipper that he wrote so admirably of Burns and Johnson; it was because he found in each a brother-man, and took the hand of each in the close grasp of fraternity. If any author or artist lead us to a dim shrine, and bid us bow before the idol of himself, he secludes and shuts us in from what is larger and better than himself; but indeed what a great writer desires and will do for us, if we permit him, is to bring us forth into the sun and air, and give us strength and courage to enjoy them, and wisdom to go our way, cheerful wanderers over a wide earth under an open heaven.

Approaching a great writer in this spirit of courageous and affectionate fraternity, we need all our forces and all our craft for the friendly encounter. If we love ease and lethargy, let us turn in good time and fly. The interpretation of literature, like the interpretation

of Nature, is no mere record of facts; it is no catalogue of the items which make up a book—such catalogues and analyses of contents encumber our histories of literature with some of their dreariest pages. The interpretation of literature exhibits no series of dead items, but rather the life and power of one mind, at play upon another mind duly qualified to receive and manifest these. Hence, one who would interpret the work of a master must summon up all his powers, and must be alive at as many points as possible. He who approaching his author as a whole, bearing upon life as a whole, is himself alive at the greatest possible number of points, will be the best and truest interpreter. For he will grasp what is central, and at the same time will be sensitive to the value of all details, which details he will perceive not isolated, but in connection with one another and with the central life to which they belong and from which they proceed.

In the first stage of approach, however, the critic, while all the time full of athletic force, must cunningly assume a passive aspect, and to do so he must put restraint upon his own vivacity and play of mind. His aim is now to obtain a faithful impression of the object. His second movement of mind will be one of recoil and resilience, whereby having received a pure impression of the object, he tries to surprise and lay hold of the power which has produced that impression. And these are the two chief processes of the critical spirit in literature. To make a pure observation or receive a faithful impression calls for a strenuous patience and a disinterestedness that are rare. "Receptiveness," George Eliot has said, "is a rare and massive power like fortitude." "We are so ready," says Goethe, "to mix up our own imaginations, opinions, judgments, with what comes under our notice, that we do not long retain the quiet position of observers." The peculiar difficulty in the study of literature and art of observing the object purely arises from the fact that in making the observation it is not merely the intellect which is employed, but also the emotions. We must not only see accurately, but feel vividly and truly. Of what value, for example, were any observation of a lyric of Shelley's, unless we recognize the peculiar delight which it excites? And in order to do this, we must feel that delight vividly and aright. But the moment our emotions are called into play we cease to be guided by the dry light of intellect; a personal factor enters to disturb our calculations. If only we could be an instrument of rich tone and ample compass, perfectly in tune, on which the poet might play, capable of rendering back with faultless vibration the meaning of his every touch. This some of us can never be, or anything resembling this. In matters of art and literature there is an election of grace. The poet, it is said, is born, not made; he is in fact both born and made. The lover of literature is also born—born with a

finer sensitiveness than other men, and Pope was in the right when he said of poet and critic :

"Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write."

But happily the gift of a capacity to enjoy what is beautiful is widely distributed, and where it exists in any degree much can be done to develop the capacity. In a very rare and high degree, however, the gift of natural sensitiveness is not common ; and where it is intense in quality it is sometimes limited in range. To feel widely and at the same time to feel exquisitely is an exceptional gift. From those who lie open to only a few impressions, and who respond to those few impressions with peculiar intensity, arise the sects and heresies of literature and art—unless indeed they acknowledge their own limited range, and put their gift to wisest use. But as the sects and heresies in religion have often been witnesses at a particular time for a neglected truth, so also have been the sects and heresies in art and literature. What constitutes their doctrine a heresy is not the portion of truth which it possesses, but the falsehood which substitutes the lesser truth for the greater, or a part for the whole. They gather around some master—never one of universal power, but a master of narrow range and exquisite gift—and they call themselves after his name, and make his special qualities their standard of judgment. They are fastidious, and fastidiousness always means the presence of a narrow, intense sensibility, lacking the larger and more generous passions which arise from rich sensitiveness to the chief sources of emotion in human life. And even of exquisiteness and subtlety, the very highest kind is attained only through that larger and richer sensibility. The Venus of Melos is not only freer and nobler than the newest and most adored ingenuity of the Grosvenor Gallery, but her beauty is finer, subtler, and more exquisite.

Those who feel sanely and nobly in matters of literature and art keep themselves in vital relation with the great facts and laws of life and Nature, and refuse to immure themselves in any monastery of art, or of so-called culture. And the great facts and laws of life and Nature they find made visible and vocal in the highest works of the universal masters of all ages and lands. In keeping close to Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe, we keep close not to literature merely but to life. With them we are in the great highway of life ; with them we rock in no sequestered bay, but cross Atlantic and Pacific Seas. If therefore we would exclude, as far as possible, a personal disturbing element in our recognition and judgment of literature and art, and also exclude the prejudices and partialities of the sects and schools, we shall do well to keep constantly in the company of some one of the universal writers,

which means keeping in relation to the great facts and laws of life as rendered most truly and nobly into literature. Thus we shall be members of the One Catholic Church of literature, and shall run small risk of being seduced by the allurements of any sect or heresy, for indeed we shall be able to recognize and appropriate for a catholic purpose whatever neglected truth the sect or heresy may proclaim. If we are faithful children of this Catholic Church of literature and art, it will not greatly matter who may be the bishop of our particular diocese—Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Goethe, Cervantes, Molière; any one of them will teach us the catholic doctrine of art—"quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus." Only let him really shape and form us, let him produce his full influence, let him drive the truth deep into our heart—to accomplish which he must have ample opportunity and time. We shall not grow really wiser by running from teacher to teacher, quitting each before he has done half his work. It is well perhaps to have a notion as to what are the hundred best books; but it is folly to suppose that we can really make acquaintance with half a hundred teachers. Each teaches the truth universal, but in his own way and with his own methods, and to submit ourselves to any one is a discipline. It is a moral impossibility while we are undergoing the peculiar and exacting discipline of Goethe to undergo at the same time the peculiar and exacting discipline of Dante. But perhaps in the course of years we can do this; and some of us who are studious of perfection may strive to pass through various rules of discipline, in attempting which we should choose masters like Dante and Goethe, who, while each one of the greatest of all time, and each an interpreter of the catholic truth of human life, yet differ, each from the other, as widely as is permitted to interpreters of the truth universal. To submit ourselves to as many masters as may be counted on the fingers of one hand, is perhaps as much as can really be accomplished in a lifetime; for we too have to live, and our master's teaching is never more than notional unless we put it into use and effect in our own lives.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recommended that we should always have in our mind lines and expressions of the great masters, which may serve, he says, as a touchstone to other poetry. "Of course," he adds, "we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. * But if we have any tact, we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality in all other poetry which we may place beside them." He instances, among others, the words in Homer addressed by Achilles to the suppliant Priam :

καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὁλοβιον εἶναι ;

"Nay, and thou too, 'old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy;" and Dante's simple, but perfect, single line:

"In la sua volontade è nostra pace,"

"In His will is our peace;" and Shakespeare's:

"Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?"

and Milton's:

"Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek."

It would need Mr. Matthew Arnold's tact to assay poetry by such a method as this; but after all only his metaphor is wrong, not his meaning. Such a passage of flawless poetry as any one of those quoted is not a touchstone to apply to other passages of poetry, but a tuning-fork to ring for ourselves; and if we do not answer true, we had better not proceed with our observation of any other piece of poetry, for we cannot hope that our observation will be pure. We are out of tune with the highest.

While submitting ourselves patiently and disinterestedly to the impression of the object, and holding our own vivacity in check, we are not really passive. We are not as wax which receives the impression of a seal, for in this case the wax is instinct with life, and moves towards the seal, and clings around and into it. In this patient energizing of the mind to receive a true impression or to make a pure observation, we should above all endeavour to distinguish the relative values in the object; what is central in the object should be central for us, and each detail should be perceived in relation to the centre. There is a criticism which delights in pointing out the "beauties" of an author, sometimes to the obscuring of the total impression of his work. In this criticism Leigh Hunt was pre-eminent; his pleasure in dainty phrases and exquisite lines was so quick and fine, that he could not let them remain quietly in their right places, but in his eager and almost sensuous delight he must put in his thumb, and pick out his poetical plums, exclaiming, "What a good critic am I!" With Leigh Hunt the parts become often more important than the whole. He emphasizes and underlines each curious felicity of diction until we forget that fine lines and phrases must grow out of the heart of the subject, if they are not to wither like the rootless blossoms stuck in a child's flower-bed. And yet Leigh Hunt was a critic with many admirable qualities, and was swift and generous in his recognition of genius as yet unnoted by the world. What other critic has ever had the happiness to make discovery in one short article of two such poets as those dis-

covered by Leigh Hunt in his article entitled "Young Poets," in the *Examiner* for 1816? One of the two had published a slender volume of verse in the preceding spring, and one had printed a few sonnets in a newspaper. The first of these became the author of "Prometheus Unbound;" and the second the author of "Hyperion."*

Such indicating of what is obvious as we often find in Leigh Hunt's essays has been nicknamed "signpost criticism." Yet he must indeed be a traveller of rare experience and sagacity who has never felt grateful for a signpost. On a straight unbroken road it is an impertinence to advise the wayfarer how to advance. But among mountain tracts, where the mists descend, we may well consult a guide. And to study any great author is to traverse a difficult mountain range, or if he be an author of vast width, as Goethe was, it is to traverse a series of mountain ranges. A modest pedestrian, if he desire before nightfall to reach some definite point (and the night at farthest is not far off) may rejoice to be saved from objectless wanderings or to be turned aside from entering a cul-de-sac.

When, after a period of patience and observation, the student of literature has obtained a faithful impression of the object, he casts his self-restraint aside, and leaps or darts forward to discover if possible the law governing the phenomena which he has observed. They are not isolated phenomena; they belong to an organic whole; they are determined by the law of its life. What, then, is that law? Sometimes the unity of a work of literature or art is found in a single dominant conception; sometimes in a dominant passion; sometimes in a single, low-toned mood of mind; sometimes in a harmonious sequence or suite of emotions; sometimes in a character; sometimes in an action; sometimes in action, character and passion united. In each case we form a hypothesis as to the motive of the composition, and endeavour to colligate the facts under that hypothesis. Should our hypothesis fail to colligate the facts, we reject it and try another and yet another. Not that the skilful critic of literature will care to present the public with anything which has a scientific or pseudo-scientific aspect. His theory as to the motive of a work of art is not obtruded as theory, but it determines his point of view, and enables him to exhibit the life of the composition, where otherwise he could do no more than set forth a series of dead items and details. Occasionally he can at once and without hesitation put his finger on the precise motive of a work—it is some single definite conception. Thus amid all the varied imagery of Keats' "Ode on Melancholy" the idea of the poem stands forth. The melancholy of melancholies, Keats would say to us, is that of

* A third name included in Leigh Hunt's poetical prophecy was that of Keats' friend, John Hamilton Reynolds.

joy which must pass away, and of beauty which must fade and die.

"She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu."

And here we are fortunate in being able to watch the idea in its inception, and assist, as it were, at the very act of creation; for we know the earlier opening of the ode, rejected by Keats because the raw-head and bloody-bones conception embodied in those rejected lines was felt to be out of harmony with the general effect of luxurious tenderness.

In studying more complex works we must guard against looking for a thought, or a truth, or an abstract notion, or a doctrine, or a passion, or even a character or an action as central; and especially in the study of dramatic poetry we should resist the tendency to excessive simplifying of motives. Ordinarily in the drama—always in the Shakespearian drama—an action, a character, and a passion are inextricably twisted together to make the central knot of life, the heart, which sends its life-blood pulsing through every member of the whole. It is otherwise with the drama of ideal passion, in which the characters are created as mere vehicles for the passion which forms the real subject of the play. Thus in each of the dramas of Shakespeare's greatest contemporary, Marlowe, the protagonist is a single dominant passion, exalted to heroic proportions, and using the character of the chief person of the drama as the field for its display. In "Tamburlaine," the Scythian king is of dramatic value only as he incarnates the lust of power, which finds its manifestation in him. Nor in the play which bears his name is Dr. Faustus so much the dramatic centre as is the lust of knowledge—of knowledge as a means to power—which possesses and dominates the ambitious student of the magic arts. This is not Shakespeare's method. And if we would learn by unhappy example the danger of the attempt to reduce any one of Shakespeare's plays to an abstraction or an idea, we have but to glance into the criticisms of the "Merchant of Venice" by eminent German scholars. It was Shakespeare's purpose in the "Merchant of Venice," says Gervinus, to delineate man in relation to property. No, declares Ulrici, for its ideal unity lies in the principle *summum jus summa injuria*, a view on which Röttscher improves by exhibiting the topic of the play as "the dialectics of abstract right." For a modest English critic the play has no other centre than the Merchant placed between Shylock and Portia, with the passion of generosity and mercy set over against the passion of vindictive hate, and a three-times varied action—the story of the caskets, the story of the pound of flesh, and the story of the rings—strung together upon the thought of how promises and bonds and inherited obliga-

tions should be regarded; an action brightly serious in the casket story, tragic in the story of the merchant's bond, and closing with play and laughter in the jest of the betrothal rings.

The happiest moment in the hours of study of a critic of literature is when seemingly by some divination, but really as the result of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord, and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material—it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist—and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervour of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is well to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see colour, as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of Nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man? Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural, and, if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had little feeling for the delights of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats, or is his nose, like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air? Has he, like Browning, a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements, or does he, like Shelley, live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does

he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas? What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate: or the reverse of these? These and such like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skilfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. It is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience, may be well supported by something of method—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant—God, external Nature, humanity—we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith as well as the tendencies and conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man? Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers, and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external Nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which Nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed

to express and render—the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he has attained of the external universe, of humanity and of God.

Of all our study the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain wherewith he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power easier and surer for others. If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart-ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

PEASANT PROPERTY IN FRANCE.

IN an article in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* of October, 1883, Mr. John Rae discusses the decay of the yeomanry, or peasant proprietors of England; and he concludes his survey with a forecast of the future, which implies their possible revival. Mr. Rae's very interesting observations might find their counterpart in a French article on the increase of the peasant proprietary in France. Before dealing with the present situation, on which I propose to dwell a little, I shall endeavour to show how this increase has come about. History alone can tell us what part has been taken in the formation of this class by natural causes, and what by artificial. Now without undertaking to show how much the natural causes are to be preferred to the artificial, on the ground of their not involving those acts of spoliation and violence which must leave behind them deep-seated enmities, I regard it as an indisputable fact that small properties are in France a natural result of physical causes and of our moral and social condition. Not, indeed, that I consider the system exclusively French. Far from it. I regard it as destined in the long run to extend to all countries. It is to be found at this moment even in America, that land of great estates, where, according to the latest returns, it is rapidly growing. I have no doubt that, so far as the nature of the soil admits of it, it will be the same in England, as soon as law and custom have lost a little of their aristocratic character. What I wish to assert here is simply this—that the system naturally took its rise in a country where there has always been a certain reaction against extreme inequalities. If France has not always been, what she essentially is at present, a democratic country, it is none the less true that in France property has always tended to break up, and, so to speak, to range itself in

rows and sort itself into sizes. Land and capital have hitherto been, alike in this; and they are so now, with better reason than ever. * I say with better reason than ever, because the influence of law is now added to that of custom, already so strong amongst the most numerous class of landowners, who had no share in the special privileges instituted for the benefit of a minority in the times preceding the Revolution. I hasten to add that this mode of regarding the system of small properties no longer finds any dissentients in France, not even in what may be called the aristocratic classes, nor among the "Legitimists" most attached to the past.

It is only when we go back to the time of the Restoration, in 1814 and 1815, when returning royalty brought back with it a class of emigrant nobles, animated by the most ardent reactionary spirit, that we encounter a prevalent opinion which saw little but disadvantage in the existence of small rural properties. This class was not simply bent on recovering its property; it cherished the notion of constituting a real territorial aristocracy, based on the laws of primogeniture and substitution, and supported, moreover, by excessively high protective duties for the benefit of agriculture. At that time all eyes were turned on England; but while the Liberal party coveted her political liberties, the party of the *ancien régime* would gladly have contented itself with appropriating the aristocratic elements to be found in her constitution and laws. Economic preferences as to the dimensions of agricultural properties and the mode of their cultivation were almost always determined by political opinion; at the present day, the only dispute is as to what limits it is desirable to place to the multiplication of small proprietorships; and the attack is directed only against obviously excessive partition of the land.

This excessive partition is attributed by many of its opponents to the law of succession which, under the *Code Civil* of the Revolution, requires equal division amongst all the children, subject to certain reservations. This law of equal partition is bitterly attacked by the school of social economy founded some twenty-five years ago by M. Le Play. I do not deny that it is very unfortunate in some of its effects; but I doubt whether these disadvantages would be remedied by giving absolute liberty of bequest. Equal inheritance has become a part of the national manners and customs, and has passed, so to speak, into the very blood of all Frenchmen. The law of succession leaves one share disposable by will, but nobody ever avails himself of the provision. Even the great landowners, who love to boast, in theory, the superiority of large estates and of cultivation on a large scale, themselves parcel out their land in order to let or sell more easily. It is perfectly fair to criticise where the division is really excessive; but it is not fair to exaggerate the gravity and

extent of the evil. The school of M. Le Play cannot, however, at the utmost, be considered hostile in principle to the existence of small properties. The master himself, whose doctrines are accepted and reiterated by his disciples with almost religious docility and veneration, pays a tribute of admiration to the little rural estates cultivated by robust and industrious peasants.

But has criticism always confined itself within these limits? Have we not seen it take of late a somewhat more systematic character? Have we not had recent evidence of a more distinctly hostile disposition? Lady Verney's brilliant but dolorous pictures afford the answer to this question. While they certainly do honour to her distinguished talent, it is open to dispute whether they testify in the same degree to the exact impartiality of her pencil, and whether they do not throw into the shade some of the most essential features of the subject in order to bring out in stronger relief some of the less important. From a literary point of view, the shrewdness of her satire and the very eccentricity of her opinions are elements of success; but, in the interests of truth, political economy and statistics are subject to somewhat more severe conditions. Lady Verney does me the honour to cite me, and to borrow some descriptive passages from my Breton studies. These isolated passages are very far from representing the whole of my view even with regard to Brittany; while, as to the rest of the country, they do not represent it at all. As I am anxious to proceed to more general considerations, I will not stay to wrangle with Lady Verney over points of detail which might have been passed over altogether in silence if she had not attempted to use them as a conclusive argument against peasant properties. For instance, when Lady Verney says that there are peasants in France who have a fair chance of living and dying without ever having seen a tree, or when, on the line from Paris to Dijon, she counts only three chestnut-trees along the road, and does not deign so much as a glance at the forest of Fontainebleau, the observation might be passed over as a mere inadvertence or gratuitous assertion. But when she attributes this curious lack of trees in one of the best wooded countries in existence to the prevalence of small properties, she draws a deduction which must be dealt with at least in passing. We may finish with this point of detail by observing, in opposition to the view put forward by Lady Verney, that small properties, so far from tending to the destruction of trees, tend rather to their conservation. I would ask any who are inclined to share Lady Verney's opinion to look at those vast regions in Normandy, Vendée, and other provinces, where a great part of the ground is occupied by peasant properties, and where the country is so finely wooded that it goes by the name of the Bocage. Seen from the hills above, the country looks like a forest, so great is the mass of the plantations which serve as boundaries to the various plots.

The tendency to felling is much more noticeable under the *grande culture*, which denudes its plains because the shadow thrown by the trees, and the interference of their roots with more lucrative products, make them on the whole more injurious than useful. Besides, is there anything extraordinary in seeing no trees in certain parts of a country? Is it not the same with other countries? When you find a lack of trees in a district where there are small properties, does it necessarily follow that the small properties have caused the lack of trees? It is just a little too unfair to make peasant properties a sort of scapegoat for all the ills and all the penury you chance upon in your travels. Thus, when the author of "*Peasant Properties*" points out that the Savoyards are extremely poor—which, by the way, is not exactly a discovery—why must she forthwith lay it to the account of their owning a little bit of land? Does not their poverty sufficiently explain itself, as you stand among their mountains with a desert before you, and your feet in the snow or on the stones? Are the rocks and the snow, too, diabolic inventions of the system of peasant proprietorship? Even in her most paradoxical mood the gifted authoress would shrink from hazarding such a suggestion.

But I too may claim to have travelled a little in the agricultural districts of France, and studied their condition; I too may claim to offer my testimony on the subject. This testimony I was indeed requested to give, when that section of the Institute to which I belong entrusted me with the task of investigating the moral, intellectual, and material condition of the agricultural population of France, without prejudice either against it or in its favour. And I must surely have had this modest merit of impartiality, since my report, both for good and for evil, has several times been quoted in behalf of theories which are none of mine. In other works on political economy I have developed ideas, maintained a proposition, defended a cause. In this I confine myself to simply observing, and drawing certain deductions which appear to me to follow necessarily from my observations.

I.

I propose, in the first place, to offer a brief justification of the assertion that the division of the land into small agricultural properties is in France a natural fact. A mere glance at the configuration of the ground, the nature of the soil, and the conditions of the climate is enough to show that the country, to a great extent at any rate, is made for this sort of division. One is struck at first sight with the extraordinary variety which is the characteristic of French agriculture. It combines the products of Northern and Southern Europe. It lends itself to the growth of what I may call quite an encyclopædic variety of crops, indigenous or naturalized. Wheat pre-

dominates, of course; but without denying the manifest advantages to be obtained from large farming, there is no question that properties of medium size, and even quite small ones, so long as they are not absolutely so small as to prohibit the use of machinery, lend themselves quite successfully to wheat cultivation. But there is so much else besides wheat. A very important place is filled by products which especially need manual labour in their cultivation, and by those which chiefly depend on climate and soil, such as the vine, the olive, and a multitude of other fruit-trees. Horticulture, again, must be reckoned amongst the sources of the national wealth, and so must market gardening. This last works to great advantage on small properties; while the growth of the towns and the new facilities of transport are offering immense opportunities for its expansion. This form of cultivation is far from having reached the end of its conquests; it opens a wide prospect in the future to the small French landowner. It is, so to speak, his Promised Land; it is a field in which he will fight many a battle yet. Success cannot be doubtful, on a soil which has yet to be fully cleared and may undergo great improvements. In a luxurious country like ours this industry has the double recommendation of supplying in abundance those nourishing and agreeable products for which the demand at home is constantly rising, while they are also exported at high prices and in increasing quantities, and of producing plenty of dessert fruit, which is always in great demand among Frenchmen. The importance of the products is not to be measured simply by the extent of ground they cover, but by the price at which they sell, and which forms the income of the peasant cultivator.

With regard to the historical causes which have favoured the development in France of small agricultural ownership, I will also say but a few words. To trace the origin of the movement we must go back to the time when the first gleams of civilization begin to pierce the thick darkness of barbarism, when wealth and liberty, progressing side by side, begin to stand out with some distinctness in the midst of servitude and poverty. No sooner did the peasant find himself released from serfdom and in possession of a little hoard of savings, than he set himself to acquire a plot of ground; and whether it were that the landlords, finding themselves in difficulties on their return from the Crusades, were glad to sell small parcels of land to the townsmen and peasantry, or whether the impulse to sell was determined by other motives, certain it is that small properties are to be found as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that from that time forward the system goes on extending. One thing which greatly contributed to this extension, and which has hardly been credited with all the importance it deserves, is the fact that the *petite culture* actually existed, and existed in an extreme form, within the limits of the great estates. It was started on an

immense scale by the abbeys and the landlords themselves. They carried the division of the land to such an extent that in many cases the holdings were mere plots of ground. A fact like this cannot be ignored. If the landowners themselves invented the system, it must have been because they found it advantageous; and it would not have been advantageous had not the soil, by its very nature, lent itself to such a mode of cultivation. In this way the framework of the small properties had all been traced out beforehand. When from a simple *métayer* the peasant became a proprietor, nothing was changed in outward appearance; the land was just the same the day after that it had been the day before. The creation of the small properties has come about almost insensibly, and as it were silently, sometimes leaving hardly a trace of the manner in which it was accomplished. There is no cause for surprise in this, to those who know how things that are going to live, and that have a great future before them, nearly always come to pass in this way, gradually and obscurely. In matters like this, man seems to imitate Nature, which never acts on impulse nor by fits and starts. Thus, century by century, the system of small properties advanced and grew. It spread widely during the first two-thirds of the sixteenth century; it underwent a period of stagnation during the wars of religion. Its course is always seen to be subject to these oscillations. In times of comparative prosperity, the peasant buys. In the troubles brought about by wars of invasion or by civil war, he ceases to buy, and is sometimes even obliged to sell. No sooner does the situation lighten a little, than the movement begins again more vigorously than before, and at last it goes on gaining steadily until we approach the time of the French Revolution.

It has thus been clearly shown that peasant proprietorship is no device invented all of a piece and carried by force of law, and that it dates from long before the great catastrophe to which I have referred.

To the evidence already adduced, I will add a few decisive facts, taken from a recent publication—numbering but a few pages in quantity, but solid enough as to quality—written by a very learned and competent authority in agriculture, M. Marc de Haut. It is a pamphlet “On the Division of Landed Property in France before and after 1791;” and it shows how, in many places, the number of plots existing in comparatively early times was almost the same as at present. M. de Haut finds proof of this fact in the court-rolls and cartularies among which he has been carrying on his researches, and in a comparison of these with the most recent cadastral returns. He cites as an example a document of 1509, relating to the lands of the Abbey of Chelles, a canton now situated in the department of Seine-et-Marne. The return is precisely the same then and now. The partition took place sometimes by sale, sometimes by the refusal of the heirs to share a small domain together.

But was it on the whole a good or an evil, this subdivision of the land? It seems almost self-evident that a custom so general and so freely accepted must have had, when looked at on all sides, advantages more than sufficient to counterbalance its drawbacks. At the end of the eighteenth century Arthur Young himself, prejudiced as he was, in principle, in favour of the accumulation of land, severe as he is in his judgments on France, and particularly on certain cases of excessive *morcellement*, nevertheless speaks with honest admiration of many of these little properties, of which there existed at that time—to use the often-quoted expression of Necker—“une immensité.” Those who disparage small properties might do well to cast their eye over these passages of the celebrated English traveller, whose observations, notwithstanding some mistakes, have left an indelible trace on the study of the subject.

“There is no way so certain to make the best of the mountain summits as to parcel them out among the peasants. You may see this in Languedoc, where they have carried up on their backs in baskets the soil that Nature denied them.”

“Give a man secure possession of a barren rock, and he will transform it into a garden.”

And, speaking of the neighbourhood of Dunkirk, he exclaims, “The magic of ownership is turning its sands into gold.”

The sceptic should read, again, what he says on the subject of Béarn, Flanders, Artois, and Picardy. There are many such passages as these, which quite give the lie to the sinister prophecies as to the future of France of which he allowed himself to become the spokesman.

The part taken by the Revolution in the development of peasant properties in France, after all that has been said of it, comes in fact to very little. What that part really was may be shown with a much closer approximation to the truth since we have ceased to content ourselves with vague and general expressions. No doubt it acted gradually on the large estates, by substituting equal partition for the custom of primogeniture; but this took place to a much smaller extent than is commonly imagined. With regard to the institution of small properties itself, we must be careful to distinguish between the different groups of confiscated property offered for sale. The sale of clerical property is far from having had the effects attributed to it. About one-third of it was wood, and was added at once to the domain of the State. Another third consisted of buildings and town property. The last third, which may be estimated at about one milliard, consisted of agricultural holdings. These were sold just as they were, whether large, medium, or small, without being divided into lots for sale; and the buyers came for the most part from the well-to-do bourgeois class. It was only the emigrant's estates which were cut up into lots and sold by auction;

and between 1793 and the year VII. more than a milliard of property was disposed of in this way; but it did not all fall into the hands of the peasants. Some estimate may be formed from the returns sent in by each of the departments in 1824, with a view to determining the amount of the indemnity to be paid to the emigrant nobles. The part played by the confiscations in the diffusion of peasant properties is thus seen to be purely subordinate. In any case there is one essential point to be observed. The peasants received nothing gratuitously. What they had they paid for; and even then another milliard was paid by the country, under the Restoration, in order to make the settlement final, and to remove the stigma attaching to its origin in the minds of the Royalist party. The great thing done by the Revolution in the matter of the land was not the taking it away from its old possessors and putting it in circulation, important as that may have been. The really fruitful part of its work was the emancipation of the land from feudal charges, and the throwing open of the great estates to freedom of sale and purchase.

May we not, then, fairly conclude, from this rapid historical survey, that natural causes have played a much more active part in the formation of small rural properties in France than any artificial causes? The system is founded on a rock; and the reasons why it is so will become more and more apparent as we proceed.

There is at bottom but one single artificial cause—the law of succession, which requires equal partition amongst all the children. Now, although for my own part I have no objection to some extension of the liberty of bequest—doubtful as it may be whether such an extension can be rendered absolutely free from danger—I have already said that this cause does not count for so much as has been supposed. So far, at least, as the *tiers-état* is concerned, the Revolution did but legalize a custom which already existed. Personal property was equally divided amongst all the children, without distinction of age or sex; and the same rule applied—I do not say habitually, but very frequently—to real property.

And now, having obtained from the past such useful information as it has for us on the subject in hand, we may pass on to the present.

II.

We shall have, in the first place, to deal with certain questions as to the excessive division of land, and to inquire whether or not the practice is really spreading all over the country like a sort of festering wound, eating away its strength. Now it is very far from being as bad as this; and besides, it is not true that the evil is so incurable as people seem to think it. Not but what, in my opinion, there must always be some tendency to excess on this side.

Whatever you have to deal with, there must always be drawbacks as well as advantages ; and all that can reasonably be expected is, that the drawbacks should be successfully minimized. Now it is important to observe that the free exchange of land tends at the same time to recreate a considerable number of estates by the massing together of adjoining plots. This fact has just been very plainly brought to light by M. A. de Foville in his book, "*Le Morcellement*," the most exhaustive inquiry into the state of small properties in France which has yet appeared. Nowhere has it been more clearly shown how much the practice has gained on the one side and lost on the other, how much harm it has done, and how much more good than harm—always on condition that it stops within certain limits ; and even these limits are, as I have myself observed, not very easy to determine, since such and such a plot or parcel—understanding by these terms a very tiny strip of land—may nevertheless be extremely fertile. One of the most efficacious remedies for over-minute division would be a reform of taxation. The duties on alienation should be lightened so as to facilitate sale on succession. One quite new law is intended to diminish the cost of uniting parcels of land within the same communes, or within adjoining communes. This will certainly do some good. But even supposing that when all possible legal measures have been taken to facilitate the sale and transfer of land, excessive partition should become less frequent, we shall still have to reckon with the sometimes exaggerated passion of the peasant for the possession of land. Nevertheless, there is more than one part of the country where we begin to see the spread of a marked inclination towards other forms of investment ; such as Government stock, railway bonds and shares, and paper securities of various kinds. This disposition would doubtless have gained a fuller development if the peasants first actuated by it had not been several times betrayed by speculators ; but it may be expected that the deterrent effect of these disappointments will last only for a time.

That an excessive partition of land exists in almost all parts of the country, and that, in the eastern departments especially, far too much of the soil is taken up in this way, no one can deny ; but these excessively minute plots represent only a fraction of the small properties of the country, which are only partially open to the same objections. Again, erroneous ideas are often entertained as to the extent of the preponderance of small properties, which are supposed to occupy the whole, or much the greater part, of all the cultivated districts. This mistake is based on the very large number of existing landowners, of whom the great majority certainly are peasants. Calculations vary as to the exact number of owners of estates of all dimensions. The Government returns give, for the year 1851, 7,584,901, and for 1879, 8,454,218. M. de Foville disputes these figures, and arrives at the following results :—Before

the Revolution, four million landowners; about 1825, more than six and a half millions; in 1850, from seven to seven and a half millions; in 1875, about eight millions; a number which may since have somewhat diminished in consequence of the agricultural crisis. The census of 1881 reckoned only about four millions of proprietors; but then it omitted the owners of the smallest properties included in M. de Foville's statistics. Many of these microscopic proprietors are but very partially dependent on the proceeds of the land. It must not, however, be supposed that when it has been ascertained that half the landed estates in France pay less than five francs in taxes—a sum which, to an Englishman especially, must seem simply ridiculous—everything has been said that there is to say. These tiny plots of ground often yield a gross produce of double and treble the calculated return. Some of the property, again, consists of cottages and kitchen-gardens. Many small proprietors do not practically belong to the agricultural class at all; they are engaged in manufacture and other industries; and to think of these persons as poor because the quantity of land they possess is small would be a great mistake. Many of those who own from ten to twenty hectares are not poor at all. Properties exceeding twenty hectares are commonly classed as of medium size, though in some districts they are reckoned small up to thirty hectares. This, however, is rare. In general, what are called medium properties range from twenty to sixty or eighty hectares; and then begin what we, with our democratic ideas, regard as large properties, reaching up to three or four hundred hectares, or in some exceptional cases even more. About two-thirds of the country is occupied by medium and large properties.

It may be said that in general an enlightened self-interest will suffice to maintain or restore a certain equilibrium in the dimensions of the various properties, and ensure the correction of the evil so soon as it becomes excessive. This principle explains the movement towards the re-consolidation of estates. Not only does the medium proprietor go on buying fresh plots, but the peasants themselves often end by making some arrangement which brings things back to a more convenient point. I have myself seen many instances of this. I will content myself with quoting one case which came under my notice quite recently in a large commune near Paris—the commune of Argenteuil, celebrated for its abundance of wine and especially of vegetables, for which it has a quite exceptional reputation. I have seen this locality mentioned as offering one of the most curious examples of extreme subdivision. The peasant's tiny strip of land might be exhibited as a champion specimen of a dwarf estate. Its revenue was reckoned not in francs but in centimes, and very often it was paid away in taxes. Such was the estimate made some forty years ago, and repeated later in a learned work of M. Léon Faucher. But the information I was able to procure a few

months ago showed a 'complete change in the state of things. The excess of partition had vanished altogether. The land was distributed, in convenient proportions, into small and medium properties, and the owners were enjoying a comfortable competency. Instances such as this are by no means scarce in France.

III.

And now, what has been the general effect of these small properties on the agricultural prosperity of France?—for on this the judgment to be passed upon them must largely depend. The partisans of large estates declared that the system would be the ruin of the country; it would check the production of cattle; and this result would be the more deplorable, inasmuch as the small properties would gradually swallow up all the large ones. I will confine myself to marshalling a few facts which afford sufficient evidence of the groundlessness of these predictions. It is notorious that the country now produces a much larger number of plants, both for food and for industrial purposes, than it did a hundred years ago, or even forty or fifty. The number of hectares laid down in wheat has greatly increased, as is proved by statistics which appear to rest on a sound enough basis to be received as approximately correct. In 1815 four and a half millions of hectares were sown with wheat, and they yielded forty million hectolitres, or nine hectolitres per hectare; at the present time some seven and a half million hectares give an average annual yield of nearly a hundred thousand hectolitres, or fourteen hectolitres per hectare (this calculation falls somewhat below the truth, the real yield being fifteen). Taken altogether, this average is still low, and it is far exceeded in many places, where the yield reaches twenty-five or thirty hectolitres per hectare, and occasionally even forty. To wheat we must add oats, yielding sixty-eight million hectolitres; rye, yielding twenty-five million; barley, twenty million; maize, ten million; and so on. The advance in crops grown for fodder and manufacture has been still greater and more rapid. But I will here only deal with the crops which the peasant uses for food, as well as grows for sale. Between 1815 and 1835 the advance in wheat was very marked. The average yield of the whole country was fifty-seven million hectolitres. A harvest of sixty millions flooded the market, and brought down the price to fifteen or sixteen francs. In 1861, on the other hand, a harvest of seventy-five millions caused a considerable rise; and harvests of eighty and ninety millions have since had the same effect. In 1840 the total value of the yield was two milliards one hundred and sixteen million francs; in 1876 it was four milliards forty-two millions; and this was not consequent on a rise in price, for the price has remained stationary at about twenty francs the hectolitre. In this production of cereals the medium and small

properties have borne a share which, though difficult to estimate with precision, is evidently not unimportant; and to this must be added the very considerable return obtained from the cultivation of beetroot—which, besides the sugar it yields, serves as food for stock—of vegetables, roots, and especially potatoes, and of garden and orchard produce.

Without entering into detail, the question of live stock must be particularly adverted to. This was the rock on which small properties were to founder. A library might have been filled with the books that were written foretelling the extinction of sheep and oxen. Orators and statesmen joined the cry, and even a few agriculturists; and it was caught up by a chorus of novelists, such as Honoré de Balzac, who, in a work something between a novel and a pamphlet, tries to palm off upon us the scum of a population of rascally boors, all of them more or less thieves and poachers, as representing the French peasantry. Calculations were made, even under the Restoration, as to the amount of stock which could be reared on large and small farms respectively. The comparison was made both in France and in Belgium. As regards horned cattle, the small farms had decidedly the best of it. As regards sheep, the large farms had the advantage, but not so decidedly. On the whole, an immense increase is shown in oxen and cows, and a smaller but distinct increase in sheep. It must, at the same time, be noticed, as affecting this calculation, that there is a striking diminution in the extent of fallow land and of those barren moors and heaths where herds of sorry cattle used to browse on the scanty herbage. Two other facts deserve careful attention. The first is the rise in the value of the small properties, which has tripled and quadrupled since 1821, while that of the large properties has only doubled. The second is the marked increase in the average proportion of produce to population. More than twenty years ago an eminent economist, Léonce de Lavergne, showed that, by dividing the total corn and meat supply for 1789, 1815, and 1859 equally per head among the population, the annual proportion was found to be as follows:—For 1789: Population, $26\frac{1}{2}$ millions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectolitres of wheat; $1\frac{3}{7}$ hectolitres of barley and other grain; $\frac{7}{8}$ of a kilogramme of meat. For 1815: Population, $29\frac{1}{2}$ millions—wheat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectolitres; barley and other grain, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectolitres; meat, 18 kilos. For 1859: Population, 36 millions—wheat, 2 hectolitres; barley and other grain, 1 hectolitre; meat, 28 kilos. To these should be added potatoes, wine and other beverages, vegetables fresh and dried, and milk, all of which were showing an increase more rapid than that of the population. A further increase in the quantity of these products has taken place since 1859. All, or nearly all, this progress has been achieved by the small proprietor by sheer manual labour, and this although his capital has augmented, and the quantity of machinery

minus arrears, is not to be compared with what might be seen forty years ago.

I do not pretend that this is a very advanced state of things, from an agricultural point of view. But what could be done by labour has been done—done for the great products by sustained and regular labour, and done for the finer products, which demand skill and intelligence in those who cultivate them, by skilful and intelligent labour.

IV.

Modest as is the condition of most of the peasant proprietors of France, it would be very unjust to apply to them the famous line—*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*. It must be remembered that if, in fostering the increase of the earth, they labour for the good of others, they also labour for the increase of their own well-being. I will begin by quoting one fact which is not without significance. To the question, “Is there such a thing as agricultural pauperism?” the answer I have received has almost everywhere been in the negative. A few wandering beggars, a few poor persons in receipt of relief from the *bureaux de bienfaisance*, cannot be taken as constituting a real endemic pauperism. To the further question, “Are the peasants deeper in debt than they were?” the uniform reply has been that they are very much less so, and that they much seldomer have recourse to the money-lender for the means of buying or working the land. Borrowing is becoming quite rare. The practice which does grow upon the peasant is that of saving. This must be put together with another reply, very generally given: “The peasants live better than they used to do;” and another, less general I admit, but not infrequent: “They live comfortably.” Now, without leading us to form an exaggerated idea of the well-being of the peasant landowners, or to deny the privations to which, in some ways, they subject themselves, these answers suffice to show that they cannot be regarded as pariahs, or as hapless wretches living to curse their own existence, or sinking into a stupidity in which they cannot even feel its burden. If we are not to have idylls about them, at least we need not blacken the picture. Above all, let us be quite clear as to what we mean by peasant proprietors, and not give the name to the labourer who lives on his wages, but happens to own a tiny house and strip of garden planted with a few trees and cabbages. Even the labourer is not always in so precarious a position as might be imagined. Many of these men now live very tolerably, thanks to the rise of labourers’ wages, which are almost everywhere double or treble what they were. When they are employed on the farms they have good food and want for nothing. Those who work at home are not, of course, so well fed, and probably drink nothing but water. But is it not rather a straining

of the term to call these day labourers proprietors? We must not set the average type too high, but we can hardly lower it to this. *

We will suppose, then, that the peasant proprietor owns half a hectare at least, and perhaps as much as ten or twenty hectares, or even goes a little further, up to twenty-five or thirty, which makes him a medium proprietor without his ceasing to be a peasant. But without resting too much on these calculations, we may point out certain general facts bearing on the material condition of the peasant cultivator. His food has improved in many ways. White bread has almost everywhere taken the place of rye bread and buckwheat cakes; and where the buckwheat still holds its own, as in Bretagne, it is, after all, a wholesome and nutritive food in itself, and is only spoilt and rendered indigestible by bad cooking. You must go deep into the recesses of the out-of-the-way mountain districts before you find the peasant still mixing his wheat with rye or barley, and even this mixed bread, if it is not very white, is at any rate neither ill-flavoured nor unwholesome. In the more prosperous provinces, such as Normandy and a few others, the peasant eats butcher's meat several times a week—once on Sunday, and at least twice on week days; the medium proprietor has it every day. Pork is the chief meat everywhere, and is cooked with cabbage or potatoes. This kind of food is sufficient for the maintenance of a vigorous race; and the French peasant, proprietor or not, does not find it monotonous. He never tires of it; and if the more substantial farmer sometimes varies it with other meats, with fowl, fish, and vegetables, the smaller farmer does not hold with the innovation, and probably declines the luxury when it is offered him. Several of the daily meals are of bread and soup, of which he is very fond, and he adds a little cheese. In the South less meat is eaten, and more vegetables, with plenty of fruit and small melons, somewhat coarser than those which appear on our tables, but also possibly wholesomer. In all parts of the country, with scarce an exception, milk and butter must be included in the bill of fare. Most rural families kill at least one pig every year. Generally the house-mistress has also a cow to which she attends, part of whose milk is consumed at home, and part sold. Thus, in Brittany for instance, in the very humblest cabin, you may find bonny children with round rosy cheeks, due in great part to their milk diet. The Breton men are generally strong, and the women healthy. Yet I have also found, in some parts of the same province, such a lack of sufficient nourishment has told upon the labour both of men and women.

If the small proprietor is temperate in the matter of food, and parsimonious in everything else, the medium proprietor lives on a much more generous scale. This is noticeable everywhere, even in Brittany, and especially on the coast. You see it in Normandy, Picardy, Artois, Flanders; you see it in the midland, in the west—in fact almost all over the country. The small pro-

prietor of the north and west, while he restricts himself in other things to the bare necessities of life, is given to drunkenness—a thing hardly ever to be seen in the south: Drunkenness diminishes in proportion as you rise above the labouring class; but in this class itself it has, if anything, rather increased, and our modern alcoholic beverages have given it a more dangerous character.

The small proprietor owes it to his habits of frugality and his untiring industry that he has tided over the agricultural crisis better than the heavily-taxed wage-paying landowner, and better also than the medium proprietor, who has often too great a liking for his ease, and who spends too much of his time in the *café*.

In the matter of warm, wholesome, and convenient clothing the peasant proprietor has made a great advance. With certain reservations, the same may be said for his lodging. The great majority of cottages nowadays are decently furnished, and have several rooms for the accommodation of the family, with a dining-room and often a little parlour. Flanders is proverbial for the exquisite cleanliness of its crockery and furniture; Touraine has a taste for the elegant. The first glance at the place does not always suggest it. The dirty-looking, ill-kept little farm, with its dung-heap or its muck-strewn yard—a waste of good manure—does not prepare you for the comparatively decent dwelling of the farmer or owner. And it must be admitted that there are many of the extremely small proprietors of whom I was lately speaking who have but a wretched hovel surrounded by its patch of land, with its squalid rooms adjoining the pig-sty, where the pig may be seen mingling familiarly with the company till some one sends him grunting back to his trough. It may be said that such an interior as this does not give the idea of a very high state of civilization; well and good; but let it be understood that this is not a picture of the home of the peasant proprietor. You might as well call a workman living in a garret a proprietor, because his few sticks of furniture are his own. The needy peasant whose hut is hardly worth five hundred francs in all is practically no more a proprietor than he is. We have already described several types of the real peasant proprietor—the grazier of the Ange valley, the agriculturist of the plain of Caen, the market gardener of St. Omer, the “hortillon” of Amiens—a sort of hereditary kitchen gardener, the horticulturist of Angers, and so forth. You might point to people of this class in every part of the country as models of prosperity and well-being.

The mass of peasant proprietors, however poor, never complain of their lot. It is rather among those who are better off that one perceives an occasional preference of town occupations to those of the country. It would be a great mistake to regard as a sign of stupidity or inertia that placid satisfaction which never complains, except in the sense in which everybody sometimes grumbles a little at his work. The French peasant is generally sharp-witted and wary—another result

of his having affairs of his own to manage. • You may go all over the country, from north to south and from east to west, and you will not find a trace of a "social question." The peasant does not covet the large estate which borders on his own. Some symptoms, indeed, of a different spirit appeared soon after the Revolution of 1848, when a handful of peasants in the east of France made some display of communistic tendencies. But this was a rare exception, and there is no sign of the existence of such tendencies at present. A stranger in practice to the greed of socialism, the peasant is still more a stranger to it in his dreams; and in this he differs widely from the workman of the towns, who not only follows his own unbridled imagination, but yields to the influence of a propagandist party spirit. The towns seem to have attracted to themselves all that is chimerical and violent in the democratic spirit. While the workman of the towns proposes nothing less than to reconstitute society on a new pattern, the peasant proprietor gets on very well with society as it is. It is the same, for the present, with the landless labourer. He gets good wages and will very likely end in buying a little domain himself. The mass of the rural population is thus heartily attached to the existing social order. I may mention another point. In these rural households the family is almost always respected. People do not live together without marriage, as they do in the towns; public opinion would not suffer it. Any false step is covered and repaired by marriage. Crime is comparatively rare in the country. The charge to which the peasant is most justly open—and especially the prosperous peasant—at least in many departments, is that of having too few children, for fear of cramping his resources and mutilating his inheritance. This calculating spirit, which comes from an excess of foresight, is to be regretted; but it may be questioned whether it goes exclusively with small properties. The well-to-do townsfolk have fewer children than the working man. Wherever material prosperity is found, the calculating spirit is not far behind.

To conclude: it is one of the happy results of the distribution of small properties in the hands of the peasants that we have no agrarian question. Peace, profound peace, reigns in the country. There has been no troubling of the harmony between landowners and farmers in consequence of the exactions of the former when the competition for farms was keenest, nor yet any when times changed, and the landlord was forced to reduce his rents. In the same way the difficulties between the farmers and the labourers who demanded higher wages have never got beyond the stage of complaint and recrimination. The conflict of interests and the restlessness of discontent have been kept within limits too narrow to allow of serious complications.

It may, then, safely be asserted that in this French society, so divided by party passion, and where in the field of manufacturing industry the

opposition between labour and capital breaks out so often into fierce dissensions, there is one place reserved for peace and concord, sheltered from the conflict of classes, and this is amongst the rural population who form the vast majority of all Frenchmen. I do not say that this concord may not be troubled some day ; but in any case I incline to think it will not be troubled very deeply. Small ownership is the surest protection against socialism. It teaches patience to those who hope to have it, and to have it as the fruit of their own self-denial. It tranquillizes those who have it already, by satisfying their ambition, and it fosters in them habits of order and of industry. Property is not only a pleasure, it is an education. In France, as in other countries, instances may be cited where working men in manufacturing towns, having by skilful contrivance acquired a little house of their own, have completely abandoned the idle and disorderly habits of their class from the moment they found themselves in possession of a home. This is what can be said and ought to be said for peasant proprietorship, without representing the peasant as faultless or the system itself as perfect. No system is absolutely perfect. This must be judged as a whole ; and besides, its defects may to a great extent be remedied. The great point is, that there is in peasant proprietorship no original and fatal principle of corruption and misery, and that, on the contrary, it acts at once as a powerful incentive and as a salutary check. These are merits of the highest order, advantageous alike to the individual and to the commonwealth ; and their value cannot be ignored without doing both injustice and injury.

The case for peasant proprietorship may be summed up, then, pretty nearly as follows. In the first place, it is in the nature of things ; wherever it is left unhampered by legal impediments it takes root and grows. Its advance is not violent and aggressive ; its slow and modest conquests are the reward of personal effort. It is not exclusive ; it admits the coexistence of properties of all dimensions suitable to the soil and climate and social conditions. It is consonant at once with the liberal ideas of modern societies, and with the principles of a wise conservatism, since it creates a class of men characteristically independent, self-reliant, and contented with their lot, and secures them by their very regard for their own interests against the temptation to abuse their independence. The countries which have it would be sorry to be without it ; the defects of which it can be justly accused, are susceptible of diminution ; and neither they nor the unjust criticism which has been brought to bear upon it will avail to check its progress in countries which have hitherto been considered the classic ground of the great estates.

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THE PRE-RAPHAËLITE BROTHERHOOD

A FIGHT FOR ART.

II.

BEFORE proceeding further with my story, I should like to give some further idea of the principles of Pre-Raphaelitism, and of the hopes we had of it. In doing so, I would not trench upon the claims of others to explain from their own points of view; but I write, not as a stranger might do, gathering his conclusions from the results, but as one of the accessories before the fact, making his confessions after all his guilty companions as well as himself have had the fullest meed of punishment for their offence. I must return therefore to the studio in Cleveland Street,* and give further reminiscences of Rossetti, who came rather gradually to take a retired course, out of my ken, and who can now only be known by his work and words, which give value in the eyes of the world to the records of his friends.

I will ask my readers, then, to imagine a young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about 5 feet 7½ in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parted lips, staring with dreaming eyes—the pupils not reaching the bottom lids—grey eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about; the openings large and oval, the lower orbits dark-coloured. His nose was aquiline but delicate, with a depression from the frontal sinus shaping the bridge; the nostrils full, the brow rounded and prominent, and the line of the jaw angular and marked, while still uncovered with beard. His shoulders were not square, but yet fairly masculine in shape. The singularity of gait depended upon the width of hip, which was unusual. Altogether, he was a lightly built man, with delicate hands and feet; although neither weak nor fragile in constitution, he was nevertheless altogether unaffected by any athletic exercises. He was careless in his dress, which then was, as usual with professional men, black and of evening cut. So superior was he to the ordinary vanities of young men that he would allow the spots of mud to remain dry on his legs for several days. His overcoat was brown, and not put on with ordinary

* Not in Gower Street, as stated in a note to the previous article.

attention; and with his pushing stride and loud voice, a special scrutiny would have been needed to discern the reserved tenderness that dwelt in the breast of the apparently careless and defiant youth. But any one who approached and addressed him was struck with sudden surprise to find all his critical impressions dissipated in a moment; for the language of the painter was refined and polished, and he proved to be courteous, gentle and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuit of others, and in every respect, as far as could be shown by manner, a cultivated gentleman. (I hate the word in its canting sense, but here in its least presumptuous significance it has a meaning which no other word would so accurately convey.) To one who lived with him he showed an inexhaustible store of accomplishments, yet from his uncontrollable temper under the trials of studio work, it was clear that he had been a spoilt child. When, however, his work did not oppress his spirits, when his soul was not tormented by some unhappy angel-model—frightened out of its wits in turn by his fiery impatience—he could not restrain his then happy memory of divine poesy. He had been a student of poetry almost to the exclusion of other pursuits, and he had feasted specially upon the verses of the tri-centists. For Homer he never betrayed great enthusiasm; of the ancients, Catullus was his favourite. He chanted with a voice rich and full of passion, now in the “*lingua Toscana*,” and again in that of the “well of English undefiled.” He delighted most in those poems for which the world then had shown but little appreciation. “*Sordello*” and “*Paracelsus*” he would give by forty and fifty pages at a time, and, what were more fascinating, the shorter poems of Browning. Then would follow the grand rhetoric from Taylor’s “*Philip Van Artevelde*,” in the scene between the herald and the Court at Ghent with Philip in reply—a scene very much to my taste, with my picture standing on the easel designed to show the spirit of justice, inevitable in the fulness of time, on all such as being strong scourged the weak, and being rich robbed the poor, and “changed the sweat of Nature’s brow to blood.” Then would come the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott’s “*Rosabell*” (which later furnished Rossetti with the subject called “*Found*”). These, and there were countless other examples, all showed a wide field of interest as to poetic schools.

But the studying of them had never led him to profess any respect for natural science, or to evince any regard for the remote stages of creative development or the lower steps of human progress. He regarded such studies as altogether foreign to poetry. The language used in early times to describe the appearances of Nature he accepted as the exclusive and ever-sufficient formulæ. The modern discoveries of science therefore had no charms for him; neither had the changed conditions of the people who were to be touched by art any claim for special consideration. They had no right to be different

from the people of Dante's time, if I may use my own words to epitomize his meaning.

I give this evidence of the nature of his mind, with no thought of criticizing his philosophy. On the contrary, I know that this must ever be the position taken up by the dilettante school, and that in certain work for architectural uses it must be allowed so long as the forms of thought remain as they are; and further, that it is the principle of much of the very highest art of the present day. I adduce the facts as illustrative of Rossetti at that time, with the object of proving that (although we joined together to fight against the then current modes of art, as wanting in serious ambition, vital force, and thoroughness of expression) we saw no obstacle to union in our manner of acquiring power direct from creation itself, to establish a healthier and more pervading taste than that which was frittering away the genius of the nation in trifles and bombast.

We frequently talked over scientific and historical matters, for my previous reading and experience had led me to love them and to regard them as of the greatest poetic and pictorial importance for modern art; for then, as now, I concluded that the appeal we made could be strengthened by using the instruments of the age which human intellect had discovered. In my father's collection of books were many on science and history, as well as on art, and in my first office I had found many volumes of an instructive kind. It was but a poor substitute for the systematic training in school, but my master did occasionally look over my self-imposed lessons, and it was some compensation that I read mine with hunger, while other boys of my age were being brought to the same food very unwillingly, and with the feeling of being already too much crammed. When my employer had a visitor who could understand him, he talked much of Socrates, of M. Aurelius, Seneca and Epictetus, quoting many of their sayings and doings. Homer and part of Plutarch I used to take from home to the office, and read them there with much delight; and I found time also at my second office to read as well as to draw. Shakespeare, too, I then first gloried in; and these authors, with other full-blown blossoms of thought, had given me a wide interest in the world which Rossetti deemed wholly external to the nature of a poetic painter. He had not read as I had for years—long and trying years they seemed to me—looking up from visions of Greece, the Ægean and the Troad, of Rome, of Alexandria, of Athens, of Actium, of Cyprus, of Venice, Verona, and Vienna, only to see three blank walls with their oft-counted bricks, and the threat thereon written large, that I was born only to know through others of the beautiful mountains, the sea calm and wild by turns, of adventures by flood and field. A prison many a time has been made into a study and a workshop. In mine I had some geometrical and mathematical books, and my master seeing me at work at them had helped me

with the problems. He had also set me to do geological and astronomical diagrams, and these studies seemed to me full of poetic suggestions. But Rossetti despised such inquiries. "What could it matter," he said, "whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun travelled about the earth?" And in the question about the antiquity of man and his origin he refused to be interested. It would be beside the mark to repeat this in a narrative, which is simply professional and not personal, if it did not lead up to the view which he at that time expressed—that attention to chronological costume, to the types of the different races of men, to climatic features or influences, were of no value in a painter's work; and that therefore Oriental proprieties in the treatment of Scriptural subjects were calculated to destroy the poetic nature of a design. He would instance Horace Vernet's pictures, painted in the East, "Rebecca giving Eleazer to Drink," and some others, as proofs of the correctness of his opinion. But I used to meet this by insisting that Vernet, though a remarkably skilful composer and executant, was not, and could not, under any conditions or system, be anything but dull, except to the dull, and was altogether destitute of every spark of poetic fire. This Rossetti admitted, although he still held by his principle, to be fought over with fresh weapons another time. It was the question of the value of my idea, carried out five years after, to go to Jerusalem to paint sacred subjects, which brought the discussion to a head. It was profitable to try to solve such problems, although we both agreed, when it came to the last, that a man's work would be the reflex of the living image in his own mind of the idea treated, and not the icy double of the facts themselves.

While we differed so far, it may be seen that we were never, what often we have been called, *realists*. I think the art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any one of the three painters concerned, had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in Nature. Independent of the consideration that the task would put out of operation the faculty making man "how like a god," it seemed then, as it does now, that a mere imitator gradually comes to see Nature so claylike and meaningless—so like only to what one sees when illness brings a heavy cloud before the eyes—that his pictures or statues make a spectator feel, not how much more beautiful the world is than she seemed before, but only that she is a tedious infliction, or even an oppressive nightmare. It is needless to give modern examples. Polembourg I would instance as one of the old masters who generally made God's sky look hideous, although his workmanship was exemplary, and I can give his name as an instance, for I remember well that once we all three agreed on this head. On one other point there has been misapprehension, which it is now time to correct. In agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in

painting our first pictures, we never meant more than that the practice was essential for training the eye and the hand of the young artist: we should never have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less of a Pre-Raphaelite. I can say this the better now because, although it is not true, as is often said, that my detail is microscopic, I have retained later than either of my companions the pencilling of a student. When I take to large brushes, and enrich my canvases with impasto, it will imply that the remnant of my life would not suffice to enable me to express my thoughts in other fashion, and that I have in my own opinion obtained enough from severe discipline to trust myself again to the self-confident handling of my youth, to which I have already referred. If I leave uncontradicted the declaration that I have abandoned Pre-Raphaelitism, it will be because, after prolonged admiration of the power of the enemy to incite prejudice against truth by a catchword, I have at last become worldly wise enough to keep my own counsel.

Perhaps, in order to throw light upon the understanding of Pre-Raphaelitism among ourselves at the beginning, I may be excused wandering a little from the idiosyncrasies of one to the other, and to the different facts which illustrate them. Trusting to this indulgence, I still linger in the joint studio to explain the nature of the talk we had there on the subject of our future operations and influence. We spoke of the improvement of design in household objects, furniture, curtains, and interior decorations, and dress; of how we would exercise our skill, as the early painters had done, not in one branch of art only, but in all. For sculpture, Rossetti in private expressed little regard; he professed admiration for the minds of many men engaged in it, but he could scarcely understand their devotion to work which seemed in modern hands so cold and meaningless, and which was so limited in its power of illustration. He confessed, however, that so far he had not thought of it enough, and admitted that it ought to be undertaken by painters, if only because the power of drawing on the flat seemed much wanting among the men who worked so tamely in clay and marble. Architecture also he recognized as the proper work of the painter, who, learning the principles of construction from Nature herself, could apply them to the forming and decoration of the stone, iron and wood he had to deal with. Music he regarded as positively offensive. When we obtained recognition, each of us was to have a suite of studios attached to his house; some for working in ourselves in divers branches of art; some for showing our productions to admirers when we were too busily engaged to be disturbed. Worthy pupils we were also to introduce by such means, and we should be able thus to extend our usefulness and to make art take its proper place. All this I concurred in, only I once expressed

some curiosity to know how the due appreciation should be counted on from a people so committed to the idea of subdivision of labour, and so far from exhibiting Locke's spirit, never being ashamed to confess his ignorance. This Rossetti dismissed to the winds as an idle fear, asking me if I could not understand that there were hundreds of young aristocrats and millionaires growing up who would be only too glad to get due direction how to make the country glorious as Greece and Italy had been! I was fain to hope that his view was the correct one, especially as with his father's experience as a professor among the *élite* of the land, I was bound to admit he was better able than I was to judge of the possibilities, and I was glad to encourage the belief that people would in time know how to spend their money worthily. "There remain still only a few particulars of a more personal nature to be recorded of the interests of that time.

First, to complete the picture of Rossetti, I should say that frequently he would leave his day's appointed task to engage himself with some design or poem that occupied his thoughts. When he had once sat down and was immersed in the effort to express his purpose, and the difficulties had to be wrestled with, his tongue was hushed, he remained fixed and inattentive to all that went on about him; he rocked himself to and fro, and at times he moaned lowly, or hummed for a brief minute, as though telling off some idea. All this while he peered intently before him, looking hungry and eager, and passing by in his regard any who came before him, as if not seen at all. Then he would often get up and walk out of the room without saying a word. Years afterwards, when he became stout, and men, with a good deal of reason, found a resemblance in him to the bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, and still later, when he had outgrown this resemblance, it seemed to me that it was in his early days only that the soul within had been truly seen in his face. In these early days, with all his headstrongness, and a certain want of consideration, his life within was untainted to an exemplary degree, and he worthily rejoiced in the poetic atmosphere of the sacred and spiritual dreams that then encircled him, however some of his noisy demonstrations at the time might hinder this from being recognized by a hasty judgment.

Another aspect of our Brotherhood must not be passed over, though it lasted but a short time, and becoming meaningless was abandoned with good reason. It is the social one. Rossetti, as I have said before, was a proselytizer. He was ready to believe, and to insist upon the belief, that others should adopt our course, and those within our daily range, whom for one reason or another he cared for, he at once enrolled as Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. James Collinson had been a meek fellow-student; painstaking he was in all his drawings, and accurate in a sense, but tame

and sleepy, and so were all the figures he drew. The Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon Group, the Wrestlers, the Dancing Faun, and the Drunken Gentleman of that race, all seemed to belong to one somnolent family. No one a year later could have trusted his memory to say when he had been and when he had not been in the school, so successfully had he aimed at avoiding to disturb any one in any way. It was a surprise to all when in the year 1848 he appeared in the Exhibition with a picture called "The Charity Boy's Début." It was a good idea to represent the shyness of a poor boy on his appearing before his family in the uniform of his parish, and although the invention did not go far beyond the initial conception, the pencilling was phenomenal throughout. It transpired that he had roused himself up of late to enter the Roman Church, and that thus inspirited he had made the further effort to paint this picture. It was natural for all the students to blame themselves for having ignored Collinson, but Rossetti went further, and declared that "Collinson was a born stunner," and at once struck up an intimate friendship with him. When the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was inaugurated he at once enrolled Collinson as one who wanted only the enthusiasm which we had, to make him a great force in the battle, and accordingly he was told that he had to put the secret initials on his works, to attend our monthly meetings, and to receive us in his turn. Whether we were at his place in the Polygon, with a dragoness of a landlady six feet in height to provide quite a conventional entertainment—for he still had a liberal allowance from home—or at our Bohemian repasts in Cleveland Street, or elsewhere, he invariably fell asleep at the beginning, and had to be waked up at the conclusion of the noisy evening to receive our salutations. In figure he was far from being like the fat boy in "Pickwick," for he was of very light weight and small measurement. He never could see the fun of anything, and I fear we did not make his life more joyful. Once, at the conclusion of a meeting at our studio, on going to the door with him about 11.30 P.M., we discovered that it was a magnificent moonlight night, and we declared at once that instead of going to bed we would take a long walk in the country; but he pleaded that he must go home and sleep; and when we pointed out that for a real change which might be the greatest benefit to him for ever, he should for once consider that he had had enough sleeping, he pleaded that he must really go home, if only to change his boots; and eventually we let him depart with the promise that he would be ready for us when we would call in half an hour. We arrived punctually, but knocked for a time in vain. In ten minutes a voice from the second-floor window thundered out to know why we went on knocking when we knew Mr. Collinson had long been in bed and was asleep. It was our knowledge that

he was asleep which had made us knock so loud, we said, and we hoped she would take no further notice while we continued the same measures to wake him; on which she invited the aid of a passing policeman, who, however, was persuaded that we were strictly within the law in insisting upon seeing the gentleman himself. Collinson came to his window piteously entreating to be left to sleep, but we pointed out that we had chosen the northern course solely on his account, and that we knew what was good for him better than he did himself. He gave in, dressed himself, and came with us on a walk—worth remembering even now for its many delights of lovely moonlit heath and common and village, with the whole on our return exchanged for ever-increasing dawn and sunrise. I think our poor victim slept all the way, leaning on one or another of us, and I must confess that neither this nor any treatment we adopted for his good seemed thoroughly to wake him up. When I first returned from the little continental tour, I lodged in the same house with him at Brompton for about a month. There even in the day he was asleep over the fire with his model waiting idle, earning his shilling per hour all the time; and as the home remittance for some reason stopped, it seemed at one time as if bankruptcy must come on like an armed man. But at the last moment he unexpectedly waked up, sent in his resignation as a Pre-Raphaelite Brother—ungrateful man!—sold his lay figure and painting material by forced sale, and departed to Stonyhurst to graduate. It is but fair to give the further history of this Pre-Raphaelite Brother. At the end of a twelvemonth or so he abandoned the idea of conventual or priestly life, again took to painting, and I believe executed many very creditable pictures of a modest character. He subsequently abjured Romanism and died some eight years ago, very much respected by those who knew him best, and with less, I am sure, to reproach himself for than many more brilliant men may have at the end of their days.

The experience of trying to make men Pre-Raphaelite Brothers against their nature and will, was not an encouraging one. W. M. Rossetti had at first thought of taking to graphic art, but he had given up the study. Outside of the enrolled body, comprising with the five already mentioned, F. G. Stephens and T. Woolner (the latter had gone to Australia), were several artists of real calibre and enthusiasm, who were working diligently with our views guiding them. W. H. Deverell, Charles Collins, and Arthur Hughes may be named. It was a question whether any of these should be elected. It was already evident that to have authority to put the mystic monogram upon their paintings could confer no benefit on men striving to make a position. We ourselves even determined for a time to discontinue the flouting of this red rag before the eyes of infuriate John Bull, and we decided it was better to let our converts be known only by their works, and so nominally Pre-Raphaelitism ceased to be. We agreed

to resume the open profession of it later, but the time has not yet come. I often read in print that I am now the only Pre-Raphaelite. Yet I can't use the distinguishing letters, for I have no "B."

Rossetti, when he had returned to London from a tour, applied himself first, in a separate studio in Newman Street, to the small painting of "The Annunciation." When this was completed it was exhibited in the Portland Street Gallery. He asked £50 for the work, but not selling it, and being much pressed for money, he told a friend that he would take £40 for it from an immediate purchaser. It was sold in April this year to the Nation at the price of £800, exactly twenty times the sum he asked to procure the means to go on with other work. I am reminded by this friend that the previous picture of "The Education of the Virgin" was not exhibited in the place where this appeared, but in a gallery at Hyde Park where the Alexandra Hotel now stands. By these facts alone it may be seen that had it not been for the liberal help which his good brother afforded him he would certainly have had to give up painting. As it was, he took to water-colour designs in the intervals of application to a large picture from Browning which he commenced. He sold his drawings for small prices. Most of them were bought by artists with some independent means. It was a branch of practice which developed his power of design, but, as it gave but little exercise in drawing from the life, he thus became confirmed in mannerisms which, with his perfect eye for form, he might under happier conditions have escaped while still young. During his lifetime no pictures of his ever appeared on the walls of the Academy. He was offended with the body mainly on account of their treatment of F. M. Brown, when he sent fine pictures there before we had joined together. The last time Rossetti and I worked together was at Sevenoaks. He set himself to paint, near to my place of work, a bosage for a background. I went sometimes to see him at work, but I found him nearly always as if engaged in a mortal quarrel with some leaf which had perversely shaken itself off its branch just as he had begun to paint it, until he would have no more of such conduct, and would go back to his lodgings to write, and to try designs, one of these being the scene in the tent of Philip Van Artevelde which he subsequently completed in pen and ink. The engagement he made to illustrate "The Pot of Basil" he never fulfilled, and his etching to the *Germ* was always being promised but never begun. Deverell undertook to fill his place on one occasion, but when the plate was cleaned it was discovered that the acid had hardly bitten at all, and there was scarcely means of publishing that month's number. The use of burin and strong dry paint just brought the copper to printing pitch at the eleventh hour, but the unpunctuality of so important a contributor as Rossetti made it impossible to go on, although Millais then had his plate ready to illustrate a mystic story by him. Of course the want of capital

also told, and the poor *Germ* died, but not without having made itself heard.

We were now all separated, and each so busy battling with his evil star that we could not leave our posts. While I was waiting with the "*Christian Missionary*" unsold, Mr. Dyce again wrote to me. It was to offer work which he had done himself thirty years before, the cleaning and restoring of wall paintings at the Trinity House by Rigaud. Not understanding the change in his position, the authorities had offered it to him again. He wished to know whether I would take it. I agreed readily, and I commenced the task, which was disagreeable enough. The paintings were imitation bas-reliefs, with a sky-blue background, and were principally in the cove of a large room with no ventilation, and below there were extensive walls reeking with the fumes of white lead. I had to use a scrubbing-brush, &c., dipped in warm water with soda or pearlash, and go over the whole field of these grand works of the master of one hundred years before. For more than a week I was thus engaged. I gave offence by smoking, although seeing the whole building was in the utmost disorder, and it was the hottest part of summer, and the least busy part of the season, as I urged, I had a good justification for the licence I took. When the cleaning was done, for a time there was hesitation to give me further work, but after some delay Mr. Dyce was invited to go and decide as to what was necessary; he recommended that the whole should be retouched by me, as the flues had in some places burnt away the paintings, and damp had done other injuries, but as there was then but a very restricted time for me to earn money by it, I stipulated that I should have two guineas per diem, and that I should have an assistant, which was agreed to. Mr. Dyce took me back with him to the House of Lords, where he was working. On board the steamboat I ventured to express my thought of the joy it must be to him to have the opportunity of exercising his powers in the national building where he was employed, and on so large a scale, and I shall ever remember the sadness with which he said, "But I begin with my hair already grey."

My work now, when the fumes from the white lead had not brought an overpowering headache, was fine fun. Old Father Thames, like London Bridge in the old nursery song, had to be built up again, and I stood on a springy plank dashing away at him with large brushes, and when he had a new coat of paint from top to toe I added a bale of goods, a globe, a pair of compasses, three or four volumes, a triton or two, and perhaps a Mercury with his Caduceus, and a mermaid and merman for a day's work; here and there I came across the trenchant touchings of Dyce, which I always, if possible, left. A bas-relief of Charity on the staircase was fortunately so far ruined that I could repaint the whole without much regard to the original weak outlines, and I won great praise because from the landing, the

only point whence it could be seen, no one could tell that the surface was not raised. For my share in this public work—the only one I was ever honoured with—I gained about £35, which helped to clear off all my back accounts, and left the money for the “Christian Missionary,” when it came a month or so later, neatly free for the next year’s work.

The last article brought my story to the point where the “Two Gentlemen of Verona” was still hanging on the walls of the Academy, spite of the recommendation of the influential critic that it and the other works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood should be sent back to their respective studios. My good father most unfairly had his share of ridicule, for he was met in the City by many acquaintances not too polite to laugh, and offering to bet £10 that the pictures would be sent back within a week, and he asked (not with any intention of making a wager, for I don’t think he would on any account have staked a penny to gain by another’s loss, but to know how he should receive such gibes) whether I thought the suggestion would be acted upon. I settled his mind on this point, but in continuing the talk, with all tenderness for me, he expressed his conviction as confirmed, that in this country it was useless for a man without influential and rich friends to hope to succeed as an artist. There were too many established interests to overturn, “and you,” he said, “have not even the party feeling in your favour of a public school [there had been an attempt made to get me into the Bluecoat School]. You have done wonders, I will maintain—more than could have been expected, but it is hopeless.”

And, indeed, it seemed every day getting worse. I had been asked to do illustrations for an edition of Longfellow, and I did three drawings, but the publisher declined them, saying he had made arrangements with another artist; and no one would have his portrait painted by me when my name was a proverb of incompetence, and, as it was made to appear, criminality. I was so reduced in means that once, when I had a letter written lying before me, I could not tell where to find a penny for the stamp. Leaning back in the old cushioned chair, I thrust my hand down behind the seat, and my fingers came in contact with a coin, which proved to be half-a-crown, and I felt quite rich for the time. In the midst of this came thunder as out of a clear sky. It was a letter from Ruskin in the *Times* in our defence. The critic had, amongst other charges, accused our pictures of being false in linear perspective. This was open to demonstration. Ruskin challenged him to establish his case, and the cowardly creature skulked away, and was heard of no more. The letter on my “Valentine” admitted the weak point in my picture. A man had at the last robbed me of £15; this occasioned me to lose my time, and I sent the picture in imperfect in the Sylvia’s head. I afterwards rectified this.

The letters did not, however, at the time mend my fortunes, and I had to come to a resolution which I had long dreaded to contemplate. I could do so now, not as a disgraced man, but as one who, like many better men, had not found the world he wanted to influence ready to be led. I announced to Millais my intention to give up art altogether, and to go for a twelvemonth to a good yeoman uncle for instruction as a farmer, and at the end of that time to emigrate to Canada or to the Antipodes to take my place as a settler. But my companion would by no means take so gloomy a view of my prospects as I had done; he was sure I should succeed, and he announced that he had £500 saved, and that I should have all of that, little by little, as I wanted it. My reply was, "What do you think your father and mother would think of me?" And when he reminded me that I had to come to him in the morning I said, "Mind you don't say a word of what we have been speaking about;" but the next day, when the servant opened the door, the good couple burst out of the sitting-room crying, "Is that Hunt?" and saying, "Come in here! Jack has been telling us all about his plan, and he has our fullest concurrence." I had quite made up my mind not to give in, but it was impossible in the face of such goodness; and I am prouder now to acknowledge my indebtedness than even my friend is shy to have his generosity published, for there was still a great risk of our defeat.

Thus provided with money, I went down with Millais to Surrey, to lodge together while we painted backgrounds—he to "Ophelia," I to "The Hireling Shepherd"—and there, with the exception of a few Sundays and a day or two for despatching work that would not wait, we remained all the summer. Charles Collins joined us later, and it became a happiness to me that I had this opportunity of knowing him better. "The Valentine" was sent to Liverpool. During our stay I received continually anonymous letters and newspapers from Liverpool, with abuse—principally in doggerel—of my picture, and containing stupid rudeness with humour too obscure for me to recognize. When this had gone on about two months, one morning I told Millais that there seemed some reason to think the Liverpool Council had an active hand in this matter, and I said that I had resolved, by way of showing how it failed to humble me, to write to them that I had sent my picture trusting to the announcement that fifty pounds would be awarded on the opening day to the best picture contributed; that many weeks had gone by since then; and I begged the favour of explanation why I had not yet received notice of the prize! That evening I was too busy to write; the next morning I was working near the house on my sheep, and Millais came calling out "Another letter from Liverpool." It was proved by the postmark, and had been made to look important with a large seal. My friend was impatient, and I opened it, to find that the Council, sitting on date given, had in consideration of the merit

of, &c. &c. &c., awarded to me the fifty-pound prize. We there and then gave three cheers for the Council at Liverpool, which was pretty well all the thanks they ever got, as, repeating their offence by giving the next fifty pounds to another iniquitous defier of the established and unimpeachable taste of the day, the old institution was abolished, and the new Academy established on its ruins. It was the first public recognition I had yet obtained, and it resulted in the sale of my picture, for a correspondent from Belfast—who *had never seen the work*, but who was interested from what he had read of it—made me an offer of the sum I asked for the picture, 150 or 200 guineas (I forget which), to be paid £10 at the time monthly, with sixty guineas of the sum to be represented by a picture of Danby's. When the dates for payment came, a letter invariably arrived proposing to give instead of money further paintings, so that the transaction became a continual torment to me. But even this trial had its end in time.

When we had nearly brought our first backgrounds to a conclusion, we were eager to recommence with new canvases. Millais took up the background to his picture of "The Huguenot," and I, that of "The Light of the World." I had dwelt over and matured my design enough to be able to paint the orchard background at the proper season in the grounds attached to the house. To paint it life-size, as I should have liked, would then have forbidden any hope of sale. It was one of the misfortunes of my position, which I have ever since regretted, but perhaps I should have had greater difficulty in the first work on the painting, which I did from 9 P.M. till 5 A.M. every night, about the time of the full moon, for two or three months. I sat in an open shed made of hurdles, and painted by the light of a candle, a stronger illumination being too blinding. On going to bed I slept till ten, and then devoted myself for an hour or two to rectifying any errors of colour, and to drawing out the work for the next night. When the picture was in this stage, Mr. and Mrs. Combe came to see us. It was my first personal introduction to these good friends, and then they first saw their future possession.

On coming to town we found the tone of several of the academicians towards us much changed, so that we were invited to partake of their hospitality, which we enjoyed because it was most cordially given, and because it afforded us the opportunity of making friends with many distinguished men of established position.

Before returning permanently from Surrey, I took the opportunity of being in town late in the autumn to call on R. B. Martineau, who, through an old fellow-student, had notified his wish to take his place as my pupil in painting. He had already been through the school of the Academy, and wished at this point to train himself to paint subject pictures in oil. Before making any arrangement, I tested him by saying that up to this present time, although I had lived

more self-denyingly than any lawyer's clerk or shopman would have done, I had not succeeded in paying my way, that I was heavily in debt, and that, from other experiences within my own knowledge, I could scarcely regard painting as a profession at all; and that I hoped, if he could reconcile himself to any other pursuit, that he would still abandon the idea of becoming an artist. But to him the lucrative-ness of the pursuit was not a vital question, and he removed the scruples I had against encouraging any one in this country to become a painter needing to live by it. Accordingly he was accepted as my pupil, and remained my close and much valued friend until his death, nearly twenty years later. I encouraged him to complete a design he had begun from "The Old Curiosity Shop," and this he painted in my studio while I finished "The Hireling Shepherd." He never became a facile executant, but from the first he produced admirable pictures. His greatest work was "The Last Day in the Old Home."

"The Hireling Shepherd" was my first painting hung on the line at the Academy. The first day went by without inquiries after its price, but it was evident that people were wavering. Weeks passed and it seemed as though again success was to be indefinitely postponed, but then a very courteous letter arrived from an unknown gentleman, stating that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the picture, but could not afford the price, 300 guineas. He did not think this too much, but he wished to know for what I would repeat the group of sheep by itself. I proposed 70 guineas, and he agreed. The same gentleman, Mr. Charles Maude, of Bath, then wrote to say that a friend of his had no less enthusiasm for the picture than himself, and that he trusted I would excuse him for proposing for my consideration whether I could agree to take the money in instalments—£150 in a first payment, and the remainder—as his friend received his own stipend quarterly—in sums of about £60; if so, he would be ready to purchase it; and I felt, strange to say, not at all offended at the proposal, but at once closed with the offer. The same polite gentleman wrote then to say that his friend was his cousin, Mr. Broderip, the magistrate and naturalist, and he conveyed to me an invitation to call upon him, and this gave me the opportunity of seeing two of the most pleasant old gentlemen I ever had the felicity to meet. Nor was this all, for Mr. Broderip then said that his great and valued friend, Mr. Richard Owen (now Sir Richard, K.C.B.), wished to know me, and had asked him to drive me down on an early morning for the day, a proposal which I was also glad to accept; and accordingly, after explanation on the way, that the great Professor had been one of my stoutest champions throughout, I was introduced on a sunny summer morning into the portals of the sweet little cottage in Richmond Park which Her Majesty had given to him for life.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

CHURCH HISTORY has for the last few months been in a somewhat quiescent state. It cannot be expected always to advance with such leaps and bounds as those made by it several times of late, as in the discoveries of the "Teaching of the Twelve" and of Tatian's "Diatessaron." A good deal of quiet work has been, however, got through, and men have had time to think and estimate at leisure the value and bearing of their new possessions. The literary efforts of Germany are always bearing precious fruits in their magazines and reviews. Thus, to take a review to which I have not as yet alluded, but which ought to take a front rank in such records—viz., Brieger's *Zeitschrift für Kirchengeschichte*, Bd. viii. Hft. 1, 2, 1885—we find there a very valuable contribution from a well-known writer in our field. Bishop Lightfoot, in his "Ignatius and Polycarp," acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Theodor Zahn for his learned work on the same subject. Zahn has devoted much time to that very obscure period of Church History, the second century, and in this article he undertakes to prove that Justin Martyr was well acquainted with, and quoted from, St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Of course we knew already that the First Epistle to the Corinthians was known by Clemens Romanus, quoted as it is in his forty-seventh chapter; so that Zahn's point does not bear on the question of its authenticity. Justin himself also appears to quote it in various places in his writings. Zahn, however, shows an undoubted quotation of I Cor. xv. 50, 52; and thus proves the regard paid to it in the Christian circles which Justin Martyr frequented. The proof of this is somewhat intricate, and would require far more space than can here be given, if we should attempt to explain it clearly. The outlines of it are as follows:—A passage of Photus, "Bibliotheca," Codex 234, has long been known to critics as referring to the views of Justin Martyr and of Methodius about the Resurrection, quoting *en passant* the passage of First Corinthians above cited. But it has been a disputed point what portion belonged to Justin and what to his fourth-century commentator, Methodius. Zahn now, by the help of the new volume of Petra's "Analecta Sacra," already reviewed in these columns, determines successfully, by a comparison with the Syriac, that the portion of Photus' extract embracing the quotation from St. Paul's Epistle belongs to Justin Martyr; and therefore we may conclude that the Epistle was current at Rome when Justin Martyr wrote. The two quotations made by Justin are—(verse 50) "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" and (verse 54) "Death is swallowed up in victory." Zahn has appended to his article in Brieger's *Zeitschrift* several valuable discussions on Methodius himself, discussing his see, doctrines, and writings; on Justin's last work concerning the Resurrection, and

upon Justin's relation to the "Teaching of the Twelve." This Review devotes special attention to the study of the Reformation and mediæval history, and contains frequent reports of the late discoveries in the regions of archæology and manuscripts. The variety of source which the ecclesiastical historian now lays under tribute receives an illustration from our next instance.—*Hermes* is a Review devoted to classical philology, where the best scholars of Germany discuss problems peculiar to their science. Yet among them we can discover something which advances Ecclesiastical History. Thus, in the first part of that Review for 1886 we have an article by the most venerable and learned scholar of Germany, Theodor Mommsen, in which he treats of a manuscript from Sir Thomas Philipps' library at Cheltenham, containing a catalogue of biblical books, which he dates about the middle of the fourth century. Mommsen treats it simply from the linguistic or philological side. The stichometry of the ancients has lately been keenly discussed, owing to the many questions raised by the "Teaching of the Twelve" and the Fayûm MSS. This Cheltenham MS. gives the number of lines and verses in each book of the New Testament, to inform the purchasers of their exact size, and thus to guard them against the extortionate charges of the booksellers of the fourth century. Zahn, however, to whom I have already referred, takes this discovery of Mommsen, and in the pages of Luthardt's *Zeitschrift für Kirchliche Wissenschaft* shows what a light it sheds upon biblical criticism in Africa about the year 360, as well as the ancient traditions, going back to the second century, which it contains or implies. This catalogue omits the Epistle to the Hebrews completely, which the African Church did not receive until the Synods of Carthage and Hippo Regius, about 390; while it bears a distinct mark, proving that the author of it did not recognize the Second Epistle of Peter at all—a point which of course throws some light on the controversy in which Mr. Abbott and Dr. Salmon have been of late engaged. This catalogue gives also a list of St. Cyprian's works, inserting the titles of some which are lost, at least for the present. The same number of *Hermes* contains interesting articles on the sources of Clemens Alexandrinus, by E. Hiller, and of Suidas, by C. de Boor. Suidas was one of those diligent drudges whose labours—pursued with industry, but without any genius—have proved a mine of erudition and knowledge for successive generations which knew how to use him. He lived, it is supposed, in the tenth century, though nothing is really known about him. He was, however, a mediæval Boswell, gathering upon every side, Pagan and Christian alike, history, literature, biography, science and art. His great lexicon has often been edited, the most convenient edition for an English scholar being Gaisford's, Oxford, 1834; while, again, much attention has been devoted to the determination of his sources. This question De Boor takes up, and devotes his article to prove that Georgiûs Syncellus, the Byzantine chronicler of the eighth century, was largely used by Suidas. Syncellus was, like Suidas himself, a mere drudge. The great Scaliger expressed the greatest contempt for him, styling him light, foolish, and insane, simply because Syncellus deprecated his own favourite Eusebius, and still used him copiously without acknowledgment—an old literary trick not confined to those times. Neither Syncellus, however, as De Boor

shows, nor Suidas, can be passed over with impunity by any scholar, classical or ecclesiastical. Suidas used the scholiast upon Aristophanes very copiously, while Syncellus preserved for us fragments of writers like Julius Africanus, Alexander Polyhistor, and the Chronicle of Eusebius, which might otherwise have been totally lost. Dr. C. de Boor, of Berlin, in discussing this subject, has only returned to a study on which he produced, three or four years ago, an interesting monograph.—It is a pleasing and useful custom among German scholars to erect a literary monument to their more eminent teachers on their twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversaries. In 1882 such a monumental work was produced in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Arnold Schaefer's academical labours. A number of the leading historical scholars of Greifswald and Bonn united in writing a series of essays on interesting and important historical points, some classical and some bearing on Byzantine or ecclesiastical topics.* Thus Adolf Bauer discusses notices of the inundations of the Nile in ancient times; Soltau, the office of plebeian ædiles; Konrad Panzer, the Roman invasions of Britain till the time of Agricola; Asbach, the history of the Roman Consulate under the Empire; while among the second class of subjects we notice Kreutzer's paper on the sources of the history of the Emperor Septimius Severus, a question often discussed in the history of the great persecutions; Berthold Volz's on the date of the battle of Pollentia, an interesting question in the Church and Imperial history of the fifth century and the barbarian invasion; Auler's on Victor of Vita and the Vandal persecution; while De Boor discusses the Chronicle of Georgius Syncellus. These and several other subjects are discussed with fullness, accuracy, and the latest lights.

Students of Ecclesiastical History, especially if they care to investigate the "sources" in which German scholars delight, cannot afford to overlook a modest production of the French Academy of Inscriptions, whose full title is "*Comptes-Rendus de l'Académie des Inscriptions.*" It is issued in four yearly parts, one for each quarter, and contains many interesting and important communications; first among which for our purpose I would most certainly place the letters written every two or three weeks from Rome by M. E. Le Blant, the official head of the French Archæological School in that city. They are most pleasant and chatty reading, and have one great advantage—they keep us *au courant* with the very latest discoveries, and that by means of one of the most accomplished archæologists in existence. These letters are especially useful for the Church historian, because Le Blant is above all things a Christian archæologist, and views all subjects from that special standpoint. Last year was not marked by any great Christian finds in Rome, and Le Blant's letters are therefore merely records of the steady work of excavation and discovery. But these "*Comptes Rendus*" contain papers communicated to the Academy as well. I noticed in the second part for 1885 (p. 112) an intensely interesting article by M. A. Castan on the capital of Carthage, which shows what historical value one may discover in the writings of the Fathers. The Fathers have been too often used for mere controversial purposes, and as such their writings have been cried up or cried down according to the special bias of the combatants; while their value as historical

* "*Historische Untersuchungen.*" Bonn: Emil Strauss. 1882.

records, embodying contemporary pictures of the life, manners, customs, and architecture of their age, has been overlooked. M. Castan now steps forward and shows how the writings of Tertullian, with the aid of archaeological research, may help us to reconstruct the very buildings and temples of Carthage as it flourished in Roman times. He shows that Carthage was built on the model of Rome itself, and that the divinities there specially adored were Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Æsculapius, as indicated in the texts of Tertullian's treatises "De Testimonio Animæ," "De Spectaculis" and the "Apologeticus." His essay is an admirable treatise on ancient Carthaginian religion, illustrated by fathers like Tertullian and Augustine. —Again, we may note the *Revue Egyptologique* for 1885 as another original source for Ecclesiastical History. It is the organ of such eminent Egyptologists as Brugsch, Chabos, and Revillont. In the first and second parts of last year's number I notice especially an article by E. Revillont on "Prayer for the Dead among the Egyptian Inscriptions." The writer specially deals with the subject as illustrated by the Coptic inscriptions of the Christian period. This paper is full of points important for Ecclesiastical History. It discusses the use of the Coptic date, "Era of the Martyrs," commonly used in Christian Egypt, and shows that it dates only from Mahommedan times. Till the Saracens conquered Egypt, in the seventh century, they dated, just as the rest of the Roman Empire did, by the year of the reigning Emperor. When the bond between Constantinople and Alexandria was broken by the capture of Egypt and Alexandria, the Egyptians were obliged to develop an era of their own, which, as Letronne long ago showed, was the era of Diocletian, or the era of the last great persecution, which they styled the Era of the Martyrs. He discusses, too, the invasion of the Blemmyes, their nature, location, &c.; but devotes his special attention to the contrasted view which the three great Churches of Rome, Egypt, and Syria took of death and the after-life. He thinks that the Syrians always retained a semi-pagan, or perhaps even Buddhist view of death, regarding it as an absorption into God and a cessation from personal existence and consciousness. The Egyptian inscriptions, on the other hand, felt the profound mystery of death, and shrank back from it, while they at the same time looked forward to a resurrection and a future life, while the Roman Church looked forward to death as an entrance on the highest bliss and a birth into the only true life. Revillont's view is, that Christianity transformed and radically changed the views of the West, while it only modified the pre-existing ideas and faiths of the East, which always remained fundamentally the same. This article will be found full of valuable research and instruction as to the origins of Syrian and Egyptian Christianity, and cannot be overlooked in that fuller history of Oriental Christianity we may one day expect. It is a model for those who wish to turn the results of modern research and discovery into a profitable channel. The same Review presents us with two articles, one by Professor Wessely of Vienna, and the other by E. Revillont, dealing with the Fayûm documents so far as they illustrate the social life and customs of Egypt under the Ptolemies, and during the first six or seven centuries of our era.—The cognate German Review, the *Zeitschrift für Aegyptische Sprache*

for 1885, deals on p. 25 with the dialect spoken in Fayûm; while on p. 42 it discusses the magical or gnostic papyri which have been found in such abundance among our new discoveries. As I said a good deal about this topic in my last record, I shall now omit any further notice of it. There has not been any elaborate report upon the Fayûm MSS. since my last record, but there have been numerous hints that we may expect even autograph letters of Mahomet himself out of that rich collection.

It is time, however, to turn from foreign to home work. Here, doubtless, all will agree, the first place ought to be given to the productions of the series called the "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," commonly called the Master of the Rolls' Series. Every year adds to the value of this vast collection, which places within the reach of all, those manuscripts and documents which hitherto have lain hid in offices of State, and which, if nominally accessible to the public, were practically shut out from the vast majority of students by the difficulties of transcription. Every real student knows, too, how vast the difference as to practical utility is in a work which one can bring home and examine at leisure at one's own fireside, as compared with a document which one must try to decipher within certain hours, surrounded by unaccustomed circumstances and distracted by manifold interruptions. We have been favoured with five volumes, one of them most important for the history of the early Norman kings, the others dealing with the Reformation period. The volume dealing with the eleventh and twelfth centuries is styled "*Eadmeri Historia*,"* and deals to a large extent with the life and labours of S. Anselm, one of the most famous and most able Archbishops of Canterbury. It treats of the disputes concerning investitures which embittered the whole social and religious life of Germany, France, and England, which led the Emperor Henry IV. to Canossa, and which produced the murder of Thomas à Becket. It throws much new light on the progress of this dispute in England, and S. Anselm's connection therewith. The preface of Mr. Rule is careful, learned, and interesting. On p. lxxvi. he notices quite a new point, and makes it probable that S. Anselm was, through his mother, descended from the kings of Transjuran Burgundy. The investigator of our early annals must henceforth resort to this work as one of primary authority. The other volumes which we have noticed are a continuation of Mr. Brewer's celebrated series of King Henry the Eighth's correspondence.† Mr. Brewer was indeed the projector of the series. He laid the plan of the whole campaign, and sketched the lines on which this massive work should proceed. He contributed to the preceding volumes prefaces which were in fact great historical dissertations in themselves. I suppose if Mr. Brewer were given the choice of his successor out of the literary world, he would have selected his friend and associate, Mr. James Gairdner, to whom the lot has fallen, and of whose work the highest praise which can be given, or which he himself doubtless would desire, would be to say that he is carrying it on in the same manner in which Mr. Brewer fulfilled his own portion of the task. Mr. Gairdner took up Mr. Brewer's work at vol. v. of Henry VIII.,

* "*Eadmeri Historia Novorum in Anglia*." Edited by Martin Rule, M.A. London. 1884.

† "*Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*" Vols. V.-VIII. Arranged by James Gairdner, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. London. 1880-1885.

1531-32. He has not attempted the vast prefaces which Mr. Brewer affixed to the volumes, but he gives us in each a brief yet comprehensive summary of the whole, giving us a bird's-eye view of each year's transactions, and enabling us to judge of the whole effect. Thus, if we take up the preface to volume v., and read it, we can at once see the dubious position in which Henry VIII., the Emperor, and the Pope stood to one another; we have the intrigues of Francis II. and Henry vigorously but briefly depicted; and then, in a few strokes, on pages xxx. and xxxi. of the preface we have the domestic history of the year set before us: the foundation of Christ Church at Oxford, the formation of St. James's Park, the appearance of the plague, the building of Westminster Palace, and the martyrdom of Bilney. The revolution which these portly but useful volumes are working in historical science can only be estimated by contrasting them with work done before they had come into existence, and when authors had to depend upon the scanty sources then printed. Fortunately, we have a work at hand enabling us to estimate our progress in this respect. Bishop William Fitzgerald was the ablest of the whole Whatelyan school. In fact, he rose far and away beyond a school which esteemed itself very broad, but was in many respects very narrow; and of which the best description would probably be that of the prophet: "They compassed themselves about with sparks; they walked in the light of their own fire, and in the sparks that they had kindled." Few authors have for this reason fallen into more complete neglect than Archbishop Whately, within twenty years of his death; and yet his writings have a clear dry light about them, which, though not beneficial for permanent use, would still prove very healthful as a tonic for the present generation.—Dr. Fitzgerald lived in a healthier atmosphere than Archbishop Whately. He lived in the atmosphere of the mighty dead. Few bishops of any age could compare with him in his knowledge of the Fathers, a study which his friend and patron rather deposed. We welcome these two volumes of his Lectures, delivered as Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin;* and yet we honestly say we would have preferred two volumes of his sermons. Sermons like his, full of wise, profound, pious, learned thought must be of permanent value. He had a mind like Butler's. His sermons would doubtless have been of the same type. Lectures delivered to a class—at times, too, mere fragments, and never corrected by the author—have a tendency to become rapidly antiquated, and at any rate to show merely what the professor considered most interesting to his students and most likely to gain him an audience, not what he considered of most permanent value. These lectures are divided into courses. The first deals with the Apostolic Church, the second with the Early Church, the third with the Papacy, and the fourth with the English Reformation. This last course illustrates the point on which we have been insisting. Dr. Fitzgerald treats in the eighth lecture of the fourth course on the Royal Supremacy. How much richer and fuller would have been his treatment had he possessed Mr. Gairdner's exhaustive volume! Wherever new light has not appeared since the

* "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History." By William Fitzgerald, D.D., late Bishop of Killaloe and Clonfert. Edited by W. Fitzgerald, A.M., and John Quarry, D.D. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1885.

bishop lectured or wrote, his acumen and insight are very remarkable, as shown, for instance, in the first appendix, containing his remarks on the Epistle of St. Barnabas, which may be very usefully compared with the very latest discussions of the subject.—The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have of late years recovered their charm for this generation. Queen Anne's style and the rage for it is the expression of this fact in one direction. The various books, histories, and novels which deal with this period are its expression in a literary shape. Messrs. Abbey and Overton gave expression to this feeling in their interesting account of the Church of England in the eighteenth century. Mr. Overton has now come forward with another volume, dealing with the history of an earlier period, the reigns of the last Stuarts and William III.* It is interesting, full of references for the student of the times, while a copious list of authorities at the end gives it permanent value; and yet we are obliged to say that it is written in too much of a "biographical dictionary" style. The narrative does not glide smoothly and gently along, as in Burnet's history of his times, or in the author's other work to which we have referred. We feel as if he was trying to cram more into his pages than they would willingly include. We noticed just one or two omissions. Thus, the Diary of Dean Davies, published by the Camden Society, is as complete and minute a picture of clerical life in the east of England about 1690 as exists anywhere. A reference to it may well supplement the next volume.—The history of the primitive Church has lately received a valuable addition, from the artistic direction, in the shape of a work the joint production of the late William Palmer, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote, the well-known authors of the English version of "*Roma Sotteranea*."† They reproduce the drawings made by Mr. Palmer from the Catacombs, and help to make up the loss sustained by those who have not personally visited these interesting remains of the ages of persecution. In the appendices we have a copy of the celebrated blasphemous crucifix found scratched on the plaster in the Palace of the Cæsars, and some gnostic pictures from a heretical cemetery in Rome.—The last two works which we have time to notice are very different. One deals with the history of the English, the other with that of the Universal Church. Mr. Joyce, in his "*Acts of the Church, 1531–1885*,"‡ chivalrously champions the whole history of the Church of England, and undertakes to show that "the reformation of the Church of England was inaugurated, promoted, and completed by her own acts in her proper representative assemblies—i.e., the Convocations of Canterbury and York," a sufficiently brave undertaking, with that celebrated clause of the Twentieth Article, enacted by Queen Elizabeth's own hand, staring him in the face. It was scarcely necessary, even from a controversial point of view, to undertake such a thesis, as not even the Roman Catholic Church has escaped scot-free from lay violence or despotism in the past, as witness Charlemagne and the

* "*Life in the English Church, 1660–1714*." By J. H. Overton, M.A. London: Longmans. 1885.

† "*An Introduction to Early Christian Symbolism*." London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

‡ "*Acts of the Church, 1531–1885: the Church of England her own Reformer*." By J. W. Joyce, M.A. London: Whitaker. 1886.

Filioque clause. Mr. Joyce's book is useful, but he might have given us a longer account of the events which led to the suppression of the English and Irish Convocations. Mr. Joyce seems indeed unaware of the existence of the latter body at all, though it claimed and exercised precisely the same powers as the English, and played a very considerable part in the events which led to the suppression of these venerable synods, as Bishop Stearne's MSS. and pamphlets, and Archbishop King's ponderous MS. correspondence in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, abundantly testify.—The other work we notice is Dr. Schaff's "*History of Mediæval Christianity, A.D. 590–1073*,"* which is a Church history of a much better class and style than those ordinarily produced. It deals with men and periods, rather than with the mere succession of ecclesiastical events. It tells of literature, science, and art, and thus engages the interest of the student, who too often regards Church History as "dry bran and sapless porridge." Dr. Schaff is indefatigable in his exertions in the direction of the Church. He now announces a series of translations of the best Greek and Latin Christian writers of the first nine centuries. He is bringing out the series in America, aided by a large and well-equipped band of patriotic scholars, European and American.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

II.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR DICEY'S "*LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION*" deserves a longer notice, had space permitted; but the Parliamentary honours which it has received have brought it to the attention of most students. It is at once a penetrating and—rare merit of a law-book—readable exposition of the British Constitution as developed up to this time, from a purely legal point of view—that is, of constitutional principle, not as observed by statesmen, but as enforced by courts of justice. Its special opportuneness, however, lies in its comparison of Parliamentary Sovereignty with Federalism, and its account of the relations of Parliament to subordinate Colonial Legislatures. The controversy of the day as to Home Rule involves the question of the relation of the Irish to the British Legislature. Besides the Governor's veto, the Victorian Parliament (for instance) is subject to restrictions already imposed by Act of the British Parliament; and further, again, the right of legislating for Victoria has never been abandoned by the British Parliament. So far, therefore, as law can help us, we have abundant precedents for the establishment of statutory Parliaments; and if the colonial principle should be adopted with respect to Ireland, it should be well considered whether the supreme right of legislation should not be reserved. We strongly recommend this book to the great mass of Englishmen interested in the great question of the day. Perhaps it may not be out of place to suggest a cheap edition.

BIOGRAPHY.—We have so often spoken in praise of the "*Dictionary of National Biography*" that we need not say more of the sixth volume than that it bears up the now well-established character of

* "*History of the Christian Church*," By P. Schaff, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1885.

+ "*Dictionary of National Biography*," Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. VI. Bottomley—Browell. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

the book for careful investigation and judicious summary. Mr. W. Hunt's article on Brougham is a model of such work. A very disproportionate length is given to Nicholas Breton, great part of the article being taken up with a detailed catalogue of his writings, which is quite unnecessary, as most of them are contained in Grosart's collected edition of his works. The writer of the article on Sir D. Brewster confounds Professor Blackie and Professor Blaikie, and talks simple nonsense when he says the case against Brewster in 1844 was quashed because he had not "signed the formal deed of demission"—which is equivalent to saying that an attempt to deprive him of office was stopped because he had not already resigned the office. Mr. F. G. Fleay's "*Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Playmaker*"* gives the world for the first time a tolerably complete account of Shakespeare's theatrical work, what companies of actors he belonged to, at what theatres they acted, in what plays besides his own he was a performer, what authors this brought him into personal contact with, in what order his own works were produced, and what, if any, share other hands had in their production. The investigation has been conducted with great care and industry, and contributes materially to the accuracy and extent of our knowledge of Shakespeare's public career. It is illustrated by two admirable etchings.

MISCELLANEOUS.—One of the best accounts of Russia we have seen is contained in M. L. Tikhomirov's recently published "*La Russie Politique et Sociale*."† The author is himself a Russian, and writes with all the advantages of personal familiarity with the country, and of access to the most recent and authoritative sources of knowledge. While sympathizing with the Liberal and even the Revolutionary party, he treats of all controverted subjects in a spirit of marked fairness, his ruling aim being throughout to give a lucid and complete idea of things as they are, and to exhibit the operation of the causes that have brought them about. We do not know a better or more instructive description of contemporary Russia, of her various nationalities, her social classes, and the different political and social problems which give rise to anxiety or occupy attention.—Mr. H. W. Lucy publishes the second volume of his "*Diary of Two Parliaments*."‡ The first treated of the Beaconsfield Parliament of 1874–80; this of the Gladstone Parliament of 1880–85. It is even more entertaining than its predecessor, because the Gladstone Parliament supplied better materials than most for graphic descriptions of those personal phases of parliamentary life which Mr. Lucy takes up, and for which, indeed, his work will have some historical value. The Bradlaugh and the Irish struggles pass again vividly before us, as they were photographed on the spot by the writer's happy and lively pen.—Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco's "*Essays in the Study of Folk-Song*"§ are very interesting and thoughtful. The authoress has gathered her ample materials from wide reading in many languages, and from personal intercourse with the people of various countries. She has separate chapters on the folk-songs of Armenia, Venice, Sicily, Provence, Greece; on folk-lullabies and folk-dirges generally; and—

* London: John C. Nimmo.

† London: Cassell & Co.

‡ Paris: E. Giraud et Cie.

§ London: George Redway.

perhaps the most interesting and important chapter in her book—on the inspiration of Death in folk-poetry, and the idea of fate in Southern traditions. Altogether, this is a work of uncommon merit and value, full of carefully-gathered knowledge, and written in an excellent style.—Professor Birkbeck's brief "Historical Sketch of the Distribution of Land in England"* is very well done. It gives a good general idea of the course of the movement of distribution and the causes affecting it, and contains some fresh and not unimportant contributions to our knowledge of the subject. He shows against Nasse that "Lammas lands" were not arable, but merely meadow, and were enclosed not till wheat-harvest, but till the second hay crop (the *late mow*, or late mowing) was reaped from them. On the other hand, his explanation of why the arable in old times was laid out in strips, though probably true, does not explain, as he seems to think it does, the distribution of the arable among the occupiers. The book concludes with some useful practical suggestions for the improvement of the law, especially in regard to registration of land.—Mr. Keltie is more than maintaining the repute of the "Statesman's Yearbook"† for the accuracy and completeness of its political statistics. This year some of the more important sections have not only been brought down to date, but have undergone special revision, and in some cases re-arrangement; and the book has been increased by thirty pages, to include additional countries, such as the Congo Free State, the Straits Settlements, and Fiji, and additional information about countries that were already included. It is a most valuable and indeed indispensable statistical and political handbook.—Professor Victor Hehn's "Wanderings of Plants and Animals from their first Home"‡ is something of a new departure. It is an application of historical and philological methods to the subject of the migration of animals and plants. The writer thinks Europe owes much more to Asia than the mere botanist and geologist are willing to admit, and that he can prove it by evidence drawn from language and literature. He is able to show, for example, that the evergreen vegetation of Italy and Greece is not indigenous, but came from sacred groves round oriental temples; that the laurel followed the worship of Apollo, the cypress that of the Sidonian Ashtoreth, and so on. In this way he traces the wanderings of most of the domestic animals and a great variety of plants with much learning and ingenuity. His work is fresh and interesting and is well translated by Mr. Stallybrass.—Mr. Henry M. Hoyt having been told by an American Professor of Economics that if he only made a study of that science he would give up his Protectionism, has now made the study, and come out a more convinced Protectionist than ever. He publishes the conclusions he has arrived at in a volume of spirited but misdirected controversy, called "Protection *versus* Free Trade,"§ in which he seeks to show the scientific validity and economic operation of protective duties in the United States. The book adds nothing to the controversy. It is full of the old familiar fallacies and misunderstandings; and the author's professorial friend will probably continue his prescription, believing that though a little study has brought him into a maze, more thorough study will bring him out of it.

* London: Macmillan & Co.

† London: Macmillan & Co.

‡ Edited by James Steven Stallybrass. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

§ New York: D. Appleton & Co.



THE EXCLUSION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS FROM THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE conductors of this REVIEW have requested and urged me to make a brief statement of the grounds on which I have desired that the Government of Ireland Bill should be amended by the removal of clause twenty-four, under which, after the Bill becomes law, Ireland will have no representatives in the Imperial Parliament. On some of the details of the Bill I should hardly venture to express or even to form an independent opinion; but the question whether Ireland is to lose her Imperial place and authority as the condition of obtaining effective control over her domestic affairs, seems to lie within the reach of every man who has thought at all seriously on English and Irish politics. Indeed, just now, Liberals have no choice; the leaders we have loyally followed are divided; those of us who belong to the rank and file of the party are compelled to think out the problem for themselves.

I.

It is very generally assumed that all those who insist that representatives of Irish constituencies should continue to sit in the House of Commons must be, at heart, unfriendly to the Irish people and reluctant to concede to them any generous measure of Home Rule. The assumption is wholly without justification.

For myself, one of the principal reasons for which I am opposed to the twenty-fourth clause of the Bill is my belief that it inflicts loss and dishonour on Ireland, and lessens the value and mars the grace of the concession which Mr. Gladstone is anxious to make to her. I am unwilling to strip Ireland of her imperial titles. In the creation and extension of the empire Irishmen have had a large share. They have made brilliant contributions to the splendour of our

imperial life and to the power of our imperial position. They have been among the leaders of both the great political parties; they have been Ministers of State; they have been trusted with the direction of our imperial policy in times of gloom and peril; they have made war and have settled the terms of peace. They have been governors of India and of the Colonies. They have been generals, admirals, judges, chancellors, diplomatists. They have been keen, alert, painstaking, vigilant in every department of the service of the Crown.

The empire belongs to the people of Ireland as well as to ourselves. In a moment of deep resentment, provoked by the miseries of their country, their leaders are willing—perhaps eager—to surrender their rights. They care nothing for the stately fabric which has been built up by illustrious Irishmen; nothing for the great opportunities which their place in the empire affords to the genius of their race; nothing for the chances which it gives them of winning renown in imperial statesmanship, in diplomacy, in arms; their only solicitude is to reform the laws and the administration to which they attribute the intolerable evils from which, through a dreary succession of centuries, large numbers of their countrymen have been suffering. They even forget the large material aid which Ireland might derive from the credit and capital of England, if her representatives retained their place in the Parliament of the empire.

But it would be base for England and Scotland to take advantage of this transient mood of passion and despair. Home Rule would be a benefit of such immeasurable value to the Irish people, that they might reasonably be willing to purchase it at any price—even at the price of losing their imperial inheritance; but why should England and Scotland impose upon them this monstrous penalty? Why should their right to control their own affairs be refused, unless they consent to part with their right to share the control of the empire? Is it impossible for Great Britain to deal fairly by Ireland? Does some evil fate ruin every attempt of ours to do her justice? Can we not concede to her one right without depriving her of another?

It is no reply to these questions to say that the Irish leaders are willing to accept our terms. Esau was willing to accept Jacob's terms, but did that justify Jacob in getting Esau's birthright for a mess of pottage? He should have given Esau the pottage and let him keep his birthright. It is our duty to let Ireland have Home Rule and to leave her imperial dignity and power undiminished.

If, indeed, after adequate trial it were proved that the Irish nation cannot share the responsibilities and glory of the empire, and at the same time secure sufficient control over her own interests, she would do wisely to descend to the position of a subordinate and tributary

State to which the Government of Ireland Bill relegates her; but I have too much faith in the capacity of her people to believe that this is her necessary destiny.

We should wrong ourselves as well as Ireland by the exclusion of Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament. Our immense empire rests on too narrow a basis. The thirty-six millions of people inhabiting these islands are too few for the imperial responsibilities which we have inherited from our fathers—responsibilities which, without any effort or wish of our own to extend them, become more oppressive every year. To govern the great dependency of India, with its two hundred millions of people, of many different races, speaking many different tongues, professing many different religions, illustrating many different forms of civilization; to control the policy and check the ambition of the native States, with fifty millions more; to discharge our duties to the forty or fifty colonies, scattered over every continent and every sea, which are under the rule and protection of the British Crown—these are tasks which may well shake our self-confidence, even in our haughtiest moods, and they should make us reluctant to submit to any loss of our strength.

In arms the Irish people have been among our best and bravest comrades, and they have displayed a splendid genius for administration. Why should we propose to dismiss them? We cannot afford to bear alone the burden which till now they have helped us to sustain. We owe it to India, to Canada, to the new kingdoms that are rapidly developing their strength in Australasia, to retain for imperial rule and service and for the dangers of war the courage and genius of the Irish race.

It is true that, if the representatives of Irish constituencies were excluded from the Parliament at Westminster, Irishmen might still find seats in England and Scotland; but they would not be the representatives of their own people. Irishmen might still hold commissions in the British army; but their position would be too like that of the Irish noblemen and gentlemen who fought in the armies of Louis XIV., and who knew that whatever renown they might win for themselves, they were winning none for their country. The empire would still attract the services of individual Irishmen, but it would lose the Irish nation; it would be theirs no longer; they would have no share in its responsibilities or its greatness.

Nor does it seem to have been sufficiently considered that if representatives of Irish constituencies were no longer sent to Westminster, the power of the Irish people over their own laws and administration would be seriously impaired. The Bill is not a Bill for the separation of Ireland from England, but for the creation by the Imperial Parliament of an Irish Legislature; and the Irish Legislature would, of

necessity, be a subordinate authority. The Parliament of 1886 cannot bind the Parliament of 1887. The authority which created the Irish Legislature could withdraw from it some of its powers by extending the list of matters reserved by section three for the Imperial Parliament.* Notwithstanding the thirty-ninth section, which determines that the provisions of the Act shall not be alterable except with the consent of the Irish Legislative Body or by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, for the passing of which Irish representative peers are to be summoned to the House of Lords and Irish members to the House of Commons, the Imperial Parliament which passed the Act would retain the constitutional right to alter or to repeal it, and to alter or to repeal it whether the Irish Legislature consented or not, whether Irish peers and representatives were summoned to Westminster or not.

This would no doubt be an extreme exercise of imperial power, but in the ordinary course of affairs the Parliament at Westminster might interfere effectively with the action of the Legislature in Dublin.

The Bill, if it passes, will set up an Irish Legislative body, "to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland;" but before any Bill of the Irish Legislature can become law it will require the assent of the Queen through the Lord Lieutenant, and the Lord Lieutenant will give or withhold the assent of her Majesty, subject to the advice which may be given to the Crown by Ministers responsible to the Parliament at Westminster. If any Bill, passed by the Irish Legislative Body, provokes the hostility of English or Scotch politicians, the House of Commons may be moved to address the Crown, and to ask that the assent of the Crown may be withheld. An unscrupulous opposition may address the Crown to veto an Irish Bill, with no other purpose than to embarrass or expel a Ministry. For Irish Bills to be discussed in the Imperial Parliament with no Irish members present to explain and defend them would be a political scandal; and they should be present in sufficient strength to prevent a narrow majority of the representatives of English and Scotch constituencies from using the prerogative of the Crown to fetter the freedom of the Irish Legislature.

* "The Constitutions of the Colonies depend directly or indirectly upon imperial statutes. No lawyer questions that Parliament could legally abolish any Colonial Constitution, or that Parliament can at any moment legislate for the Colonies, and repeal or over-ride any colonial law whatever. Parliament, moreover, constantly does pass Acts affecting the Colonies, and the Colonial, no less than the English, courts completely admit the principle that a statute of the Imperial Parliament binds any part of the British dominions to which the statute is meant to apply. But when once this is admitted, it becomes obvious that there is little necessity for defining or limiting the sphere of colonial legislation. If an Act of the Victorian Parliament contravene an imperial statute, it is for legal purposes void; and if an Act of the Victorian Parliament, though not infringing upon any statute, is so opposed to the interests of the empire that it ought not to be passed, the British Parliament may render the Act of no effect by means of an imperial statute." Mr. Dicey points out that this "omnipotence" of the Imperial Parliament is one main cause of the wide power of legislation allowed to colonial assemblies. (A. V. Dicey, "The Law of the Constitution," pp. 104, 105.)

Mr. Gladstone relies on the veto as a check on unjust and pernicious legislation; but apart from the presence of Irish members at Westminster, the veto would be powerless. Would the Irish people submit to have a Bill in which they were keenly interested vetoed on the advice of a Minister whom their own representatives could not call to account? Would they allow the will of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, or Lord Randolph Churchill, to prevent a Bill passed by the Dublin Parliament from becoming law?

It is replied that a large number of Acts passed by Colonial Legislatures have been disallowed by the Crown, although the Colonies have no representatives at Westminster. But it does not appear from the cases cited by Mr. Dicey,* in a passage referred to by Mr. Gladstone in a recent speech in the House of Commons, that the veto has ever been exercised—on the sole authority of a Minister—to prevent legislation which was supported by any great strength of popular passion. Some of the Colonial Acts which have been disallowed by the Crown were contrary to the express terms of the Acts by which the Legislatures which passed them had been constituted, others were in conflict with imperial legislation; in these cases it was not the mere will of the English Minister which determined the action of the Crown. In no case, so far as appears from Mr. Dicey, has the authority of the Crown, or rather of the Minister advising the Crown, been subjected to any serious strain; the strength of the veto of an irresponsible Minister as a protection against mischievous legislation, when sustained by popular enthusiasm, has never been fairly tested.

If the veto is to be an effective check on such legislation in Ireland, the Minister who advises it must be responsible to a Parliament in which Ireland has her full share of representation. The Bill which has been vetoed should be laid on the table of both Houses of Parliament. If, after his advice has been challenged and discussed, Parliament sustains him, the veto will not be the act of an individual Minister or of a Cabinet, but of the Imperial Parliament itself.†

There is another grave reason for retaining Irish representatives at Westminster. The ultimate security for the maintenance of public order, and the suppression of riot and rebellion, lies in the army, and the control of the army will be in the hands of the Crown. Neither the Lord Lieutenant, the representative of her Majesty, nor

* A. V. Dicey, "The Law of the Constitution," pp. 106-109.

† To prevent the parliamentary confusion and the irritation to Ireland which would be created if any private member had the right to move that either House should address the Crown to veto a Bill, it would be necessary that both Houses should pass Standing Orders imposing restrictions on the motion. It should be made impossible to move an Address except in extreme cases. In such cases the right to move—which is left untouched by the present Bill, and which no Bill could suppress—must remain.

the Irish Commander-in-Chief, will be responsible to the Irish Legislature. They will hold their commissions from the Queen; they will be appointed and dismissed on the advice of Ministers at Westminster; their real responsibility will be not to the Irish Legislature, but to the Imperial Parliament.

Under the British North America Act of 1867, "militia, military and naval service, and defence," are in express terms included among the classes of subjects which are under the legislative authority of the Parliament at Ottawa. Under the Government of Ireland Bill "the army, navy, militia, volunteers, or other military or naval forces for the defence of the realm," are, in express terms, excluded from the matters which lie within the powers of the Legislature at Dublin. A regiment may be called out to suppress a riot in Belfast or in Cork, but whatever outrages may be committed by the soldiers the Irish Legislature will have no remedy.* Ireland will be in the occupation of an army over which the representatives of the Irish people will have no control. This is a humiliation to which we have no right to subject her. It is a humiliation which, within a very few years after the Bill became law, would be fiercely resented.

Nor have we any right to subject her to the humiliation of paying taxes which will be administered by a Parliament in which she will have no representation. Under the Bill as it stands, Ireland will contribute annually about four millions and a quarter to the Imperial Exchequer: £1,466,000 on account of the interest and management of the Irish share of the National Debt; £1,666,000 on account of the expenditure on the army and navy of the United Kingdom; £1,110,000 on account of the imperial civil expenditure of the United Kingdom; £1,000,000 on account of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police; but the control of this expenditure will be with the Imperial Parliament. Speaking to the "Two Thousand" at Birmingham, on April 21, I said:—

"Scotland would not stand it. Ireland will not stand it. We all know that the Irish movement derives something of its importance and much of its support from America. How was it that we lost the American Colonies? What was it that provoked the American war? The Ministry of Lord North insisted on levying customs duties on goods imported into the American Colonies, although the American colonists were not represented in the Imperial Parliament; and in 1773 the people of Boston, rather than pay the tea duty, flung the cargoes of several tea-ships into Boston harbour. Taxation, they said, and representation must go together; and every man in England that was true to constitutional principles applauded their act. Three years after, in 1776, the English were driven out of Boston. In 1783 we had to acknowledge American independence. Those great events are not forgotten in America. They are celebrated every year in every part of the

* The Royal Irish Constabulary, which is a military body rather than a body of police, is also to "be subject, as heretofore, to the control of the Lord Lieutenant as representing her Majesty."

American Union. Let this Bill pass as it stands, and then at the next celebration of American Independence every Irish orator in America will declare, and will declare truly, that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry is following the policy of Lord North. Ireland will soon catch fire. We shall have the same resistance that was offered in America, followed by the same result; and rather than yield after protracted war, I should prefer to give independence at once."

The concessions made by Mr. Gladstone in his speech on Monday, May 10, and the further concessions made by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman on the following Thursday, recognize the force of this objection, but fail to remove it. The only way to remove it, is to retain Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament.

II.

The Bill creates one legislative body, and rejects the proposals which were made last summer to entrust the local affairs of Ireland to several provincial assemblies. There are two great advantages in creating a national Legislature to sit in Dublin. It satisfies national sentiment, and it will bring together under common responsibilities the representatives of different creeds, different political traditions, and different economical interests. In the Dublin Legislature the representatives of Ulster Protestantism are likely to have a strength far beyond their numbers. Ulster Protestants have won a great reputation, not only in the army, but in the civil service of the Crown. They are keen and shrewd politicians, and very able administrators. They have a great capacity for work; they have the strength that comes from success—the virtues as well as the vices which are the growth of political and religious ascendancy. Without the delightful charm of their Catholic fellow-countrymen in the South and West, they have many of the qualities, intellectual and moral, which should make them the leaders of the Irish nation. If they were associated in the same Legislature with the men from whom they have been divided by fierce ecclesiastical and political hostility, the mutual suspicions and animosities which have separated the two great Irish parties would in all probability be gradually lessened and, in time, wholly disappear.

But before a final and irrevocable decision is taken it might be well to consider whether within the lines of a scheme for establishing an Irish Legislature at Dublin, provision might not be made for establishing subordinate provincial assemblies. It would have been in closer harmony with the traditions of English politics and with the settled principles of English statesmanship, if such assemblies had been set up before the creation of a central authority. Mr. Gladstone's Bill has anticipated what, according to the ordinary course of things, would have been the result of the gradual development of a new Irish policy; and all the factors of the Irish problem

were changed on the memorable night when he laid it before Parliament. But while retaining the legislative body in Dublin it might be expedient to create three provincial assemblies with powers considerably larger, than those which are likely to be conferred on the county authorities which it is proposed to establish in England. The work of the Dublin Legislature would be lightened, and some of the apprehensions with which the whole scheme is regarded by the party opposed to Mr. Parnell might be allayed.*

III.

The great objection to the retention of Irish representatives at Westminster was stated with clearness and force by Mr. Gladstone when he introduced his Bill :—"Now I think it will be perfectly clear that if Ireland is to have a domestic Legislature, Irish peers and Irish representatives cannot come here to control English and Scotch affairs."

Granted; but why should they not go to Westminster for the settlement of Imperial affairs? Mr. Gladstone answered :—

"It would not be difficult to say in principle that as the Irish Legislature will have nothing to do with Imperial concerns, let Irish members come here and vote on Imperial concerns. All depends on the practicability of the distinction. Well, Sir, I have thought much, and inquired much, with regard to that distinction. I had hoped it might be possible to draw a distinction, and I have arrived at the conclusion that it cannot be drawn. I believe it passes the wit of man; at any rate it passes not my wit alone, but the wit of many with whom I have communicated."

If to "draw a distinction" passes the wit of Mr. Gladstone, it would be waste of time and of strength for other men to attempt to draw it. But is he not too modest? Does not his despair arise from supposing that he has something more to do than he has done already? Section 3 of his Bill defines the matters—there are thirteen of them—on which the Irish Legislature is to have no authority to legislate; and any law made in contravention of this section is to be void. These are Imperial matters reserved for the Imperial Parliament.

What is there to prevent the passing of an Act "to Amend the Provision for the future Government of Great Britain," by creating a British Legislature, consisting of the present representatives of English, Scotch, and Welsh constituencies, with a section identical in its terms with the third section of the present Bill? The complete control of the affairs of Great Britain would then be in the hands of a legislative body in which Irish representatives would have

* The question of the number of the Irish representatives that should sit at Westminster is a question of subordinate importance which I have not thought it necessary to discuss. But (1) they should not be a delegation from the Irish Legislature, but representatives of Irish constituencies; and (2) they should be sufficiently numerous to be an effective force. For the present, at any rate, I should leave their number undiminished.

no seats, as under the present measure the complete control of the affairs of Ireland are to be in the hands of a legislative body, in which British representatives are to have no seats.*

Whatever other difficulties lie in the way of such a scheme as this, the difficulty of drawing a distinction between National and Imperial matters has already been surmounted, and surmounted by Mr. Gladstone himself.

The Imperial Parliament would remain in full possession of its Imperial powers; the national Legislatures—Scotland might have one if she desired it—would control the domestic legislation and policy of the nations they represented.

Under the Irish Home Rule Bill there will be an Irish Ministry for Irish affairs; if a Home Rule Bill were passed for Great Britain there would be a British Ministry for the affairs of Great Britain. The affairs of the empire would be under the control of an Imperial Ministry responsible to the Imperial Parliament.

In private discussion, these proposals receive the general assent and even the cordial support of Liberal politicians, but those who are in favour of passing the Bill as it stands ask, Why should Ireland wait until this great scheme for reorganizing the Government of the three kingdoms has been completed? The answer is simple. There is no need for Ireland to wait; but if in making the Irish settlement we treat Ireland justly and honourably, we shall make the larger policy easier and shall secure its earlier triumph. Let Ireland have her Home Rule Bill at once, but do not subject her to the wrong and humiliation involved in excluding her from her just share in the government of the empire. Keep her representatives in the Imperial Parliament, and let the power of the Imperial Parliament remain unbroken. The rest will come within a year or two.

"But will it? Is opinion ripe for the further change?" I venture to think that already opinion is much riper than it seems; but it is certain that if for one session the English and Scotch people saw the Irish members coming across St. George's Channel to settle Education Bills for England and Scotland after they had been passing Education Bills of their own in Dublin, with which England and Scotland could not interfere; if for one session they saw Irish members entering into alliances with Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury to defeat the will of the English and Scotch representatives on questions affecting their domestic interests, there would be an agitation during the next autumn for a Home Rule Bill for Great Britain that no Ministry would be able to resist.

The inconvenience arising from the interference of Irish peers and

* A Bill of this kind would in the most peaceable way terminate the power of the House of Lords over the domestic affairs of Great Britain, for it is not probable that any statesman would propose that the British legislative body should consist of two "orders," one of which should be partly constituted of representative peers.

Irish members of the House of Commons in the affairs of England and Scotland after the creation of an Irish Legislative body in Dublin would not last two years. But if the transition extended over three years, four years, or five, we should be in an infinitely better position than we are now. The domestic affairs of Ireland which have been the occasion of incessant irritation and persistent obstruction would be transferred from Westminster to Dublin; and it may be hoped that with the concession of Home Rule the hostility of the Irish members, which has been a peril to every English Ministry, would cease.

IV.

If the Imperial Parliament were released from immediate responsibility for the domestic affairs of these three kingdoms, it would have time and strength for the adequate consideration of those large questions which are now hustled from their true place by discussions on the petty details of local administration. The Indian Budget would not be relegated to a hot night at the far end of the session. Questions of Colonial policy, such as those which are now waiting for settlement in South Africa—questions which if not settled wisely may involve us once more in unnecessary and disastrous wars—would receive the attention which their grave importance demands. The Admiralty might be reorganized, and a repetition of the scare which a few months ago led to the hurried expenditure of several millions of money made impossible.

There would be a greater steadiness in our foreign policy, and the nation would have a firmer control of it. It would not be suddenly reversed because the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer had provoked a revolt of the licensed victuallers, or because an Education Bill introduced by the Vice-President of the Council had provoked a revolt of the Nonconformists. A Ministry whose foreign policy was regarded with distrust by its own supporters would no longer be kept in office, because it was pledged to some great domestic reforms; a Ministry whose foreign policy was singularly successful, could no longer be displaced because it had been unfortunate in the choice of its Home Secretary or its President of the Local Government Board. Parliament would be able to deal with Imperial questions on Imperial grounds alone; and a Cabinet charged with the administration of the affairs of the empire might remain in office, while Cabinet after Cabinet charged with the affairs of Great Britain or Ireland was broken to pieces.*

This scheme has been called a scheme for "Federation." The

* If a system of National Legislatures under an Imperial Parliament were established, it would soon be seen to be expedient that the members of the Imperial Parliament should be separately elected. Everything need not be settled at starting. "Constitutions are not made—but grow."

term is technically inaccurate; and, what is of more importance, it is seriously misleading. A true Federal Government is created by the federating States; but in the case of the United Kingdom the Imperial Parliament must create the national Legislatures. The powers of a true Federal Government are limited by the federating States; but in the case of the United Kingdom the powers of the national Legislatures would be limited by the Imperial Parliament.

The practical difference between the two political systems is immense. As Mr. Dicey has pointed out, "Federal government means weak government. The distribution of all the powers of the State among co-ordinate authorities necessarily leads to the result that no one authority can wield the same amount of power as under a unitarian constitution is possessed by a sovereign."* In the United Kingdom sovereignty resides in Parliament, and though Parliament may create national Legislative bodies and delegate to them large administrative and legislative powers, its own sovereignty remains unimpaired, and its own "omnipotence" unlimited. For an empire like that which has its seat in these islands this supremacy of the central power is an element of enormous strength; for in a great Imperial crisis it enables Parliament, without exceeding its constitutional rights, to act with a freedom and energy impossible to a Federal Government whose authority is limited by the States which created it.

The fate of the Bill which has occasioned this paper is still (May 25) undetermined. But whether the second reading is lost or carried, the question which I have been presumptuous enough to discuss will continue to occupy the mind of Great Britain and Ireland for many months to come. I earnestly trust that the great statesman who has made so courageous an attempt to redress one of the great wrongs of Ireland, by entrusting to her the control of her own administration and laws, will see that it is possible to accomplish this great act of justice without inflicting on her the dishonour of losing her inheritance in that Imperial greatness which has been largely created by the genius of her sons, and which in times of danger they have defended by their blood.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

* A. V. Dicey: "The Law of the Constitution," pp. 158, 159.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE.

THE English Goethe Society which we inaugurate to-day has been founded to promote and extend the study of Goethe's works and thoughts. We do not meet here simply to worship the poetical genius of Goethe, and to call every line he wrote great and beautiful and divine. That kind of slavish idolatry is unworthy of Goethe, and it would be equally unworthy of our Society. The time has passed when Goethe was preached as a new Gospel, the time also when he was sneered at and cursed seems to have come to an end. We think the time has come to study him, and to study him seriously, critically, historically. If worship there must be, we cannot offer better and truer worship to the departed spirits of men of true genius than by trying to understand thoroughly the thoughts which they have bequeathed to us. Such study bestows on them their true immortality, nay, it proves that their spirit never will and never can die.

And never was there a time when it seemed more necessary that Goethe's spirit should be kept alive among us, whether in Germany or in England, than now when the international relations between the leading countries of Europe have become worse than among savages in Africa; when national partisanship threatens to darken all wise counsel and to extinguish all human sympathies; when men are no longer valued by their intrinsic worth, but by their accidental wealth; when philosophy, in its true sense, as a passionate love of wisdom and truth is wellnigh forgotten; when religion has become a dry bone of theological contention, and nothing can be called true, honest, pure, lovely, or sublime without evoking the smiles and sneers of those who profess to be wisest in their generation. The general view of life has become so distorted with us that we can hardly trust our eyes when

we turn them on the life which, not more than a hundred years ago, satisfied the desires of such men as Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. Life in Germany was at that time what Goethe himself called *idyllisch*,* the same word, no doubt, as the English *idyllic*, but endowed with a flavour peculiarly its own. The valley in which those poets lived was narrow, their houses small, their diet simple, but their hearts were large, their minds soared high, their sympathies embraced the whole world. They knew the blessings of a *lata paupertas*, of cheerful poverty, and high aims. As Goethe writes in one of his letters to Carlyle, "We then thought of nothing but striving, no one thought of asking for rewards, but was only anxious to deserve them."† The idea of making money for money's sake seems never to have troubled them. Politics, too, occupied a very small place indeed in their daily interests, and even those who were statesmen by profession, did not obtrude their opinions on the world at large, any more than an attorney would always talk about the squabbles and lawsuits of his clients, or a medical man of the imprudences and ailments of his patients. To many people the life at Weimar in Goethe's time may seem provincial, narrow, pedantic, mean, and yet I doubt whether at any time in the world's history society, in the best sense of the word, reached a more Olympian height and revelled in more fabulous wealth than at the beginning of our century in the small valley of the Ilm. If you want to measure the gigantic stature of Goethe, go to Weimar and look at the small town, the small street, the small house, the small rooms in which he lived. Weimar had then about 10,000 inhabitants, London has now nearly 4,000,000. But as 4,000,000 is to 10,000, so was the intellectual wealth of Goethe's Weimar compared to what we could find at present if we ransacked all our clubs and all our palaces. To me, whenever I can afford the time, to plunge once more into Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Lessing—not to forget Jean Paul—is like taking a header into the sea at the end of a sultry day—it is a washing, a refreshing, a complete rejuvenescence all in one. And what it is to me, it will be to others who are wearied with the gaze of fools and pageants of the day. To pass an hour with Goethe now and then will reinvigorate our belief in the much-derided ideals of life, it will make us remember our common humanity, it will lift up our eyes beyond clouds and planets and comets to those fixed stars which, though they may be useless to

* *Idyllisch*, see Goethe's Works (1833), vol. xlix. p. 132.

† Speaking of the correspondence between himself and Schiller, Goethe writes to Carlyle (26 July 1829): "Mögen sie Ihnen als Zauberwagen zu Diensten stehen, um sich in die damalige Zeit in unsere Mitte zu versetzen, wo es eine unbedingte Strebsamkeit galt, wo niemand zu fordern dachte und nur zu verdienen bemüht war. Ich habe mir die vielen Jahre her den Sinn, das Gefühl jener Tage zu erhalten gesucht, und ich glaube, es soll mir fernerhin gelingen."

lighten our streets, light up our minds with visions of heavens above heavens, and in the fierce tempests of life remain after all our only true guides to steer our vessel bravely through winds and waves to a safe harbour.

What, then, were Goethe's ideals? I am not so reckless as to try to raise that spirit before you in all his fulness—the old man covered with his mantle, whom no witch of Endor could conjure up. *Many-sided* (*vielseitig*), it has been often said, is an adjective that belongs to Goethe by the same right as *venerable* belongs to Bede, *judicious* to Hooker. I shall confine my remarks to-day to one of his ideals only, one which he cherished with intense devotion, particularly during the closing years of his life, and for which his own countrymen have often rather blamed than praised him. I mean his *cosmopolitan sympathies*, and, more particularly, his constant endeavours after what he called *eine Welt-literatur*, a *World-literature*. You know how much this idea, this dream, as wise people will call it, occupied Goethe's thoughts. When he wrote his preface to the German translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, about two years before his death, he begins by giving his own thoughts on what he means by *World-literature*.

"Many people," he says,* "have been talking of a *World-literature* for some time, and not without some reason, for all nations, after having been shaken together by the most dreadful wars, and then being left again each to itself, could not but see that they had observed and absorbed many strange things, and had felt here and there certain intellectual wants, heretofore unknown to them. Hence arose a sense of neighbourly relations, and while formerly they had lived secluded, people now felt in their mind a growing desire to be received into the more or less free intellectual commerce of the whole world. This movement has lasted for a short time only, yet long enough to deserve consideration, so that we may derive from it as soon as possible, as in material commerce, profit and delight."

To see a man like Goethe watching the growth of every literature—not only English, French, Italian, Spanish, but Serbian, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Modern Greek, Swedish, nay, Persian, Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese—and trying to find out what is true and beautiful in every one of them, is a real treat in an age when most critics imagine that their chief duty is to discover in every work of art not what is good, but what is bad. It sounds quite strange when reading Goethe, to hear in German the warmest praises of French and English literature, while at present no German newspaper, which looks for light from above, would dare to say a kind word of Victor Hugo or of Tennyson. The lesson which Goethe wished to teach was that the true poet, the true philosopher, the true historian belongs not to one country only, but to the world at large. He belongs, not to the present only, but likewise to the past

* Goethe's Works, xlv. p. 233.

and to the future. We owe much of what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility, and in that world-embracing spirit, that Goethe thinks the highest intellectual work ought to be done. It was in communion with the past and with the future, and in sympathy with the whole world, that he himself achieved his greatest triumphs.

And why should this ideal of a universal republic of letters be called a dream? Anyhow, it is a dream that has been dreamt long before Goethe. It is we in the last four centuries of the world who have grown so very narrow-minded, so intensely national. Till about four hundred years ago all really great writers wrote for the world, and not for their own small country only. Nay, I make bold to say that some of the ideas to which Goethe gave such powerful expression, and which have often been called Utopian, stirred more or less consciously in the minds of the earliest writers when they, for the first time, took their chisel to engrave on the walls of temples and pyramids what they had thought and what they had done during their short sojourn here on earth. With us writing has become a habit. But why did people first begin to write and erect monuments which they hoped would last for ever?

I believe it was the same awakening spirit of human sympathy which Goethe preached, the same reverence for a past that was no more, the same faith in a future that was not yet, which led the great historical nations of the world to lay the first foundations of what we now call literature, and what to them was world-literature, so far as they could realize it. When we look at the Egyptian monuments, ornamented with their beautiful hieroglyphic inscriptions, when we examine the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, as it were embroidered with cuneiform writing, we may recognize even there the rudiments of a world-literature. Those ancient Egyptian and Babylonian scribes were thinking, not of their own time and their own country only, when busily engraving their primitive archives: they were thinking of us. They believed in a future of the human race, and, call it weakness or strength, they wished to be remembered by those who should come after them.

Such a belief in posterity marks indeed a new period in the growth of the human mind, it heralds the dawn of a new life. At first man lives for the present only, from day to day, from year to year. The first real step in advance is a regard for the past, so far as he knows it, a worship of his ancestors, a belief in their continued existence, nay, even in their power to reward and to punish him. After that belief in a distant past follows a belief in a distant future, and from these two combined beliefs springs the first feeling of humanity in our hearts, the conviction that we are by indissoluble

bonds connected with those that came before us and those who will come after us, that we form one universal family on earth. As these feelings grow up slowly and gradually in our own heart, so they required long periods of growth in the history of the world, but among the most favoured races they asserted their powerful influence at a very early time.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, an almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the past and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscription of Aahmes, a captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, as Champollion says, "to the whole human race" (*t'et-a en-ten ret neb, loquor vobis hominibus omnibus*). A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death."

These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sishak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis: "My gracious Lord, Amon, grant that my words may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donations of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations (*hamemet*), the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt." *

Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on for ever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world-literature.

And as in Egypt so it was in Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learnt that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their

* I have to thank Mr. le Page Renouf, the worthy successor of Dr. Birch at the British Museum, for these and a large number of similar inscriptions found among Egyptian antiquities.

temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding-places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldæa wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive.

Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them.

At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which enclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead, and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous king, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation! "Whoever alters the works of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Asshur, Ninib, Ramân, and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe." *

The famous inscription of Behistun, a lasting monument of the victories of Darius and of the still more glorious victory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, was placed high on a mountain wall, where no one could touch and but few could read it. It was written not in Persian only, not for the Persians only, but in three dialects—an Aryan, a Semitic, and a Turanian, so that the three peoples, nations and languages might all read and remember the mighty deeds of Darius, the Achaemenian, the King of Kings. And when all is finished and all is said, Darius, the king, adds: "Be it known to thee what has been done by me, thus publicly, on that account that thou conceal not. If thou publish this tablet to the world, Ormazd shall be a friend to thee, and may thy offspring be numerous, and mayest thou live long. But if thou shalt conceal this record, thou shalt not be thyself recorded. May Ormazd be thy enemy and mayest thou be childless." †

It seems to me that such words were written in the prophetic spirit of a world-literature. And the same spirit may be traced in Greece, in Rome, and elsewhere.

When Thucydides writes his history of the Peloponnesian war, he looks back to the past and forward to the future, and then pronounces with complete assurance his conviction that this book of his is to last for ever, that it is to teach future generations not only what

* "Chaldæa," by Z. Ragozin, p. 116.

† Rawlinson, "Inscription of Behistun," p. 36.

has happened, but what may happen again ; that it is to be a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰί*, a possession for ever.

Few historians now would venture to speak like this, even those who write their works here in London, the central city of the whole world, and with all the recollections of two thousand years behind them. But the Romans had inherited the same spirit. We all admire Horace, but there have been many poets like him, both before and after his time, and it required a considerable amount of self-consciousness and a strong belief in the future destinies of Rome and Roman literature to end his odes with the words : "*Æxegi monumentum ære perennius*"—

" I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
Soaring more high than royal pyramids,
Which nor the stealthy gnawing of the rain-drops,
Nor the vain rush of Boreas shall destroy ;
Nor shall it pass away with the unnumbered
Series of ages and the flight of time—
I shall not wholly die." *

Even when we proceed to the literature of the Middle Ages, we seldom find any trace of national exclusiveness. The only literary language was Latin—the language of the Church, the language of law, the language of diplomacy—and what was written in that language was meant to be understood by the whole civilized world. A world-literature, therefore, so far from being a modern dream, was one of the most ancient historical realities. It was not till the eleventh and twelfth centuries that national literatures arose, and that, as before in the land of Shinar, the language of men was confounded so that they did not understand one another's speech. This dispersion of literatures has had its advantages ; it has increased the wealth and variety of European thought. But it had its dangers also. It divided the greatest thinkers of the world, and thus retarded the victory of many a truth which cannot triumph except by the united efforts of the whole human race. It also produced a certain small self-sufficiency among poets who thought that they might accept the applause of their own country as the final judgment of the world. Many writers before Goethe had protested against this provincialism or nationalism in literature. Schiller declared that the poet ought to be a citizen not only of his country, but of his time. But Goethe was the first to give powerful expression to these longings after a universal literature. Goethe was not such a dreamer as to believe in the near approach of a universal language, though even that dream has been dreamt by men of far more powerful intellect than their deriding critics seem to be aware of. Goethe accepted the world as it was, but he endeavoured to make the best of it. What he aimed at was a kind of intellectual free-trade. Each country

* Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

should produce what it could produce best, and the ports of every country should welcome intellectual merchandise from whatever part of the world it might be sent. Some articles, no doubt, particularly in poetry, would always be reserved for home-consumption only; but the great poets and great thinkers ought never to forget that they belong to the whole human race, and that the higher the aim the stronger the effort, and the greater the triumph.

When you look at the numerous passages, more particularly in his posthumous writings, you will easily perceive that though Goethe's sympathies were very universal, yet his strongest leaning was towards England. Had he not been nursed in his youth and reinvigorated by Shakespeare? Was not Sir Walter Scott his favourite food in later life, and did not Lord Byron's poetry excite him even in his old age to a kind of dithyrambic enthusiasm? And England at that time responded with equal warmth to Goethe's advances. "Line upon line," as an eminent writer said in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1850—"line upon line, precept upon precept, Goethe's writings have found their way into English literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth."

No episode, however, during the closing years of Goethe's life is more instructive as to his endeavours after a world-literature than his friendship with Carlyle. Carlyle, as you may remember from reading Mr. Froude's eloquent volumes, learnt German with nothing but a grammar and dictionary to help him, because he wanted to see with his own eyes what those men, Schiller and Goethe, really were—names which, as he tells us, excited at that time ideas as vague and monstrous as the words Gorgon and Chimaera. The first tasks which he set himself to do was to write a "Life of Schiller," and to translate Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Carlyle at that time would have seemed the very last person to feel any real sympathy for Goethe. He was still a raw, narrow-minded, scrappily educated Scotchman, with strong moral sentiments and a vague feeling that he was meant to do some great work in the world. But otherwise his ideals were very different from Goethe's ideals of life. Nor does he make any secret to himself or to his friends of what his true feelings toward Schiller and Goethe were at that time. Schiller, who, we might suppose, would have attracted him far more strongly than Goethe, repelled him by what he calls his *æsthetics*.

"Schiller,"* he writes, "was a very worthy character, possessed of great talents, and fortunate in always finding means to employ them in the attainment of worthy ends. The pursuit of the beautiful, the representing it in suitable forms, and the diffusion of feelings arising from it, operated as a kind of religion in his soul. He talks in some of his essays about the æsthetic

* Froude, "Thomas Carlyle," vol. i. p. 196.

being a necessary means of improvement among political societies. His efforts in this cause accordingly not only satisfied the restless activity, the desire of creating and working upon others, which form the great want of an educated mind, but yielded a sort of balance to his conscience. He viewed himself as an apostle of the sublime. Pity that he had no better way of satisfying it. One is tired to death with his and Goethe's *palabra* about the nature of the fine arts. They pretend that Nature gives people true intimations of true, hearty, and just principles in art; that the *bildende Künstler* and the *richtende* (the creative and the critical artist) ought to investigate the true foundation of these obscure intimations, and set them fast on the basis of reason. Stuff and nonsense, I fear it is! . . . Poor silly sons of Adam! you have been prating on these things for two or three thousand years, and you have not advanced a hair's breadth towards the conclusion. Poor fellows, and poorer me, that take the trouble to repeat such insipidities and truisms."

Here we see a Saul, not likely yet to be turned into a Paul. Miss Welsh, too, whom Carlyle at that time was worshipping as a distant star far beyond his reach, could not bear Goethe and poor little Mignon. Carlyle tries to reprove her. "O, the hardness of man's and still more of woman's heart!" he exclaimed. And yet he gives in. "Do what you like," he adds; "seriously, you are right about the book. It is worth next to nothing as a novel."

Still, the book told slowly and surely on the rugged, hard-hearted critic; but perhaps more even than the book the personal kindness of Goethe. Goethe was in a good mood when he received Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." He was thinking of his world-literature, and here, quite unexpectedly, came the first fruits of it. We must remember that at that time a translation of a German book was an event. At present an English translation is generally a mere bookseller's speculation. People do not ask whether the book is good, original, classical, but whether it is possible to sell a thousand copies of it with the help of a few telling reviews. With Carlyle the translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was a labour of love, and he was probably surprised when an English publisher offered him £180 for the first edition, and afterwards £200 for every new edition of a thousand copies. "Any way," he says, "I am paid sufficiently for my labours."

This was in 1824. Goethe was then seventy-five, Carlyle twenty-nine. The correspondence was carried on till the year 1831, Goethe's last letter being dated the 2nd of June of that year, while he died on the 22nd of March, 1832. It may be imagined how Carlyle valued Goethe's letters, how he treasured them as the most precious jewels of his household. I was told that he gave them to Mrs. Carlyle to keep in a safe place. But, alas! after her death they could nowhere be found. It was a painful subject with the old man, and a grievous loss to his biographer. Mr. Froude tells us in his "Life of Carlyle" that copies of one or two of Goethe's letters, which Carlyle had sent to his brother, were recovered, and these have been translated and published by Mr. Froude.

As soon as I heard that the archives of the Goethe family had become accessible, having been bequeathed by the last of his grandsons, Walther Wolfgang, to Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, I made inquiries whether possibly Goethe, as he was wont to do in his later years, had preserved copies of his letters to Carlyle. I was informed by Professor Erich Schmidt that copies of most of Goethe's letters to Carlyle existed; and on making application for them in the name of my old friend, Mr. Froude, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess gave permission that copies should be made of them, which Mr. Froude might publish in his new edition of the "Life of Carlyle," and which I might use for my opening address as President of the English Goethe Society.

It was really the unexpected possession of this literary treasure* which emboldened me to accept your kind invitation to become the first President of the English Goethe Society, and which induced me to select as the subject of my inaugural address Goethe's ideal of a *World Literature*, a subject which I might thus venture to treat with the hope of bringing something new even to such experienced students of Goethe as I see to-day assembled around me. For it is in his letters to Carlyle that this idea finds its fullest expression. Carlyle was the very man that Goethe wanted, for, however different their characters might be, they had one object in common, Carlyle to preach German literature in England, Goethe to spread a taste for English literature in Germany. And how powerful personal influence can be, we see in the very relation which soon sprang up between the mature and stately German and the impetuous Scot. Carlyle, as we saw, was as yet but a half-hearted admirer of Schiller and Goethe, but the nearer he was brought to Goethe and the more he came to know the man and his ideals in life, the stronger grew his admiration and his love of the old prophet, whose name, he says, had floated through his fancy like a sort of spell over his boyhood, and whose thoughts had come to him in his maturer years almost with the impressiveness of revelations. Goethe seems from the first to have trusted Carlyle's honesty, and to have formed a right opinion of his literary powers. Of course, Carlyle was hardly known in England at that time, much less in Germany, and there is a curious entry in Goethe's Diary, or, as he calls them, *Concept-hefte*, from which it appears that he made private inquiries about him and his character. In a note addressed to Mr. Skinner who spent some time at Weimar, and died there in 1829,† Goethe writes on the 20th May, 1827:—

* There is a rumour that the originals have lately been found in an old box and forwarded to America, to be published by Mr. Charles Norton. See Dr. Eugen Oswald's article in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, April 24, 1886.

† In Goethe's letter dated 25th June 1829 (8).

"Thomas Carlyle, domiciled at Edinburgh, translator of 'Wilhelm Meister,' author of a 'Life of Schiller,' has published lately in four volumes octavo a work entitled 'German Romance,' containing all tales in prose of any name. I should like much to learn what is known of his circumstances and his studies, and what English and German journals may have said of him. He is in every respect a highly interesting man. If you like sometimes to spend an hour with me in the evening, you are always welcome. There are always many things to discuss and to communicate. Written in my garden, the 20th May, 1827."

At that time, however, the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle was already progressing. Carlyle tells us himself, in a letter to his brother, with what delight he received Goethe's first letter which was written the 26th of October, 1824.* He was then lodging in Southampton Street, in very bad humour with the world at large, and particularly with the literary world of London, which he calls the poorest part of its population at present. On the 18th of December, he writes to his brother, John Carlyle:—

"The other afternoon, as I was lying dozing in a brown study after dinner, a lord's lackey knocked at the door and presented me with a little blue parcel, requiring for it a note of delivery. I opened it, and found two pretty stitched little books and a letter from Goethe. I copy it and send it for your edification. The patriarchal style of it pleases me much.†

"Weimar, October 26, 1824.

"MY DEAREST SIR,—If I did not acknowledge on the spot the safe arrival of your welcome present, it was because I was unwilling to send you an empty acknowledgment merely, but I purposed to add some careful remarks on a work so honourable to you.

"My advanced years, however, burdened as they are with many unavoidable duties, have prevented me from comparing your translation at my leisure with the original text—a more difficult undertaking, perhaps, for me than for some third person thoroughly familiar with German and English literature. Since, however, I have at the present moment an opportunity, through Lord Bentinck, of forwarding this note safely to London, and at the same time of bringing about an acquaintance between yourself and Lord Bentinck which may be agreeable to both of you, I delay no longer to thank you sincerely for the interest which you have taken in my literary works as well as in the incidents of my life, and to entreat you earnestly to continue the same interest for the future also. It may be that hereafter I shall yet hear much of you. I send herewith a number of poems which you will scarcely have seen, but with which I venture to hope that you will feel a certain sympathy. With the most sincere good wishes, your most obedient

"J. W. GOETHE."

After this there seems to have been a long pause, for the next letter from Goethe is dated Weimar, May 15, 1827. This is only a short acknowledgment of a pleasant parcel received from Carlyle,

* Froude, "Thomas Carlyle," i. 265.

† Froude, "Life of Carlyle," i. p. 265. The translation has been but slightly altered in one or two places in accordance with the original of Goethe's letter sent to me from Weimar.

evidently containing his "Life of Schiller," and a promise of a fuller letter which is to follow.

"To Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Edinburgh.

"I announce hurriedly that the pleasant parcel accompanied by a kind letter, dispatched from Edinburgh on the 15th of April, *via Hamburg*, reached me on the 15th May, and found me in good health and busy for my friends. To my sincerest thanks to the esteemed couple (Carlyle was married by this time), I will add the information that a packet will shortly be dispatched from *here*, likewise *via Hamburg*, to attest my sympathy and to recall me to your minds. I take my leave with best and sincerest wishes."

In the meantime Goethe, after reading Carlyle's "Life of Schiller," had evidently taken his young friend's true measure. He thought he had found in him the very man he had been looking for, the interpreter of German thought in England, and in July of the same year he wrote him a very full letter, which may almost be called an essay of World-literature.* In his conversations with Eckermann he speaks of Carlyle "as a moral power of great importance. There is much future in him," he adds, "and it is quite impossible to see all that he may do and produce."† Before I read you some of the more important passages of this and the following letters, I wish to call your attention to a curious fact which I discovered while examining the copies sent me from Weimar. Several passages seemed to me so familiar that I began to look through Goethe's works, and here, particularly in the volumes published after his death, I found long passages of his letters to Carlyle worked up into short reviews. Here and there Goethe has made slight alterations, evidently intended as improvements, and these, too, are curious as allowing us an insight into Goethe's mind. I also came across several letters of Carlyle's to Goethe, probably translated into German by Goethe himself. These are interesting too, but as the originals have been found in the Goethe Archives, and will soon be published by Mr. Charles Norton, I need not quote them at present.

In his third letter to Carlyle, after the usual preliminaries, Goethe writes :

"Let me, in the first place, tell you, my dear sir, how very highly I esteem your 'Biography of Schiller.' It ‡ is remarkable for the careful study which it displays of the incidents of Schiller's life, and one clearly perceives in it a study of his works and a hearty sympathy with him. The complete insight which you have thus obtained into the character and high merits of this man is really admirable, so clear it is and so appropriate, so far beyond what might have been looked for in a writer in a distant country.

"Here the old saying is verified, 'A good will helps to a full understanding.' It is just because the Scot can look with affection on a German, and can honour and love him, that he acquires a sure eye for that German's

* Froude, i. 399.

† Gespräche mit Eckermann, July 25, 1828.

‡ From here to "his task accomplished," the text is found in Goethe's Works (1833) vol. xxxvi., p. 230.

finest qualities. He raises himself into a clearness of vision which Schiller's own countrymen could not arrive at in earlier days. For those who live with superior men are easily mistaken in their judgments. Personal peculiarities irritate them. The swift-changing current of life displaces their points of view, and hinders them from perceiving and recognizing the true worth of such men. Schiller, however, was of so exceptional a nature that the biographer had only to keep the idea of an excellent man before his eyes, and carry that idea through all his individual destinies and achievements, and he would see his task accomplished.*

After some remarks on Carlyle's "German Romance," Goethe is evidently anxious to unburden himself on the subject of World-literature, which was nearest to his heart. Probably he had jotted down his own thoughts on several occasions before, and so he abruptly says to Carlyle—

"Let me add a few observations, which I have long harboured in silence, and which have been stirred up by these present works."

It is curious that in the published review of "German Romance," too, Goethe uses the same artifice. After he has compared the mind of the foreign historian to the calm and brightness of a moonlight night, he writes :

"In this place, some observations, written down some time ago, may stand interpolated, even if people should find that I repeat myself, so long as it is allowed at the same time that repetition may serve some useful purpose."

Then follow his observations on the advantage of international literary relations, which I shall read to you :

"It is obvious that for a long time the efforts of the best poets and æsthetic writers throughout the world have been directed towards what is universal, and common to all mankind. In every single work, be it historical, mythological, fabulous, more or less arbitrarily conceived, we shall see the universal more and more showing and shining through what is merely national and individual."†

"In practical life we perceive the same tendency, which pervades all that is of the earth earthy, crude, wild, cruel, false, selfish, treacherous, and tries everywhere to spread a certain serenity. We may not indeed hope

* The next paragraphs are found, with slight alterations, evidently of later date, in Goethe's Works (1833), xlv. p. 254. Whereas in his draft Goethe wrote *Kenntniß*, he altered it to *Vorkenntniß* in the letter he sent to Carlyle, and retained that word in his notice of "German Romance." There is one paragraph added by Goethe, when speaking of the impartiality with which a foreigner treats the history of German literature which deserves to be translated. In his letter he breaks off after "he gives individuals their credit each in his place." In his review of "German Romance," he continues : "And thus to a certain extent settles the conflict which within the literature of every nation is inevitable; for to live and to act is much the same as to form or to join a party. No one can be blamed if he fights for place and rank, which secures his existence, and gives him influence which promises future happy success."

"If thus the horizon is often darkened during many years for those who live within a literature, the foreigner lets dust, mist, and darkness settle down, disperse and vanish, and sees those distant regions revealed in bright and dark spots with the same calmness which we are wont to observe the moon in a clear night."

† Goethe, in his letter to Carlyle, wrote : "*Durch Nationalität und Persönlichkeit hindurch . . . durch leuchten und durch schimmern sehn.*"—In the printed paper he changed *hindurch* into *hin*.

from this the approach of an era of universal peace; but yet that strifes which are unavoidable may grow less extreme, wars less savage, and victory less overbearing.

"Whatever in the poetry of all nations aims and tends towards this, is what the others should appropriate. The peculiarities of each nation should be studied, so that we should be able to make allowance for them—nay, gain by their means real intercourse with a nation. For the special characteristics of a people are like its language and its currency; they facilitate exchange—nay, they first make exchange possible."

— The next paragraph is not in the printed text of Goethe's review; it was meant for Carlyle alone:

"Pardon me, my dear sir, for these remarks, which perhaps are not quite coherent, not to be scanned all at once. They are drawn from the great ocean of observations, which, as life passes on, swell up more and more round every thinking person."

A truly Goethian sentence, which I must repeat in German:

"Verzeihen sie mir, mein Wertheater, diese vielleicht nicht ganz zusammenhängenden, noch alsbald zu überschauenden Äußerungen. Sie sind geschöpft aus dem Ocean der Betrachtungen, der um jeden Denkenden mit den Jahren immer mehr anschwillt."

He then continues:

"Let me add some more observations, which I wrote down on another occasion, but which apply specially to the business on which you are now engaged."

What follows next, on the advantages of a free literary exchange between nation and nation, has been utilized by Goethe in the same article on "German Romance:—"

"We arrive best at a true toleration when we can let pass individual peculiarities, whether of persons or peoples, without quarrelling with them; holding fast, nevertheless, to the conviction that genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that *it belongs to all mankind*. To such intercourse and mutual recognition the Germans have long contributed.

"He who knows and studies German finds himself in a market where the wares of all countries are offered for sale; while he enriches himself he is officiating as interpreter.

"A translator, therefore, should be regarded as a trader in this great spiritual commerce, and as one who makes it his business to advance the exchange of commodities. For, say what we will of the inadequacy of translation, it always will be among the weightiest and worthiest factors in the world's affairs.

"The Koran says that God has given each people a prophet in his own tongue. Each translator is also a prophet to his people. The effects of Luther's translation of the Bible have been immeasurable, though criticism has been at work picking holes in it to the present day. What is the enormous business of the Bible Society but to make known the Gospel to every nation in its own tongue?"

Carlyle felt proud, as well he might, as the recipient of such letters from Goethe. "A ribbon with the order of the Garter," he wrote

to his mother, "would scarcely have flattered either of us more." In his replies he expressed his warmest sympathy with Goethe's ideas. I wish I could give you some fragments at least of Carlyle's correspondence, but the originals, which are preserved at Weimar, have been confided to much worthier hands, and will soon be published, I hope, by Mr. Charles Norton. In the meantime, all I can do is to try to re-translate one of Carlyle's letters from Goethe's German translation into English—a bold undertaking, I confess, but one for which, under the circumstances, I may claim your indulgence:

"December 22, 1829.

"I have read a second time, with no small satisfaction, the 'Correspondence' (between Schiller and Goethe), and send off to-day to the *Foreign Review* an article on Schiller, founded on it. You will be pleased to hear that a knowledge and appreciation of foreign, and particularly of German, literature is spreading with increasing speed as far as rules the English tongue, so that among the Antipodes, even in New Holland, the wise men of your country are preaching their wisdom. I heard lately that even at Oxford and Cambridge, our two English Universities, which have hitherto been considered the strongholds of our peculiar insular conservatism, things begin to move. Your Niebuhr has found an able translator at Cambridge, and at Oxford two or three Germans have sufficient occupation as teachers of their language. The new light may be too strong for certain eyes, but no one can doubt of the good results which in the end will arise from it. Let only nations, like individuals, know each other, and the mutual hatred will be changed into mutual help, and instead of natural enemies, as neighbouring countries are sometimes called, we shall all become natural friends."

In another letter from Goethe to Carlyle, dated August 8, 1828, there are some more interesting remarks on the high functions of the translator. They are called forth by Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "*Wallenstein*," and though they have been used by Goethe in a short review of this work, they deserve to be quoted here in their freshness as addressed to Carlyle: *

"The translation of '*Wallenstein*' made quite a peculiar impression upon me. The whole time that Schiller was working at this drama I hardly left his side; and after I had thus become thoroughly acquainted with the piece, I co-operated with him in putting it on the stage. In this task I met with more trouble and vexation than I might fairly have expected, and I had finally to be present at the successive representations, in order to bring the difficult theatrical presentation to higher and higher perfection. You may imagine, therefore, that this glorious piece became at length quite trivial, nay, even repugnant to me. For twenty years I have neither seen or read it. But now that quite unexpectedly I see it again in the language of Shakespeare, it suddenly appears before me in all its details, like a newly varnished picture, and I delight in it as of yore, but also in a new and peculiar way. Tell this to the translator with my greetings, and do not omit to add that the preface, written just in that same sympathetic tone which I referred to before, gave me great pleasure. Let me also know his name, so that he may stand forth as an individual person in the chorus of Philo-Germans. This suggests to me a new observation, perchance hardly realized, and probably never uttered

* Goethe's Works, 1883, xlv. p. 258.

before—namely, that the translator does not work for his own nation only, but also for the nation from whose language he has transferred the work. For it happens oftener than one imagines that a nation draws the sap and thought out of a work, and absorbs it so entirely in its own inner life, that it can no longer take any pleasure in it or draw from it any nourishment. This is particularly the case with the Germans, who use up all too quickly anything that is offered them, and who, by reproducing and altering a work in many ways, annihilate it to a certain extent. Hence it is very salutary if what is their own appears before them again at a later time endowed with fresh life by the help of a successful translation."

With the same warmth with which Goethe greeted Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein," he received Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon." In a letter to Carlyle, dated December 27, 1837, he writes :

"If you see Mr. Walter Scott thank him most warmly in my name for his dear, cheerful letter, written exactly in that beautiful conviction that man must be dear to his Maker. I have also received his "Life of Napoleon," and have in these winter evenings and nights read it through attentively from beginning to end. To me it was highly significant to see how the first master of narrative in this century takes upon himself so uncommon a task, and brings before us in calm succession those momentous events which we ourselves were compelled to witness. The division by chapters into large and well-defined portions, renders the complicated events distinct and comprehensible; and thus the narration of single events becomes, what is most inestimable, perfectly clear and visible. I read it in the original, and thus it impressed me as it ought. It is a patriotic Briton who speaks, who cannot well look on the acts of the enemy with favourable eyes, and who, as an honest citizen, wants to see all political undertakings brought into harmony with the demands of morality, who, in the happy course of his enemy's good fortune, threatens him with disastrous consequences, and is unable to pity him even in his bitterest disgrace.

"And further, this work was of the greatest importance to me, in that it not only reminded me of things which I had myself witnessed, but brought before me afresh much that had been overlooked at the time. It placed me on an unexpected standpoint; made me reconsider what I had thought settled, while I was also enabled to do justice to the opponents who cannot be wanting of so important a work, and to appreciate fairly the exceptions which they take from their point of view. You will see by this that no more valuable gift could have reached me at the end of the year."

And now follows a true Goethian sentence, which it is difficult to render in English :

"Es ist dieses Werk mir zu einem goldenem Netze geworden, womit ich die Schattenbilder meines vergangenen Lebens aus den letheischen Fluthen mit reichen Zuge heraufzufischen mich beschäftige."

"This work has become to me a kind of golden net, wherewith I have been busily drawing up in a miraculous draught the shadows of my past life from the flood of Lethe."

Thus we see Goethe busy day and night in gathering-in the treasures of foreign literature, and establishing friendly relations with the foremost representatives of poetry, art, and science, not

only in England, but in every country in Europe. He saw the era of a World-literature approaching, and he did his best in the evening of his life to accelerate its advent.

In a letter of Goethe's dated October 5, 1830, we see how anxious the old man became that the threads which he had spun, and which united him with so many eminent correspondents in different parts of the world, should not be broken after his death. Goethe himself had become an international poet in the full sense of the word. He knew the excellent effects which had been produced, even during his lifetime, from the more intimate relations established between himself and some representative men in England, France, Italy, and Spain, and he wished to see them perpetuated. Thus, when sending Carlyle the German translation of his *Life of Schiller*, he tells him that he wished to bring him and his Berlin friends into more active and fruitful intercourse. He had Carlyle elected an honorary member of the Berlin Society for Foreign Literature, and requested him to send some acknowledgment in return.

"At my time of life," he writes, "it must be a matter of concern to me to see the various ties which centred in me linked on again elsewhere, so as to hasten the object which every good man desires and must desire, namely, to spread, even unobserved and often hindered, a certain harmonious and liberal sentiment throughout the world. Thus many things can settle down peaceably at once, without being first scattered and driven about before they are brought into some kind of order, and even then not without great loss. May you be successful in making the good points of the Germans better known to your nation, as we, too, are unceasing in our endeavours to make the good points of foreign nations clear to our own people."

In another letter (dated Weimar, 27 December, 1827) Goethe dwells on the softening influence which travelling in Germany, and prolonged stays in German towns produced on young Englishmen, fitting them to become in later life connecting links between the two countries. As this letter throws some light on the simple, yet refined, life at Weimar, to which I referred in the beginning of my address, I shall give a longer extract from it:—

"While books and periodicals at present join nations, so to speak, by the mail-post, intelligent travellers also contribute not a little to the same object. Mr. Heavyside who visited you (Carlyle never refers to this visit) has brought back to us many pleasant tidings of yourself and your surroundings, and will probably have given you a full description of our life and doings in Weimar. As tutor of the young Hopes, he spent some pleasant and useful years in our modest, yet richly endowed and animated circle. I hear that the Hope family are quite satisfied with the education which the young men were enabled to acquire here. And, indeed, this place unites many advantages for young men, and especially for those of your nation. The double court of the reigning and the hereditary family, where they are always received with kindness and liberality, forces them by the very favour which is shown them, to a refined demeanour, at various social amusements. The rest of our society keeps them likewise within certain pleasant restraints, so that anything rude and unbecoming in their conduct is gradually eliminated. In inter-

course with our beautiful and cultivated women they find occupation and satisfaction for heart, mind, and imagination, and are thus preserved from all those dissipations to which youth gives itself up more from *ennui* than from necessity. This free discipline is perhaps inconceivable in any other place, and it is pleasant to see that those members of our society who have gone from here to try life at Berlin or Dresden have very soon returned to us again. Moreover, our women keep up a lively correspondence with Great Britain, and thus prove that actual presence is not absolutely essential to keep alive and continue a well-founded esteem. And I must not omit that all friends, as, for instance, just now Mr. Lawrence, return to us from time to time, and delight in taking up at once the charming threads of earlier intercourse. Mr. Parry has concluded a residence of many years with a good marriage."

Goethe, however, was not simply a literary man; he was a man, a complete man, and his interests in a world-literature had their deepest roots in his strong human heart. "He was neither noble nor plebeian," to quote the words of the *Foreign Review* (iii. 87), "neither liberal nor servile, neither infidel nor devotee, but the best excellence of all of them, joined in pure union, a clear and universal man. Napoleon, too, when he had seen Goethe and conversed with him, could say no more than *Voilà un homme!* His own countrymen, however, often blamed Goethe for his wide human sympathies, and his want of national sentiment—most unjustly, I think, for when the time of trial came, he proved himself as good a patriot as many who tried to be more eloquent than Goethe in their patriotic songs and sermons. Goethe had his faults and weaknesses, but there is one redeeming feature in his character which atones for almost everything—he was thoroughly true. He was too great to dissemble. He could not pretend to be a patriot in the sense in which Arndt, Jahn, and Schill were patriots. "I should have been miserable," he says, "if I had made up my mind ever to dissemble or to lie. But as I was strong enough to show myself exactly as I was and as I felt, I was considered proud." O that we had more of that pride, and less of the miserable pretence of unreal sentiment. National sentiment is right and good, but we must not forget that national sentiment is a limited and limiting sentiment, particularly to a mind of such universal grasp as Goethe. We were told not long ago by the greatest English orator—

"that there is a local patriotism which in itself is not bad, but good. The Welshman is full of local patriotism, the Scotchman is full of local patriotism, the Scotch nationality is as strong as it ever was, and should the occasion arise—which I believe it never can—it will be as ready to assert itself as in the days of Bannockburn. I do not believe that that local patriotism is an evil. I believe it is stronger in Ireland even than in Scotland. Englishmen are eminently English, Scotchmen are profoundly Scotch, and, if I read Irish history aright, misfortune and calamity have wedded her sons to her soil. The Irishman is more profoundly Irish, but," Mr. Gladstone adds, "it does not follow that because his local patriotism is keen, he is incapable of Imperial patriotism."

Nor does it follow that because our Imperial patriotism is keen, our hearts are incapable of larger sympathies. There is something

higher even than Imperial patriotism. Our sympathies are fostered at home, but they soon pass the limits of our family and our clan, and embrace the common interests of city, county, party, and country. Should they stop there? Should we for ever look upon what is outside our Chinese Walls as foreign, barbarian, and hateful, we more particularly, the nations of Europe in whose veins runs the same Aryan, nay the same Teutonic, blood, and who profess a religion which, if it is anything, is a world-religion? Goethe, feeling at home among the monuments of past greatness, and in harmony with the spirits of all true poets and prophets of the world, could not confine his sympathies within the narrow walls of Weimar, not even within the frontiers of Germany. Where he found beauty and nobility there he felt at home; wherever he could make himself truly useful, there was his country. Patriotism is a duty, and in times of danger it may become an enthusiasm. We want patriotism, just as we want municipal spirit, nay, even clannishness and family pride. But all these are steps leading higher and higher till we can repeat with some of the greatest men the words of Terence, "I count nothing strange to me that is human."

There is no lack of international literature now. The whole world seems writing, reading, and talking together. The same telegrams which we are reading in London are read at the same time in Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, New York, Alexandria, Calcutta, Sydney, and Peking. The best newspapers, English, French, or German, are read wherever people are able to read. Goethe was struck with the number of languages into which the Bible had been translated in his time. What would he say now, when the British and Foreign Bible Society alone has published translations in 267 languages? Goethe was proud when he saw his "Wilhelm Meister" in an English garb. Every season now produces a rich crop of sensational international novels. Our very schoolbooks are largely used not only in America, but in Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan. Newton's "Principia" are studied in Chinese, and the more modern works of Herschell, Lyell, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Lockyer, have created in the far East the same commotion as in Europe. Even books like my own, which stir up no passions, and can appeal to the narrow circle of scholars only, have been sent to me, translated not only into the principal languages of Europe, but into Bengali, Marhatti, Guzerathi, Japanese—nay, even into Sanskrit.

A world-literature, such as Goethe longed for, has to a great extent been realized, but the blessings which he expected from it have not yet come, at least not in that fulness in which he hoped for them. There have been, no doubt, since Goethe's time great thinkers and writers, who felt their souls warmed and their powers doubled by the thought that their work would be judged, not by a small clique of home critics only, but by their true peers in the whole world. Goethe himself

points out how much more unprejudiced, how much more pure and sure the opinion of foreign critics has been to him and to Schiller, and the old saying has often been confirmed since, that the judgment of foreign nations anticipates the judgment of posterity.

But the greatest blessing which Goethe hoped for from the spreading of a world-literature—namely, that there should spring up a real love between nation and nation—has not yet been vouchsafed. Of this he speaks in one of his letters to Carlyle with a kind of patriarchalunction.

Goethe had received the early numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and was much pleased with an article on German Literature, on Ernst Schulze, Hoffmann, and the German Theatre, which he ascribed to Carlyle's pen.

"I fancy," he writes in a letter dated the 27th of Dec. 1827, "I recognize in it the hand of my English friend, for it would be truly wonderful if old Britain should have produced a pair of Menæchmi, both equally capable and willing to picture the literary culture of a foreign continental country, divided from their own by geographical, moral, and æsthetic differences; and to describe it in the same quiet, cheerful tone, and with the same thoughtfulness, modesty, thoroughness, clear-sightedness, perspicuity, exhaustiveness, and whatever good qualities might still be added. The other criticisms, too, in so far as I have read them, seem to me to show insight, mastery, and moderation on a solid basis of national feeling. And though I esteem very highly the cosmopolitan works, such as, for instance, Dupin's, still the remarks of the reviewer on p. 496 of vol. ii. were very welcome to me. The same applies to much that is stated in connection with the religious strife in Silesia.

I intend in the next number of *Kunst und Alterthum*, to make friendly mention of these approaches from afar, and shall recommend such a reciprocal treatment to my friends at home and abroad, finally declaring as my own, and inculcating as the essence of true wisdom, the Testament of St. John, 'Little children, love one another.' I may surely hope that this saying may not seem so strange to my contemporaries as it did to the disciples of the Evangelist, who expected from him a very different and higher revelation."

And yet these last words of Goethe sound strange to us also, stranger even, it may be, than to his contemporaries. The great nations of Europe have been brought nearer together. We have international exhibitions, international congresses, international journals, but of international love and esteem we have less than ever. Europe has become like a menagerie of wild beasts, ready to fly at each other whenever it pleases their keepers to open the grates. Why should that be so? Sweet reason has been able to compose family quarrels. In society at large people do not come to blows; and duels, though tolerated in some countries as survivals of a barbarous age, are everywhere condemned by the law. Why should it be considered seemly for every country to keep legions of fighting men, ready to kill and to be killed for their country, if it should please emperors and kings, or, still more frequently, ministers and ambassadors, to lose their temper. Goethe did not hope for universal peace, but he certainly could not

have anticipated that chronic state of war into which we have drifted, and which in the annals of future historians will place our vaunted nineteenth century lower than the age of Huns and Vandals.

I believe that the members of this English Goethe Society can best prove themselves true students of Goethe, true disciples of Goethe, by helping, each one according to his power, to wipe out this disgrace to humanity. With all the ill-feeling against England that has been artificially stirred up, Shakespeare Societies flourish in all the best towns of Germany. And I have never yet met a Shakespearian scholar who was not, I will not say an *Anglomaniac*, but a friend of England, a fair judge of all that is great and noble in this great and noble race. Shakespeare has done more to cement a true union between Germany and England than all English Ministers and ambassadors put together. Let us hope that Goethe may do the same, and that each and every member of this English Goethe Society may work in the spirit which he, who has often been called the Great Heathen, expressed so well and so powerfully in the simple words of the great Apostle of Love, "Little children, love one another." Let Goethe and Shakespeare remain the perpetual Ambassadors of these two nations, and we may then hope that those who can esteem and love Shakespeare and Goethe, may learn once more to esteem and love one another.

And do not suppose that I exaggerate the influence of literature on politics. If Mr. Gladstone had not been so devoted a student of Italian literature, possibly we should not have had, as yet, a united Italy. If our fathers had not been so full of enthusiasm for their Homer, their Sophocles, their Plato, possibly Greece would never have been freed from the Turkish yoke. And whenever I hear that Prince Bismarck knows his Shakespeare by heart, I gather courage, and seem to understand much in the ground-swell of his policy which on the curling surface appears often so perplexing.

Let us hope that we may soon count some of the leading statesmen of England among the members of our Society. If they have once learnt to construe a German sentence, they may learn in time to construe the German character also, which, though it differs on some points from the English, is, after all, bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh, soul of the same soul.

We do not wish that our Society shall ever become a political society, and it would be against the cosmopolitan spirit of Goethe if it were to be narrowed down to English and German members only. There are Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Danes, and Swedes who have proved themselves excellent students of his works. Goethe himself, when speaking of the different ways in which different nations appreciated the character of his Helena, gives credit to the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian for having, each in his

own way, interpreted the poet's thoughts. Writing to Carlyle, on August 8, 1828, he says :

"All the more delightful was it to me to see how you had treated my 'Helen.' You have here, too, acted in your own beautiful manner, and as at the same time there arrived articles from Paris and Moscow on this work of mine—a work which had occupied my mind and my heart for so many years—I expressed my thoughts somewhat laconically in the following way : the Scot tries to penetrate, the Frenchman to comprehend, the Russian to appropriate it. These three have therefore in an unpreconceived manner represented all possible categories of sympathy which a work of art can appeal to ; though, of course, these three can never be quite separated, but each must call the other to its aid."

Penetrated by the same world-embracing spirit, the Goethe Society calls to its aid all lovers of Goethe's genius, to whatever nation they may belong ; and it may promise them that of politics, in the narrow sense of the word, they shall within these walls hear as little as in Goethe's garden at Weimar.

But literature, too, has its legitimate influence, at first on individuals only, but in the end on whole nations ; and if we consider what literature is—the embodiment of the best and highest thoughts which human genius has called into being—it would be awful indeed if it were otherwise. Goethe's spirit has become not only a German power, not only a European power : it has become a force that moves the whole world. That force is now committed to our hands, to use it as best we can. But in using it we must remember that all spiritual influences work by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, and we ought not to allow ourselves to be discouraged, if prejudices, piled up by a thousand busy tongues, are not removed in a day. We must work on like true scholars, *silentio et spe*—in silence and hope—and, depend upon it, our work will then not be in vain.

Our nearest work lies in England. Our Society has been called into life chiefly by Englishmen and Germans. We, both German and English, want to put our shoulders together to study the works and thoughts of Goethe. This may seem a small beginning, but powerful oaks spring from small seeds. Let us hope, therefore, that our young Society may grow stronger and stronger from year to year, and that it may help, according to its talents and opportunities, to strengthen the bonds of blood which unite the English and German nations by the sympathies of the mind, which are stronger even than the bonds of blood. If these two nations, the German and English, stand once more together, shoulder to shoulder, respecting each other and respected by their neighbours, we may then hope to see the realization of what Goethe considered the highest blessing of a world-literature, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men"—yes, towards *all* men.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

INDIA REVISITED.

I PAID a visit to India during the height of the American War, in 1863, to inquire into its cotton-growing capacity. My travels were then confined to the Bombay Presidency. Since then I have had extensive commercial relations with the country, and have kept up an interest in its affairs so far as a busy life permitted. On losing my seat in Parliament last November, I carried out a long-cherished project to revisit India and study its institutions more fully, and now venture to recapitulate the results of my inquiries. My course lay from Bombay to Calcutta, through the North-West Provinces, and my information was drawn from observation and contact with all classes of people. I associated equally with Europeans and natives, and especially sought to understand the views taken by the latter. I met many highly educated native gentlemen, and the information obtained from them is among the most valuable results of my trip. I also read the best literature I could obtain bearing on the present position of India, and I purpose in the following pages to summarize my principal deductions from the evidence brought before me.

I am well aware of the folly of pretending to sit in judgment on the Government of India after a couple of visits, separated by an interval of twenty-three years. The vastness and complexity of Indian questions grow upon the mind increasingly, and the wider your knowledge the greater is your sense of ignorance. India is, in fact, a continent rather than a country—a congeries of races and languages, not a nation. What is true in one part is false in another. What is politic in the Punjab is folly in Bengal. What is suitable for the North is out of place in the South. Consequently, all generalizations are dangerous. To assert general laws for India

is like laying down principles for all Europe. The frontier tribes differ as much from the Bengalees or Madrassees as Finland differs from Naples. Consequently, great caution is needed in writing about India, and the difficulty is increased by the vehement contradiction one meets on every point of Indian policy. The views of the Indians and Europeans are often diametrically opposed. The official and non-official class differ widely from each other. Indian problems looked at from the points of view of a native, a civilian, a missionary, or a soldier are about as different as the starry heavens looked at through the telescope of Newton or the eye of an ancient astrologer.

There is no agreement in India either upon facts or inferences. All statistics are disputed—all conclusions are questioned. A traveller no sooner ascertains what he thinks is a well-established fact than he finds it vehemently disputed. He finds human testimony as unreliable as most of the evidence tendered before Indian courts of law, and he almost despairs of arriving at any valid conclusions.

This difficulty will not be felt by those who confine themselves to one class of opinion, for many travel through India with blinkers, only seeing what official optimists wish them to see. You may remain entirely ignorant of what is thought by the 250 millions of people who inhabit the country. Nothing is easier than to dogmatize when only evidence on one side is heard; but when an attempt to judge honestly is made, amid the Babel of contradictions one hears, the task is enough to daunt the boldest.

It is, therefore, with much diffidence that I offer some remarks on the strange phenomena of our Indian empire, so unlike anything the world has ever seen that no historical analogies give much aid in comprehending it.

I begin by observing, that the general opinion at home is that India is enormously indebted to British rule; that we have converted a land of anarchy and misrule into one of peace and contentment; that poverty is giving place to plenty, and a low, corrupt civilization to one immensely higher. It is somewhat of a shock to the optimist to learn that every one of these points is contested by well-educated and intelligent natives; instead of contentment, one finds in many places great dissatisfaction, and a widespread belief that India is getting poorer and less happy. Without at present controverting these opinions, I will offer some remarks, upon the social economy of the country, which are necessary to any true understanding of Indian problems.

The first and deepest impression made upon me by this second visit to India is a heightened sense of the poverty of the country. It is greater and more widespread than almost any one in England

realizes, and the most important political consequences follow from the recognition of this fact. I have taken some pains to form an estimate of the wealth of India, and have been startled at the result. The late able Finance Minister, Major (now Sir Evelyn) Baring, estimated the average income of the people at 27 rupees per head, say £2 0s. 6d. at the present exchange of 1s. 6d. per rupee; but, as Indian accounts are all kept at the old rate of 2s. per rupee, for the sake of comparison with former years it may be reckoned as £2 14s. per head per annum. That would give 540 millions as the total income of the 200 millions* of people who inhabit British India. Our best statist puts the aggregate income of the 36 millions of people who inhabit the United Kingdom at 1,250 millions, or about £35† per head, against £2 14s. per head in India. I must add, however, that the most intelligent natives I met put the income of India at less than those figures. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, than whom there are few better statist in India, puts the average income at only 20 rupees per head, or 400 millions sterling for British India. These very low estimates are confirmed by much collateral evidence. The average rate of wages up country is from 2 to 4 annas for common labour, or say, at the former value of the rupee, 3d. to 6d. per day—about a tenth of what is paid for the same class of labour in England. Then the income-tax tables show a marvellously small area of high incomes. It is well known that a penny on the income tax produces about two millions sterling in England, and the assessment commences with incomes of £150 per annum. In India the same rate, commencing with incomes of £50 per annum, but with some large exceptions (such as the native zemindars, or landowners), produces rather over £200,000 per annum. The comparison is not at all an exact one, but, speaking broadly, I should say that an income tax in India only yields one-eighth or one-tenth of what it does in the United Kingdom, though the population is six times as large. The great complaints in many parts of India as to the pressure of the land revenue tell the same tale. The whole amount collected is 22 millions sterling, which is little over 2s. per head of the population. It is hard to believe how so small a tax should press heavily; yet I fear it is an undoubted fact that in the poorer parts of the country it is collected with difficulty, and in years of scarcity causes no little suffering. The produce of the land is extremely small, according to European standards, and I much doubt whether the entire agricultural produce of British India exceeds in value 300 millions sterling.

* India contains, by the last Census, 254 millions of people, of whom 200 millions are in British territory.

† I incline to think this is too high, especially since the great fall in values that has recently taken place.

The fact is, human life is supported in India upon the barest minimum of necessities; the village population feed upon the commonest grains, never eating animal food (which is contrary to their religion), and rarely tasting the finer grains, such as wheat and barley. The clothing worn is of the scantiest, and I was distressed to see many of the people in the North-West Provinces shivering and half-naked in weather so cold that I was glad to wear two topcoats. The houses are built of clay, and almost destitute of furniture, and I understand that a large portion of the population only eat one meal a day. Of course this in an Eastern country does not signify what it does in Europe—life can be sustained on less food and less nutritious diet than in Northern climes; the labour power of the Hindoos is small; there is far less taken out of the human machine than in our laborious Western life; it consumes less and produces less; besides, the Asiatic has the power of digesting a greater quantity of food at one meal than is possible to Europeans; but, when due allowance is made for all this, it is not to be denied that the poverty of a great part of the people of India is extreme and more acute than what we witness in Europe. It may be said with truth of a great part of the rural population that it is never far removed from famine. A scanty harvest any year brings that calamity within measurable distance; a failure of crops means death to a large part of the population unless fed by Government.

A clear conception of the economical state of India is essential to sound views of public policy, and to a right comprehension of what the natives think and desire.

I now write to express as briefly as I can the objections taken by the natives to our system of government, and I remark in the first place that there is now an educated native tribunal by which our actions are closely scrutinized. This constitutes a totally new element in Indian problems as compared with former times. When the British acquired India they found a primitive but decaying civilization, and no education worthy of the name. They became of necessity the supreme power in the country, as they alone possessed the intelligence required for civilized government; but a new state of things has grown up owing to the excellent system of higher education we have planted in India these last fifty years. In all the important cities there are now first-class schools and colleges—many of them the noble result of missionary enterprise, for be it remembered to their honour that the European missionaries were the pioneers of education. But the Government has now entered the field in good earnest; besides, many of the wealthy natives are contributing endowments and forming schools of their own; and an intense eagerness for Western knowledge is

taking hold of the Indian people. You now meet in India many graduates of their universities as accomplished as those of Oxford and Cambridge; not a few of their youth have visited England and Scotland and completed their education there, and they bring back to India our own habits of vigorous thought and criticism. An intelligent native public opinion and a free native Press are now judging the governing class, and its policy is viewed from a very different standpoint from that which the official Europeans and the British public are accustomed to take. I may add further, that in many interviews with the leading natives I was impressed most favourably with the fairness and logical acumen of the Hindoo mind. There was no attempt to talk clap-trap or to draw unfair inferences; there was a tone of moderation and willingness to look all round a subject which was characteristic of a well-balanced intellect. When India becomes generally educated, as only the few there are at present, it will be an intellectual force of the first magnitude.

The general tone of the opinion of educated natives is much less favourable than we could wish to the methods and results of British rule in India. I will touch upon some of the principal objections urged against it.

They complain that it is much too expensive, and drains the country of its wealth. The administration of the country is, as every one knows, almost entirely in the hands of highly paid Europeans. The lower posts are mostly filled by natives. The scale of pay was fixed many years ago to stop corruption and to attract a higher class of talent. It has effected both these ends.

The covenanted civil service, which supplies most of the high offices, is a body of able and upright men. With the rarest exceptions no charge of corruption is made against it, and it discharges its arduous duties with fidelity, and I believe in most cases with a real desire to do the best possible for the people. The scale of pay is not too high, judged by our English standard, and its effective power has been much reduced of late years owing to the fall of the rate of exchange from 2s. to 1s. 6d. per rupee. In India salaries are all paid in silver, but most of the European officials have to remit home a large part of their income to maintain their families, for it is well known that the children of Europeans can hardly be brought up in India after the age of five or six. There is, therefore, in reality much grumbling, and not a little pinching, among the European official class at what is a virtual reduction of income.

But the matter appears wholly different when looked at from a native point of view. Their scale of living is immensely cheaper than ours. An income of £100 per annum counts for almost as

much among them as one of £500 with us. They view with envy the salaries of the higher officials, and think they could replace them with native officials who would be well paid at half or quarter their salaries. Then they hold that these salaries are not spent in India, as those of natives would be. A large portion of them is remitted to England for domestic expenditure there, and when the officials retire from service they draw a pension from the Government of India. This pension-list is very large, and is looked upon as a drain upon the resources of India, not making due allowance for the equivalent that has been rendered in the shape of good service. Then the natives hold that the cost of the army—some 18 millions sterling, at the old rate of exchange—is very high; the European part of it—60,000 to 70,000 men—is extremely costly. White men require many comforts and luxuries in a tropical climate which they do not need at home. I suppose each white soldier costs nearly double in India what he does in England, and probably three or four times what the native sepoy does, but the need of this is not obvious to the Indian mind. I do not find that many intelligent Hindoos wish to diminish the force of the army. They are alive to the need of being strong against foreign invasion, and they know that the nucleus of the Anglo-Indian army is the European force, but they think it is maintained at undue cost. Great additions have been made to its expense by regulations passed in England, and only suitable for the home army, but not needed in India. The pension list and non-effective charges are very heavy, and the natives complain that no army in the world costs nearly as much in proportion to its strength as the British army in India.

They also complain that in the division of the expenses between the Home Government and India the scales are not held fairly, and many items are debited to India which ought to go to England. This a great grievance, and excites much discontent in India. It is the one point on which all classes agree; European and native alike hold that India is not fairly treated by the British Exchequer. There is no subject to which it is more necessary that the attention of the Parliamentary Committee about to be appointed should be directed, and unless ample opportunity be given for native evidence the whole truth will not be brought out. Then it is urged, with much warmth, that India has been unjustly saddled with the cost of expeditions in which she had no interest. Much soreness is felt at the claim made for part of the Egyptian War, and for the expense of the recent expedition to Upper Burmah. If the British Parliament was aware how much indignation these exactions cause in India, it would revise its policy. It is not that the sums are so large in themselves, but it is felt to be unfair that a rich country should charge a poor one with the cost of wars which it was never con-

sulted about, and in which it feels no concern. Speaking broadly, the native opinion is that British government is very costly. The expenditure has been creeping up year by year, till it now reaches 70 to 75 millions per annum (at the old exchange), and for many years past deficits have been the rule rather than the exception; the National Debt has been steadily growing, and is now about 160 millions, some of which, however, is covered by State railways and other public works.

It is right, I should mention here, that much misunderstanding exists about Indian finance. A large portion of the receipts of the Indian Exchequer are not revenue in the sense of taxation. The railways are nearly all made either by the State or under State guarantee, and therefore their receipts are treated as revenue. The same remark applies to other public works, especially irrigation canals; and the large opium revenue may be said, in a certain sense, to be paid by China. The actual revenue raised by taxation in India is only some 40 millions, of which fully half is from the land. The State in India holds a position to the land which has been sometimes described as that of landlord; but it is more correct to say that, from time immemorial, it has been held to be entitled to a certain share of the produce of the soil. If, then, we reckon the revenue from land as having some analogy to rent, the scale of taxation appears light according to a European standard; yet it is not so in reality. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the proofs of extreme poverty that meet one, and the universal complaint of the natives is that taxation is high under British rule. They generally assert that taxation is lighter in States under Native rule; and I was rather startled by the statement, frequently made, that the condition of the ryots, or peasantry, was better there than in British territory. I am not prepared to offer any opinion on this point, as the evidence is so conflicting; it may be that the mode of raising the revenue has something to do with it. The ancient method in the Native States—still pursued in some of them—is to take a certain share of the produce; and this has the advantage of distributing the burden fairly over good and bad seasons—the payment rises and falls with the yield of the land. In our territory Government exacts a fixed rent in money—a much lower one, our officers allege, than was charged in former times by the Native Governments—and this is levied without regard to season, except when there is such complete failure of crops that the general Government permits remissions to be made.

It is alleged, I know not with what truth, that the collection of the revenue in poor years often forces the ryot to borrow from the money-lender, and that when he gets into debt he never gets out of it again. Certainly the natives all prefer the system of taking a

share of the actual produce to a fixed rent ; but how it is possible to work so cumbrous a system over so vast an area they do not clearly slow. I think, if the truth were told, it would probably amount to this, that the natives in British India both pay more and get more than in the Native States. In the latter they have little or no education, few roads, few or no police, no sanitation, and few courts of justice—these are all expensive adjuncts of modern civilization ; they exist in British India, they cannot now be dispensed with ; nay, they are sure to increase as civilization extends.

In our own country municipal rates and local burdens have immensely increased of late years ; but this is owing to the spread of enlightenment and the requirement that Government (local or imperial) should do much that our forefathers did not think necessary. Every nation that advances from a primitive to a higher civilization passes through the same experience. India is becoming a civilized Government at a civilized cost. She complains of this because the masses do not as yet appreciate the blessings of civilization. The little rural communes, of which the great bulk of the Indian population is composed, would still, if left to themselves, be seed-plots of cholera and small-pox ; they would drink foul water out of polluted wells ; they would vegetate as their forefathers did for thousands of years ; but European energy is changing all this, and the process is costly. The Native States are slow to follow—in many of them the process has hardly begun ; and no doubt the people, till they know better, prefer to live as their ancestors did. There are sections of the people of England to this day who resist the visits of the education officer and the sanitary inspector ; if left to themselves, they would wallow in dirt and ignorance. We need not be surprised if the people of India, with the languor and apathy that belong to all Oriental races, somewhat rebel against our restless progress.

I give this as a partial explanation of the statement, often made to me, that the people in the Native States are better off and more contented than in British territory ; but, however this may be, there can be no doubt of the antipathy felt in India to further annexations of Native States. The annexation of Upper Burmah is very unpopular among the natives, and the reason alleged to me was that it shakes their confidence in our oft-repeated declarations that no further Indian annexations will be made. They fear that pretexts will be found to enter on a fresh career of aggression, and it should be well understood in England that no such course can be entered upon without giving mortal offence to the people of India, and destroying all faith in the pledges of the British Government.

I have said that the chief complaint which educated Indians made against our Government was that it is too expensive, and

that it drained the wealth of the country. A few words upon this latter head.

The great increase of the foreign trade of India is regarded with pride by the British. It has grown from 18 millions fifty years ago to a total volume of 140 millions sterling, reckoned at the old rate of exchange. It is argued that this implies a great increase of wealth, and is a most striking proof of the material progress of India. The view taken by the natives themselves is widely different, and it is very important that it should be laid before the British public. It is held by them that the foreign trade represents the decay of native industries, and the payment of a heavy tribute to England. I will take the last head first.

The statistics of foreign trade show that India exports much more than she imports, and this balance has been steadily increasing, till it now averages from 20 to 25 millions annually. Speaking broadly, it may be said that India now exports 80 to 90 millions, nearly all agricultural produce, and imports about 50 millions of merchandise and 10 to 12 millions of treasure. She is in the position so ardently desired by the nations of Europe before the time of Adam Smith, when the chief advantage of foreign trade was thought to lie in a surplus of exports to be paid for in bullion. The clearer light of economical science in our days has dissipated this illusion, and we know well that a surplus of exports means a poor country, while a surplus of imports (as in England) means a rich country. The natives press this point against us; they argue that as India exports annually 20 to 25 millions, for which there is no commercial return, she is drained of her wealth, to that extent. The case will appear even stronger if we consider that the value of the imports of any country includes the cost of carrying the goods—viz., freight and commercial charges—and that consequently nearly every country shows a greater value of imports than exports. The United Kingdom, it is well known, shows an annual net surplus of over 100 millions sterling of imports, of which about half represents freight and the remainder interest on foreign investments. All European countries show a surplus of imports, more or less, and if India were only to receive the exact equivalent of her exports, she ought to import 90 to 100 millions, including bullion, in place of 60 to 70 millions, as she does now, so that the real balance of trade against India appears to be some 30 millions annually. The question arises, how are we to account for this? Does it really represent, as some of the natives allege, an exhausting tribute paid to England?

We require to glance at the relations of the two countries in order to understand it. One great part of the work done by the British Government in India has been to cover the country with a network of railways, and make several valuable irrigation canals.

In most countries such works are done by private enterprise, but it was necessary, in the undeveloped state of India, that they should either be done directly or be guaranteed by the State; moreover, the capital had nearly all to be drawn from England. India has little surplus capital of its own, and what it has can be invested at much higher rates of interest than prevail in Europe, and so it came to pass that the great bulk had to be borrowed from England, on which interest at about 4 per cent. had to be paid in gold. The Indian Government has also contracted a large National Debt (say, 161 millions sterling), part of it covered by public works, but the greater part (say, about 100 millions) of the nature of our own and other National Debts. The upshot of the whole matter is that upwards of 7 millions annually has to be remitted to England for interest by the Government of India; about as much more has to be remitted for pensions, military charges, stores, &c., making in all a sum of 15 millions a year for "Home charges." This represents the Government side of the account, but there is also a vast amount of private remittance from merchants and others in India who have capital employed or invested in that country. Most of the tea, coffee, and indigo plantations are worked by European capital; the foreign trade is nearly all so carried on, and there is much money annually remitted by Government servants for the maintenance of their families in England. When all these items are added together it is possible that they may amount to about 15 millions annually, and so account for this adverse balance of 30 millions in the trade account of India.

It will be seen that for most of this annual remittance India has received back a fair return. The railways and public works now yield an annual surplus to the Government after paying interest, and the private capital invested in India is also highly reproductive, and gives employment and maintenance to many of its people; but there is another portion as to which the benefit to India is not so conspicuous. I refer to the pension list and military charges in England and the interest on the National Debt, contracted for warlike expeditions. It is not difficult to represent this as a burden imposed by a foreign Power, and which India, if freed from British rule, could shake off. Matters have not come to that point yet; but it is easy to see, from the spread of anti-English literature and the influence of revolutionary thought coming in from Europe, that, sooner or later, such ideas will take root in India; and it becomes a grave question of policy whether it is wise for the Government to keep adding to the Indian debt held abroad. England has probably a stake of 300 millions sterling in India, in one shape or another. For much of that she has conferred a full equivalent in the shape of reproductive works; but, looking to the peculiar relations of the

two countries, and to the fact that it is British rule which is the main security for the due payment of interest on this vast amount, one cannot but look with apprehension to the future. Were it possible to raise loans in India from the native capitalists, the solution would be much simpler; but at present it is impossible on any large scale.

I said that another reason why the natives looked with jealousy on the growth of the foreign trade of India was, that it was largely at the expense of their home industries. It is hardly realized in England that our cheap machine-made goods have destroyed the bulk of the old hand-made manufactures of India. At one time a considerable part of the population was employed in these industries. India now imports about 35 millions' worth of manufactured goods, chiefly cotton cloth, hardware, and pottery, which were once made at home. If we allow £2 per head as the annual income of each person in India, the making of their goods must once have sustained about 17 millions of people. Now they are imported, no doubt at a cheaper cost, and according to the formulæ of political economy the labour and capital so employed can be turned to more profitable directions, and India be a great gainer; but it so happens that the hand-loom weavers and the small artificers who made these goods in this simple native fashion and as a hereditary calling had no other trade to turn to. The capital which was their trained handicraft was destroyed, and they had either to starve, or take up vacant land for farming, or become coolies. Most of them took to agriculture; but it was a hard struggle to live, for all the good soil was already taken up, and they had to reclaim from the jungle barren land, on which they could barely subsist. The general result has been to make India more than ever a country of poor peasants, with little variety of pursuits. Of course this process greatly increases the foreign trade. The people of India require to export a large portion of the produce of the soil in order to buy their clothing and utensils, and another large portion to liquidate the "Home charges" and private remittances made to England. When thus analyzed, it will be seen that it is futile to reckon increase of foreign trade as equivalent to increase of wealth; it is rather a substitution of foreign for domestic exchange. The food and raw produce are exchanged against the cloth and hardware of England, instead of against the products of innumerable small makers at home.

Yet there are some aspects in which the increased trade really means increased wealth. The railways have made many districts accessible which were not so before. Where surplus food was almost worthless, it now finds a ready market, and in times of scarcity and famine the surplus of one part of India is quickly made

available to supply the deficit in another part. No one can doubt that the railway carries with it both material and moral civilization. It tends to break up those foolish caste prejudices which have been the bane of India for thousands of years, and enables the whole produce of the country to find a ready market. • •

It must also be remembered that, though the old hand manufactures of India are dying out, they are being replaced by the improved methods of European manufactures. Bombay resembles a Lancashire town in the number of its smoky chimneys. It has nearly seventy cotton mills, fitted with the best machinery of Oldham, and paying much better dividends than similar factories do in England. The jute manufacturing trade is leaving Dundee for the valley of the Ganges, and no one can doubt that India will in course of time recover much of the trade she has lost, and compete with Europe on equal terms. Labour is so immensely cheaper than in England, and the natives are so quick at the use of their fingers, that I suspect it is only a question of time to transfer much of the trade of Lancashire to India. Already the Bombay mills have nearly deprived Lancashire of the trade with China in cotton yarn, and there are symptoms of still greater changes in the future. India is just now in a transition state. She has lost most of her primitive manufactures, and the change has been very painful, but she is acquiring the improved methods of Europe, and they will largely compensate her in course of time.

One more remark before I pass from the question of the value of India's foreign trade. It is often asked, What has become of the huge amount of bullion that India has absorbed in recent years? She has received on balance some 350 millions sterling of silver and gold in the last forty years. What has become of it all? Many writers in England hold that this is a great proof of wealth. It is not so regarded in India; it is extremely difficult to say what becomes of the money; no one could give me a satisfactory answer; it is apparently diffused over that vast population, either in the form of coin or ornaments; it shows little visible sign of existence; probably much of it is hoarded. There still remains in India the feeling of mistrust, burned into the mind of the people through ages of pillage and anarchy. No property is considered by the villagers quite secure unless it can be hidden. Banks and bank-notes are very little used; the rupee has to perform the ordinary exchanges of 250 millions of people, and everything that can be spared is put upon the women in the shape of rings, bracelets, anklets, and other ornaments. Of late years a considerable part of the bullion imported—fully one-third—is in gold, and it is said that much of this goes into the Native States, where the rajahs and rich natives are fond of display. I doubt whether any safe conclusion can be drawn

as to the wealth and prosperity of the masses of the people merely on account of this absorption of bullion ; still, it is undoubted that India has greatly replenished her currency as compared with the early part of the century, when it was deplorably scanty, and when the rudest means had to be adopted for the purpose of exchange.

Before parting from the subject of Indian trade, I would further remark that the natives strongly assert that England forces upon them a fiscal policy unsuited for their country, but adapted to develop British commerce ; the system of taxation, they allege, is adapted to suit England rather than India, and this causes much heartburning, and is a source of political danger in the future. The unanimous opinion of all who know India well is that it is not suited for direct taxation ; the fiscal and economical canons of advanced countries like England are altogether untrue as applied to India. There are few greater dangers which beset British rule in India than this tendency to apply crudely to it the latest deductions of political economy in England. Many of these, which are treated as axioms of universal application, are only true of highly developed communities, where the right of free contract and free competition has lasted for centuries, and where it has produced a robustness of individual type which is wholly wanting in India, as indeed it is in all Asiatic countries. It would be as reasonable to impose by main force upon India our religion, our laws of marriage and inheritance, our political and social institutions, as our economical and financial views. I can hardly sufficiently convey my sense of the danger as well as the injustice of so acting. Systems of law and finance which are quite suitable for the West may become the parents of as much oppression in the East as the worst abuses of despotism. Of all classes of people that endanger our Eastern empire, the worst are the narrow pedants who apply cut-and-dry formulas of European thought without mercy to the complex and widely different civilization of the East. One instance, of many that might be cited, is the action of England as regards the repeal of the import duties. India used to raise a considerable revenue from these duties without the least complaint from the native population, but they were abolished in deference to the urgent remonstrances of Manchester, and since then the Indian Government in its extremity has been obliged to resort to taxes which are hateful to the population and injurious to their welfare.

If British India were polled to-day, there would hardly be one person out of its 200 millions who would not re-impose those import duties in preference to a further increase of the land tax, or the iniquitous liquor laws, which are rapidly spreading drunkenness among the people of Bengal in order to supply revenue to the Government. The standing difficulty of the Government of India

is how to obtain revenue. The finances are always strained, and it is next to impossible to devise new taxes which do not oppress the people, or invade some of their deeply cherished customs. Now, the import duties did none of these; they hardly added perceptibly to the cost of the articles imported; they carried no inquisition into peoples' private lives, and they did not afford opportunity for speculation, which most forms of taxation do in India. If India had representative government of its own, there is not the least doubt that it would draw much of its revenue from Customs duties, like most other nations of the world. A tax of 10 per cent. on imports of manufactured goods would yield three or four millions sterling, and enable it to dispense with the income tax and most of the liquor duties. A tax of 20 per cent. would enable it to reduce considerably the land assessment in those large districts where the peasantry are hardly able to exist, and where the collection of the tax in poor seasons often drives them into bankruptcy. It is ~~not~~ necessary that these duties should be Protective; it would be quite easy to levy an equivalent duty on the produce of the Indian factories. England might justly complain of taxing her goods to build up competing manufactories in India; but if equal treatment were applied to all, she would have no reason to object.

One thing is perfectly certain: just as public opinion becomes enlightened in India, and the natives claim the share that justly belongs to them in the government of their country, they will shape its fiscal policy in a way suited to India, and not always agreeable to the commercial classes of England. The only true guide to our policy in this, as in all other matters, is to follow the course best for the people of India, without regard to the supposed interests or prejudices of the dominant country.

I will here allude briefly to the objections alleged by the natives to an income tax. It seems to us most just that the richer classes should contribute more than they do to the government of the country. In India the weight of taxation falls on the poor, and it is difficult to devise any better means than an income tax to get at the rich. It falls on Europeans as well as natives, and this is altogether expedient, for the Europeans draw a handsome revenue from the country, and have hitherto paid little taxation. The total number of people affected by the proposed income tax of 6*d.* in the pound is only 300,000—a striking proof of the poverty of the country—and the amount expected to be raised is £1,300,000. All incomes above £50 per annum are to be assessed, with some important exceptions, as already stated. Now, the great objection of the natives is the power of oppression it puts into the hands of the lower native officials. The estimate of income is usually made by the lower officials of the Revenue Department, who are poorly paid,

often uneducated, and usually corrupt; so, at least, I was repeatedly informed by the natives themselves. They told me that the only principle on which a native was assessed was the amount of "backsheesh" he was willing to pay. One man would be put at ten times the amount of another, unless he paid blackmail to the assessor. It was impossible for the European supervisor to overlook the innumerable details of such a tax; hence endless opportunities for speculation and fraud. This is the inherent objection to all systems of direct taxation in India. An army of ignorant, poorly paid native subordinates must be employed to enforce them, and it is wholly impossible to prevent extortion and robbery. No one trained in England can imagine the extent to which this takes place in India, as in all Asiatic countries, and the true method of taxation is that which reduces this evil to a minimum. Much of the same objection applies even to the land revenue when the time for revising the settlement arrives. It is well known that most of the land of India is periodically re-assessed every thirty years. When that time approaches, uneasiness almost amounting to panic fills the minds of the rural population. If the revenue officer happens to be a severe man, or the Government to be hard up for money, a large extra assessment may be the result. Then arises the danger of widespread corruption: the army of native officials needed to survey and value the millions of small holdings—often not more than four or five acres in extent—hold the fortunes of the cultivators at their mercy. All sorts of pressure are exerted to squeeze the helpless peasantry, and I feel strongly convinced, from much of what I heard, that far more is taken out of the pockets of the ryots than reaches the Government in the shape of revenue. The chief district officers, who are always Europeans, do their utmost to check this, and, if they are able and vigilant men, and move freely among the people, may succeed to a considerable extent, but I fear there is more leakage than is generally suspected, and so harassing are these re-settlements of the land that I greatly doubt the wisdom of disturbing old arrangements when working fairly well.

I will again refer to the Indian land system. My present object is to illustrate the inherent difficulties of all kinds of direct taxation in India, even so simple and ancient a one as the land tax. They all require an army of collectors, they all involve an inquisition into a man's private affairs which is far more hateful to Asiatics than Europeans, and, above all, they afford unbounded opportunity for speculation and oppression. All these vices are rampant in the Native States. They existed in India on a gigantic scale during the age of Mohammedan rule, and, in spite of the best efforts of the English officials, who are as a rule incorruptible themselves, they still exist, I fear, to a greater extent than is suspected. I could not otherwise

account for the bitter complaints I heard in some places as to the exactions for land revenue. I emphasize this subject more fully, for I foresee that one of the great dangers of the future is in forcing on India the fiscal and economical maxims of England, for which she is quite unprepared.

It is now time that I should deal with the remedies which the educated natives propose for these defects of British administration. I was surprised to find so general an agreement both as to the evils and the remedies. At Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, as well as in the interior towns, I found something like solidarity of opinion on the main lines of reform. They were agreed that the chief defects of British government were its costliness, its tendency to subordinate Indian to British interests, and its exclusion of the natives from most of the leading and highly paid posts of the Government. At some points I found more bitterness of feeling than at others—probably race antagonism has reached its maximum at Calcutta and its minimum at Madras—but nowhere did I find much violence or unreasonableness of opinion, nor any considerable trace of what may be termed active disloyalty. The educated natives have no desire to get rid of British rule; they admit it has conferred many advantages on India; they know that the elements of anarchy would soon burst out afresh if the strong hand of the European were withdrawn; and, above all, they know well that India would soon become the prize of some foreign invader if her weak native races were left to themselves. What they wish is not to overthrow British authority, but to mould it into a truer Indian form, and, above all, to get a substantial share of the administration and an effective voice in determining the policy of the Government.

Up to the present time it may be said that our government has been a paternal despotism. We have ruled India by means of a European bureaucracy, recruited from England through the "covenanted civil service," and largely supplemented in India by appointments made from the army through the staff corps, and from outside civilians usually styled "uncovenanted." A few thousand British officers, partly civil and partly military, administer the affairs of India, subject to the general supervision of the Viceroy and local Governors sent out from England, and, in the last resort, to the Secretary of State for India aided by his Council at home.

It will be seen at a glance, and without descending to details, that the natives of India have very little power of influencing the policy of their own country. The excuse offered has been that they were not fit for it, and before English education entered India there was much to be said for this view. Certainly in the earlier days of British rule it was impossible to govern except through an autocratic and military form of government. The country was then full of

freebooters, thugs, or professional murderers, and dacoits, or professional robbers, whose trade was to live by plunder; and nothing but the strong hand of a centralized and arbitrary Government could keep the peace.

But matters have greatly altered of late years. Education is coming in with a flood. English ideas of liberty and political right are spreading fast. A free native Press, of considerable ability, is growing up. Besides, the country is becoming ripe for a more gentle and constitutional mode of government. The old robber tribes have died out, or become converted into peaceful husbandmen. No country in the world is safer to live in or travel in than India. I do not deny that elements of disorder, and serious ones too, still survive, of which more hereafter; but, speaking generally, the time has come for an extension of the political rights of the natives, and a larger admixture of the best of them in the government of the country.

The main reform upon which the natives insist is the election of representative members to the Legislative Councils of India. Each local Governor has a Council, and so has the Viceroy of India, but their powers are not very extensive, and they can be overruled in case of need. The main power rests with the Executive, which is wholly European; yet the natives do not at present propose to limit the authority of the Executive, but they wish to make their voice fully heard in the Legislative Councils, and they claim the power of discussing the Budget and of interpellating the Government on questions of executive administration.

It may be replied to this, that a certain number of native gentlemen are already "nominated" to the Legislative Councils by the respective Governors. This is true, and the selections made are usually from the heads of the native communities; but it is said, with truth, that men who owe their position to the favour of the Governor are not so apt to be independent, or to represent truly the feelings of the people, as those who are directly chosen for the purpose. They are also few in number, and are easily overruled by the official members. I must say that I think the native view is reasonable. Representative members would make native opinion felt to the real advantage of the Government. It is often in the dark as to what the natives actually wish, and sometimes makes mistakes in ignorance. Indeed, there is much misconception on both sides. Native criticism is often unjust to the Government from not understanding either its motives or its actions. There is a want of mutual understanding which closer contact would dispel. I think the time has come when this moderate demand might be safely conceded. It may be objected that the difficulty is to find an electoral body. Certainly the mass of the people of India have

not as yet the faintest idea of representative government ; but there exist in all the large cities the rudiments of an intelligent electorate. They have now, thanks to Lord Ripon, a scheme of municipal government in operation ; and these town councils, which are working fairly well, might elect the representative members to the Legislative Councils.

There also exists in India a considerable body of university graduates, which is rapidly increasing, and this would also afford a basis for an intelligent body of electors. There is no insuperable difficulty if the principle be admitted ; it is the one urgent reform which all educated natives demand, and I believe it is as much in our true interest as theirs to grant it. I did not find in India so strong a desire for representation in the British Parliament as for a voice in the Indian Government. The natives are much impressed by the difficulty of getting English constituencies to return Indians ; yet many of them feel the great importance of having spokesmen of their own in the House of Commons, and it was a great disappointment when they heard of the defeat of Lalmohun Ghose at Deptford. He would have been an able and useful representative of Indian opinion in Parliament ; and certainly it is most desirable that when Indian questions are under discussion there should be representatives of the views held by the native population, as well as those of the official class of Europeans, who are always well represented in the House. It cannot be too well known at home that there is a wide divergence between the official and native opinion of India, and not a little friction between them. The impression of the natives is, that the English officials stand between them and their just rights and claims. They think that they keep all the high appointments for themselves and their relatives, and do not carry out the principles of the Queen's proclamation when the old East India Company was superseded. In that proclamation it was stated that no distinction would be made between race, colour, or creed, but that equal privileges would be given to all classes of her Majesty's subjects. They allege that this principle has not been acted on, and that the chief hindrance has been the opposition of the European official class. I am not giving my own opinion on this question, but am stating what I found to be a universal grievance among the natives, and it is one that must be dealt with if we wish to keep India loyal in the future.

Now, it is a remarkable fact that no such complaint is made of the British nation. There is a strong belief in their justice and good faith, and the constant desire of the Indian people is to get access to them, in order to lay their complaints before that august tribunal. They fully believe that if the British Parliament and

people were made acquainted with their grievances they would remedy them. It is almost touching to see the simplicity of their faith; and certainly I do think it is well worthy of consideration whether we could not devise some constitutional way by which India might find legitimate expression in Parliament. The most practical means suggested to me was, to give a representative to each of the three Presidencies, through their universities; the electoral body would then be the graduates of those universities, than which no better exponents could be found of the aspirations of educated India.

In close connection with this lies another reform urgently demanded by the natives. It is in the constitution of the Indian Council in London. That body, it is well known, was appointed at the time the government of India was taken over by the Crown, in order to assist the Secretary of State for India with a trained body of advisers. It numbers fifteen, and is composed of eminent members of the Indian service on their return home. Originally it seemed well fitted for the end in view. The Secretary of State for India was often inexperienced in Indian affairs, and could exercise no efficient control over the complicated machinery of Indian administration without the guidance of experts. This Council supplied the needed guidance, and no doubt has prevented many blunders being made, but it has the defect of accentuating the bureaucratic government of India and strengthening those very traditions which the Indian people are opposed to. It prevents that free criticism of the methods of government which is indispensable for the removal of abuses. It is too much like an appeal from Cæsar to Augustus, from the acting bureaucracy in India to the retired bureaucracy in London. All classes in India object to the constitution of the Indian Council. The Europeans allege that it stereotypes past methods of government, even when these are discredited; that it is behind the age, and a drag on modern progress. The natives allege that it is a deadly bar to their advancement, and prevents the Secretary for India knowing the true wishes of the people. Their desire is to abolish it altogether, and to have instead a standing Committee of Parliament to supervise Indian affairs; if that be not done, they wish the admission of a native Indian element on the Council. It seems to me that this last request is the most practicable. It is impossible for the Secretary for India, in our ever-shifting political arena, to have a real hold of the reins without the aid of an experienced Council; but it is equally true that this body can never do full justice to Indian opinion without a native representative element. I understand that in the original draft of the Council, by the then Mr. Disraeli, there were four places reserved for natives of India; if so, it was a piece of true statesmanship, and, had it been acted upon, some mistakes we now deplore (such, for

instance, as the last Afghan War) would probably not have occurred ; but it is not too late to remedy it now. It would be a graceful concession to the Indian population to act thus, and elect a certain proportion of the Council by some means which would give a genuine representation of the best native opinion, and I think that the number of seats placed at their disposal should not be less than five, or say one-third of the Council. I believe it would be of great importance that the Secretary of State for India should have this ready means of acquainting himself with Indian opinion, and, when necessary, of laying it before Parliament.

If these three reforms could be carried out—viz., representation of natives by election on the Legislative Councils of India, the return of a few members directly from India to Parliament, and the election of a proportion of the Indian Council in London by the natives of India—I believe great good would result. We should have a true knowledge of what India wants, and our policy would be moulded into forms far more acceptable to the people than it is at present. Nor are these reforms in the least revolutionary. They proceed on the old English lines of gradual progress, and in the direction of representative institutions which England, the mother of free parliaments, must act on, all the world over, if she is to be true to herself.

Next to these points—indeed, I may say in the same category with them—is the demand that the civil service should be opened on fairer terms to the natives of India. As matters stand at present, it is next to impossible for natives to pass the examinations in England, which are indispensable for entering the covenanted civil service. The age was lowered some years ago, when Lord Salisbury was Indian Secretary, from twenty-two to nineteen. There may have been some good reasons for this, but it practically closed the door on native candidates. A small number had made their way into the service at the older age, in spite of the great difficulties of coming to England and struggling through the medium of a foreign language ; but when the age was lowered to nineteen, it was found virtually impossible to get Indian youths pushed through their education in England in time to compete, and so now hardly any natives enter the covenanted civil service. It is true that certain appointments are filled up in India from natives, who are selected for fitness, and classed among what are styled “statutory civilians,” but the higher appointments are reserved mainly for the covenanted civil service, which is recruited from England through the channel of these annual examinations. Now, the view of the natives is, that if the Queen’s proclamation should be honestly carried out, and equal facilities given to all classes of her Majesty’s subjects to rise in her service, there should be entrance examinations in India as well as England.

In that case the youth of India would not have the enormous disadvantage of crossing the seas, contrary to the teaching of the Hindoo religion, and competing through the medium of a foreign tongue. One cannot but feel there is weight in this argument, and it is clear that in some way the entrance must be made easier for the natives. I think few who understand all sides of the question would consider it prudent to open the door so wide that an examination in India would fulfil all the purposes of one in England. Statesmen must face the consequences of their acts, and not act blindly on abstract principles. The youth of India mature more quickly than those of Europe. An Indian lad is developed at sixteen as far as a European at nineteen, and he much sooner reaches his full powers, and has much less outcome in after-life. Then the memory and imitative powers are very strong in the Indians, but original faculty and resource in times of difficulty are much weaker. The fact that a handful of Europeans govern India is proof that they are a much stronger race. The easy conquests of the Hindoos by repeated hosts of Mohammedan invaders from Central Asia show that the race is deficient in martial qualities, and the mere addition of European education does not change their essential character. The quickest of the Indian races are the Bengalees, and they are also the softest, and would be the first to fall under the rule of stronger races if British power were withdrawn.

It would never do to place the government of India in the hands of the weakest races of the Indian Peninsula simply because at school age they have the quickest memories and can cram more easily than a European. If entrance to the civil service were to be on precisely equal terms in India as in England, in course of time the bulk of the posts would be filled by natives drawn from those races which have never been dominant in the peninsula, and who would not be obeyed by the stronger and more martial races, such as the Sikhs and Mohammedans in the North. This principle of entrance by examination must be cautiously applied, but undoubtedly it must be extended so as to facilitate the admission of a larger number of Indian youth. It was a great mistake lowering the age for examination. An increasing number of natives possessing force of character were entering the service, and the necessity of coming to England operated as a sort of guarantee for personal energy. The education given in England imparted a higher conception of life, and put, so to speak, backbone into the Hindoo character. The successful competitors were not unworthy to enter on the race on equal terms with English-born youth. The very minimum of justice that can now be done is to restore the age to where it stood before. It would be better for the service in every way that older and more experienced men should enter it. At present the youth who go to India, even

after their two years' further education, are little more than boys, and they are suddenly put to duties requiring knowledge of life and experience of men, such as discharging magisterial duties in the interior. It is one of the crying evils of our system of government that such extensive powers are committed to mere youths. The discipline of human life, and experience of the world, are more valuable than any literary acquirements for the task of an administrator, and it would be much better that they should enter on their responsible duties somewhat later in life.

Nothing strikes a visitor from England more than the youthfulness of the Indian administrators. Duties are performed in India by men of thirty which devolve upon men of forty or fifty at home, and by the age of forty they fill posts of extraordinary power and responsibility such as with us only fall to the lot of elderly men of ripe experience. It would be a distinct gain to the service if all stages could be pushed back a little. At present, civilians may retire on full pension after twenty-five years' service, of which twenty-one must be passed in India; the result is that India loses the services of many men in the prime of life, say about forty-six. Of course the climate is very trying and enervating—many break down and many die before that age is reached; but where there are strength and vigour, as one sees in many, it is doubtful policy to encourage such early retirement. Any change that tends to bring into the service and keep there men of riper years would be a distinct gain to all concerned. But a mere change of age for the competitive examination in England will not fully meet the native demand for justice; they feel it is due to them that at least a portion of the appointments should be competed for in India, and in order to get the benefit of English training they are willing, and indeed propose, that their youth when successful should spend two years in special training in England, as our own successful candidates now do. Some compromise on this point must be arrived at. Perhaps it may be desirable to give certain appointments to natives of the numerous provinces of India by examinations conducted in those provinces, and restricted to natives of them alone, that so the difficulty may be avoided of all the prizes falling to the races with the quickest memories, but deficient in backbone and force of character. Certainly the Punjaubees are a much sturdier race than the Bengalees, but would be easily beaten by them if cramming were the only test. Our object should be to get the strongest and most upright men for administration, and to do substantial justice to the various races of India. Some plan of this kind ought to be adopted. There are special posts for which the natives are peculiarly qualified, such as judicial ones. There are now some excellent native judges, admitted by all to be equal to Europeans. The Indian mind has much legal acumen, and there is

room for a large extension of native agency in this direction. There are other appointments, again, requiring rather practical powers and force of character, for which Europeans are better fitted. The weakness of the Hindoo mind lies in hair-splitting and subtle distinctions, and a European who can neither write nor speak so fluently will often be a safer and better administrator. Then it is beyond doubt that the English conception of truth and honesty is much higher. The lower native officials are constantly charged by the educated natives themselves with being corrupt; but they allege that this is owing to their being uneducated and badly paid, and they allege that this vice will not be found in high-class men who have enjoyed English education and are well paid. There is truth in this view, for most of the few native officials who fill high posts, such as the judges of the High Courts, are admitted to be pure. There is such a thing as *esprit de corps* in all professions, and if natives are judiciously mixed with Europeans in the highly paid services, especially after being in England, they will generally imbibe the same honourable ideas.

The true policy of Government would seem to be to make appointments according to fitness, and a chief element in the fitness must be honesty and force of character. When that is found wanting, neither native nor European should be chosen. It is unhappily true that black sheep are sometimes found even among European officials, and I fear there can be no doubt that the natives believe that some of them are not immaculate. Nothing could be more fatal to our predominance in India than the spread of such a belief. Prestige in its best sense counts for a great deal in India. We hold our position there because in the main the natives believe us to be upright and courageous. They bear with much that is distasteful to them so long as they see we possess these imperial qualities, but let that belief disappear and no force that we possess will hold India. It is therefore of the highest importance that where well-founded suspicions of corruption exist the natives should have the power of interpellating the Executive, and demanding an inquiry. It is clear that, if we object to the large introduction of the native element on the ground of this danger, we must like Cæsar's wife be above suspicion. Before passing from this branch of the subject, I would remark that the posts most exposed to this temptation are those of Residents at Native Courts. The semi-independent princes, who still rule over fully fifty millions of natives, all have British Residents attached to their Courts, who enjoy large powers and supervise their foreign relations. At most Native Courts corruption and bribery are matters of course, and, unless men of stern principle are selected for these posts, influences not of the highest are sure to be brought to bear upon them. It is in this direction that

native suspicion points, and it is here that strict watchfulness must be observed if the British name is to maintain its proud position.

I cannot forbear adding here that in the opinion of many the civil service is not what it once was. It is alleged that a rougher and less gentlemanly class of men enter it than in the old days; that they take less interest in the natives of India, and aim more at saving money and leaving the country with their pensions as soon as they can. The natives allege, with some truth, that the Europeans do not settle in their country, or in any sense make it their home; that they are mere birds of passage, and have not even the same interest in the country that the old East India Company's servants had. The facilities of communication with Europe, and the frequent furloughs, lead to constant coming and going, and keep up in the minds of the official class the feeling that they are exiled from home, and must return as soon as possible. The old East India servants seldom visited England, and often lived and died in India, making it their home. All that is changed now. The European officials have usually their families in England, their heart is there, and they count the days till they can see them again. The natives complain that this gives a provisional and ever-changing character to British administration; that it lacks stability, and is not adequately identified with the country; and it is one of their strongest reasons for holding that we must gradually replace European by native agency as fast as the people are educated up to it.

Another complaint which they make of our system is that the officials are incessantly shifted from place to place, and seldom remain long enough to gain personal knowledge of the people. Sometimes a grievous mistake is made by the arbitrary decision of an official; but he goes to another place before he is made to feel the consequences of his error, and so the sense of responsibility is weakened, and there is no effectual check against proved incapacity. In times of scarcity or famine a mistake made by a district officer may cost the lives of thousands of people. A wrong view taken at head-quarters, as happened once in Orissa and once in the North-West Provinces, may cost the lives of millions, as it did in both these instances; yet from the constant shifting of officers these terrible lessons do not produce their proper fruit. It is hardly possible to say who is to blame when gigantic mistakes are made. The pieces on the chess-board are always being moved from place to place, and an impersonal "Department" hides behind an impenetrable veil the mistakes and even the grave faults of individual officers.

Unless we take into account the whole working of the bureaucratic machinery of the Indian Government, we shall not do justice

to the native complaints of its inefficiency. Neither shall we recognize how right it is that a larger devolution of its functions be made upon the natives themselves. Hindoo officials have no families to support abroad; they prefer living and dying in their own native place; they invest their savings at home, and the wealth that they acquire fertilizes their country. It is no wonder, therefore, that they call for a change in our system, and though it be true that this change can only be made gradually and with many precautions against abuse, yet it is certain to come, and it is far better that it come with a good grace from ourselves than be wrenched from us, as it may be in some time of sore trouble.

Before parting from this branch of the subject, I must refer to one more complaint brought by the natives against our administrative machinery. I allude to the annual migration of the Supreme Government to Simla during the hot season, and of the local Governments to their respective hill-stations. This practice only commenced in the time of Lord Lawrence, but is now an integral part of our system of government. The hot weather lasts for six or eight months, and is very trying to Europeans; the atmosphere of the hills is delightful and bracing, and enables white men to enjoy much better health, and to perform more work than is possible on the plains. After the deaths of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and others, due very much to the effects of climate, it was found that it was not wise to send middle-aged men from England to live in such a climate as Bengal during the hot season, especially when railways had brought the hill-stations within easy reach, and the important decision was taken to make Simla the seat of the Viceroy during the hot weather. The local Governments soon followed suit, and the chief officials went along with them. Delightful summer abodes now crown the various hill-stations of India, and those who resort to them enjoy an improved European climate even under a tropical sun. Yet this salubrious change is not without grave drawbacks: it removes the high-class Europeans from touch with the native population, and surrounds the Viceroy and Governors during more than half the year with an exclusively official element. At a conference I had with the British Indian Association at Calcutta, it was likened to Mr. Gladstone directing the policy of England from the Riviera; the comparison is by no means far-fetched. The whole tendency of such a life is to isolate the governing class from the governed; as was once said of the House of Lords, "they are up in a balloon" and out of sound or hearing of common humanity. It also leads to the great multiplication of written reports. Government being removed from contact with the district officers, a voluminous correspondence has to be kept up, and matters often occupy months of discussion which might be settled in a few minutes "*viva voce*." I heard on all

hands of the enormous increase of report-writing in India, and of the pernicious effect it had on the usefulness of the district officers ; men who should be moving about among the natives, seeing with their own eyes and hearing with their own ears, were tied to their desks all day, filling up reams of paper with lengthened despatches.

The practice of despatch-writing has grown to be a fine art in India ; but as it has grown so has the far more important art of moving about in the districts and keeping touch with the natives declined. In the old East India Company's days there was far less letter-writing and more personal intercourse with the natives. In trying to supervise the action of district officers, we have gone to the other extreme, and reduced our officials too much to the level of clerks of a Government Department. The personal touch of a strong man counts for far more among Asiatics than with us, and, what with the hill-stations and endless despatch-writing, the European chiefs are becoming invisible to the natives, and losing that magical power of personal influence which distinguished our early administrators, and helped not a little to create the empire.

Some further remarks on the condition of India I must reserve for a following article.

S. M. S. S. S.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD: A FIGHT FOR ART.

III.

MY plans henceforth were steadily made with a view to bringing to a conclusion work already on hand, in order to obtain freedom for my Eastern projects; yet now that the keen pressure of economical considerations (which had made me agree to the repetition of the group of sheep in "The Hireling Shepherd") was removed, I was disposed to make an original picture for the commission, and when I made this proposal to Mr. Maude he agreed to it without hesitation. My friends, the Martincaus, had entertained me at Fairlight, and I longed to make one of the lovely landscapes in the neighbourhood the scene of my subject. About this time I had the happiness to meet Edward Lear, and we agreed to take lodgings together near Hastings and to paint in company. Accordingly, we were established in August at Clive Vale Farm, and for the first week he came with me to the cliff, painting at my side, singing very often, telling stories of his many wanderings when our attention was sufficiently disengaged to do so, talking of future plans for tracking the footsteps of great heroes, and exercising me in Italian continually, as a preparation for my journeyings. At the end of about ten days, the heavenly weather we began with was broken up, and although this disturbance passed away, the interval was followed by a succession of storms, causing doubtful opportunities for out-of-door work. One calm morning, on arriving at my cliff, there was so thick a sea-mist that I could not see the distance. Leaving my picture-case still closed, I spread my rug and took out a little book to read. I was disturbed by advancing footsteps, and on looking up, a visitor, declared to be a painter by canvas and portentous easel in hand, was close upon me. As I did not wish to encourage interruptions, I resumed my study. Soon my brother of the brush stood behind, challenging me with "A

fine morning!" I said, somewhat curtly, that it was not much to my taste, but my visitor remained. He inquired whether I was making a sketch of the spot in oil or water, &c. &c., and I returned that I was trying my hand, when the weather permitted, with oil-colours. He persevered, until I thought myself rude in my reserve. He chattered on, that many distinguished artists had been working in the neighbourhood lately. Clint had only left last week. Did I know him? "Yes, I do by name," I replied. Tom Danby had also been sketching there. "Do you know *him*?" "Yes; indeed, I am happy in being the possessor of a picture by him in my small and choice collection," I said. At this his opinion of me seemed to grow, and he talked long of other celebrated artists and of what they were doing, not at all discouraged by my show of desire to continue my reading. At last, to escape the charge of being a downright bear, I remarked that painters recently appeared to make a greater point of working direct from Nature. "Yes," he replied, "all but the Pre-Raphaelites." "Oh! I have been given to understand," I said, "that they make a principle of doing everything from Nature." "That's their humbug; they try to make ignorant people believe it; but in fact they do everything in their own studios." At this I looked fully up from my book, and said: "Well, of course I don't know—how should I? But I have heard it stated so positively, that, whatever their failings and incapacity, they do give themselves the chance of getting at truth by going to the fountainhead, that your assurance to the contrary surprises me. May I ask whether you speak this from hearsay or from your own knowledge?—One second," I added. "I was really made to believe that Millais and Hunt, with Collins, were living together last summer in Surrey, and that there they painted the 'Ophelia,' 'The Huguenot,' and 'The Hireling Shepherd,' which were in the Academy this year." "Not a word of truth in it," he said; "you have been entirely imposed upon. I know them as well as I know myself." "Personally?" I asked, looking fixedly at him. "Yes," he said; "and they are all thorough charlatans. Don't you know how they do their landscapes? I will tell you. I've seen them do it. When they want to paint a tree they have one single leaf brought to them, and a piece of the bark, and they go on repeating these until they have completed their Brummagem tree. They paint a field in the same manner, repeating one single blade of grass until the whole space is covered; and they call that Nature." "By Jupiter!" I ejaculated. "I am quite surprised to learn that they are such barefaced impostors." And my visitor wished me again "Good morning," saying that he was glad he had been able to undeceive me; and called out as he walked away to a cottage up the glen, where he was painting: "You may take my word for that." His word for it! It was at first-

hand too, and quite as good as "the very best authority" often then and still quoted for enforcement of conclusions. I never saw him any more, or I might have become much wiser.

In the intervals of my attention to the picture from the cliff, I commenced the little landscape of "Fairlight Downs." "The Strayed Sheep" was finished only when the equinoctial gales and their suite of rains and wind had often marred the day's work, and my extension of the original purpose in the picture had proved not so slight an addition of work as I had contemplated; so that my rent at home, the bills at my Fairlight lodgings, and the cost of materials and carriage had exceeded the price (70 guineas) which was to be paid for the picture. I had finished my last sheep in a heavy shower of rain. Altogether I was in low spirits when I returned to town, and I dreaded to look at my work lest it should be disappointing. After some three or four days, however, I opened the box, and was relieved to find how far it represented all my intention. I wrote to Mr. Charles Maude, telling him that I had given the additional inches to the canvas solely for my own satisfaction; that I had intended to say nothing whatever about it, but that having found it resulted in costing me so much extra work, I wondered whether he would be shocked at my proposing that, after all, I should make the repetition of the group of sheep in "The Hireling Shepherd," as at first proposed, and that I should have "The Strayed Sheep" to sell independently. This was suggested, however, with a full acknowledgment of his claim upon the painting for the price agreed upon. He generously admitted my right to larger remuneration, and offered £120, which I gratefully accepted. To the picture, later, was awarded the £60 prize at Birmingham.

This little picture, with the portrait of the young Welsh curate, afterwards Canon Jenkyns, entitled "New College Cloisters," and the "Claudio and Isabella," were my contributions for 1853. Egg had watched the last with the greatest kindness and interest from the beginning. He agreed that I should be right in putting it aside whenever there was opportunity of doing larger work. On the Sunday before opening-day he came, telling me that it had obtained an excellent place in the first room. Further, that on the morning of the dinner it was much discussed and had won many warm admirers; that Lord Grosvenor—I write entirely from memory—did not profess to like the school or this picture himself, but that one of his friends approved it so much that if it could be bought for 300 guineas, his Lordship would purchase it as a present. Egg urged then that I should take the opportunity to obtain a fair price for my work, saying that he would cheerfully wait my convenience for the picture of a single figure for the £25 he had paid to me; but I said, "I shall do no such thing, my dear

friend. When I began the picture the market value of the work was proved not to be fifty guineas—not more than twenty-five. Had you not come forward with an offer of this, the picture would never have been done at all. If it had not been put by for my convenience, there would have been just the same temper towards it as was shown to other works of mine.” He pressed his point until I affected indignation, and added: “You little know what an obstinate dragon I am when thoroughly provoked. The picture is yours, sir, and nobody else’s. You may do what you like with it. Pray, assure Lord Grosvenor that I am truly flattered by his intention, but that I have nothing whatever to do with the possession of the picture.” Afterwards Egg asked me to come and have a little dinner with him alone at Greenwich, “to make it up.” He made a speech, and I returned thanks to him as my patron. And some three years later, I was amiable enough to receive an old-fashioned sideboard which had been turned out of Kensington Palace, and which he had wisely rescued; and we remained the dearest friends till he died. How I love now to call up his handsome, kindly face! I ought here to add, that a few nights after my interview with the artist who had originally given me a commission and had then withdrawn it, he and Egg were at another artist’s house, and I was told by a third person present (never by Egg) that he began saying to all: “Young Hunt called on me the other morning, asserting that I had given him a commission for fifty guineas, but I soon told him that I had never done so; and he showed me some designs, which I declared to him candidly were odious and full of affectation.” At this Egg said “Stop!” And beginning at one end of the table, he went round to nearly every guest, asking, “Were you not at Forster’s two years ago with Charles Reade?” When all had remembered, he went on: “Did —— or did he not come in, boasting that he had asked Hunt to paint a picture of one or two figures for fifty guineas?” Egg would have no evasions, and every one remembered the circumstance. “As for the rest,” he added, “Hunt brought the drawings from you to me, and I declared they were admirable, and I have persuaded him to commence the ‘Claudio and Isabella,’ and you shall all judge of it in time.” —— was silenced, but he never forgave me. Men don’t when they have done you an injustice, or even a deliberative rudeness.

Millais that year had his great picture of “The Order of Release.” The art critic in the *Times* had been removed, and Tom Taylor was put in his place. Gradually the whole world was turning round, but oracles had to guard themselves from suspicion of too sudden a conversion. In the press of people on the first day I was near a group of very authoritative critics of the loud-talking kind. One was prominent who had scrupled at nothing to oppose us, giving, in

the intervals of the Exhibition, information to the public of our doings for the forthcoming year, entirely opposed to truth. He was accosted with, "Well; it seems as though the P.R.B. were looking up." And he replied, "Yes; Millais is decidedly coming forward; but I hate his followers!" The chance shot—for he did not know me—could not have been better directed, and it brought into greater distinctness the need of proving that P.R.B.-ism was of wide application, and that each expounder of its principles could find regions for enterprise which would show even to the least reflective, that amongst the originators there was no following of one by the other. I began, therefore, to declare more openly my intention of carrying out the long-conceived plan of going to the East. My good friend Mr. Combe had from the first taken the greatest interest in the project. We had talked of it in many a ramble across Port Meadow, about the Chirwell, and over Abingdon and Shotover; and he then almost hoped to come out to me for a time to Palestine.

And now I was able to get partly out of debt. I paid back the money advanced me by my generous friend Millais, and I gave instalments to my landlady, who could not be persuaded to receive at once the whole of the sum which I owed, fearing that I was inconveniencing myself. How often I had suffered almost unbearable pain at passing her and her husband, week after week, without being able even to talk of annulling my debt! I was now painting steadily at "The Light of the World." The window which had before served me for sunlight now monthly allowed me to receive moonlight upon the little group of objects that were placed to help me paint the effect of the lantern-light mixing with that of the silvery night. The ivy I had already painted, and the long grass and weeds were completed; but I had made up an imitation door with adjuncts, and had placed a lay-figure for the drapery, with the lantern to shine upon it duly; in the day I could screen out the sun, and at night I removed the blinds to let in the moon. A board in the balcony was so adjusted that from the street scarcely anything could be seen through this window, the other lit my canvas by day; by night the venetians were often not quite down enough to hide me and the easel completely. I would sit at my work from eight or nine p.m. till four a.m., and this I continued till the moon no longer suited. This went on for some months. Once, riding home on the omnibus to Chelsea, the driver was talking about the characters of an eccentric kind peculiar to the neighbourhood; and having spoken with amusement of Carlyle—of his staid aspect and his slow gait—he added he had been told "as how he got his living by teaching people to write." "But I'll show you a queerer character than all, if you're coming round the corner," he

went on. "You can see him well from the 'bus; he is a cove in the first floor as has a something standing all night at one winder, while he sits down at the other, or stands, and seemingly is a-drawing of it. He does not go to bed like other Christians, but stays long after the last 'bus has come in: and, as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four out goes the gas, down comes the gemman, opens the street-door, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and when he gets to the end he turns and runs back again, opens his door, goes in, and nobody sees no more of him." But that night the "cove" was not there, as it turned out, and the driver said, with disappointment, "Ah! it's unlucky; this ain't one o' his nights."

While I was working thus, Egg came about a design of "The Awakened Conscience" which he had greatly approved. I had been led to it by the beautiful verse in Proverbs, "As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart," when I was seeking for a *material* interpretation of the idea in "The Light of the World." Egg had been speaking of it to Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Fairbairn, and the latter took so much interest in the subject that soon he commissioned me to finish the picture for him. Without the support of a patron, I could not, in my still precarious position, venture to complete it. I did this with "The Light of the World," just finished, and while I was making my arrangements for travel. My good friend Egg urged me carefully to reconsider this resolution to go abroad: he insisted that it was only after a very great and long struggle that I had succeeded in getting recognition; that now there was an excellent prospect for me; that the world must be taken as it was, and that it would hold to the fashion that a painter, once known, should be accommodating enough to keep to one class of subjects and character of work, so that there should be no difficulty in distinguishing his productions. It was conducive too, to a man's fortune, to be *en evidence*. He knew of cases where men, changing their subjects, and being away for a time, had to begin the battle all over again. "How do you know," he said, "it would not be so with you? And that is assuming that the untried difficulties alone would not prevent you from making a success of your experiment."

My answer was that I regarded the fashion he spoke of as a very unwholesome one in its influence on English Art, and that even hitherto my own practice had ignored it greatly, inasmuch as I had already painted pictures of very varying subjects and sentiments; that an artist should not be limited in his interests; that he ought to find the world brimful of novel beauty and harmony even in scenes which on the surface looked very diverse; and that he should devote himself to exemplifying the extent of this all-pervading perfection. To the argument that I should go only for a few months to make sketches,

and come back to paint from these, I demurred that others had done this—Roberts to wit, and Wilkie had intended to do so; that I was convinced the sketches by the latter would have had no great purpose had he lived to make use of them for pictures. Further, I explained that I had an earnest desire to illustrate the greatest of all histories; that in my teens I had read Volney and Voltaire, and these, with Byron and Shelley and the “*Vestiges of Creation*” later, had quite converted me to Materialism. “Had I been wiser,” I said, “I should have gained the good and not the evil from the independent study of these thinkers and poets. Now I am a freethinker more than when I dubbed myself specially so, because I am free from bondage to incredulous as much as to conventional dictators. There are arguments in Materialism itself which are convincing to me of future life, and therefore of future purpose, and of the service of souls made perfect by previous training. I am satisfied that the Father of all has not left us—made as we are with infinite care and thought, with intelligence to understand this, with the carefully stored-up inheritance of all our predecessors in faculties, hopes, and higher love, advancing so slowly to the dream of heavenly perfection from such a remote beginning, bewildering in its infinity—only to disappear in the black abyss. What an impotent conclusion! For me, this would be aimless mockery! The inheritance that the Greatest of the sons of God has won for us has its welcome in my soul. I want now to carry out my purpose of travel in Palestine, to prove, so far as my painting can, that Christianity is a living faith; that the fullest realization of its wondrous story cannot unspiritualize it; that, followed up, new lessons and fresh interests may present themselves by the teaching of Art: it was used to teach, not only to divert, in the days when it was at its highest. The mere conventional treatment of the eternal story is altogether doomed. Its claims are too momentous to be trifled with. Adverse criticism is directed against Revelation as a whole, and against the doctrine of the Resurrection as taught by Christ in particular. Such honest and open attacks are less dangerous than the retention of mere disproved and dead adjuncts to its history, retained reverently but unthinkingly by traditionalists. I am not afraid of the full truth, and I wish to help in propagating it. So you will see that I have too many motives of a solemn character all joining to induce me to go, and that these cannot be weighed down by considerations of professional prosperity.” At which Egg said, very quaintly, “*Well, perhaps you’re right.*”

With “*The Light of the World*” standing nearly complete upon the easel, I was surprised one morning by the sound of carriage wheels driven up to the side door, a very loud knocking, and the names of Lady Canning and the Countess of Waterford preluding

the ascent of the ladies. I think they said that Mr. Ruskin had assured them that they might call to see the picture. My room, with windows free, overlooking the river, was as cheerful as any to be found in London; but I had not made any effort to remove traces of the pinching suffered till the previous month or so, and to find chairs with perfect seats to them was not easy. But the beautiful sisters were supremely superior to giving trace of any surprise. It might have seemed that they had always lived with broken furniture by preference; and when one of them took a chair by the back, placed her knee in the perforated seat, and so balanced her queenly person as she stood looking and talking, it might have been thought that the piece of furniture had been prepared for that especial purpose, and no other whatever. They were both seriously interested in my picture. I may say here that I had incorporated all the occult meaning in the details of the design with no idea that they would be for any other mind than my own. It was natural to me, when designing the picture, to follow the consistent threads of the suggestion, which making it a night scene conveyed, and which the spirituality of the figure necessitated. They were in wait, to elucidate, not to obscure the meaning, as some pretend; and as I never gave any explanation of them, and they have been interpreted truly, they have served this purpose fully. I found these ladies—among my first spectators—already had their minds interested in the mystic treatment; although I think they were not prevented on that account from looking at the picture as a picture should always be regarded—for its delectability to the eye. A few days after their visit a letter came from Lady Canning, asking the price of the work. I therefore wrote to Mr. Combe, in accordance with a compact from the beginning, that when finished I should let him know the price before selling it to any other. I asked 400 guineas, which he immediately returned to me, and so the picture became his.

One further particular about the design. When the subject of Christ knocking at the door first was undertaken by me, I thought it had never been treated before. I knew Longfellow's volume fairly well, but I had no memory of having read the beautiful sonnet from *Lopas de Vega*. On coming to town I went to see the German prints of the subject, spoken of to me by a friend as forestalling my picture, but they were such meaningless vapidities that I became more content with my theme. A short time after the two ladies came I had another visitor. He was a distinguished picture-dealer. Mr. Linnell had sent him, as he explained, to see an important religious picture which I had just painted. I replied that the only work of mine he could refer to was the one before him on the easel. No, he said, that could not be the one he meant, for it was a really important picture, and he had come to see if we could not do

business for it. Not till I told him this was already sold did he seem to think it was worth buying, and then he exhibited desire to get it from Mr. Combe. The instinct to care for nothing till others desire it, is amusingly shown by picture-buyers, with but few exceptions.

"The Awakened Conscience" was completed about the 16th January 1854, and the same night I took the train to Dover for Paris. There I found an artist still training himself in the French school, whom Rossetti and I had become acquainted with on our previous visit. It led at last to his giving up art. I stayed a day or two going about to the old haunts with him; and on the night of the 19th I went on to Chalons, and thence journeyed down the Saône, in a thick fog, with heavy bell clanging the while, to Lyons, where it was still cloudy; and the next morning I took the boat on the Rhône to Avignon, where first in my life I saw the mountains with clouds uplifted, and the southern sky beyond canopied Italy.

Seddon was for a time to be my companion in the East, which I reached by way of Marseilles and Malta: he was waiting me in Cairo. Lear had gone up the Nile, but on coming down I saw him for a day. I stayed in Egypt, preparing myself for my more serious work with reading, observation, painting of landscape in oil and water designing, and the commencement of the little picture called "The Lantern Maker's Courtship." It was of an incident I saw in the bazaar. I first thus put to the test the practicability of getting models, which, although John Lewis had lived there seven years, was much more difficult than now. The picture belongs to Mr. Charles Matthews. I also began, when living at the Pyramids, a head of a village girl, which I afterwards finished as "The After-glow," the title intending to express nothing but that the light is not that of the sun, and that although the meridian glory of ancient Egypt has passed away, there is still a poetic reflection of this in the aspect of life there. It was the one illumination which I found to suit the subject in Nature—the strong second glow which comes in the East when the sun has sunk a few minutes. I find it necessary thus to insist that, while I make mystic subjects bear reserved meanings, I have no unusual intention when treating natural facts. The small picture of the same title was made to try a treatment of the complete composition. This belongs to Mrs. Combe; the large picture, with flying pigeons instead of the calf, &c., to Mr. C. Matthews.

At the end of May we hired a *diarbeah*, and went down the Nile to Damietta; and thence, in an Arab coasting-boat, laden with rice and many native passengers, we went on to Jaffa. On June 2 we arrived at Jerusalem. I had during my journey decided to paint "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" for my first subject. At first we stayed in the Casa Nuova, and I went about drinking in

the extraordinary new life in which I was, as it were, swimming. Each day I gained an accession of substantiality in my conceptions of Judaic history, and I rejoiced more and more that I had carried out my purpose. Away from the penny post and the distractions of London—great even when indulged in so little as I had done—I had increased leisure for reading, and both biblical and classical scripture seemed to have unlimited intensification with the life illustrating every epoch of human society around one. I have met many persons and many books, and not a few pictures, bearing testimony that familiarity with the surroundings of holy history have encouraged a lower conception of that history than before. No such effect has it produced on my mind. I am not afraid of looking the matter through and through. I can without loss of reverence allow that the children to whom the Father's messages were given did use their own faltering lisps, and express themselves with the light of their own age alone; but I recognize through all a Divine charge, a Father's adjuration to faith and trust. Brothers and sisters accept the parent's authority; they learn that He is at hand, though the infant lips spoke the word in their own prattling manner. In fulness of time a due interpretation arrives from Him who alone knows the end from the beginning. Perhaps, with less opportunity of knowing the real history, the Parisian sentimental travesty of the Gospels by Renan or the romance by Strauss, suiting modern intellect, would impress me with some of the respect which so many men have for them. To me their theories present far greater obstacles to faith than the original Gospels offer. Is it beside the mark, in writing of my professional life, to say this? I think not; for I wish always to paint—as men are supposed to write—what I believe, although sometimes it may be with playful interpretation.

When I began to work on my canvas I came to real and serious difficulties. Most of the Jews I applied to entirely refused to sit, and when I had begun from others their friends remonstrated with them, and finding I could not get them again, I had to erase my commencement, and try another—with the same result. The rabbis published an excommunication against all who entered my house, and the report went about that I was an emissary from the mission, who was bent upon making doubles of the faithful Jews, that these, being baptized, should effect the Christianizing of the originals. It seemed as though I should fail in my object. Damascus I heard would be no better for me. What could I do? To go back with no finished picture would be a terrible defeat. But I had one resource. The subject of "The Scapegoat" had much struck me when I had been searching Leviticus for the ceremonies of Jewish worship. I had thought of telling Landseer of it; but I could paint it with greater advantages in the very country it belonged to; so I deter-

mined to go and search for my background down at the remote end of the Dead Sea, and I found it there in an ever-memorable journey made with Mr. Beamont, of Warrington, who had come out to see his son, the Rev. W. J. Beamont, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was then established in the "City of Peace." In October I set out again, this time alone—with Arabs to guide and guard me and my tent—to Usdum, and there I planted my canvas on the margin of the sea of Lot, and painted my background, but only sketching in the goat—from one I had brought with me that I might better arrange his form with the landscape. The Crimean war was then going on; all the troops had been withdrawn from Syria, and the whole country was in disorder; but with some hair-breadth escapes on the way, I got back to Jerusalem with my picture and myself in sound condition.

I had then to paint the animal. I employed a poor Jew to tend him; and as I brought my work to a close I found that the interdict had been withdrawn through the influence of a Jewish friend, and I was able then to stay on and progress with the "Temple" picture, until I had painted all the doctors but one. In October or November 1855 I sent all my pictures and traps straight to Oxford. "The Scapegoat" had already gone, but it had arrived too late for that year's Exhibition. I then set off northward to Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Damascus and the Lebanon; taking ship at Beyrout for Constantinople and the Crimea, seeing and meeting with wonders on the way—all the more awe-striking from my despondent reflections while still "within my narrower fate."

I arrived in England at the beginning of February 1856, having been away two years and one month. I had but a very small amount of money remaining. I had brought back about a dozen water-colours finished, and another half-dozen nearly so. The only painting quite complete was "The Scapegoat": this had taken me about eight months. I asked for it 400 guineas without copyright. I wanted for the drawings not much more than would restore the money I had spent in doing them, and *not one would sell for a long time*. All manner of difficulties taxed me. My father had lost his health through the lawsuit which had taken away his competence. My picture gained a good place at the Academy—principally, as I heard, through the firmness of one member. Lord Palmerston, at the dinner, made it a principal topic in his speech; the *Times* published an independent leader about it; it was talked of in every London party; and there it hung *unsold*. One gentleman did indeed write to say that he would give me £200 for it, and promised to hang it as a pendant to a Landseer. He did not inquire what it had cost me to paint it; but I knew, and could not accept the offer. But greater clouds came: my excellent father died, and at last I had to give up

the copyright with the price demanded, to another applicant. While undergoing this experience, with the fear that Egg's prophecy was or would be fulfilled, I was staying at Oxford to finish the small "Light of the World," and Mr. Combe discussed with me my position. He knew my feelings towards the Academy, and that the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers had found the example of John Linnell, in not belonging to the body, a constant shield against the argument that we must be bad artists because our works were not approved by it; and he was aware that I wished to take up the same position—with all its fair disadvantages—for the benefit of future young men who might be striving to advance the taste of the country, and that I knew some others would do the same. He urged that every one of my companions who talked loudly against the Institution would go in directly he had a chance; that a body of sixty men—damning with open enmity and faint praise, repeated everywhere by their agents and friends—no one could stand against. "You have heavy claims on you, which you must meet," he said, "and you must do the best for yourself." I was pledged to no one. We were talking over the matter on the eve of the very last day for candidates to put down their names; and Mr. Combe ended by urging me to go up by early train the next day, to make sure that the application was made in due form. I gave up my own convictions then from respect to his judgment, and on the morrow, coming up to town, I left my name with Mr. Knight, the secretary. After the next election-day I was told by one of the members present that one vote alone was recorded for me, and I resolved never to agree to any election of myself while the constitution was in any degree such as it was, which was exactly what it now is. I was sorry to give up exhibiting there, too; but I soon saw that the Institution was a very jealous mistress—in that respect like Art herself—that she must be loved all in all, or not at all; hence I have found independent means of showing my works.

For four years after my return to England I had to keep "The Finding of the Saviour" often with its face to the wall while I was working at pot-boilers, to get the means to advance it at all; and frequently when I obtained a little money I could only work a week at the picture before the demand for rent, taxes, or some debt made itself heard. I received more than one letter from nameless admirers of former pictures, pointing out how I was neglecting my duty by not producing another great painting. To escape the loss of a further season, Mr. Combe lent me £300, with which I finished the work. It is not to reveal my own private troubles that I relate these things—other English painters have had worse. It is to save future artists from the narrow-minded opposition which I had to stem at every fresh effort. The picture itself is not in the collection at Bond

Street, but a careful duplicate, with but little variation, is there; and people may look at the other or at this, and consider whether it was consistent with any profession of interest in the attainment by England of a glory in Art (such as she deservedly has in other great pursuits) that a man who had produced the earlier work should have been left in the best years of his life, despite the fact of great diligence and carefulness, without means to continue his chosen task, except with vexatious interruptions, from sheer want of money. An artist, it is conceded, is not at all times able to judge his own work, but after twenty or thirty years, what he did is no longer seen through the mists of vanity, or the hopes and prejudices of the moment of production. Moreover, may I not ask whether our enemies are not now proved to have been wrong? Their violence proceeded either from my incompetence to deal with art, and that also of Rossetti and Millais to paint, or from the ignorance and injustice of our jury. Such unbounded condemnation on their part was either *very* right or *very* wrong. If Rossetti's "Annunciation" was contemptible then, it cannot be worthy enough for the nation to purchase now. If Millais' "Isabella" picture was atrocious then, it is not fitting of a high place in the Liverpool permanent Art Gallery. The company I was condemned with is admitted now to be of the highest order. Mr. Ruskin's letter on "The Light of the World," when in 1854 it was on exhibition at the Royal Academy, will show that, as with all my pictures at first, it was too novel for the slow public to accept. Had it not been sold to a friend, it would probably have for long remained on my hands; but, as in other cases, it justified itself in the end. So constant was such experience that I was obliged to avoid taking up a new idea, knowing that I should be starved while the world was finding out the shallowness of the critics' strictures. I could only pay my way by doing replicas of pictures which had run the gauntlet of abuse, and at last won favour. I had temptations from dealers to keep to one particular line of subject—to do what might be companions to either the "Rienzi," "The Missionary," the "Valentine," the "Claudio and Isabella," "The Strayed Sheep," or "The Light of the World," "The Scapegoat," and so on; but this idea was ever a miserable one to me. When I had to repeat myself I did so professedly and openly.

Had we found a public showing only a reasonable amount of interest and independence of taste, and of faith that our countrymen could and should win glory for the nation, I know that my two companions would have done greater things than can easily be imagined, and I can assert that what I now show of my life's work would be but a tithe of what there would be; but even yet, I thank God, the day leaves me opportunity to work with my might. What was wanting in our early works was that Time

had not interpreted them. He has now passed his hand over them tenderly in all ways; and so miraculously in respect to public taste, that their authors may at least claim to be "Time-honoured." If art from abroad—of which much appears in this country—with the vilest inspirations, rarely indeed with profitable, still less with ennobling aims, and often with very limited artistic excellence, is received with fashionable acclamation, and Englishmen are encouraged to imitate it, I do not see how any attempt to raise the spirit of native art can have much success.

Before concluding, it is meet that I should say a few words about the reception of two of my important Oriental paintings. The Temple picture, by the enterprise of M. Gambart, and "The Shadow of Death," by the liberality of Messrs. Agnew and Son, did indeed, as I am often told, gain larger prices than any English pictures had done before; but of both I may say that I risked and endured very much to execute them, and that no pictures ever cost so much to their painters.

Whether the facts given above will tend to dissipate golden dreams indulged by many young men who choose art as a *business*, I will not decide; but if this were so, and it sifted our ranks, I think it might be no misfortune either to the deserters or to those who remained. I don't think that more than 5 per cent. of my fellow-students remained in the profession. Mine is a very, very tender revelation of the real truth of the difficulties of the pursuit in England; but I think that even a cursory consideration of the present condition of general taste, as shown in these pages, and not less elsewhere, will tend to convince the impartial world that England has managed to invent a system for "the encouragement of art" which is about as false and destructive in its operation as any that human ingenuity could have devised.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

NOTE.—Mrs. James Collinson, the widow of my old fellow-P.R.B., writes, objecting to her husband being represented in my last article as having left the "Catholic religion." I regret exceedingly that I should have caused her, or any of her friends, pain by my statement, which I may say was made on the strength of a conversation held with him one night when we met by chance in Brompton, about twenty years since. Then he spoke freely of laxer views than he had held in earlier times; but doubtless he would have spoken more guardedly had he thought the words would be accepted in their strictest sense.—W. H. H.

THE EXPANSION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

AT a recent meeting (March 24) of the Church Reform Conference, I submitted the following resolution:—

“That the only means by which the Church of England can vindicate her comprehensive name is by so widening her conditions of communion as to embrace ‘the whole Christian thought and life of the nation;’ and that for this end the abolition of Subscription and the repeal of the Acts of Uniformity (provision being made at the same time for the adequate share of the laity in the work of Church administration) are measures of primary, immediate, and indispensable importance.”

This resolution is based avowedly on the conviction that a long continuance of the present state of things in the Church of England is an impossibility. There can be little doubt, if there be any, that the measure called disendowment is in England impracticable; and as to the real meaning and purpose of what is termed disestablishment we are seemingly in darkness. But if it means simply that things would then be as they are now, with only this difference, that appeal to the Crown would be cut off and the Royal Supremacy nullified, the result of the measure, if carried, would be the setting up of an ecclesiastical tyranny as hard as that from which we have been almost wholly set free after a struggle of some hundred years. Such a change would throw back for generations the progress of English thought, and intensify the wrongs of which the Nonconformists now most righteously complain. If the latter cannot receive the full privileges of Church-membership, it is hard to see how the present condition of things can be long maintained. The danger of a catastrophe can be averted by one course only.

The purpose of doing what might be in its power to make the Church of England coextensive with the whole Christian thought and

life of the nation has been already avowed by the Church Reform Conference. But the committee by whom it has been guided seem to think that their end will be best attained (not by the removal of existing restrictions, but) by setting up in each parish an assembly which shall share with the incumbent the work of Church government, the argument being that the people will by a process of self-education be brought to see the vast importance of the interests committed to their hands, and will sooner or later demand and carry all the further changes which may be necessary. The scheme is, in short, a proposal for the government of the Church on the principles of Mr. Albert Grey's Church Boards Bill; and it puts off indefinitely all action affecting immediately any who lie beyond the limits of the Church of England. If English Nonconformists have any grounds for complaint, these are not for the present to be taken into consideration.

The point at issue, then, is nothing less than this—whether the Church of England shall continue to work on with its present limitations, or at once embrace, in the words of her own daily prayer, “all who profess and call themselves Christians;” and whether, again, the efforts of Nonconformists shall or shall not be diverted from the vague cry for some undefined and unexplained change, called Disestablishment, to a real and life-giving reform.

It is only in a technical sense that the Church of England can at present be spoken of as the National Church, and the memorial of the Church Reform Conference is, so far as I am aware, the only one among the many recently set forth which refuses to confine itself to measures of internal reform, and plainly avows that the Church of England ought to embrace “the whole Christian thought and life of the land.” It is not easy, however, to see how the suggestions offered in the memorial can rouse any great movement for the realization of this righteous desire. It is quite possible that much good may be done by pottering and tinkering, when a vessel or an institution shows signs of weakness or corruption; but the vital question now is, whether the society which calls itself the Church, and the societies which are styled Nonconformist, shall continue to work apart (if not in downright antagonism, jealousy, and feud with one another), or whether they shall all be included within her extended borders. But the desire expressed by the Church Conference for including within the Church the whole range of Christian thought and life in the country is qualified by the phrase “so far as may be possible.” The whole question is thus left wrapped in mist, out of which nothing comes clearly except utterances attesting only too forcibly the extent and power of the still existing empire of intolerance. Far from wishing to include within the limits of the National Church the great schools and forms of thought which have

already been at work throughout Christendom, clergymen and laymen, professing a special zeal for what they term evangelical truth, are still coming forward with declarations that they will not lift a finger in support of what they call the Establishment, until it shall be thoroughly purged from the Popish leaven, which in their belief is poisoning its life. In other words, instead of labouring for peace, they are girding on their swords for battle; and instead of loosening shackles and fetters, we are to see men interrupted or harassed in their work or haled away to prison under the ingenious instruments of tyranny known as Public Worship Regulation Acts, this process being actually carried on in the hope of wearying and crushing out a great party.* On the other side, the party thus assailed expresses itself in language scarcely less bitter. Neither party seems to be aware or to remember that in point of fact their respective forms of thought have found a home, or have been allowed to rest, in the Church of England from the days of the Reformation, and that the English Church has been able to maintain its ground wholly by virtue of this comprehension. There is nothing in all this to encourage the notion that the English Church is entering on a path, the following of which would make her really national, while there is much that portends a fresh outbreak of the spirit of bigoted exclusiveness. Far, again, from insisting or suggesting that this spirit of exclusiveness is the first enemy to be assailed, and that it may best be assailed by getting rid of the restrictions without which it cannot work, the Church Reform Conference in its memorial contents itself with saying that the laity (the term not being defined) shall be admitted by means of parochial councils to a share in the administration of Church affairs; and this share is explained to mean "a real control," not only "over the appointment of ministers," but also "over the disbursement of the funds and the arrangement of the services" in every parish church or chapel throughout the land.

All such plans, so long as the present restrictions remain, are impracticable. The proposal puts out of sight the conditions under which these parochial boards, for such they are, would have to act. The clergy are at present bound by their subscription, such as it is, as well as by the Act of Uniformity and the Acts amending or supporting it; and so long as these limitations remain, the establishment of such parochial bodies must involve a large amount of mischievous and harassing interference, or a tyranny

* Of this unblushing and wholesale intolerance a little book just put forth by Mr. A. S. Lamb, under the title of "The Church and the Franchise," is a very amazing specimen. The black day of St. Bartholomew witnessed the expulsion of some two thousand clergymen. Mr. Lamb actually holds it to be within the compass of possibility, and seemingly as easy as it is necessary, to deprive and expel some ten or twelve thousand.

which may render effective administration well-nigh impossible, depriving the clergy of all heart in their work, and rendering them fatally indifferent, or else tempting them to resort not less fatally to the ominous plea, "Non possumus."

It is not surprising, therefore, that having before him such proposals as these Dr. Martineau should, in a letter addressed to Mr. Bosworth Smith, speak of himself as "painfully struck by the pettiness and poverty of such schemes of reform as are set forth from time to time by members of the English Church." It is, to say the least, natural that his insight into the real dangers which threaten us should lead him to express plainly his conviction that the abolition of subscription and the repeal of the Uniformity Acts are the only practicable means for attaining the end which the members of the Church Reform Conference profess to have at heart. But it is surprising that men like Mr. Bosworth Smith, insisting on the end as desirable, should wish to set aside the proposal as premature.

This conclusion had forced itself upon me long ago, and the fact that it had been reached independently by a thinker so eminent, and a teacher so venerated and large-hearted as Dr. Martineau, should be taken as evidence that the same thought and desires are working in the hearts of many, and that it has become a plain duty to insist on the immediate adoption of these measures. Having learnt, however, that my demand for the removal of restrictions had been prior in time to his protest against the course recommended by the committee of the Church Reform Conference, Dr. Martineau expressed a wish that I, as a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, should take charge of the resolution, of which he would be the seconder. The effectual reform of a great society should at least be initiated from within. There could be no doubt that in proposing such a resolution I should be simply expressing the convictions of thousands, who have thus far refrained from giving utterance to them through fear of doing mischief by urging measures for which the English people were supposed to be not yet prepared.

The duty which thus devolved upon me I undertook readily and fearlessly; and my confidence lay in the very consciousness that the proposals which I had to make were not my own; that, instead of originating with myself, they rested on principles for which the greatest and best of the sons of the English Church had struggled and fought in battles in which they had been more than half victorious, and that therefore they merely carried to its logical and inevitable issue a policy which had hitherto been fruitful only of blessings. But the history of the last two or three years seemed to show a disposition to throw these facts out of sight, and actually to treat as

novelties, or as the mushroom growth of a single night, plans or schemes with which English Churchmen and Nonconformists were, or might have made themselves, perfectly familiar forty or fifty years ago.

But, in truth, a plainer issue, involved in the plain admissions even of those who profess to regard these proposals as premature, was never put before the English people. On these two subjects of subscription and uniformity, Mr. Bosworth Smith and other members of the Conference have, like many others now and in the past, said some very plain things in very forcible language. The consequences involved in their utterances will be seen presently; but it is needful to insist, first, that what they say has been said more consistently and more courageously long ago by men like Mr. Maurice and Dean Stanley. I do no more than claim to be on this point in absolute agreement with those illustrious men; and it is vitally important that this fact should be carefully borne in mind. Of Dean Stanley it may be very safely asserted that he never put any faith in tests and restrictions generally, although, as the years passed over him, he became more and more convinced of their uselessness for good and of their potency for evil. Mr. Maurice, on the other hand, on going from Cambridge to Oxford declared (with his usual unconscious tendency to paradox) that he subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles as simply "a defence and safeguard of liberty;" and in his tract entitled "Subscription no Bondage," he deprecated the attempt made at that time to get rid of subscription, and pronounced it to be "uncalled for and mischievous." Even then, however, though he wished to retain the Articles for "purposes of study," he saw clearly and admitted frankly that they were not, and could not be, terms of communion for churchmen generally. Thirty years later Stanley was still striving to bring about the abolition of subscription; but in the meantime Maurice had come to see that subscription "meant to most the renunciation of a right to think, and that since none could renounce that right, it involved dishonesty." To this confession he admitted that he had been driven, sorely against his inclination, by the evidence of facts. Writing to Stanley in 1865 he acknowledged that, having long since seen that subscription was inapplicable to the Universities, he now saw that, being inapplicable to them, it is equally so to those who take orders. "I am quite prepared," he added, "to sign any petition for the entire abolition of subscription, either for laymen or for clergymen." He parted with it, however, reluctantly; and he would have been better pleased if every one else could have been brought to regard subscription in the one sense in which, according to his judgment, it seemed both honest and reasonable. But no considerations of any kind could weigh with him against the fact that it was a "burthen upon the consciences" of very many, and that it was "making our formularies hateful to

those who might profit by them." His motive in desiring the abolition of subscription was, he said, the hope that the value and authority of the Articles would thus come to be more widely felt and acknowledged; and this declaration is one which it may be well worth while to note. It applies with equal force to the removal of all penal restrictions.

By a far more summary process of thought Stanley was led to discern the mischief which must come of enforcing as tests a multitude of propositions interpreted in conflicting senses by men belonging to different schools and parties. In one memorable case (that of "Essays and Reviews"), in which an attempt was made so to use them, he insisted that such a test, if applied impartially, would instantly rend the Church of England to pieces by driving away "all clergymen, of whatever school, who have the slightest knowledge of their own opinions, and of the letter of the Prayer-Book and Articles, beginning at the Archbishop of Canterbury in his palace at Lambeth, even down to the humblest curate who followed in the wake of Drs. Irons and M'Caul."

One natural and necessary result of such tests is the growth of an opinion, still widely prevalent, that the Christian minister who has submitted to them parts with his natural liberty, although the layman retains it. Against this horrible and godless theory of a National Church Stanley made a solemn protest. He denounced it as a theory stamped with a far deeper unbelief than any which had been or could be charged against the writers of "Essays and Reviews;" and he added, that "the whole state of subscription, as now maintained, is fraught with evil." So he wrote a quarter of a century ago, and so, as he had done before, he then deplored, as worse than impolitic, the imposition on the minds of youths or of men at the threshold of manhood, of a vast multitude of propositions, the exact meaning of which could be grasped only after the patient study of years.

Since that time the labours of Stanley and Maurice have borne good fruit. The burdens of which they complained have, in comparison of what they had been before, been almost altogether removed. For the more stringent form of subscription, which (whatever Mr. Maurice might think or say) tended to shackle and enfeeble the mind and conscience, there has been substituted a simple declaration of general approval of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England; and unquestionably, in spite of Public Worship Regulation Acts, and of the Society which wins an unenviable notoriety by attempts to enforce them, clergymen of all parties and schools enjoy an amount of liturgical freedom vastly larger than they could have ventured to hope for, forty or even thirty years ago. But this is not all. The real point is this—that the

course for which Maurice and Stanley pleaded is a course which had even then been followed for years or for generations, and always with the best and happiest results. To be convinced of this, we have only to retrace the ecclesiastical history of the last two centuries. At the beginning of that period the Church of England was hedged in by the most merciless, the most revolting, and the most loathsome despotism. Rather than revert to a system so atrocious, we should prefer to see our cathedrals and parish churches without a single worshipper, or levelled utterly to the ground. After hard struggles and pressure from within and without, the horrible phalanx of penal tests and restrictions has been so far destroyed that nothing remains but a shred of the old practices of subscription (this shred being reserved for the clergy), and the Uniformity Acts which, even if they be not repealed, tend by an inevitable process to pass into dead-letter. And what has been the result? Has the Church of England been weakened by the change, or strengthened? The answer is plain. If the Church of England could now for a single week be governed as it was governed by Laud, the people of England would rise as one man, and crush it to powder.

Two questions here arise. Is it wise or prudent to retain the small residuum of tests and restrictive legislation? Is it, in the next place, possible to do so? The language even of those who have spoken of my resolution as premature, answers both these questions with an unequivocal negative. This is a fact, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. Their expressions have been so carefully chosen and so deliberately weighed, that it becomes impossible to retract them or to explain them away. Their action is indeed inconsistent with their words; and it is on this circumstance that it is most of all necessary to fix attention. By this inconsistency an appearance of antagonism is imparted to men who are in truth in full agreement with me.

We may take the question of subscription first. In one of his recent letters to the *Times*, Mr. Bosworth Smith insists that there must be, and that there must be at once, "a well-considered, and yet a considerable, relaxation of the terms of subscription." But all that now remains of subscription is a general expression of approval of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. How is it possible to relax this or water it down, without destroying it altogether? What becomes of the *considerable* relaxation which is needed at once? It is obvious that further change in this direction can be effected only by its complete withdrawal. We have seen the reasons which impelled Maurice and Stanley to use all their strength for getting rid of the more stringent forms. But these have been already abolished, and they are now no longer thought of. It is altogether too late to speak of the bondage of subscription to Creeds

and Articles, as though it were a bondage to all and every one of them, and to every proposition contained in each. Mr. Bosworth Smith must therefore be speaking of the present weak and attenuated form, when he says that, weak as it is, it is "yet a stumbling-block to many tender consciences, and cuts off from the direct service of the Church" many whom he considers as among "the best fitted to do their Master's work." On this point, therefore, Mr. Bosworth Smith, and all who think with him, are in perfect agreement with Maurice and Stanley. The stumbling-block which they hate can be removed only by the total abolition of subscription, because it is impossible to modify the present form without destroying it.

The case with reference to the Acts of Uniformity is quite as strong. The more recent Acts for the regulation of public worship have, it is to be supposed, been designed to support and strengthen the enactment of Charles II.; but no one probably will pretend to maintain that there is any general disposition to insist on their impartial application, or indeed to acquiesce in them at all. It may be safely said that, in spite of this restrictive legislation, there is vastly less of uniformity in this country now than there was a dozen years before Mr. Disraeli determined to try his experiment for putting down the Ritualists. If the term "uniformity" is to be interpreted with any strictness, the differences of use before the Reformation were but slight as compared with those which may now be noticed in almost any hundred churches taken at random. Whether the increased divergences in practice work on the whole well or badly, and whether outward difference is or is not compensated by a more real unity, is a distinct question; but there can be no doubt that here again Mr. Bosworth Smith and they who think with him (the memorialists of the Church Reform Conference being included in their number) are in close agreement with the purport of a resolution which demands the repeal of the Uniformity Acts. It must especially be noted that, in spite of all the changes which have been thus far brought about, he insists emphatically that the services of the Church must still be made "more attractive and *infinitely* more elastic than they are." How is it possible that this can be done except by repealing the Act which on the black St. Bartholomew's Day well-nigh rent the Church of England in sunder, and which is, in greater or less degree, and almost everywhere, evaded, ignored, or defied? It is obvious that concession can be carried only a very little way indeed further without leaving the Act a mere empty husk which must be thrown aside as worthless and useless.

It follows that in opposing the withdrawal of subscription and the repeal of the Uniformity Acts, Mr. Bosworth Smith and those who agree with him (the memorialists of the Reform Conference

being avowedly among the number), take up a thoroughly inconsistent and illogical position. They profess to desire and to demand peremptorily changes which cannot possibly be carried out without removing these restrictions. In asking them to reconsider their position, and to avow plainly that which, if they mean what they say, they desire heartily, are we asking too much? This is not a time for entrenching ourselves behind qualifications for which no solid arguments can be produced, and which are belied by the words even of those who put them forth.

They will do well to remember (if indeed it be possible for them to forget) that the removal of restrictions has thus far had for its result only the strengthening of the Church of England and the awakening in her of a fresh activity of an altogether more wholesome kind. The downfall of barrier after barrier has only extended her influence. The removal of every test has only rendered her action more beneficent; and the Church which, but for this removal of tests and penal laws, would long since have been swept away amidst a storm of execration, has gained, and is gaining steadily, a more powerful hold on the affections of the people. There is clearly, therefore, not the least warrant for any such wild supposition as that the getting rid of the few restrictions still remaining will be followed by results different in kind from those which have followed previous measures of a like sort. But there is every warrant from past experience for the firm assurance that when these poor remnants of ancient intolerance have been cast aside altogether, the Church of England will begin with true fulness of power to discharge her divine mission for the blessing not of this country only, but of all Christendom. In other words, and with greater strictness of speech, the kingdom of God will then be established in this land as it has never been established thus far. There is, then, nothing whatever to justify the retention of existing limitations, and most certainly there is nothing which can make it worth while to retain them.

The conclusion is one which cannot be evaded. The withdrawal of these limitations and restrictions is a matter of duty, and it should therefore be unnecessary to say that it is demanded as a work not only of plain justice, but of wise policy. We have nothing more to do with the consideration of consequences now than we had before the repeal of the Test or the Five Mile Acts. Those changes and others like them were all denounced as endangering the welfare and even the existence of the Church of England and of Christianity; and the pictures of anarchy and confusion now drawn as descriptions of the state of things which must follow the abolition of all penal restrictions, have no more solid foundation than the wild alarms of the clergy and laity of former generations. But, further, they betray the most deplorable self-distrust and the most abject timidity on the part of

those who draw them. There is, first, the implied premiss that the conformity which, so far as it goes, is still maintained within the Church of England, is maintained only by the enforcement or the dread of pains and penalties, and that if these were removed, all restraints would be cast to the winds. The several Churches would exhibit differences of ritual as wide as those which distinguish the Latin Church from the Moravian Community, while every man, it seems to be supposed, would be preaching a different religion. Has a confession more self-condemnatory and more astounding ever been made? It is a virtual admission—nay, rather, it is the downright assertion—that the several schools and parties in the English Church are kept together like dogs in a leash, and withheld from flying at each other only through fear of the strong arm of penal law. It is even more than this. It is the confession of a dark and deadly fear that the faith of the clergy and laity of the Church of England generally is not what it professes or pretends to be, that it is honey-combed not merely with doubt, but with positive unbelief, and that her ministers, who now preach one doctrine, or one set of doctrines, because they can be punished if they fail to do so, will, if they are set free from these shackles, preach instantly quite another doctrine, or the negation of all doctrine. It is an admission that of the twenty-five or twenty thousand men found in the ranks of the English clergy, not five thousand, possibly not half that number, can be depended upon in anything which concerns either their belief or their practice. The deserters and traitors, if they come at all, must come at the first, and must come for many years, from their own number, and from their own number only. The dread of a multitudinous swarm of such enemies is a self-condemnation, to the force of which it is impossible to add anything.

The dismissal of these fears involves the rejection of the less unworthy apprehensions of an undue extension of the limits of Church communion. Are some to be brought in and others shut out? So far as the Church of England is concerned, she has answered the question in no equivocal terms. Her daily prayer is “for the good estate of the Catholic Church,” and this Church consists, she asserts, not of those only who have subscribed to Creeds or Articles, not of those who are regarded as, or who are (what is termed) orthodox, not of those whose title is approved or admitted by others, but of all who “profess and call themselves Christians.”

Turning from the murky region of vague fears and apprehensions to the less terrific realities with which we have to deal, we may admit frankly that the removal of restrictions is an extension of freedom. It is intended to be so: and as every extension of freedom hitherto conceded has brought with it a fresh benefit, we have the most solid grounds for hoping and believing that these last concessions

will open a way in which, to recur to the words of the English Church, "all who profess and call themselves Christians may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life." But although the abolition of subscription and the repeal of the Acts of Uniformity would remove the injustice and the wrong of which Nonconformists still have to complain, the carrying of these measures would not change the constitution of the Church of England. The bishops would no longer be able to impose doctrinal tests under pain of legal penalties; but otherwise, their moral influence and their spiritual authority would be unaffected, and might be largely enhanced. The Book of Common Prayer would remain as it is now, and no one would be called on to make any modifications in its use of which he and his people did not approve. Some modifications might be desired; but it must not be forgotten that modifications are made now, without any special authority. Thus the longer exhortation in the Communion Office seems by something like a tacit agreement to have been generally dropped. But more particularly the rights of patrons would not be interfered with. They would, indeed, have the power of nominating those who are now known as Nonconformists; but it would rest with themselves whether Nonconformists, as eligible for preferment, should be actually appointed to benefices. It is true that no doctrinal tests, sanctioned by pains and penalties, would bar the way; but the Prayer-Book would call, as it now calls, for a certain spirit of approval and harmony, not by restraint but from conviction. They who felt that they were not in general unison with its spirit would decline to enter the ministry of the English Church; and they who saw in her offices, as Dean Stanley expressed it, "the best modes of serving God and their brethren," would gladly undertake the work. Otherwise no conditions would be imposed beyond the providing of adequate testimony of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual fitness for the ministry.

Further, the estrangement which now exists between the clergy of the English Church and the body of Nonconformist ministers generally, would cease with the removal of the restrictions and limitations still existing. It would at once become lawful for the clergy of the Church of England to invite Nonconformist ministers to preach in their pulpits, as they may now receive (although they cannot well accept) invitations to preach in the pulpits of Nonconformist ministers, while the latter would, as we have seen, become eligible for any preferment in the Church of England.

But it can scarcely be necessary to say that the freedom thus obtained would be obtained for all alike. The persecution of one party by another would cease; and no set of churchmen, calling themselves or styled High, Low, or Broad, could use language implying that the Church of England was rightfully their own exclu-

sive inheritance. Public Worship Regulation Acts would no longer molest congregations who take delight in, or feel the need of, an elaborate ritual, and send their ministers to prison for complying with their desires. No ban would be placed on the highest sacerdotal or sacramentarian doctrine, as indeed it may almost be said that no ban is placed upon it already. The teaching of churchmen, High, Low, or Broad, would thenceforward stand or fall by its own inherent truth or falsehood, without reference to extraneous or arbitrary supports of any kind.

For the same reason there would be no interference whatever with the constitution of the so-called Nonconformist or dissenting bodies, with their places of worship, with their trusts or their endowments. Their churches or chapels would be regarded, and, if they were so pleased, would be registered as places of worship of the National Church, full freedom being retained for the ministers, if it seem good to them and to their congregations, to conduct the services within them as they are conducted at present, without any interference whatever on the part of parochial incumbents. At the same time, the ministers of these churches or chapels would necessarily have the power of using the Book of Common Prayer, without or with modifications, if they desire to do so, and if their congregations should approve. My conviction is that they would so use it in a large number of cases, ultimately, perhaps, in all; and in this way efforts directed simply and solely to the attainment of a real unity would be rewarded by the growth and prevalence of a more substantial uniformity than any that has been known thus far.

The so-called Nonconformist bodies would thus, like the great orders and companies of Latin Christendom, become religious associations within the National Church, and with their self-government there would be no interference. The present powers and action of such assemblies as the Wesleyan Conference would remain unaffected and unimpaired, and the Wesleyan body would return to the precise position which alone its founders contemplated for it. The members of the Wesleyan and other societies, now styled Nonconformist, would all be members of the National Church, and as such would have a right to be represented in all its assemblies. But churchmen, as such, would, it is obvious, have no voice and no right to be represented in such assemblies as the Wesleyan Conference except upon invitation, or unless they should have enrolled themselves as members of any such association. There would thus be no reason why the president or any of the members of the Wesleyan Conference should not also be the incumbent of a benefice or the bishop of a diocese. His becoming such would depend upon presentation, as it does now depend for all clergy of the Church of England. It is scarcely necessary to add that, this being so, the ministers of what is now

called the Established Church, and the ministers of what are styled Dissenting bodies, would be on precisely the same level, while the interests of the latter in the maintenance of the so-called Establishment would be in no respect less than that of the former.

Is it too much to say that under such conditions Dissent would fade away like fire lacking fuel, and that all further agitation for what is called Disestablishment (if there should be any) would be confined to those who avowedly dislike and wish to destroy all religious associations and all religion whatsoever? The bitter and envenomed controversies of centuries would shrink to nothing; and schisms which for ages have chilled and dwarfed the spiritual life and growth of Englishmen would be seen to be causeless divisions, and, as such, would become things of the past. Of outward uniformity there might be less than there is now, though this point is, to say the least, doubtful; but as a set-off to this there would be a more real and solid unity, which would be measured by a constant growth, and this growth would tend to promote that uniformity, the insisting on which, as the indispensable condition of church-membership, has been and is the great curse of Christendom. Henceforth every victory won would, we need scarcely say, be a purely moral victory, won by the weapons of legitimate and rational persuasion; and any further changes which might be needed would be effected by that joint action of the clergy and laity which the promoters of the various suggestions and schemes for reform recently put forth profess most especially and most earnestly to desire.

The transition from the present condition of the English Church to the conditions under which it will work when the existing limitations have been removed, has now been traced with sufficient clearness; and I say deliberately, that all attempts to represent the withdrawal of these restrictions as a measure destroying, or even impairing, the historical continuity of the English Church, and still more as affecting injuriously her spiritual life, are, to say the least, disingenuous. The charge is false, in fact; but the insinuation of unbelief and treachery which underlies it is not a new one, and it recoils on those who make it. For his attempt to promote the same measures Dean Stanley was denounced as a Latitudinarian. Far from disowning the name, he gloried in it, only remarking that there had been worldly High Churchmen and self-seeking Puritans. Tillotson had been charged with having no religion, and as being the primate only of the atheistical wits of England. Barrow, a sufferer from like slanders, had mourned over the divisions caused by the "broaching of scandalous names employed to blast the reputation of worthy men." But after-ages have vindicated the fair names of Tillotson and Barrow, and of many more who were treated with the same injustice. The same irrational indignation has been

expressed by pronounced partisans in the case of almost every decision which has confirmed or extended the freedom of men of opposite schools and parties in the Church of England. In the judgments which closed the Gorham and other like cases, we had loud assertions that the Church of England, had fallen from the faith, had separated herself from the Church Catholic, and could therefore no longer be an ark of safety for her children. But the vehement and even fierce demand for the reversal of these decisions has been invariably followed in a little while by the discovery that after all no such dreadful thing had happened, and that High Churchmen or Low Churchmen might continue safely to abide where they were.

After what has been said, it is really unnecessary to dwell on objections implying that men like Dean Stanley, if they had their way, would reduce religion to a *caput mortuum*, to be presented to and accepted by all as the Christianity of the National Church. The idea is as grotesquely ludicrous as it is impracticable. Sir Edward Strachey has insisted most rightly (*Spectator*, March 6) that "religious liberty has been extended, not by merging distinctive creeds and rituals in some new and comprehensive form, but by finding some common ground of action without requiring such merging." It is unnecessary for Sir E. Strachey to remind us of the patent fact that "the Baptists, the Wesleyans, and the Congregationalists are as little willing as are Anglican churchmen to give up their several and separate dogmatic beliefs and forms of worship." The removal of the existing limitations would not require any of them to give up either, while it would secure to all of them every privilege and every right now confined to Anglican churchmen. The attempt to reduce their several dogmatic beliefs to some one new and comprehensive form would be an attempt to bring back the worst evils of the age which produced the Uniformity Acts; an attempt to reintroduce into the empty, swept, and garnished house spirits worse than those which had been cast forth; an attempt so out of joint with this age and its needs, that it is hard to see how any one can bestow a thought upon it. It is not less idle to urge the plea that the differences which separate English churchmen from some of the Nonconformist bodies, or these again from the former, or from each other, are too wide to admit of their working harmoniously in the same great religious society. They are not so. It is impossible that these doctrinal differences, whatever they may be, should exceed those which separated the convictions of Mr. Maurice from the dogmatic declarations of Dr. Pusey. Between these it might be said, with almost literal truth, that it was hopeless to find any common measure. The two men had two wholly different religions, to which each gave the name of Christian. Both spoke of sacrifice, atonement, redemption, mediation, salvation; and both attached to these

and to almost every other term of their theology conceptions hopelessly antagonistic. But both had their recognized status in the Church of England, and both beyond doubt had an equal right to it. Both were called upon to tolerate each other, and in thus enabling them to work on side by side, the Church of England did the high and holy work which is distinctively her own.

It is this fact of her comprehensiveness, constantly broadening and always more and more, beneficent, which is the justification of all efforts for making it complete. It is this comprehensiveness which won for her the enthusiastic devotion of Dean Stanley, and added strength to the faith with which he carried his thoughts onward to her distant future. That faith was centred in the conviction that the Church is a living society under a living Head. It was his righteous contention (when insinuations were thrown out against him of unfaithfulness to his trust) that his belief not only was in strict accordance with the legal requirements of the National Church, but was in complete harmony with its spirit, and, what was of infinitely higher importance, with the Spirit of Him on whom its life depends. No society and no Church could, he insisted, be either infallible or faultless, under the conditions of this mortal life. No institutions could be maintained without growth, and growth involved the need of modifications, as lapse of time brought with it changes in forms of thought or in the moral and spiritual needs of society. The Church of England could furnish no exception to the truth of these propositions. That the English Church would survive all such changes and be the stronger for them, he had the deepest assurance, because he felt that she was charged with a message of living truth. In his eyes the Church and the State were both divine creations; they were both necessary means for the carrying on of the divine work.

On the ground thus held by him I am content and prepared to take my stand. I am ready to stand or fall by his conviction that "underneath the sentiments and usages which have accumulated round the forms of Christianity, there is a class of principles, a religion as it were behind the religion, which, however dimly expressed, has given them whatever vitality they possess." I share his assurance that the sentiments and usages of the great society which forms the Church of England must, like those of all other Churches, have vitality by virtue of this religion which underlies them all. I share not less his conviction that the Church of England has preserved the spirit of the ancient faith more nearly and more thoroughly than any other of the Communion of Christendom; and I am bound to affirm fearlessly that membership in this body is (to recur to words which I have already cited more than once) the inherent and inalienable right of "all who profess and call themselves Christians."

GEORGE W. COX.

IN OSMAN DIGNA'S GARDEN.

ACCORDING to telegrams "from Egyptian sources," Osman Digna has been accurately well killed in battle at least twice, has been buried pompously amidst the ululations of militant dervishes and emirs and, so the British public cheerfully supposed, had long ago rejoined his master the Mahdi on the other side of the great green gates of Paradise. But, on the contrary, he has been back again on his old fighting grounds before Suakin, as pugnacious as ever, as brawny and black and broad-shouldered, leading his frizzled-headed Hadendawas up to within their old impudent distances of the city walls, and, just as of yore, promising the "Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral," when he catches him, to scrape his skin off with oyster shells and peg him down on an ant's nest. Perhaps—who knows?—this cordial barbarian, now that General Hudson has gone, revisits by stealth his poor trampled-out "garden," and under "the pale glimpses" dreams of sweet revenge and thereafter sweet rest, when the creaking water-wheels shall turn again in the evening, and his roses bloom once more and his peaches ripen where now the bones of cattle and empty meat-tins mark at once the ruin of three years of war and the hateful traces of the Infidel.

Nor to be worse thought of if he does. He has tasted the pleasure of social importance, this garden-builder of Suakin, and hopes that the spear may still thrust the wheel of fortune round in his favour again. Once a slave himself, then a wharf porter, and by-and-by a trader, opulent, too, as measured by Suakin standards of wealth, and looked up to by his fellow-citizens and the tribes living out among the hills beyond the town, as a man of strong purpose and great courage, with a loud voice in council and a cruel hand in action, just the leader for such men as flung themselves against the level bayonets of our squares in the Soudan. He was then a man of property, and out-

wardly, therefore, for the time a man of peace. Yet that even then conspiracies were hatched and fostered in his house we all know now. There, in the cool, dark ground-floor chamber, opening, with massive old carved doors embossed with iron studs, upon the public street, he would sit with his friends in the evening, after the muezzin on the minaret that overlooks the square had chanted out his musical call to sunset prayer. The long-tubed pipes were lit and the coffee poured out in the tiny grey cups of Jeddah ware, and the murmur of voices in the idle bazaars hummed in the air, and the drumming of many tom-toms in El Kaf came muffled and slumberous across the water. Late into the night do these malcontents in council sit. In such climates the evening is all too pleasant to be wasted. Any one passing is free to step in and make his compliments, to take a whiff at the pipe, to exchange gossip. And by-and-by when night is falling, and the watchman goes his rounds striking the ground with his heavy club, and the yelping of prowling pariah-dogs, and the challenge of the Egyptian sentries on the walls and by the Custom-house are the only sounds that are heard, the great man's reception breaks up. Those were the days of peace for Osman Digna—even though his turbulent mind already forecasted strife and the part which he would play therein—and outside the walls he had a large garden, zerebaed in with aloes and henna, wherein his gardeners grew fruit and flowers, herbs, vegetables, and tobacco—a pleasant place enough, so old residents told me, in the days when the wells used to be at work, and a broad belt of market gardens lay round the town. Here Osman Digna used sometimes to meet his accomplices, and only a gun-shot off stands the historical old fig-tree under which the final council of war was held and he carried the vote of the malcontents for the Mahdi and for armed rebellion.

Looking at the charts of Suakin before I went out, this spot somehow had a curious attraction for me. "Garden" is always a fascinating word. So on board-ship I made up my mind that I would pitch my tent in it if I could, and two or three hours after arriving I made my way straight to "Osman Digna's garden." The twilight was already beginning to fall, but there was light enough to show what a wreck the place was, and I rode back into the town not quite so sure as I had been that it would make a pleasant bivouac. The very next morning this impression was confirmed on hearing that the "fuzzies," as the frizzled-haired Hadendawas were called, had "scuppered"—that is, had pounced upon in the dark and done to death—one of our "friendlies." These were some of the vaunted, but cordially suspected, native auxiliaries in fantastic war-paint whom the "Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral" placed at British disposal, apparently for the purpose of bamboozling the Intelligence Department and as a pretext for inter-

fering in military matters. If he and his wretched Egyptians had only been bundled across the water to Jeddah as soon as a British admiral appeared in Suakin harbour, things might have gone differently and much better. However, one of the friendlies was scuppered in the "garden," and next day, when riding round to take a first look at the camp, I again visited the rebel leader's pleasaunce, and noted what an excellent rendezvous it made for midnight prowlers. Though immediately under the walls of the town and a bow-shot from an Egyptian guard, the enemy used to creep up here at night and amuse themselves by getting up a scare by firing random shots into space. As they were themselves between two fires, which if indulged in by our troops would have only damaged friends, they were as safe as they could be, and this diversion proved so much to their taste, that the enclosure—which in fancy I had imagined myself tenting upon—became a regular trysting-place for the audacious Hadendowas, and a fearsome spot to pass after nightfall.

In the daytime I have many a time rested there. For there at any rate was the semblance of verdure and the suggestion of tranquillity. Beautiful little doves, "the Mecca birds," flitted in and out of the bushes with an indifference to human beings that centuries of pious kindness had made natural to them, and butterflies tipped with orange fluttered about the faint, sweet henna blossom. It was a relief from the sun-smitten sand of the camp, perpetually blown about from under the feet of tramping soldiers and the wheels of bullock carts, a relief from the groanings and stench of camels and the incessant stir of the tented field, a relief from routine and red-tape. The camp-followers of some Indian regiment, with that instinct for tranquil corners which is so characteristic of the Asiatic, had made a corner of the garden, their kitchen, and here in their little fire-places and ovens of neatly-tamped clay they cooked their meals. The pat-a-cake-pat-a-cake of the chupatty-maker was heard from every patch of shade, and the heavy perfume of the hubble-bubble and the gurglings thereof reached the ear with a pleasant suggestion of comfortable peace. The Oriental has somehow very restful ways of his own. He cares as little for the passage of time as for the politics of Spain, and for all he knows the Ancient Fugitive might be a night-capped sluggard snoring in an armchair, with cobwebs on the dial of his clock. So these men used to squat about under the Arabs' trees, cooking their little messes of savoury-smelling condiments—chilli and turmeric and mustard-oil—and chattering as they turned their chupatties upon the metal plates and watched the pile growing higher and higher, with a queer, loquacious heedlessness of time that was delightfully in contrast with the tumult of passing transport-trains, the hideous outcries

of exasperated mule-drivers, the ceaseless complainings of driven beasts and the creaking of carts whose hearts and bones seemed breaking under their burdens. Here, indeed, just as insects and birds will foregather from a surrounding waste upon some pleasant flower-bank, all the wandering sounds of the neighbourhood concentrated, and sitting under one of the dwarf palms in "Osman Digna's garden," there passed in review before the ear all the bustle of the camp and the city, the multitudinous voices of life in the outlying waste of "Mafeesh."

And a word here about this comprehensive dissyllable, surely one of the most remarkable products of Arabia. Conversationally, it is to the evasive and procrastinating Arab all that, materially, the coconut palm is to the South Sea Islander, or the plaintain to the Equatorial African. It is the "traveller's hold-all" of dialogue; the "concentrated luncheon lozenge" of conversation. It carries all before it like a circular letter of credit. You knock down every troublesome inquiry with it as with a constable's staff. It is your true universal negative. If it were not for the magical "Mafeesh," that other ogre "Backsheesh" would desolate the continent and, as Sindbad adds, "the islands adjacent thereto." But it is the recognized solvent of every mendicant difficulty. The "go with God" of Portugal is good; the "by-and-by" of Spain is better still; but "mafeesh" is best of all. The Hindoo disposes of solicitors with "as it will be, so it must be," and the Moslem of the East shuts down the lid upon all inconvenient importunity with "as Allah pleases." But the Arab combines all four finalities in one word, and adds moreover the further signification of the British "go to Bath." What the real meaning of "mafeesh" is, theoretically, I do not know; but practically it is the formula of non-existence. If you ask for a melon and there is not one left, if you inquire for the master of the house and he is not at home, if the coolie will not carry your baggage, nor the boatman row you, nor the sentry let you pass, each says "mafeesh." So I think it may be accepted as one of the most compendious, comprehensive, and convenient words known to human speech. But when the British army, the outer barbarian of Europe, came to Suakin, it was discovered by the natives that the insular mind did not readily respond to such catholic completeness of negation, nor grasp so prodigious a *non possumus*. So, by way of explanation, they prefixed the Hindustani "bus," and to make assurance trebly sure, added the English "finish." "*Bus mafeesh finish!*" Was there ever tagged together before a phrase so definitively, conclusively, and catawomptiously negative?

But here comes the gardener's cat, a lean weasel of a cat, as all its species in Suakin are. I remember when I was in Alexandria after the bombardment, being astonished at the congregations of cats

that one surprised among the ruined houses. For the Egyptians, though they may not worship the little animal nowadays, have an inordinate liking for them, a relic, perhaps, of an old-world sanctity. They are to be seen everywhere, not one at a time, but in half-dozens, and in the less frequented parts of the town as many as twenty may be seen in a waste corner holding an afternoon *conversazione*. When, therefore, the British shells knocked down the houses of Alexandria and the inmates fled, the cats found themselves homeless and friendless, and they gathered together in pathetic assemblies upon the débris of the shattered walls. How gaunt and dreadful they were! Charitable folk used to collect scraps for them, but the sufferings of the creatures must have been very great, and doubtless, if the truth were known, very few of the Alexandrian cats lived through the momentous crisis of British occupation without sharp apprehensions of cannibalism. All day long they prowled among the rubbish heaps of fallen masonry or sate about in groups pathetically mute and most unnaturally regardless of passers-by. If Suakin also they are utterly callous to their surroundings, but there the similarity ceases. For in their case indifference is begotten of a preposterous prosperity. So consequential are they that they do not move out of the road, and the Arab when he stumbles over them swears at them but never molests them. The bazaars are full of them, and they fight and make love in the thoroughfares in broad daylight as if it were the most natural thing in the world for cats to do so. Till then I had thought Grimalkin was a nocturnal beast. For in Europe we are accustomed to see them sleepy and lazy all day, and to hear them noisy and active at night. But this is only, apparently, a geographical accident. In the Soudan, at any rate, cats are diurnal and go to bed at sunset, while in Suakin in particular, where the people live so largely upon fish, and the refuse of their meals lies in heaps at every corner, the feline tribe have assumed much of the importance and something of the demeanour of dogs. They lie under the stalls or sit upon the bedsteads—which, after Oriental fashion, stand in the open air—as if in charge of the premises and property. For one thing there are very few dogs. It is true they are unclean beasts to the Moslem, but perhaps the cats have made it impossible for any dog of spirit to exist. Indeed, such an endless multitude of them is enough to break the heart of even an English terrier. But physically they have deteriorated into the merest travesty of their race. They are absurdly small and proportionately meagre, with sharp noses, flat thin heads, and very short fur, while the shoulder-blades stick up above the level of their backs in the queerest fashion. So when I came back to England I was at first surprised at the very large size of all the cats I saw, their extraordinary plumpness, and the thickness of their fur. So, by-the-way, too, with the flies, which in Suakin, as every-

where else in the Red Sea, are in infinite myriads, but they are only half the size of the British insect. One more peculiarity of the Soudan cat and I have done with it. It does not care for wagtails. Such, at any rate, seemed the case, for I have seen these birds, which are curiously numerous, running about on the roofs after insects without paying the least attention to grimalkin, while she, though opportunities perpetually offered for pouncing upon them, never even looked at the wagtails. c

And close behind his cat comes the gardener. "Oh! you old traitor to Islam! How will you make answer to the Mahdi when hereafter he taxes you with begging from an infidel? You who pray without ceasing that we may be condemned to drink hot water to all eternity in the hottest parts of Jehunnum, to come asking alms from me, in the name of Allah! Well, your posy is worth a piastre if only because it is picked in Osman Digna's garden. The pretext for the gratuity is a flimsy one—two cotton flowers, a sprig of henna and a little white weed—but it is the best the poor battered garden offers. So there is another piastre for you, old Mahomedan, and pray for the infidel as kindly as your creed will let you. Abate for him when you can an occasional imprecation. And what will you take for your gazelle? You will not sell it? So be it. There is but one Allah and Mahomed is his prophet—and peace be with you, if only for the sake of your pretty beast." They are dainty little antelopes, these gazelles and ariels of the Soudan, and look charming in the streets where they wander about or snooze in the shady corners as unconcernedly as the goats. Unfortunately they are exactly the colour of the sand, and more than once coming home at night from the telegraph office, I have narrowly missed falling over the sleeping animals. Still worse in the dark is the camel kneeling in the road. When the Arab turns in for the night he tethers his brute to the corner pole of his shanty, and the great thing kneels down, often blocking up the narrow alley. More than once turning a corner in dark shadow I have suddenly found myself brought up against a camel's ribs. The brute, abruptly rising, nearly shakes its master's frail shanty of cane and matting to pieces, and the Arab comes forth, savage at his disturbed sleep, nebûl in hand, ready to smite the man who he thinks is trying to steal his beast of a camel. There is not much civility in the barbarized Arab of Suakin—thanks to the policy of making Englishmen play the part of myrmidons to the Khedive. He loaths the Egyptian, and with some contempt added, as being Infidels, carries on his detestation to the white-skinned strangers. Every Englishman, though but few knew it, was grossly insulted every time he went through the bazaars, for even the children imitated their elders in spitting on the ground as he passed. Nor, to those who had the ears to hear, was the language of the

fanatical people such as to conciliate. But the vile Egyptian flag that was permitted, during a British occupation, to flaunt above the Union Jack, was answerable for so much more than these public affronts—for the needless expenditure of national treasure, for the loss of brave English lives—that the malignity of these poor half-breeds need not be remembered. Our native contingent called them “yagee,” which may be translated “ready for mischief;” and so perhaps they may have been, but a favourable opportunity for turbulence never arrived. Moreover, Osman Digna, from his camp at the foot of the hills, kept close espionage upon the city, and in his own pleasant fashion used, from time to time, to notify to various lists of citizens that their names were down in his black-book for his favourite course of oyster-shells and ants’ nests.

What a contrast between these scowling Suakinese, who have come into the garden with their baskets to pick up the scattered bolls of cotton lying about between the rows of stunted, tangled plants, and the light-hearted groups of Indians, busy with their chupatties and yellow messes of food. I have a great liking for the Hindoos when they are not Anglicized. Their nature is to be sympathetic; their sensibility is wonderfully delicate. As a race, they possess the supreme gift of good taste. How engaging, too, is the natural behaviour of them. Perhaps it may seem to some to be childish, but, after all, that is only because it is so natural. Look for instance at this man coming along with a great fish he has bought. It weighs perhaps nine pounds, is a lovely rosy red with scarlet gills and fins, and has a broad carmine band along the back. His fellows, and he too, have never before seen a fish like it—and so cheap! How they talk their prize over, these simple folk. And while they dress it, passers-by stop and lean against the tree and talk too, and they are all amused together over this big painted fish that only cost them a penny a pound. Well, and is not a fish of such colours worth being natural over? What child of ours would not wonder at the painted thing, or what man or woman either that had not been tutored and governessed out of all the pleasantness of being natural?

If I had to be a fish I should like, I think, to live near Suakin. It is the paradise of the finned people. I went out one day to some coral islands some dozen miles down the coast—where was to be seen the exasperating sight of three-and-twenty steamers laden with stores and materials of war riding idly at anchor all together, waiting for orders to go home again with their freight, and meanwhile costing the nation our Government knows what per day—and we went into the shallows for shells and coral. What a strange phase of natural history it was, this island that we visited. An acre or so of surface overgrown with tall harsh grass, among which I found no fewer than

seven different plants. ' Who sowed the seeds of them? Its one inhabitant was a lark, which the captains of the idle fleet thought was a quail, and daily bombarded with their guns. But though they harassed it they never brought it to bag, and it was there, alive and cheerful, when I visited it at home. The water nowhere shoaled gradually up to the island, which was a solid coral block, for its edge was fringed with boulders of madrepore-work in every stage of growth, so that we guided our boat into a narrow water-way between the upstanding pillars, and then we splashed ashore. All round the island the insects were hard at work building up their beautiful fabrics, and at all distances from the surface we could see them, the corals of our museums, and such specimens too as no museum contains. Here and there, rooted to the sea-floor, some of the great mushroom-headed columns had grown up above the tranquil sea, and on one of them sate a pair of grand white-headed fish-hawks, with one eye each for us and one for the fish that thronged below. Close by, branching out over a space of many feet, were glorious plants of tree-coral, and each of them was swarming with strangest creatures. With hand nets we might have filled a boat in an hour with little crab-like things, queer fishlets and marine miscellanies, to which I have no intention of venturing a name. But I made one notable capture, a sea-lamprey, a snake-like thing a yard long, exquisitely white with handsome maroon blotches and bars. I brought it home for the British Museum, and they told me they had "a large series" of them. So they had. I saw them in their bottles in a dungeon underground in Cromwell Road. And I left my bottle with the rest, half regretting that I had carried the creature in my own hand all the way from Suakin to South Kensington. But it contents me to surmise that perhaps the other bottles that I brought home filled with quaintest nondescripts picked up among the corals may have contained some things which even the experts of the British Museum could not name off-hand. But in the life, the amazing swarm of happy existences in the beautiful reef in the Red Sea was a sight never to be forgotten. I sate down on a lump of violet coral, and in the water below, as still and clear as a block of crystal, saw such visions of beauty that I was perpetually exploding in ejaculations. Now I have been to the Seychelles, and that was very wonderful, but not more so than Suakin. The water was in places literally alive with fishes of incredible brilliancy of colour and grotesqueness of form. I had between my feet at one time, engaged in what seemed a mortal combat, a creature about six inches long, that looked like a shaving off a bar of silver, and what appeared to be a walnut with fins. And all the time other things were popping in and out of the crevices of the corals, and dodging round my ankles and heels—pale blue fish with azure bars, yellow ones

with black spots, red ones, green ones, white ones. Sometimes, by suddenly pulling up a spray of the dead bleached coral, one of these lovely creatures would be found entangled in it, but in a minute the heat had frizzled the dainty transparent fish into an ugly little brown rag. The coral, too, was of all colours from bluish pink to damask red, from lavender to deep purple, with every kind of queer intermediate tint. But what was the use of pulling them up? Exposure to the sun killed the insects, whose bodies and the gelatine-like substance they work under gave the surface their charm of apparent colour, and the pieces we prized most as they came up out of the water for their pre-eminence of tint soon assumed a hideous uniformity of decaying brown, like smashed toadstools, and smelt abominably. Here, too, I saw alive that wonder of the deep, the giant clam, the shell of which is sometimes used as a font. The colossal mollusc was closed, and it would have taken a corps of sappers to uproot it, a Nasmyth hammer to smash it. Once get a hand inside those huge valves, and nothing but amputation or dynamite would set you free again. So that, after all, bewildered by potentialities and embarrassed by the multitude of possible prizes, I carried away nothing except my lamprey, a few bottles filled with nameless odds and ends, and a pocketful of little shells of strange beauty. Yes I did, though, or I should not be writing all this; for I carried away straight from the coral island itself such a lesson in the ways of Nature—her appalling deliberation, her inevitable achievement—as I shall never forget. What does a continent matter, more or less, to a Worker so patient and so pitiless? Yet one more word about coral. I have read somewhere, as an explanation of the name of the Red Sea, that “it abounded in red coral,” and there is no doubt of it that a red coralline material, of very rich tint and resembling in substance a number of little tubes disposed regularly side by side, exists in prodigious quantities. Moreover, for several miles from the present beach—indeed right away to the foot of the hills—the “sand” is chiefly composed of pulverized coral and shells. Close under the surface, for miles together, lie beds of these materials fossilized, and the soldiers digging their ditches round the camps turned up immense quantities of huge clam shells and coral-lumps, with which they decorated their earth-works and fortifications generally. I remember counting on a sand-bank, upon which the men had written the name of the “H Redoubt” in large fossils, no fewer than twenty-five varieties. Coral is the building material of the Red Sea towns, and though it is bleached white, it is worth noting—for the sake of those who cherish the remembrance of the Hebrews’ miraculous passage—that if the waters of the Red Sea *were* to recede, the prevailing tints of the fresh-growing coral would probably be *red*. On the Jedda side a very curious black coral is found at the depth of fourteen fathoms, and the long

sticks of it that I brought home with me have a polish on them as fine as that on jet.

But I have wandered far from the Garden—this queer scrap of the old peace-time left in the middle of war. Its zereba-hedge has not altogether defended it, for camels and cattle and goats have browsed off the outer twigs of every bush, trodden most of the cotton flat, and crushed under their hoofs the struggling melon-plants. But even such ragged fragments of vegetation are pleasant after the interminable sand of the camp and the clamour of the stifling, strong-smelling town. The din of the bazaars still reaches me as I sit with my back against the palm and shaded by a large mimosa bush, but it is confluent by distance, and only here and there an individual sound survives. From a corner of the town reaches me a monotonous throbbing—the dull tom-tomming of some social festival. Some one is droning out a melancholy chant, no doubt, as the manner is; but though the solo is inaudible at this distance, the regular refrain is plainly heard. For a company of women are shrilly “keening” with a harsh wild cry that, like the kite’s sultry scream, harmonizes with the hot dazzling city walls, the arid waste surrounding it, the barren barbarism of the land and the landscape. It is the Arab equivalent of the noise made at an Irish wake, only given in a higher key and with more rapid vibrations. One woman starts it with a sharp piercing scream, and the rest join in with ear-splitting sounds, quavering their voices with extraordinary rapidity, and, as their breath fails, combining for one grand final unanimous yell. Even more striking, and unearthly beyond anything I have ever heard, is the *barking* chorus. At a distance, both from its volume and its regularity, it sounds like some powerful pumping machinery at work; but as heard when close, it is possibly the most appalling, the most weird sound ever emitted from lungs. Have you ever heard the Zulus’ war-song when the ground fairly shudders under the rhythmic stamping of the feet and the deep ventral grunting rolls along the air? Or heard the emu drumming? These two sounds, until I heard the Arabs barking, were respectively the most awful and the most ghostly I knew of. The lion’s roar, the tiger’s hungry sneering whine, were not within many stadia of them. But in Suakin I heard the Moslems at this pious exercise, and the horror of it was unforgettable. On several occasions, when the sound reached me from afar, I thought it came from one of the condensing steamers, and so, probably to the last, did the great majority of strangers. But one midnight I was making my way back from a friend’s quarters to my own, when I heard the spectral sound coming from a direction opposite to the ships. I stood and listened, and then determined to follow it up. So in and out, up and down the narrow dark alleys of the native town, I wandered in chase of this ventriloquial uproar. Passing along

between two high mud walls, I stumbled over a man who was crouching on the ground, and at the same moment a door opened, and the whole volume of a prodigious bark issued therefrom. Out of the door came a negro, reeling as if drunk, and fell in a heap by the side of the man I had stumbled over. And then I saw there were several others sitting huddled up along the bottom of the wall, groaning from time to time, and gasping in a most frightful manner. As the door remained ajar I peeped in, and the spectacle presented was so extraordinary that I ventured to push it wider, and step inside into the large courtyard upon which it opened. No one noticed me, for every one was engrossed, as if bewitched, in the religious function that was proceeding. In the centre stood a dervish, with a book from which he was chanting. On either side, with torches in their hands, that flickered and spluttered as surely torches never did before, stood two acolyte-like youths, who yelled a sort of accompaniment to the dervish's chant. Arranged in a great semicircle before these officiating personages was a ring of forty men, negroes and Arabs, some bare-headed and nearly naked, others in the complete costume of the well-to-do. They were holding each other's hands, and whenever the dervish came to a pause the whole company suddenly raised their joined hands, and as suddenly brought them down again. As they descended every man bowed his head as low as he could, and gave a deep ventral "*hough*." The time they kept was so exact that the forty barked like one. On a sudden the dervish stopped, the acolytes yelled afresh, and then the company of devotees, pumping with their arms and doubling up their bodies, proceeded to a fearful competition of lungs. Still keeping in perfect unison, the barking grew faster and faster, and faster still, until one by one the huge, brawny, great-boned Africans reeled and staggered out of the ring, leant against the walls, or fell exhausted, gasping and groaning, like heaps of rags, upon the ground. The contagious delirium of this amazing orgie was something dreadful to behold. A few still held out, but faint and muffled in voice, and the torches flashed and spluttered, showing the fainting men lying all round the court, tossing their arms about, and raving, until it seemed as if the devils had been let loose on the earth. My own sensations were extraordinary, for I, who had only been looking on, felt actually faint and out of breath, and I was glad to get out of the court, with its reek of men and stench of guttering torches. As I went the voices grew weaker and weaker, and so died out altogether; the man who gave the last grunt of all being the winner for the night of the prize for piety. Next morning I was told that my adventure had really been one of considerable risk, as many of the men in these barking exercises are mad-drunk with hashish, and the whole company fanatically Mahomedan.

But I am glad I was not wise in time, or I should never have seen one of the most wonderful sights of my life.

In strange antiphony to the savage clamour, the fierce heathen screeching of these paid mourners, and the dull brainless thud-thud of the tom-tom, I hear a locomotive, far away on the other side of the town, blow its whistle—the impatient, imperious mandate of civilization. I know what is the matter. A string of Arabs and Soudanese, rocking on the backs of their camels, are lounging along, a mile in the hour, between the rails of the line; and the train comes fuming up and overtakes the crawling camelcade. But the camel is a beast that will not be hurried even by steam-engines, and so, let the driver shriek with all the power of his steam lungs, the dawdling creatures must have their time to get off the metals.

Is that a cock crowing? Yes, and the cocks of Suakin, so they say, are condemned to crow every hour. And the reason thereof is this:—Once upon a time there was a dervish of exceeding sanctity, and he came to Jedda. He was weary with his journey, and went to sleep under the wall of the mosque; and in the morning, a full whole hour before sunrise, an impertinent cock, that must needs set all his neighbours an example in early rising, got up on the wall, just over the dervish's head, and crowed. The holy man had no help for it but to awake, and, thinking it was daybreak, bethought him of his orisons. But while he sat wearily waiting for the sun to rise, it occurred to him that the cock was before its time, and as the hour dragged on he lost his temper, did this holy man, and cursed the cock. And not only that cock, but all the cocks of Jedda—condemning them to perpetual sleeplessness. "You shall crow," said he, "every hour in the twenty-four, and never enjoy a night of unbroken sleep." And his curse was so thorough that it holds good to this day, and, more than that, was of such a powerful sort that it reached all across the Red Sea, and smote the cocks of Suakin too, for they were all hatched from Jedda eggs, and inherited the original curse. So once in every sixty minutes the cocks of Suakin have to crow, to assure the old dervish's ghost that they are keeping awake.

How suddenly that camel, though moving so slowly, seemed to lounge round the mimosa bush! Its soft pads upon the soft sand make no sound, and the brute grows into sight with spectral suddenness. But this is the country of stealth and treachery. Every feature of it—the plain, hollowed by Nature into multitudinous pits and hiding-places, the great round thorn-bushes draped in creepers that look so solid and are hollow inside, the ravines that run along so deep and are often overhung with plants, the hills with their unexpected rifts and paths—speaks of ambuscade and conspiracy.

Even the birds, insects, and flowers seem adepts in surprise. The

sandlarks sit unperceived upon the ground, and suddenly flutter up from between your feet. They skim away low along the plain, so as never to be seen against the sky line. They drop unexpectedly upon the ground again and vanish from sight. Both in appearance and disappearance they are unforeseen and perplexing. Another bird, a pipit, is the guiltiest-mannered little thing in feathers one can imagine. Even its plumage is a prevarication, for it is black beneath and sandy above, so that it looks as if it were lying on its back. Moreover, the tip of its tail is chequered exactly like its head, so that it is even betting which end of the bird will go first when it flies. Every attitude of it is suspicious, evasive, culpable. The wagtails, too, are perpetually running away as fast as their little legs can carry them, exactly as if they were conscious of having given cause for pursuit.

Or, again, take the flowers : they seem to be peering out along the plain on the look-out for Bedouin insects. It is not difficult to imagine them ducking their heads under the sand at the approach of a plundering moth, or slipping away quietly into their plants like linnets into the furze when the shadow of the hawk overhead passes along. The plants they grow upon crouch very low in the sand, and some of them conceal, like the Arabs, keen-pointed weapons under their raiment of leaves. They seem, too, to be lying almost loose on the surface of the wind-shifted sand, homeless, without any ties to the soil, nomadic, at the mercy of harmattan and simoom. But try to pull one up. You will find their roots are struck deep and strong. They cling to their native soil with all the fierce tenacity of the Bedouins themselves. Like them, too, they have an instinct for hidden water, and treasure up the secret of concealed springs with all the jealousy of "the children of the desert." With the butterflies it is the same. They have none of the frivolity, the innocent light-heartedness of our English ones ; cannot loiter time away in flower-visiting ; do not become familiar. They flicker into sight and out of it, going straight ahead all the time, but dodging as they go, just as street boys do when a policeman is after them. They make off with the honey which they have quite lawfully eaten with the air of pickpockets trying to shake off pursuit. Colouring, too, is so sketchy that their shadows on the sand are much easier to follow with the eye than the insects in the air.

Here and there, too, there are unexpected touches of beauty which the aridity of the soil, the fierce dryness of the hot winds, make all the daintier. Thus the dingy-billed sandlark, groundling though it is, has a note of peculiar sweetness, which in the "Spring" of the Soudan may easily be supposed to lengthen into a carol. The tiny hot-weather flowers are found to be of such pure blues, yellows, pinks, that the rainy season can well be imagined brightened with

blossoms of rare colour. The butterflies—there are very few in the “Summer”—have been very carefully and curiously pencilled and patterned, as if Nature thought the Soudan worth her best workmanship. Such indeed is the case. For here, as everywhere else where the sun tyrannizes over creation for half the year, the rainy season works miracles of beauty. The Suakin country is by no means a wilderness. The ravines, which now are nothing more than dangerous cover for the stealthy, murderous Hadendowa, are then the cool haunts of the ariel and gazelle. These patches and streaks of bush become populous with hares, and under the camel-thorn families of ruddy foxes may be found at home. Even the bare spaces of sand and gravel have their happy inhabitants, for the holes drilled obliquely in all directions house the dainty jerboa and pretty jerbeel, and the others pierced straight down are the abodes of several kinds of ground rats and large lizards with queer, viperine, arrow-shaped heads. During the hot weather these tribes flit beyond the frontiers into the hills or the better-watered south, but as soon as the rains shall bring back the flowers they will all be here again on the level bush-dotted plains which for the last two years have been the fighting ground of the Arab and the English soldier. And by-and-by, too, the vexed country may find peace again, and, under the strong, just government of a European Power, forget the miseries it suffered under the Pasha-plagued and corrupt administration of Egypt—and perhaps Osman Digna find himself back in his garden again.

PHIL ROBINSON.

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM:

THE Stockton and Darlington Railroad was, in the year 1825, opened for the conveyance of passengers and goods; on September 15, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was similarly opened; and these two events marked the growth of the railway system—a system which since that time has been developed to an enormous extent, and with marvellous rapidity. At that time the Stockton and Darlington and the Liverpool and Manchester Railroads together extended over a length of eighty-six miles. At the present time the railways for passengers and goods in the United Kingdom extend over a length of 19,000 miles; have cost in their construction and maintenance over eight hundred million pounds; and have given facilities for the conveyance of passengers and goods which have revolutionized the social relations of the community and the commerce of the country and of the world.

Fifty years ago travelling was slow and expensive; it is now rapid and cheap. Then the conveyance of goods from place to place was cumbrous and costly to such a degree that manufacturers were to a great degree limited to carrying on their operations in places where accidental or exceptional conditions had favoured their growth; now, manufacturers have sprung up in numberless places where railroads have given them ready means of transit for fuel, materials, and products, but where, before the days of railroads, such necessities for development were not available.

A system such as that of railways, extending over the whole country, and affecting in a greater or less degree the prosperity and convenience of the whole people, has of course at different times been regarded in different ways and from different points of view. Thus in the early days of railways they were for the most part looked

upon by owners of property through which they passed with dislike, fear, and distrust, and a hostile position towards them was too often taken up, adding much to their cost and the time of their construction, and in some instances, by diverting them from their natural and best course, impairing their usefulness even to the present time. As time went on, however, and the convenience and advantage afforded by railways were felt and recognized, this feeling of apprehension and dislike disappeared, and so far from endeavouring to keep them at a distance, the very same interests which had at first opposed them, now promoted their construction, and courted instead of repelling their approach. This doubtless was somewhat due not only to appreciation of the benefits accruing from the working of railways, but also to the expectation of realizing a high price for any of the land or property which might be required for the construction of the lines, and which 'the railway companies were invariably compelled to pay dearly for.

The story of railway progress is indeed that of most great and beneficial changes—deprecated and regarded with dislike and suspicion at first, but later, when experience proves the groundlessness of these fears and prognostications of evil, blessing takes the place of banning, regarding them.

During the growth of the railway system, experience in management, scientific discovery, and mechanical invention have of course gone hand in hand in effecting its improvement; the security of passengers and the facilities for the conveyance and delivery of goods have become more and more assured, and at the present time, taking into consideration the hundreds of millions who travel, and the vast amount of merchandise and parcels carried, as well as the enormous number of transactions they involve, comparatively few complaints are heard from those who travel by them, or from freighters as to the facilities for the transport of goods. Some manufacturers and traders do, however, complain of the rates and charges demanded by railway companies, which they assert to be preferential or unduly high, and in the present state of depression of trade not unnaturally seek to reduce them, as in many, if not most, cases any reduction which they can obtain would either go into their own pockets or assist them to compete with some other trader. In some cases the railway charges may doubtless be unduly high, or there may be anomalies which should be subjected to revision; but it does not appear desirable that such revision should be brought about by legislative interference; and, indeed, a Royal Commission which inquired fully into the subject of railways, and which sat from March 1865 to May 1866, reported that

"they did not consider that it would be expedient, even if it were practicable, to adopt any legislation which would abolish the freedom railway

companies enjoy of charging what sum they deem expedient within their maximum rates when properly defined, limited as that freedom is by the conditions of the traffic Act."

A similar verdict was passed on railway management by the Committee of 1881-2, sixteen years after the inquiry by the Commission, and to this report I shall have to refer later on.

Much misapprehension exists on the subject of the charges made by railway companies for the conveyance of goods, minerals, &c.; and this arises from the supposition that the primary business of a railway company is that of the conveyance, care, and delivery of goods; whereas it is twofold—firstly, that of constructing and maintaining certain railways over which locomotive engines and trucks may run; in remuneration of that they are entitled to charge customers for the mere use by the trader of the actual route so provided, as canal and turnpike road trustees did before them; and secondly, the actual business of carriers, where they collect, convey, and deliver goods, minerals, &c., entrusted to them, for which second and independent service they are also entitled to be paid. Had the railway companies themselves not undertaken this business of common carriers, freighters would have had to provide their own sidings, warehouses, and other appliances necessary for carrying on their traffic; or companies of common carriers would have made a charge (as was in fact done in the early days of the railway system) to cover not only the toll paid to the railway companies, but also to return to themselves a fair profit for the work performed by them; and I believe it is indisputable that the cost of such service would have been greater if so performed than as it now is by railway companies.

The charges called "terminal charges" are included in the rates charged by the companies for carriage and delivery. These charges were defined by Sir John Hawkshaw in the evidence given by him before the Royal Commission of 1865, to which I have alluded, as follows:—

"A terminal charge is a charge made for special services beyond that of carrying the goods from station to station, for handling the goods—i.e., for shunting, weighing, wharfage, &c."

But such charges often cover the land for and the enormous and expensive terminal works which the railway companies have provided throughout the country, and for the capital expended on which they have no other return. It is, however, very commonly supposed that "terminal charges" are little more than arbitrary imposts collected by these companies outside and above the tolls and rates authorized by their parliamentary powers, forming a source of

revenue for which no separate adequate service is provided. This, however, is not the case, as numerous and costly duties have to be carried out in the reception and delivery of goods, and not only has a large and trained staff of booking clerks, checkers, porters, and policemen to be maintained, but approach-roads and land must be provided, and many miles of sidings constructed, with stations and sheds; while none of the outlay thus required would have been incurred by the railway companies had they simply acted as toll-takers, and not undertaken the much more onerous duties and responsibilities of carriers, from which, however, such vast advantages have accrued to the public.

In 1865, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Railways, Mr. Grierson, the General Manager of the Great Western Railway Company, stated that at that time his company had 357 miles of sidings, which had been constructed at a cost of about £6,500,000; while at the present time the siding accommodation upon the Great Western system has extended far beyond the above-named length.

The Report of this Royal Commission was printed in 1867, and with respect to these charges by railway companies the Commissioners express themselves as follows:—

“We do not consider that it would be expedient, even if it were practicable to adopt any legislation which would abolish the freedom railway companies enjoy, of charging what sum they deem expedient within their maximum rates when properly defined, limited as that freedom is by the conditions of the Traffic Act.”

This conclusion, which I before alluded to, was arrived at after the examination of various witnesses, both freighters and others, connected with railway management, by whom it was conclusively shown that the extra or carriers' services performed by railway companies would be less efficiently performed, and at a greater cost to the freighters, if taken out of their hands.

Notwithstanding this Report of the Royal Commission, the disputes between freighters and the railway companies have continued, especially with regard to the terminal charges for goods carried for short distances, as they often appear excessive when compared with the cost of the carriage, the cost of reception and delivery being of course the same to the companies whether the goods were carried for a long or short distance; and in 1881 a large committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into and report generally upon the subject of these differences. This committee sat through that session, and not having concluded their labours at its termination, were reappointed in 1882; and having from first to last examined a very large number of witnesses on behalf of the freighters, the general public, and the railway companies, presented

their Report before the House adjourned. In speaking of terminals they gave it as their opinion that some of the present difficulties between the freighters and the railway companies

“arise from the want of knowledge, and that some charges which appear *prima facie* to be unequal and unjust, turn out to be fair and reasonable. This the committee consider to have arisen from the difficulty experienced by traders in ascertaining the amount of tolls and rates legally chargeable by railway companies”: “they recommend that the right of the companies to charge terminals should be recognized by Parliament, but that the sums so chargeable should be clearly entered in the rate-book, or otherwise publicly notified at the stations where they are charged.”

The Board of Trade took no steps upon this Report in the session of 1883, but in the autumn of that year intimated that they proposed in the following session to introduce a Bill dealing with some of the recommendations of the Committee of 1881-2, and invited the railway companies to submit for insertion in the Bill a revised classification based upon the Railway Clearing House classification.

This the railway companies, at great expenditure of time and labour, did, only to be told by Mr. Chamberlain that classification was not a matter to be dealt with by a public Bill; and he therefore invited a few of the principal railway companies to introduce Bills, in the session of 1884, dealing with classification and revision of rates and powers, so as to render the same applicable thereto. This was done, and in the following year Bills were introduced by some of the larger railway companies to carry out the recommendations of the Committee, and after great labour a general classification of merchandise was prepared; but the trading community viewed the Bills with distrust, a strong opposition to them was threatened, and they were withdrawn.

Another cause of dispute between the traders and the railway companies is that of preferential rates, or rates for the performance of like service to a common centre charged at a lower mileage rate from one place than from another. It is, however, evident that, unless such preferential rates are allowed, we should be landed in the system of equal mileage rates—rates exactly proportioned to the number of miles over which the goods in respect of which they are charged are carried. However this might affect railway companies and traders, it is certain that the adoption of this system would most seriously and injuriously affect the general public, and we find that such a system has been condemned by every Parliamentary Committee or Royal Commission which has inquired into the subject, and that it was again emphatically condemned by the Committee of 1881, who in their Report set forth their grounds of objection under the following heads:—

(a) “It would prevent railway companies from lowering their fares and rates, so as to compete with traffic by sea, by canal, or by a shorter, other-

wise a cheaper railway, and would thus deprive the public of the benefit of competition, and the companies of a legitimate source of profit.

(b) "It would prevent railway companies from making perfectly fair arrangements for carrying, at a lower rate than usual, goods brought in larger or constant quantities, or for carrying for long distances at a lower rate than for short distances.

(c) "It would compel a company to carry for the same rate over a line which has been very expensive in construction, or which from gradients or otherwise is very expensive in working; at the same rate at which it carries over less expensive lines.

"In short, to impose equal mileage on the companies would be to deprive the public of the benefit of much of the competition which now exists or has existed; to raise the charges on the public in many cases where the public now find it their interest to lower them; and to perpetuate monopolies in carriage, trade, and manufactures, in favour of those rates and places which are nearest or least expensive, where the varying charges of the companies now create competition; and it will be found that the supporters of equal mileage, when pressed, often mean, not that the rates they pay themselves are too high, but that the rates that others pay are too low."

In illustration of the operation of preferential as compared with equal mileage rates, let us consider how they affect the supply of some of the principal articles of food sent to the metropolis. Take for instance, fish. The quantity of fish sent by railway into London in the course of last year was about 95,800 tons. Of this a great proportion came from Scotland, the west coast of Ireland, Devon, Cornwall, the north-east of England, and other places distant from London; and from these places a much lower mileage rate is charged for the carriage by the railway companies than that charged for fish sent from places at a less distance. Were it, however, charged at an equal mileage rate with them, the fish supply of London would of necessity be both reduced in quantity and raised in price.

Take, again, the case of milk, the total supply of which for the Metropolis brought by rail amounted last year to about 30,500,800 gallons. Of this, a great part was brought from various grazing districts, distant 40, 50, 60, and even more miles from London. As a general rule, however, the railway companies charge no more for the carriage of milk brought from these places than for that brought from places comparatively near. Thus the Great Western Railway Company charge for the carriage of milk the same rate from Swindon, which is 77 miles off, as they charge for its carriage from Reading, Slough, and other places comparatively near the Metropolis. The same remarks apply generally to the supply of food to the Metropolis and the great centres of population, where, if an equal mileage rate were to be charged, it would result in a diminution in the supply and an advance in the price to the consumer.

There are rates of a preferential, or rather of a differential character, charged by railway companies, which give rise to much dissatisfaction and much angry feeling—namely, some of those for the con-

veyance of foreign produce to its destination. This is carried at very much lower rates than those charged for the conveyance of home produce of a like nature for even less distances. Thus, beef from America *viâ* Glasgow may be quoted as an instance; and if it is really injurious to home produce, it would appear desirable that some alteration in the system of regulating the rates of these foreign goods should be effected.

The railway companies fully admit the anomalies of the system, but contend that if the foreign produce was not carried by them at exceptionally low rates, it would either not be sent at all, or would be sent to its destination by sea carriage.

As before stated, in 1884 Bills were brought into Parliament in order to give effect to the recommendation of the Committee of 1881, and had they been duly considered and full inquiry made, I have little doubt but that the questions between railway companies and freighters would have been satisfactorily settled. Not having been brought in by the Board of Trade, however, their objects were much misunderstood and misrepresented, and they were regarded with jealousy and suspicion by the freighters, many of whom supposed them to have been introduced merely in the interest of the railway companies, and with the main object of raising their tolls and charges. This was totally at variance with the fact, but the opposition to the Bills, whether mistaken or not, was so strong that they were withdrawn. The differences between the freighters and the companies not having been adjusted, in the present session of Parliament the Board of Trade has again taken the matter in hand, and Mr. Mundella has brought in his Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, the main objects of which are to deal with the composition and jurisdiction of the Railway Commissioners, and provide for a revision of the classification of merchandize and the maxima of railway rates. This scheme, while in many respects making provisions of a useful and desirable character, contains some provisions, particularly those of the 24th clause, which are especially calculated to alarm those who have invested their money in railways upon the security of the tolls and rates guaranteed them by parliamentary enactments. This clause would empower the Board of Trade to initiate a revised schedule of maximum tolls and rates, and this authority, unless materially modified, would lead to the conclusion that it is intended thereby to lower such rates and charges. There is no demand for their increase, while, whether with or without justice, there is a constant and interested attempt being made by traders to lower them; nor can there be a doubt but that, whatever change may be made by such revision, it will on the whole be in the direction, not of advance, but reduction. The great objection to the clause is, however, to the suggested adoption of the principle of the compulsory alteration of parliamentary rates. Mr.

Mundella, in his speeches on the introduction and second reading of the Bill, explained that there was no desire on his part or that of the Government to invalidate the security of shareholders of railway property, or to lower the tolls; and Mr. Bolton, who had moved an amendment on the second reading of the Bill, withdrew it on the assurance of Mr. Mundella that he would do his best to make such an arrangement with the railway companies as would remove from their minds those apprehensions of confiscation which they had so strongly entertained.

It may be all very well to say that confiscation of railway property was not intended, but *littera scripta manet*; and whatever the intentions of framers of Acts of Parliament may have been, the administrators of the law, should the clause be carried, would doubtless put upon them the true signification of the words used in the enactment.

Mr. Bolton, as I think, wisely withdrew his amendment on receiving this assurance from Mr. Mundella; but the clause to which the railway companies so strongly objected was on the face of it so objectionable, and bore such an aspect of confiscation, that without such an assurance the companies, and those who represent their interests, would have had no alternative but to have divided against the Bill; and now it will be very necessary to have a clear understanding with the President of the Board of Trade as to the safeguards which he will afford to railway shareholders, and the objectionable clause will have to be most narrowly watched.

I confess that it appears to me to have been indiscreet, to say the least of it, to have taken up the position which Mr. Mundella did in the introduction of this Bill. He may amend it so as to remove the apprehensions which existing railway companies entertain of its effects, but I fear that the form in which it now appears will have given alarm to possible investors in railways, however successful he may be in allaying the fears of present proprietors. The cost of our railway system has, I have already said, been about eight hundred million pounds; the work done has been most beneficial to the country; but the remuneration to shareholders, who have provided the necessary funds, has, on the average, not much exceeded 4 per cent.*

Great as our railway system has become, however, it cannot be said to be complete. There are many parts of the kingdom where increased railway accommodation is demanded; and directors, managers, and others connected with railway companies well know the constant pressure brought to bear upon them to assist in the formation of new railway companies, or in the construction or working of lines. Now, for this they have no means. They cannot assist out

* It has been estimated that the total cost of railways throughout the world may be put at nearly £4,540,000,000.

of revenue, and neither their shareholders nor the general outside public will so readily as heretofore sanction the creation of new stock, the security for which has been more or less invalidated by the threatening attitude of the Board of Trade.

The Railway and Canal Traffic Bill proposes to alter the constitution of the Railway Commission, and, so far as it goes, the proposed alteration is an improvement upon the constitution of the existing body by substituting one of the judges of the High Court of Justice for the present president of the Commission. This I consider to be a decided improvement, as it certainly seems right that in cases in which interests of great importance and magnitude, such as those between the public and the railway companies, are involved, they should be investigated before a tribunal of the highest legal authority, and this the existing Commission can hardly be said to be. It has doubtless done its work on the whole satisfactorily; but it is surely fair and necessary that railway companies, by whom the vast railway system has been created, under Acts of Parliament upon the faith of which their shareholders have advanced their money, should have their rights substantially upheld, and that the vast interests in the trade of this country represented by railway companies should be protected by such a tribunal as would inspire the most implicit confidence in its decisions, and be as strong in legal and judicial experience as those which are open to other subjects of this realm.

Although the appointment, as the president of the Commission, of a judge, by whom, as it is proposed, all purely legal questions will be decided, would be eminently satisfactory, the further composition of the Commission does appear to be open to serious objection, as upon all practical questions upon which points of law do not arise the president is to be associated with "two practical men of business," who in such matters are to be co-ordinate with him.

When the matters in dispute come to be investigated, I believe that most of them will be found to involve legal as well as practical issues, and both to be so mixed up together as to be practically almost impossible to be separated; but putting this aside, the definition of "practical men of business" would surely appear to be insufficient in the constitution of a tribunal to which interests of the greatest importance are referable. Nothing should be more fenced round with every possible safeguard than the constitution of all our legal tribunals. This will be generally admitted, but who will say that the above-mentioned definition will suffice to provide such safeguards. It may be said that the appointment of these Commissioners will be made upon the responsibility of the Government of the day; but I for one, and I believe many others, look upon this but as a feeble security for good appointments, and there are few but who, without

any great stretch of memory, can call to mind Government appointments to important and responsible offices of persons admittedly unfit for them, made on account of party or family influence.

Supposing "practical men of business," in the best acceptation of the term, to receive these appointments, they will in all probability have been connected in business with either the trading and mercantile, or with the railway community, and either have a bias or sympathy, or else be supposed to have such bias or sympathy, with one or other of the parties to the case before them. On the whole, it would appear to be desirable that the Railway Commission should be strictly a legal one, and the appointments to it, as other high legal appointments are, made by the authority and on the responsibility of the Lord High Chancellor; and I think that such a tribunal would more command the confidence of the public and the railway interests than any quasi-legal one such as that contemplated under the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill. The public do not, or ought not, to require from railway companies more than that to which they are by law entitled; and the railway companies who have to expend an immense amount of capital, and have great responsibilities, under parliamentary sanction and dictation, not unnaturally say, "Let us know what the law is, and we will obey it;" but they have also, I think, the right to demand that those best acquainted with the law shall give them this information; nor must it be supposed that they stand before the public in the light of habitual defaulters or aggressors, as the Committee of 1881-2, in its Report after the full and exhaustive inquiry conducted by them, say that—

"On the whole of the evidence, they acquit the railway companies of any grave dereliction of their duty to the public. It is remarkable that no witnesses have appeared to complain of preferences given to individuals by railway companies as acts of private favour or partiality, such as were more or less frequent during the years immediately preceding the Act of 1854. Your committee find that the rates for merchandise on the railways of the United Kingdom are in the main considerably below the maxima authorized by Parliament, although these charges appear to be higher for the longer distances than on many Continental lines; but on the other hand, the service on our home railways is performed much more rapidly than on the Continent."

All systems and institutions are more or less imperfect: all have much to learn from experience, the discoveries of science, and the inventions of art. Nor do the railway managers claim any exemption from this rule for themselves or their companies. They are, on the other hand, ever on the watch to avail themselves of every aid to the successful conduct of the great undertakings confided to their control, and are ever desirous of discussing with, and as far as they can meeting the reasonable demands of, the traders and the public; and those who have really studied the evidence given before the Committee of 1881 must, I think, arrive at the conclusion that it

has been their practice to do so. With regard to the personal safety of those who travel by their lines, they make no demur in unreservedly falling in with the requirements of the Board of Trade; but as regards the rates and charges allowed them by Parliament, and which are the only security for the colossal expenditure provided by all classes in the country in the construction of the railways, they do very strongly protest against arbitrary interference by the Board of Trade or Parliament, and they further most earnestly contend that, as regards their position in respect of the administration of the law, they should not be placed at a disadvantage with that which is held by other persons and interests throughout the country.

L. L. DILLWYN.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

THE favourable reception accorded by the press to the article on this subject, admitted anonymously to the March number of this REVIEW by the kindness of the editor, has encouraged the writer to place before the public some further considerations on this important subject, the result of exceptional opportunities of gauging the feeling both of the Northern and Southern population of the sister island.

The important principles then enforced were, that any scheme of Home Rule that will satisfactorily solve the Irish difficulty must be based on strictly equitable principles, must be fair alike to the agricultural and Roman Catholic population of the South, to the wealthy and Protestant manufacturing population of the North, as well as to the people of Great Britain; and that the advantages proposed to be conceded to Ireland must be such as, if demanded, may with safety be granted to Scotland and Wales.

The present is unquestionably a most important crisis in our nation's history, and it behoves every lover of his country to contribute his best efforts to the solution of this difficult problem, sinking all party feeling and political prejudice. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that upon the satisfactory solution of this question depends the welfare both of the Irish and English nations, possibly even the integrity of the British empire.

Want of justice in the treatment of the Southern population of Ireland by the Imperial Legislature has in times past been the fruitful source of our present trouble; but allowing this, it appears now as if many of our politicians are prepared to attempt to repair the admitted wrong at the cost of injustice to all the other parts of the empire. If we study the expressed views of extreme partisans on either side, we find some who maintain that

but little, if any, alteration of the relations between the two kingdoms is needed, and that to restore peace and prosperity all that is required is a firm administration of the present law : they appear altogether to ignore the fact that this view has long prevailed and been acted upon for generations, resulting only in perpetually recurring coercive measures which have left Ireland in its present state of disturbance and discontent, and made the treatment of that country by Great Britain a byword and reproach amongst the nations of the earth. They also ignore the fact that under similar treatment half the landlords of Ireland have become non-resident, and that in only thirty years, from 1850 to 1880, ninety thousand farmers were evicted from their holdings, rendering homeless half a million of persons, probably one-third of the whole agricultural population of the South. They seem, moreover, to take no account of the changed condition of political representation, and that a compact and determined band of Irish representatives are prepared to go to almost any extreme in furthering the aspirations of their country, who will assuredly meet with much sympathy and support from the democracy, which now dominates the English constituencies. On the other hand, there are many extreme politicians who profess to look upon all the evils from which Ireland is suffering as the result of the English connection. These seem prepared to sacrifice the rights of all other classes to the interests of the agriculturists, and even to risk the dismemberment of the magnificent empire which has been handed down to us, in their determination to try some revolutionary experiment. They equally ignore the facts of history, and fail to take into account that, in spite of all that has been wrong in the legislation of the past, the people of Ireland are, as a whole, far better off than at any former period ; that at no former time could that country have passed through such a series of bad harvests, nor encountered such competition in the sale of its principal products, as it has experienced during the last seven years, without infinitely greater suffering and wretchedness than have actually followed. They ignore the fact that a large section of the country is not only seriously over-populated, but that the agricultural labourers, who used to bring back wealth from harvesting in England, have to a great extent lost their occupation ; in a word, that destitution and hunger are the chief causes of prevalent political discontent, and that much of this results from sources altogether independent of forms of government.

It is absolutely necessary for politicians who seek satisfactorily to solve the Irish difficulty to weigh carefully every side of this great problem, and while giving due importance to those political disadvantages which demand removal, and endeavouring to meet as far as possible the natural aspirations of the people, to remember

that there are conditions of soil, climate, and congested population, which no political reforms will touch, and the evil effects of which will be grievously aggravated by any legislation tending to expatriate the wealthier classes, and to prevent capital from being employed in the country.

Since the previous article was written, the two Government Bills for the establishment of Home Rule and the purchase of land in Ireland have been introduced, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have been met with almost universal dissatisfaction; for though personal devotion to Mr. Gladstone has secured from his party a certain amount of nominal support, yet even that support has been given with hesitation and doubt, and with suggestions of amendments to his measures which clearly show that, but for the prestige of his great name, the whole scheme would have met with summary condemnation.

It is, however, scarcely to be regretted that his schemes should have been introduced, for though undoubtedly unacceptable in their present form, familiarity with the idea of extensive alterations in the political relations of the two countries, which the discussion of them has induced, may pave the way to a satisfactory settlement.

In their present form, both Bills are undoubtedly unsatisfactory, the principles upon which they are founded violating not only justice, but the most cherished principles of the Liberal party; and to constitute an Irish Parliament on the lines proposed could only result ultimately in a total separation of the two countries, as well as in untold injury to both. Yet, by the introduction of some important amendments, even the present Bills may be so altered as to satisfy the just claims of Ireland, and without injustice to the other nationalities.

The first error in the scheme is undoubtedly its provision for the banishment or dismissal of the Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament, whilst Ireland is still subjected to taxation for Imperial purposes. To deprive this important portion of the United Kingdom of all voice in the Imperial Parliament, whilst it is subject to taxation and liable to suffer equally with the remainder of the kingdom from any error in Imperial policy, is to degrade it to the position of a mere dependency; and the fact that the Home Rule party at Westminster have made no protest against such degradation appears utterly inexplicable, unless indeed they look upon this scheme as only a means of obtaining entire separation. It would be otherwise incomprehensible how any Irish patriot could welcome legislation which would deprive his country of the influence it now possesses in the control of Imperial affairs. But whilst it is impossible to banish the representatives of the Irish nation from the Imperial Parliament so long as Ireland continues a portion of the United Kingdom, it is equally impossible in justice to the remainder of the

empire that Ireland, having obtained a statutory Parliament and full control over her own affairs, should still retain the same number of representatives as at present. This would be to make the Irish representatives the rulers of the United Kingdom. The only practical solution of this difficulty is that to which the popular judgment is tending—namely, that until some general system of Imperial federation has been established, the number of representatives sent by Ireland to the Imperial Parliament should be regulated by the proportion of its contributions to the Imperial treasury.

If possible, a still more serious fault in Mr. Gladstone's scheme is the treatment which he accords to the Protestant minority, especially to those resident in the north of Ireland. Its provisions would, if carried out, subject the whole of the Protestants of Ireland to the will of the dominant party in the Dublin Parliament: this party being practically representative of the priest-led peasants of the South.

The proposed safeguards—the two orders, the property qualification, the minority veto—are not only bad in themselves, but opposed to the democratic spirit of the age. They would certainly soon be removed as unworkable, while even during their existence they would fail to afford any real protection. The new government in Ireland would possess full power of taxation, the appointment of the judges, the organizing and control of the police; and as it would depend for its very existence upon the favour of the impoverished agriculturists of the South, led by the priests, the more wealthy and Protestant population of the North would undoubtedly be looked upon as a fair subject for taxation or veiled pillage. And as the judges would also be practically nominees of the priests, Protestants would be deprived of all judicial security; even the police being the servants of those whom Protestants have for generations regarded as their hereditary enemies.

It is unreasonable to expect that the wealthy intelligent population of the North would quietly submit to such degradation, and allow themselves to be separated from their kindred across the sea, or that the Protestants of England would stand calmly by and see Protestantism itself placed under the foot of Romanism, or consent to that large population, with which they are connected by ties of religion and of blood, being subjected to the tyranny of those who delight to describe themselves as aliens, and whom Mr. Gladstone himself, in one of his most unfortunate expressions, has described as foreigners.

Coercion of all kinds, even when necessary, is undoubtedly a misfortune, but certainly it would be the climax of cynical baseness for Great Britain to coerce the Protestant North of Ireland, in order to compel the inhabitants to submit to a hated union, which would in

fact be absolute subjection to those from whom they are entirely separated by race, religion, and sympathy.

Home Rule, if granted, as to some considerable extent it undoubtedly should be, must be equally allowed to the North as to the South, or the province of Ulster be altogether excepted from this legislation and permitted to continue as heretofore its legislative union with Great Britain, unless, and until of their own free-will, the people desire legislative union with the South.

It appears to be too much taken for granted that, because Ireland is an island, no distinction can be made in legislating for its different provinces. This idea is altogether fallacious; continents are but large islands, and an island is but a small continent; and if, as we find to be the case, different States can exist with no further boundary than an imaginary line, as in Germany, Switzerland, and America, there can be no insuperable difficulty in adopting a similar arrangement in the government of Ireland, especially as it is proposed to retain the customs and excise under the control of the Imperial Government. The only plausible objection that has in fact been urged against granting separate Parliaments to Ulster and the South, is that to do so would meet with strong opposition from the Irish Home Rule party. But the object of any new legislation must not be to satisfy any particular party, but to meet the just claims of the whole of the Irish people; and while it would undoubtedly be more satisfactory to the followers of Mr. Parnell to be able to report to their constituencies that they had not only obtained from Great Britain self-government for the South, but also the power of taxing and ruling their northern neighbours, yet if justice and not temporary expediency is to be the ground of future legislation, such a claim is entirely inadmissible. Moreover, if justice is measured out to the South there is but little fear that any large amount of discontent will exist for long, except among those whose real object is to obtain a total severance of the countries, and who would find in the establishment of two Parliaments a complete defeat of their aims.

The Bill for granting Home Rule has evoked much hostile criticism, but that which relates to the purchase of the land is even more unpopular. This is not surprising; since nominally at least it makes the people of Great Britain responsible for a large amount of debt for the purpose of removing difficulties in the way of granting Home Rule to the Irish nation. That a great deal of this opposition is factitious and the result of mere party spirit using a cry for the sake of popularity, may be allowed; but at the same time there is a just instinct in the objection of the taxpayers of Great Britain to become even nominally responsible for a debt to be incurred for the expatriation of the Irish landlords.

In order to obtain a just view of this important portion of the

Irish problem, upon which the success of the whole will undoubtedly depend, it is necessary to keep clearly in mind the nature and amount of the present responsibility of the State to the Irish landlords; many of whom, it must always be remembered, bought property in Ireland under Acts of Parliament practically guaranteeing the security of their possession, and all of whom rely upon the good faith of the Government of the United Kingdom to provide for its subjects this security. The limit of Government responsibility is, that should a tenant break his contract, unless such contract is in itself inequitable or has been forced upon him by compulsion, or should the rent be withheld, the Government is pledged to reinstate the owner in possession of his property and to compel the payment of the debt due so far as the tenant is able to pay. Such, in brief, is the responsibility of the Imperial Government to all owners of property; and should it wish to transfer this responsibility, it clearly is not morally justified in doing so without either obtaining the consent of those interested, or providing for them equal security to that which they at present possess. The problem is, can this undoubted obligation of the Imperial Government towards the landowners of Ireland be fulfilled, presuming a statutory Parliament is established in Ireland, without saddling the people of Great Britain with a debt which does not belong to them? The following scheme, it is submitted, effectually meets the justice of the case.

It is proposed to give Ireland a separate statutory Parliament, with power of taxation, the appointment of magistrates, and the control of the police; and this proposal justifies owners of property in protesting against such a transfer of power, which would practically do away with the security they now possess. Mr. Gladstone fully recognizes this right, and proposes to grant pecuniary compensation, but illogically he confines it to a portion only of those who would be aggrieved, by limiting the amount. The suggested plan is to provide that, on the formation of the statutory Parliament or Parliaments, any landowner unwilling to remain under the new conditions should be entitled to claim that the provincial government should purchase his property at a fair valuation—the valuation to be made by two valuers, one appointed by himself, the other by the Irish government, with power, in case they are unable to agree, to call in an umpire, to be nominated by the Imperial authorities. To base the sum to be paid to the landowners upon a certain number of years' purchase, as now proposed, would work unjustly, inasmuch as a considerable amount of land is let above, and a considerable amount below, its real value; but purchase by valuation is open to no such objection. The price having been thus fixed, the Irish government would hand over to the vendor inscribed stock, setting forth the particulars of the property thus purchased, and bearing three per

cent. interest, both the principal and interest being secured, firstly, upon the property itself, and secondly, on the Irish revenue; the due fulfilment of this contract to be guaranteed by the Imperial Government, which would then, as now, on breach of the contract, transfer the land back to the vendor, or failing this be bound to give him compensation. Such an arrangement would involve the Imperial Government in no greater liability or responsibility than now attaches to it, and as full control over the customs as well as over the military is to be retained, it would then have no more difficulty in fulfilling its obligations than at present.

Under such a scheme all parties would be justly dealt with: the landowners would receive the full value of their property; the people of Great Britain would have no addition made to their debt; the tenant would obtain an important reduction of his rent; whilst the responsibility of the Imperial Government would soon become merely nominal.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THINGS never turn out so well as we hope, nor so ill as we fear. For the last two or three years French affairs seem to have set themselves to prove the truth of this adage. There was a moment when it was possible to believe that the Republic was going to be established on an immovable basis, and to give us sound finance and splendid colonies, together with great military and educational improvements; it was even possible to believe, with M. Ferry, that we were to have a Parliament capable of giving reasonable attention to the business of the nation, and of keeping the same Ministry in office for several years at a time. This dream was put to flight by the panic of Lang Son, the fall of M. Ferry, the discovery of the deficit, the passing of the Military Recruitment Bill, which does away with the voluntary system, and by the election of the present Chamber of Deputies, in which a majority of two hundred and fifty rational Republicans find themselves at the mercy of a coalition of two minorities, the Right and the Extreme Left. This new grouping of parties justified our worst misgivings, which indeed seemed fated to be realized to the utmost when M. Brisson carried the ratification of the treaty with China and the vote of credit for the organization of Tonquin by a majority of only two members, one of whom declares that his vote was given for him against his will, while the other was out at sea, and a friend deposited his vote without consulting him. The Chamber seemed doomed to struggle between impotence and extravagance; the wave of public opinion, which had returned two hundred Royalists or Bonapartists to Parliament, seemed to be still rising; and the country seemed condemned to a policy of abstention abroad and disturbance at home, with the risk of its all ending in another revolution. I do not say that even now all fear of such disasters is quite set at rest; but certainly during the last five months events have taken a more hopeful turn, and the Chamber has shown more sense and Ministers more firmness than one might have expected of them.

Three important facts have marked the close of 1885 and the opening

of 1886—the votes of credit for Tonquin and Madagascar, the re-election of M. Grévy, and the formation of the De Freycinet Ministry.

The two first attracted but little public attention, and yet every day helps to reveal their importance. At the time of the general election M. Ferry's colonial policy was the stalking-horse of all the enemies of the Opportunist majority, and few there were who dared assert that we were right in remaining in Tonquin and Madagascar. Even those who did assert it entrenched themselves behind motives of national honour, and made all sorts of reserves as to the question of utility. A few months have rolled away, and, with the mobility natural to the French character, Tonquin and Madagascar are all but popular again. Hardly had the luckless General de Courcy been recalled from Tonquin—whither he had set out with a spirit bent on martial exploits, and where he had ended by creating nothing but difficulty and disorder—when the country was pacified, the frontiers occupied without the striking of a single blow, and the famous Black Flags transformed into peaceful cultivators of the soil. M. Paul Bert had the courage to undertake the difficult task of organizing the French protectorate in Annam and the government of Tonquin. He took his whole family with him; and the confidence he thus showed in the future of our colonies in the far East has done much to reassure public opinion in France, to encourage our Indo-Chinese colonists, and to dispose China to the loyal execution of the treaty of Tien-tsin. The task of the negotiators empowered to conclude the treaty of commerce was immensely lightened, and the treaty has been signed more quickly than was expected.

In Madagascar, M. de Freycinet has had the prudence not to insist on impossible concessions, but to content himself with modest but solid advantages. The cession of the Bay of Diego Suarez gives a valuable acquisition to our fleet; and if the term "protectorate" has been eliminated, out of deference to native susceptibilities, the powers to be exercised by the French Resident at Tananariva will enable him to make French influence dominant throughout the island. The energy and ability of M. Le Myre de Vilers justify the hope that he will know how to use the advantages secured by the new treaty. The rest will depend on the loyalty of the Hovas and the goodwill of England.

Meanwhile the new territories of the Congo and the Ogooué have been united to that of the Gaboon under the government of M. de Brazza. It remains to be seen whether with the qualities of the explorer he combines those of the administrator. Certainly in those regions a vast field of activity lies open to our pioneers.

It will thus be seen that the colonial policy of M. Ferry has been skilfully and steadily carried out by M. de Freycinet. M. Ferry's attitude in relation to Germany has also been in some respects maintained. M. de Freycinet seeks to create a good understanding by emphasizing common interests. In reference to the Eastern Question, France has constantly acted in accord with Germany; in Africa an amicable solution has been found for pending disputes; and in Oceania, Germany has declared that she will offer no opposition to the annexation of the New Hebrides. If manifestations of Prussophobia on the part of a few individuals occasionally evoke a burst of Gallophobia in the German press, the Governments of the two countries remain on a footing of mutual goodwill. A book called "*Avant la Bataille*" lately attracted

some attention on account of its bellicose tone and its preface by M. Déroulède; but the public has ceased to take any notice of it since it turned out to have been written, not by an officer in the service, but by a journalist of questionable competence and slender reputation. The thing was a bookseller's speculation, not a political manifesto.

The re-election of M. Grévy, notwithstanding the disgraceful scenes amidst which it took place, and for which the members of the Right were mainly responsible, has been a reassuring element in the situation at home. The scenes themselves were not without their effect. In the first place, they carried home to the minds of some members of the Left the necessity of avoiding the repetition of such occasions, and finally dissipated any idea of a revision of the Constitution; while at the same time they damaged the prestige gained by the Conservative party at the elections, by showing how violent, unreasoning, and impolitic a party it was. Its attitude at the Congress undoubtedly did much to secure the victory of the Republicans at the bye-elections which have since taken place. More than this: the mass of the country, which does not trouble its head about politics, but does care about quietness and security, was astonished to see how easily and quietly—notwithstanding the fuss got up by a few rowdies at Versailles—the renewal of M. Grévy's powers had been effected. Twice since the end of January 1879 the great central machinery of the Constitution has been set in motion—once in 1884 for the revision of the constitutional laws, and now again for the presidential election; and behold, it worked without jarring and without accident; and it appeared, after all, that in point of political stability the Republic might vie with many a monarchy, such as that of Spain, which the death of Alphonso XII. had brought into imminent danger. The very personality of M. Grévy has no doubt largely contributed to ensure the regular working of the Republican Constitution. Sundry charges may of course be brought against him—the charge of not having utilized his high station for the encouragement of intellectual or artistic progress, of having taken no pains to inform himself by travel of the requirements of the country, or to familiarize the people with the sight of the executive power in its present form, and of having used the resources confided to him for the representation of the State to swell his private fortune. But he has done the Republic the immeasurable service of proving, by his very self-effacement, that it is possible for an impersonal Government to maintain itself in France; that it is not necessary for the Executive to be always making itself felt, that the Constitution may work steadily without noise or shock, and be scrupulously respected all the while. M. Grévy has sought no unwholesome popularity, he has caused no scandal; and yet, without ever transgressing the limits of his post and functions, he has now and again exerted over his Ministers the influence of his calm and balanced judgment. At one moment he was in some danger of being compromised by the political intrigues of his son-in-law, M. Wilson, who tried to shelter himself under the President's name; but he succeeded in repudiating any compromising solidarity. If the Republic lasts, much of its stability will be due to M. Grévy's work in laying its foundations. Some one called the monarchy of 1830 the best of Republics. M. Grévy's presidency might with equal justice be called the best of constitutional sovereignties.

Unfortunately, while we have at the summit of the edifice a temporary

element of stability, the edifice itself, built on the shifting sands of popular suffrage, is far from offering a sufficient guarantee of its own permanence. The Chamber of Deputies, divided into three great factions—Reactionaries, Moderates, and Radicals—themselves subdivided into a crowd of smaller groups composed in great part of untried, ill-educated, and perhaps even scarcely serious men, can furnish no solid support to any Ministry. The Cabinet collected by M. de Freycinet is the very image of the Chamber itself, and M. de Freycinet is the only man in France who could either form such a Ministry or keep it together when formed. His very defects, his want of consistency and political principle, his intriguing spirit, his love of small measures and small manoeuvres, stand him at this moment in almost as good stead as his better qualities—his persuasive eloquence, his flexibility, his skill in reading and managing men. In the Ministry of Public Instruction he has retained M. Goblet, an intelligent, active, honest, liberal-minded man, and a good speaker. Together with M. de Freycinet himself and M. Aube, M. Goblet is one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet; and he has the additional advantage of being in sympathy with the Radicals, since he shares their hostility to the Opportunists, and is a hot partisan of the separation of Church and State. The Minister of Justice, M. Demôle, is a Moderate, very good and very mediocre; at the Ministry of Finance, another Moderate, M. Sadi-Carnot; at the Ministry of Public Works, M. Bailhaut, a very intelligent and competent Minister, also belonging to the Moderate Left; at the Ministry of Agriculture, M. Develle, of the Moderate Left again. These four—M. Demôle, M. Sadi-Carnot, M. Bailhaut, M. Develle—form the link between M. de Freycinet and the old Gambettist and Ferrist majority. M. Sarrien, the Minister of the Interior; M. Granet, of the Post-office; M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce and Industry; and M. Boulanger, Minister of War, are the representatives in the Cabinet of the Radical and the Extreme Left. M. Sarrien is completely under the influence of M. Wilson; M. Boulanger is said to have cast in his fortunes with those of M. Clémenceau. Certainly his speeches are intended to catch the applause of the Extreme Left. As to his acts, they have hitherto been confined to replacing the old committees of his department by technical committees, which are to have less power, but will, it is alleged, get through more work, and to allowing military men to wear their beards, and to come home to barracks a little later in the evening. He has also withdrawn the various army Bills passed by the Chamber, under the pretext of preparing a single Bill for the reorganization of the army. The only result of this step will be—and perhaps this was its real intention—to postpone indefinitely any change in the *status quo*, and to get rid of the disastrous Military Recruitment Bill passed by the Chamber of Deputies, without provoking a conflict in the Senate. The Minister of Marine, Admiral Aube, occupies a place altogether apart in the Cabinet. Though an old Republican, he has always held aloof from party struggles; and he has never concealed his sympathy with the services rendered by the Catholic clergy to French influence in the East. M. Aube is a man of rare integrity and an experienced naval officer; but above all he is a scientific specialist, who has made the torpedo his peculiar study. He holds that the torpedo will play a leading part in the naval warfare of the future; and his object in accepting the Ministry of Marine is to

renew our naval material, in view of the new conditions we have to meet. M. Aube was the inspirer of the remarkable papers on this subject recently published by M. Gabriel Charmes, whose loss as a thinker and writer we have lately been called to deplore.

Thus composed, the Ministry is a pretty faithful image of the Left of the Chamber, with all its shades, from the tender blue of M. Develle or M. de Freycinet himself, to the uncompromising red of M. Lockroy and M. Boulanger. The personal ties which link each member of the Cabinet to a certain group in the Chamber, the demonstrated impossibility of forming any more homogeneous Ministry, and the personal ascendancy exercised by M. de Freycinet himself whenever he speaks, generally suffice to secure a majority when it comes to a division; but it is a majority which has not two ideas in common, and which can undertake in common no single useful work, no legislative task. And it is further liable to be held in check, at any point by a coalition of the Right and the Extreme Left. Ever since last January the Chamber has been wasting its time, in the discussion of interpellations and idle questions. Now it is a question of an amnesty for all the political criminals; now some of the deputies take it into their heads to banish all the members of reigning families, because M. L. J. Guiniais has betrayed a wish to get rid of the Republic; now it is the Decazeville business that has to be discussed, then the Châteauvillain. Each interpellation takes two or three sittings, long speeches are made, and the business of the country stands over.

The anarchy of opinion and the general impotence of the Chamber, from a practical point of view, were never more fully displayed than at the time of the nomination of the Budget Committee and the discussion of the projected loan. They began by excluding from the Committee all members of the Right, in defiance of the elementary principle that all factions of Parliament should have a share in the financial control. They then proceeded to nominate, as it were by haphazard, in each of the bureaux de la Chambre (sections of the Chamber), either the best speakers or the persons most acceptable for one reason or another, absolutely without reference to their financial ability, or experience or qualifications of any sort. They thus obtained a committee composed half of Moderates and half of Radicals, and in which M. Laguerre, one of the extremest members of the Extreme Left, who aims at making himself a reputation by his violence against the magistracy in particular, has been made reporter of the Budget of Justice! M. Rouvier, who at least is a rational and competent person, was elected President of the Committee by a majority of only a single vote. The incoherence of the committee's ideas of finance was made sufficiently apparent in the discussion on the loan. It was a perfect Babel; they never would have arrived at any practical proposition if M. de Freycinet had not, while agreeing to reduce the loan from 1,500,000,000 to 900,000,000, induced the committee to accept without further discussion the Bill prepared by the Government. The Government had, moreover, made the mistake of formally announcing, in its declaration of the 16th of January, that it did not propose to raise any loan at all. It is true that the present loan is not of quite the ordinary character. Its object is to effect a diminution of the floating debt by transforming a part of it into consolidated debt. It may be argued that the operation is simply an operation on paper, and really adds nothing to the burdens of the State.

While the Chamber of Deputies was champing the bit and growing day by day more aware of its helplessness, the Senate—which has the great advantage of possessing a homogeneous majority at once Republican and Moderate, and which, besides, counts among its members many distinguished men—was engaged in passing, after a very brilliant and very profound discussion, the Primary Education Bill, by which primary education is made secular, gratuitous, and compulsory. The discussion demonstrated once more how difficult it is for the politician to treat a question of this kind with real impartiality, or to form any distinct conception of what the neutralization of education really means. M. Jules Simon, speaking in the name of liberty, eloquently upheld the right of the communes to place their schools under clerical direction, in face of the obvious fact that the rights of dissenting minorities can have no chance of being respected unless the schools are secularized. M. Goblet, for his part, instead of simply maintaining the absolute neutrality of the schools in the matter of religious or philosophical opinions, began by attacking clerical and Catholic education, not only as contrary to modern ideas, but as superstitious and immoral, and then volunteered his own profession of spiritualistic faith—thus going out of his way twice over, first to attack a religion dear to a large number of Frenchmen, and a clergy actually paid by the State, and then to pronounce himself in favour of a particular philosophic doctrine. This is but one of a thousand instances of the false and rhetorical manner in which these questions are formulated and discussed.

The parliamentary topics of the day are not, however, those which are uppermost in thoughtful minds. These are chiefly concerned with the future; and whatever may be the point of view from which it is regarded, the outlook is sufficiently serious. To some the economic question is all-engrossing. They see nothing for it but that the crisis which for three years has been paralyzing our commerce, our industry, and our agriculture, must go on from bad to worse; that the deficit must grow with the depression, and that a state of things will be brought about which cannot but lead to grave consequences. But it is not every one who takes this pessimist view. No doubt, if a political crisis were to supervene, or if war should break out, the financial difficulty would become pressing, not to say overwhelming; but putting aside any such desperate contingency, things do not seem quite so bad as some people make out. Some very competent judges consider that the industrial crisis has reached its limit, and that the gravity of the agricultural crisis has been greatly exaggerated. This opinion has recently been expressed, as regards the former point, by M. Jacques Siegfried, one of the directors of the *comptoir d'escompte*; and as regards the second, by M. Risler, President of the Agronomic Institute. It is true that, partly through the ignorance of the agricultural classes, partly from an undue reliance on the natural fertility of the soil, we have not made the most of our agricultural advantages; that the facility of international intercourse renders foreign competition every day more formidable; and that the disproportionate rise of wages, and the higher standard of comfort in all classes of society, make it difficult to compete with German industry, which produces so much more cheaply than we can. Nevertheless, though we may see no recurrence of the extraordinary prosperity

of the years 1852-1860, we may well hope that the distress from which so many countries have been suffering during the last few years will gradually diminish in France as well as elsewhere. It has sprung from economic causes of a very general nature, and it is from causes equally general that the remedy must be looked for, and not from those palliatives to which people attribute an imaginary importance. The "Fêtes du Commerce et de l'Industrie," held in Paris during the winter and spring, may have invented some new amusements, but they can hardly be said to have rendered any appreciable service to commerce and industry; and it is very doubtful whether the International Exhibition of 1889 will have any result except that of making life in Paris a little dearer than it is.

A far more serious matter is the political situation, with the social and moral situation arising out of it. As I have already explained, the situation is not acute; it is not, and for the present is not likely to be, marked by violence; but it is marked by a feebleness and uncertainty which in some respects is almost worse. Universal suffrage seems to have the fatal result of bringing into Parliament, and therefore into power, men of more and more subversive opinions and less and less political capacity; it tends to substitute for educated, able, and moderate men, a set of noisy, meddlesome, and incapable politicians. When popular feeling reacts against the tendency to be led by its flatterers and its bedesmen, it falls back, not on the moderate men it has rejected, but, by the law of contraries, on those who are reactionaries outright. Hence we have a Chamber of Deputies in which a Government majority is a thing impossible, and a Cabinet formed of the most heterogeneous materials; and hence, too, the hopelessness of anything like a consecutive policy or of any firmness on the part of Ministers in dealing with home affairs. Ministers can think of nothing but how to maintain their position in reference to the members of this or that parliamentary group; the deputies can think of nothing but how to maintain theirs in the eyes of the departmental committees. The policy of the Government is thus necessarily characterized by weakness and vacillation. No serious measures of retrenchment can be carried out, because you must always have "places" with which to gratify the deputies. The *personnel* of our administrative and judicial institutions is steadily losing character, in consequence of the parliamentary influence which is more and more freely exercised both in nominating and removing; and so powerless is the Administration against the claims of the deputies and their friends, that even in the matter of taxes and customs the strictness of the regulations is relaxed by favour. As to the opinions of the Government, you never can get to know them; it has to satisfy too many opposing interests. It must profess free-trade principles at Bordeaux and protection at Rouen; it must be a promoter of the separation between Church and State with M. Goblet and M. Lockroy, and a friend of the Concordat with M. Demôle and M. de Freycinet; here it must be for centralization, and there for local government; it must be ready to befriend the great companies, and ready to denounce them; it must find fair words for the partisans of communal autonomy, and lead the workmen to rely on its support against their employers; and, on the other hand, it must promise to bring the whole severity of the law to bear on the excesses of the press, or the platform,

or the streets. Not that any of these promises need be kept; they can be broken all round with even-handed impartiality. The officials, not knowing whose instructions to follow, or whom to look to for any efficient support, simply let things go; and, little by little, moral anarchy is setting in throughout the country. The occurrence at Decazeville afforded a very striking illustration of this dismal state of things. A strike, got up by agitators from outside, had broken out in a mine of the Aveyron. The condition of the workmen was good; the shareholders were getting no profits at all. The strike began with the murder of an engineer under the very eyes of the mayor and the sub-prefect, who did not so much as call in the police in time to prevent the atrocity. The prefect then intervened, but in such a manner as to make it appear that he sympathized with the workmen. The Government, fearing to displease its friends of the Extreme Left, seemed likely at first to take the same side. The Municipal Council of Paris was allowed to vote ten thousand francs for the relief of the strikers—or rather as a subscription to the strike; and then the deputies Basly, Camélinat, Michelin, and Hugues, and the journalists E. Roche and Duc Quercy, came down to Decazeville to fortify the luckless miners in their illusions, to hold out hopes of State intervention, and to encourage them to persist in a struggle which could by no possibility have a favourable issue, since they knew perfectly well that the company could afford no further concession without completing its own ruin. Then at last justice intervened. M. Roche and M. Duc Quercy were arrested on the charge of having wittingly disseminated false information for the purpose of stirring up the workmen. After a scandalous trial, in the course of which M. Laguerre, a deputy, and the reporter of the Budget for Justice, insulted the Procurator of the Republic in open court, the accused were sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. The chief result of the sentence was to make M. Roche a candidate at the parliamentary election of the 2nd of May; and the Government was summoned to release him from prison in order that he might appear on the hustings. The Government showed its usual want of resolution. It sent a magistrate to entreat the prisoner to take the necessary steps in order to his being thus provisionally set at liberty. The election gave melancholy proof of the level to which universal suffrage has fallen in the capital. No respectable candidate, no one of any sort of standing, ventured to present himself; and the contest was limited to two journalists of the twelfth rank, and of almost equally extravagant opinions, M. Gaulier and M. Roche. M. Gaulier was elected; but but of 530,000 enrolled electors only 230,000 voted.

In the same way this Government, which has not the courage either to declare that it allows unbridled liberty of tongue and pen, or to suppress the incessant appeals to violence, robbery, and assassination which disgrace the revolutionary press and platform, has not the power or the determination to deal with the scandalous literature with which we are flooded. From time to time some writer like M. Dubut de Laforest or M. Després is condemned to a few months' imprisonment for speculating in the depraved tastes of a certain section of the public; but these intermittent severities only serve to bring out in stronger relief the general licence of the press, since the usual argument of the counsel for the defence consists of passages read out to the jury from other books

more disgusting than the one in question, and which have not given rise to any prosecution.

These are the things which give just cause of anxiety to Frenchmen solicitous for the future of their country:—the division of parties, and the small amount of political capacity to be found in any; the powerlessness of Parliament and the consequent powerlessness of Government; and the relaxation of all the springs of the administrative machine which is at once the consequence and the cause of a general relaxation and collapse throughout the whole social system. If we do not look to it, we shall be sliding unawares down the inclined plane of national decadence, and shall deserve some at least of the bitter and unsparing reproaches heaped upon us by the clever mendacity of the so-called Dr. Rommel (who is really, it is said, a Genevan in disguise) in his "*Au Pays de la Revanche*."

Whilst the affair at Decazeville revealed the difficulties which may spring out of the strained relations between labour and capital, the unhealthy excitement got up by the Socialist party, and the want of decision in the attitude of the Government, the affair at Châteauvillain served to show the frame of mind which exists in certain Catholic centres, and the domineering clumsiness of some officials. In a small market town of the Isère there was a certain factory, which for forty years had had belonging to it a private chapel, where services were held openly and without authorization, which is contrary to the Concordat. The curé of the town, having been deprived of his salary for an electoral misdemeanour, was made the minister of this chapel; and the factory soon became the centre of a clerical agitation, intended to inflame the passions of the men against the Republicans of the district, and even against the Republic itself. The sub-prefect ordered the chapel to be closed; and on the refusal of the manager, M. Fischer, he proceeded to close it himself, without taking the trouble to go through the legal formalities required before forcing an entrance into private property. The workmen rose in revolt, and insulted and stoned the police; M. Fischer produced a revolver, and fired twice; the police replied by wounding him and killing a woman; and thus the forces of the Government, which were powerless at Decazeville to prevent the murder of M. Watrin, were employed with marked and unaccustomed severity against the unfortunate clericals. These deplorable scenes, which a little calmness and good sense would have made it so easy to avoid, show the existence on both sides of a temper not very favourable to the public peace, and none the less disquieting that both in the press and in the Chamber the Conservatives, who are so severe against any violence that comes from the Radicals, have made themselves the apologists of M. Fischer, and even talked of bringing him forward as a candidate in opposition to M. Roche.

Those who represent the forces of the State, and especially the agents of the police, seem quite disconcerted by this anarchy in the ranks above them, and there seems to be a certain laxity in the pursuit of crime. It is frightful to see what a number of crimes have been committed without its being possible to discover the authors of them. The death of M. Barrême, the prefect of the Eure, who was murdered in a railway carriage a few leagues from Paris, and whose murderer has not yet been found, caused a particularly painful impression. People are calling out

for the application of the law for the transportation of habitual criminals, but that application would be both costly and difficult.

Nevertheless, we must have no exaggeration. The perfect quiet which has reigned amongst the working classes of the North, while Belgian workmen but a few leagues off were giving themselves up to unheard-of havoc and pillage, proves that the spirit of disorder is not strong enough to show itself in action unless evoked by some external influence. In spite of the sufferings of a very long and hard winter, accompanied by great scarcity of work, there has been no sign of disturbance in any of the great towns; and what we have to fear is not so much any violent shock as the prolongation and accentuation of a state of torpor, decrepitude, and slow disintegration. The revival of business may do much to restore the vital forces of the country; the formation of a Ministerial party, and the presence at its head of a few men of real worth, might do more. M. de Freycinet, with all his gifts and his undeniable cleverness, will never have the moral ascendancy which would enable him to exercise a guiding influence. M. Ferry had a better chance of it, because he had clearer ideas and more force of character; but, like M. de Freycinet, he occupied himself too exclusively with his foreign policy, to the neglect of home affairs. Now, in the state of isolation in which France finds herself at present, it is hardly possible that any foreign policy should be a source of permanent national satisfaction. The accident of Lang Son was sufficient to overthrow M. Ferry; and the momentary triumph obtained by M. de Freycinet in the matter of Greek disarmament was reduced to insignificance by the harshness with which the other Powers insisted on the complete humiliation of Greece. Of course I think it a mistake and an imprudence on the part of England to maintain this constant hostility towards France; I have already stated that in my opinion M. de Freycinet was wrong in supposing that he could lean on England, and that in attempting to form closer relations with her, he was but throwing her into the arms of Germany. The fact is there, ugly but unmistakable: France cannot count on the friendship of any Power in Europe. Her foreign policy, therefore, must above all things be reserved and cautious, regardful of the rights and interests of all; while her chief occupation must be the improvement of her internal affairs. It is not a Mazarin she wants, but a Casimir Périer, to give stability and strength to her home administration and her national life.

Turning over the three volumes which have already appeared of M. Thureau-Dangin's remarkable work on the "History of the Monarchy of July" (Plon, Nourrit & Co.)—a work written in a strictly conservative spirit, but displaying much talent and a profound knowledge of the epoch with which it deals—one is struck by the astonishing rapidity with which, at the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe, Casimir Périer succeeded in reorganizing a country far more divided and distracted than the France of to-day. It is true that he had not to reckon with universal suffrage. But even now, if we had but a man of sufficient character and ability to command real confidence, the country would rally round him readily enough, for it is heartily weary of all these fluctuations, and longs above all things for a time of tranquillity and peaceful industry.

After all, a review of the past rather tends to give courage and consolation. In spite of existing evils, the country finds itself to-day in

the enjoyment of a large liberty ; it suffers from no acute and intolerable malady ; and we may on the whole, without relaxing our efforts to improve our present condition, look back with no feeling of regret on the vicissitudes through which we have passed during the last two centuries. Those vicissitudes have been very vividly set before our eyes in several recent publications. M. R. de Crèvecoeur has just edited the "Memoirs of Dufort, Comte de Chéverny" (Plon), master of the ceremonies at the Court of Louis XV., who, after having spent the whole time of the Revolution on his own estate at Chéverny, not without running the greatest risks, died under the Empire. Nothing could be more entertaining or instructive than this record of the whole of a long life, told with exquisite simplicity, imperturbable good-humour, and perfect candour. All the vices of the society of the *ancien régime*, its incurable frivolity, its shameless extravagance, the absolutism of the Court, the universal demoralization, are brought out with a distinctness not easily to be forgotten ; while the disorder, the ferocity, the stupidity of the revolutionary period is described with all the greater force because it is undiluted by declamation. Of course we see little here of the larger aspects of the Revolution ; Chéverny shows us nothing but its influence on social life ; but here on his own ground his testimony is invaluable. In the hitherto unpublished papers of Fauriel, which M. Lalanne edits under the title of "The Last Days of the Consulate" (Lévy), we stand by the deathbed of the Republic, and witness the inauguration of the Napoleonic despotism, and are privy to the great conspiracy of which Cadoudal and Pichegru were the originators, and in which General Moreau was implicated. The narrative—unfortunately left unfinished by the author, but very ably completed by M. Lalanne—is written by a man of high character and intelligence, who describes with restrained indignation, and sometimes with a vigour of stroke almost worthy of a Tacitus, the arrogance and astuteness of the First Consul, the servility of those who surrounded him, the secret plots by which Moreau was given up to justice, and the violent and iniquitous manner in which the trial was conducted. Partial as the evidence of Fauriel obviously is, the volume is a most valuable contribution to the history of the establishment of the Empire. The "Souvenirs du Duc de Broglie" (Lévy) brings us fairly into the heart of the Imperial epoch, and they do not lead us to regard it with any the more favour. M. de Broglie was auditor to the Council of State, and in this character he was sent first to Austria and then to Spain, to take part in the military administration of those countries, and afterwards to Warsaw to assist the ambassador, the Abbé de Pradt. He served faithfully and assiduously in the different posts entrusted to him ; but he had no illusions as to the character of the Emperor or the probable duration of the Empire, and he passes judgment on Napoleon, his ministers, and his generals, with equal coolness and perspicacity. His descriptions of the sittings of the Council of State, of Spain amidst the atrocities of guerilla warfare, of Austria after Wagram, and of Poland at the moment of the Russian expedition, form admirable pages of history ; his portraits of M. de Narbonne, M. de Pradt, M. d'Argenson, Benjamin Constant, and the Duke of Wellington, are—though his touch is somewhat dry and cold—remarkable for their truth and refinement. On the fall of the Empire, M. de Broglie, then still a young man, found himself suddenly raised to the Upper House, and called to take part in the trial of Marshal

Ney. With that fine spirit of independence and that calm political judgment which always distinguished him, he resisted the blandishments of the Restoration, and had the courage to enter his almost solitary protest against the condemnation of Ney. The touching account given of the trial is the most dramatic part of the volume—which, by the way, is only the first of a series. It stops at 1818, while the memoirs go on down to 1830.

The “*Souvenirs*” of M. Legouvé (Hetzel) are not political, like those of the Duc de Broglie. They are exclusively literary and artistic, and they are delightful. M. Legouvé is seventy-nine, and in his long career he has known almost every man worth knowing in this century; and his memory is stocked with anecdotes and sayings and touches of character. The most delightful thing in him is his good nature, the faithfulness of his affections, his genuine pleasure in seeing the best side of men and things. He has had no enemies, and he has had some very warm friendships. In this first volume he tries to secure a just appreciation for the men he loved and admired in bygone days, and whom the present generation forgets or undervalues—Casimir Delavigne, Népomucène Lemercier, Bouilly, Jouy, Villemain, Béranger, and above all his own father. He ends with three most interesting chapters on Madame Malibran, Berlioz, and Eugène Sue, all three of whom he knew intimately.

It seems almost impious, after speaking of works so serious and so high-toned as these of M. de Broglie and M. Legouvé, to mention the four volumes of “*Confessions*” by M. Arsène Houssaye (Dentu), the most frivolous of our literary men, and the one whose autobiographical reminiscences are the least to be trusted. Nevertheless, these volumes contain a very entertaining account of the Théâtre Français while it was under his management, between 1849 and 1856; and a lively description of the Romantic movement, and of the “monde où l’on s’amuse” from 1810 down to 1880.

Alongside of these historical autobiographies we may mention some important works of history which have lately appeared. Among these are M. Babeau’s very curious studies of private life under the *ancien régime*—“*La Village sous l’Ancien Régime*,” and “*Les Artisans et les Domestiques d’autrefois*” (Perrin); M. Luce’s “*Jeanne d’Arc à Domrémy*” (Champion), an attempt to determine the moral and social atmosphere that gave rise to the vocation of the Maid; M. Chuquet’s remarkable work on the “*First Prussian Invasion*” (Cerf), in which the material and moral causes of the French victory in 1792 are analyzed with rare erudition and subtlety of insight; and finally, the third and fourth volumes of the Duc d’Aumale’s great “*History of the Princes of Condé*” (Lévy). These volumes bring us down to the Fronde—that is to say, they contain the entire youth of the great Condé, the purest and most brilliant part of his life. The Duc d’Aumale, who has in his own archives at Chantilly a rich store of unpublished documents, and who, besides, has neglected no source of information whether in print or in manuscript, is rearing in this book a worthy monument to the princely house of which he is the heir. He cannot be expected to judge the princes of Condé with an absolutely unbiassed mind, or to paint them with a quite unfettered hand; but he relates their life and actions in good narrative style; his story has both vigour and

dignity; it is at once exact and artistic, luminous, lofty, and persuasive; and on military matters he is exceptionally competent to speak. And when he speaks of the great Condé he makes you feel that he himself is a son of the race.

Passing from the field of history to that of literature and imagination, we find a good deal that is worthy of note in the publications of the last few months. First come some volumes of literary criticism, and articles republished from journals and reviews. M. Schérer, who stands alone to-day as the representative of the generation of Sainte-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Montégut, and Paul de Saint-Victor, proves by a new volume of his "*Études de Littérature*" that he has lost nothing of his old vigour of thought and style; but he opens his book with a preface which bears the imprint of profoundest melancholy and of a desiccating scepticism. He laments that he feels himself no longer in harmony with the young writers of to-day, whom he finds destitute of either thought or feeling; and he exhibits, as the final result of the experience and reflection of his whole life, the negation of everything which can be the source of thought or of feeling. Not only the absolute, not only ethics, not only progress is in his eyes an empty phrase; humanity itself has no reality for him. A common nature creates between two human beings no reciprocal bond of duty or affection. But why complain of the cynicism of the rising generation, when you yourself aver that faith and hope are illusions? How can you be surprised that a generation which you yourself have robbed of all belief in spiritual things, in truths invisible, should fling itself either into so-called realism, the crudest imitation of Nature, or into the mere dreams and phantasies of æstheticism? You have killed the spirit; you have left your votaries nothing to worship but matter and form: can you wonder that you have turned them into realists and virtuosi?

Besides M. Schérer, the literature of criticism reckons amongst our younger men three names already illustrious, and which I do not now mention for the first time—M. Brunetière, M. Bourget, and M. J. Lemaître. The first represents the classical traditions of the literature of the seventeenth century, and follows, with more learning but with less charm, in the steps of M. Nisard; the second belongs rather to the school of Ste. Beuve, though he aims less at acquainting us with the life and works of an author, and more at analyzing his mind, tracking out the complex influences to which he was subjected, and interpreting the revelation he makes to us of the spirit of our own time; the third professes no doctrine, no method, no definite object, but simply registers, in his own brilliant, exhilarating, delicious style, every impression of a singularly subtle literary sensibility. The mixture of a certain boyishness of spirit with plenty of sound sense and solid information gives a very distinct and individual flavour to his critical articles. Each of these three reviewers has published a volume of literary miscellanies: that of M. Brunetière¹ informs us, that of M. Bourget² makes us think, that of M. Lemaître³ delights us.

In fiction we have three new works, all noteworthy in their different ways, and typical of the opposite tendencies of contemporary thought:

¹ "*Histoire et Littérature.*" Lévy.

² "*Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.*" Lemerre. • • •

³ "*Les Contemporains.*" Oudin.

M. O. Feuillet's "*La Morte*," M. P. Bourget's "*Crime d'Amour*," and M. Zola's "*L'Œuvre*." The first represents the imaginative and sentimental novel; the second, the analytic; the third, the materialistic. The first is art, the second is philosophy, the third is science;—which, however, is by no means the same thing as saying that there is no philosophy in "*La Morte*," and no art in the "*Crime d'Amour*."

To M. Feuillet the novel is no mere study of character or sketch of manners; it is a concerted movement, dramatic, interesting, alive with the play of passion. It not only gratifies our artistic sensibility; it touches and overcomes us. Invention goes for a good deal in his work; his personages are not unreal, but it is a typical reality; it is reality idealized, and a little more than life-size; the representation of life and passion is subjected to certain considerations of taste, proportion, and propriety, to certain exigencies of artistic composition. Now that the Naturalistic school is turning fiction into a crude, brutal, and indiscriminate register of facts, there are not wanting those who accuse M. Feuillet of depicting conventional personages and an imaginary life; and it is true that that is the danger to which his method is liable. But are we wrong in thinking it almost more important that a novel should give pleasure than that it should give information, and in holding that you cannot have durable, noble, and impressive work without subjecting your realities to a sort of artistic transfiguration? Reality thus transformed gains even in truthfulness, for its truths become general; and it assuredly gains in force, in clearness, and in the power of leaving some permanent impression on the mind. One scene in particular in this present story affords a fine instance of M. Feuillet's accurate conception and delicate telling. He has to describe the operation of tracheotomy, performed on a little child, whose life is thus saved. A "naturalist" author would have heaped the story with revolting details, made us forget the tragic suspense of the parents in the elaborations of surgical skill, and choked emotion in mere sensation. M. Feuillet, with a few telling touches, sets the scene before our eyes; but it is the whole scene, emotion as well as attitude; and when we reach the end of the story we find he has not only gratified our literary taste, but moved us to the bottom of our hearts. To this elevated idea of art M. Feuillet adds a very keen faculty of observation, and a fine sense of the mutations of thought and manners. He wearies us with no barren repetition of old "motives"; he comes fresh to the study of fresh things and modern tendencies; and hence he has won as great a success in "*La Morte*" as he did in "*Julia de Trécor*" and "*Monsieur de Camors*." His subject here is the marriage of a sceptical young man of the world to a pious girl, brought up in the country under the old influences; and he describes the amazement and horror of the strict young wife when she finds herself in the midst of the feminine society of Paris, where everything gives way to the fever of pleasure. Into the presence of this pure nature, sustained by its faith, he then brings another girl, of ardent and undisciplined character, brought up by her guardian, a learned physician, in all the doctrines of modern science, without any form of religious belief. The outcome of this training is the conviction that everything is permitted to the desires and inclinations of the individual, and that the law of life is, of course, the overthrow of the weak before the strong. Her pitiless logic leads her into

crime, and her daring cynicism makes the husband of the dead Aliette repent too late of his passion for his second wife. The chief interest of the story lies in the contrast between the character of Sabine and that of her guardian, who has found in the self-same scientific doctrines the highest moral teaching. The devoted, disinterested, idealistic doctor is drawn with a master-hand. M. Feuillet has sought to show how, while religious principles afford a real support for human weakness, scientific principles are neither moral nor immoral in themselves, but may become, according to temperament and circumstances, either an incentive to virtue or an excuse for vice.

It is a moral problem, again, that M. Bourget essays to handle in his "Crime d'Amour." It is just the old everlasting story of conjugal infidelity under one form more; and the moral of it is, that the lover first despises and then suspects the woman he has seduced, that she deteriorates under his suspicions, and that finally the most efficacious of all restorative principles is to be found in the sentiment of pity. In the hands of such a psychologist as M. Bourget it is easy to imagine that the feelings of Hélène Chazel and M. de Querne are powerfully analyzed; what might have been less expected is the dramatic force he shows in his principal scenes. His style, which in spite of some rare qualities always had something a little abstruse and ultra-refined about it, has suddenly acquired force and frankness without losing any of its charm. But neither the creative inspiration of M. Bourget's work, nor the talent which is manifest in every page of it, ought to close our eyes to its defects. More than once he shocks the reader by a needless coarseness of detail, or makes us breathe a heavy and morbid atmosphere; and although the analysis of feeling is conducted with marvellous skill and subtlety, yet the personages themselves are not complete, consistent, real persons. A pure, tender, disinterested nature, such as Hélène's is represented to be, could not be capable of the base immorality attributed to her; nor is it likely that M. de Querne, who is described as a heartless worldling, should be capable of so noble a repentance at last. One would like to see the fine qualities of M. Bourget placed at the service of a larger and healthier conception of human life, and freed from that aroma of languid and sensual pessimism which withers them like the soft and poisonous air of a *maremma*.

M. Zola's "Œuvre" will take its place as one of the most remarkable of the Rougon-Macquart series. It reveals nothing new in M. Zola's genius, but it accentuates all his qualities and all his defects. By nature and temperament M. Zola sees nothing but the outside of things and men; he makes no attempt at penetration of character; and indeed, his system suppresses character altogether, and finds in human actions nothing but the necessary result of foregoing physical conditions. This simplifies human life a good deal; but it also makes it a good deal less interesting. When it is a question of very simple and primitive natures, almost entirely subject to the dominion of brute instinct, like the miners in "Germinal," the system may make shift to serve; but when it comes to describing artists it is curiously insufficient. But if M. Zola never penetrates to the heart, at any rate he sees with great intensity the surface, the form, the colour; like an epic poet, he sees it all simplified and magnified; and this epic faculty has been growing upon him for some time past, and leading him into a vein of apocalyptic hyperbole.

Nothing could be more unwarranted than his pretence of exhibiting nature and facts just as they are. He sees them through a magnifying glass; and he sees only a few strong and salient features of them. His persons have but a single mood; they are not so much types, even, as mere symbols; and hence his whole work takes a symbolic character. In this new novel we have an unhappy artist, imperfectly gifted, who teaches the men of his generation how to paint the open air, yet cannot realize to his own satisfaction the vast and wild conception which is working in his brain. In spite of the tenderness and devotion of a woman who is wearing herself out in the effort to draw him away from the "Œuvre" which is killing him, he is overwhelmed at last, and hangs himself in despair. This conflict between Art and Woman ends by taking colossal proportions, and is described in the most magniloquent language. M. Zola combines something of the antique rhetorician with the romantic extravagance of Victor Hugo. Yet, with all his flagrant faults, one cannot help admiring the descriptive power he often evinces, the eloquence of some of the speeches, the massive force of the style. In this book M. Zola describes the artist world in which he lived in the days of his intimacy with Manet; he has actually put himself on the scene under the name of Sandoz, painting himself in the most flattering colours, and putting into his own mouth all his artistic theories. We have, besides two or three painters, a musician, a sculptor, and a picture-dealer; we look in on the life of the studio, of the café, of the landscape painter in the country, on the friendly *réunion*, and the opening of the Salon. The artist's existence in all its aspects passes beneath our eyes; only, in accordance with the peculiar bent of M. Zola's genius, it is more gross and miserable and debauched than usual. To judge of Parisian artists in general from Mahoudeau, Claude, and Faverolles, would be to go very far astray indeed. In reading M. Zola one is always divided between a feeling of admiration and a feeling of revolt. One is revolted by the narrowness and falsehood of his system, the coarseness of his spirit, and the prodigious vanity he displays; while one cannot but admire so much force of conception, so much conscientious labour, and so rare a potency and splendour of style.

But at this moment the growing popularity of the Russian novels is throwing all our own novelists into the shade. The Russians have indeed attained a much higher perfection than we have in the two qualities which are to-day the most esteemed of all—the power of psychological analysis and the art of realistic representation. They are the true realists; Zola, beside them, is but a romantic declaimer, a materialistic poet. Translations have just appeared of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," "Katia," "The Cossacks," and "The Siege of Sebastopol;" and of Dostoievski's "Recollections of the House of the Dead." "Anna Karenina" has come as a veritable revelation; and one is forced to acknowledge that never among any people has human life in all its complexity, its misery, and its beauty been so faithfully reproduced.

We have indeed, along with Zola himself, a disciple of his who is the better writer and the closer realist of the two—M. Guy de Maupassant; but he always selects a reality so mean and so dull as greatly to diminish both the difficulty and the interest of his work. His volume of stories, "Monsieur Parent," contains some admirable pages, which only make one regret the more that the author's conception of life should be so

degraded and miserable. M. Daudet, after the great success of his "Sapho," first in print and then on the stage, has been amusing himself with a piece of purely humorous work, full, like everything he does, of clever touches and bits of observation. "Tartarin dans les Alpes" is a sequel to "Tartarin de Tarascon;" and this time he is making fun, not so much of the southern braggadocio, as of the Swiss tourist and the climbing mania. It is an amusing book, which will soon find its way on to every drawing-room table. Some very original illustrations help to make it a capital book for a present.

Poetry is suffering from the same disease as fiction, and oscillates between brutal realism and the last refinements of æstheticism, when it does not sink—also like fiction—into sheer obscenity. M. Richépin aspires in poetry to the place M. Zola holds in prose. He has his qualities—he is fervid, copious, glowing; he has also his defects—a want of taste, of temperance, of delicacy. And he has no originality. In his new volume, "La Mer" he shows himself just what he was in his "Blasphèmes"—a wonderfully clever versifier, an inexhaustible rhetorician, a most skilful manipulator of style; but the real poetic emotion is rare in the volume. A single page of Michelet's "La Mer" has more in it than all this big book, in which the sea is described under every possible aspect. Michelet has at once more poetry and more truth. We need say nothing of the "Haute Ecole" of M. Naquet, nor of publications like "La Pleiade" and "La Vogue," in which our younger poets, MM. Vignier, Moréas, Roux, Dujardin, and Ghil, following in the steps of their elders, M. Verlaine and M. Mallarmé, vie with each other in obscurity and absurdity. But we are bound to say a word about Victor Hugo's posthumous volume, "Théâtre en Liberté." It contains a number of dramatic pieces, probably written by Victor Hugo not long ago for his own amusement in his leisure moments, and just to keep his hand in. He very wisely kept them in his portfolio; and his reputation will not gain by their being published. The least bad of these pieces is the "Grandmother"; and it is said that M. Jules Claretie intends to produce it at the Théâtre Français. For the sake of Victor Hugo's memory, he had better not.

For we have reached the period of reaction which could not but succeed the fanatical and servile homage that surrounded the last years of that great man. It was inevitable; and we must submit for the time, while we await the hour when justice will be done him. The genius of Victor Hugo is too real for us to have long to wait. But we are sorry for those who at this moment are bound by their position to praise him without reserve. It is said that M. Leconte de Lisle, who has been elected his successor in the French Academy, and whose severe and lofty intellect well deserves that honour, finds some difficulty in composing the necessary eulogium; and it is not to be wondered at. However, the author of the "Poèmes Antiques" and the "Poèmes Barbares" is a disciple of Victor Hugo in the matter of expression; he has been brought up in all the thought and science and philosophy of the day; he is himself a scholar, an historian, a philosopher; and he finds Victor Hugo a fanciful scholar, a doubtful historian, and a superficial thinker. He cannot say it; but how is he to conceal it? M. Renan had to face the same difficulty in preparing his piece, "1802," for the Théâtre Français on Victor Hugo's birthday; but he got out of it very cleverly

by a dialogue of the dead, in which Corneille, Boileau, Racine, Diderot, and Voltaire crave for the nineteenth century a poet who should combine all the forms of genius—lyric, epic, and dramatic—and should, besides, be a lover of men; and their prayer is granted in the birth of Victor Hugo. It was observed, moreover, that at the revival of “*Marion Delorme*” at the *Porte Saint Martin* the public seemed to be more impressed with the faults of the piece than with its beauties.

Meanwhile, Shakespeare is more admired than ever, and his verses are received at the theatre with bursts of enthusiasm. Sarah Bernhardt has obtained one of her greatest successes in a new translation of “*Hamlet*”; and the *Théâtre Français* is preparing to put the same play on the boards. At the *Odéon* the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” translated by Paul Meurice, has been magnificently mounted, with Mendelssohn’s music. Under the able and intelligent management of M. Porel, the *Odéon* is freely opened to literary experiment; and M. Dorchain has contributed a charming comedy, “*Conte d’Avril*,” freely imitated from Shakespeare’s “*Twelfth Night*,” and bearing tokens of a true dramatic instinct, while it is written in the gayest, the most genial, the most natural poetic style. It is also at the *Odéon* that M. Coppée has produced his drama of “*The Jacobites*,” which has not shared the success of “*Severo Torelli*,” but which, nevertheless, is still a better play. The story turns on the Scotch expedition of Charles Edward, and the heroine, Marie, is the young daughter of an old and loyal bard. She personifies Scotland. She sacrifices her reputation to save the Pretender, who has been brought to the verge of ruin by an intrigue with Lady Fingal; and she dies at the moment when the vanquished prince, reduced to the uttermost distress, is flying from the kingdom he has failed to recover. The touching part of Marie has served as an occasion for the début of Mdlle. Weber, a young lady in whom, on the very first night of “*The Jacobites*,” the audience greeted a successor of Rachel.

Alongside of these two poetic plays, one so charming and the other so fine, we have had two comedies, both by masters of the drama, and each of which has as its groundwork a very interesting moral problem: M. Sardou’s “*Georgette*” at the *Vaudeville*, and M. Feuillet’s “*Chamillac*” at the *Théâtre Français*. The problem offered by “*Georgette*” is this: Given a young man with very close family ties—parents and a sister to whom he is much attached, can he marry the daughter of a woman whose past errors have made it impossible for her to have relations with his family? M. Sardou answers No. *Georgette* (whose part is played by a rising star, Mdlle. Brandès) loves her mother, and will not and must not break with her; and thus, poor child, the very generosity of her nature compels her to sacrifice her love. Severe as the sentence may be, we think it is consonant with the ordinary rules of social morality. M. Feuillet, on the other hand, pleads indulgence for a case in which the world is generally still more severe. *Chamillac*, at the very outset of his military career, has, in a moment of desperation caused by losses at the gaming-table, committed a theft which is instantly discovered. His colonel, who is the injured party, agrees to save him from exposure; and after courting death in battle and getting himself riddled with wounds, he comes into an inheritance and quits the army, vowing himself to works of mercy and

to the restoration of transgressors generally. He meets in society the widowed daughter of his old colonel, Madame de Tryas; he falls in love with her, but he feels that there is an abyss between them; and when she asks him why he shuns her, he answers by a full confession of his fault. Whereupon the colonel himself, overcome by so convincing a proof of repentance, places his daughter's hand in that of Chamillac. The plot is bold, and some of the critics take exception to it. For myself, I think it both new and good; and I admire the happy audacity with which M. Peuillet, after a long career of repeated successes, renews his youth, and shows himself at sixty a vigorous young author. One may find fault in "Chamillac" with the somewhat disjointed manner in which the action is conducted. This comes from the drama itself being mixed up with some comic bye-play, in which the visits of great ladies to fashionable painters, and the frivolity and insincerity of fashionable almsgiving, are very cleverly taken off. None the less, "Chamillac" is a very interesting play, and one which sets you thinking. That is no small merit.

The opera has not been giving us much that is new. M. Massenet's "Cid" keeps its place very honourably at the Grand Opéra by the side of "Le Roi de Lahore," which, however, is still his masterpiece; and M. Widor, already known by his charming ballet "La Korrigane," shows real dramatic qualities in "Maître Ambros" at the Opéra Comique. But what the musical world has really been thinking about this winter is not new operas, nor the performance of M. d'Iudy's symphonic poem of "La Cloche" at the Concert Colonne, nor even Liszt's Mass at St. Eustache, or Rubinstein's admirable piano concerts; it has been the question of "Lohengrin." Is "Lohengrin" to be performed in Paris, or is it not? M. Carvalho wanted to give it at the Opéra Comique; and the Wagnerians, who are steadily increasing in number, were rejoicing at the prospect, when a cabal was formed, composed of jealous native musicians, of patriots more ardent than intelligent, who could not forget Wagner's hatred of France, and more particularly of people who like to make a noise and hear their own voices. To such purpose have they made them heard, that M. Carvalho has taken fright, and, to the great vexation of all true lovers of music, "Lohengrin" is not to be performed. It is but a postponement; but it is a pity that the intolerance of a petty minority should be allowed to deprive the majority of the public of an artistic treat.

The musical season is now over, and the exhibition season in full swing. From March to June we are literally overrun with pictures, and one must needs have good eyes and good legs to go and see them all. The Cereles this year are more commonplace than usual; the Black and White is encumbered this season, as last, with far too much valueless work; but the Water-colours and Crayons keep up their deserved popularity. At the Water-colours we found, along with the old members of the Society who still remain the masters of the craft—Harpignies, Yon, Zuber, and Heilbuth—the eccentric but remarkable drawings of M. Besnard, a daring draughtsman and delicate colourist, who unhappily tries to force attention by wilful oddity. He had also some bits at the Crayon exhibition which showed marvellous modelling. M. Boutet de Moavel's episodes of child life, done in flat tints, showed a charming combination of naïveté and original humour. Among the crayons,

M. E. Lévy always leads in portraiture; but M. Yon equals in his landscapes the finest work of Heilbuth; while the landscapes of M. Lhermitte show his usual qualities of vigour, solidity, and rustic veracity. M. Adam's touch has the same poetic grace whether he works in crayon, in water-colour, or in oil.

Then come the private exhibitions. M. Launette, the publisher of the *Monde des Oiseaux*, with text by A. Theuriet, and illustrations taken by an admirable process of chromo-photography from drawings by Giacomelli, has been exhibiting the original water-colours of which these are the reproduction. Seeing them here all together, one is the better able to judge of the rare qualities—whether in draughtsmanship, in colour, or in decorative taste—of this really original artist, who has been the first to represent in all its vivacity and grace and brilliancy the universe of birds and flowers. He has interpreted the faces of the birds, and he has got at their soul.

MM. Boussod and Valadon are exhibiting, from time to time, the fine water-colours which M. Defaille is doing for that great work the "Armée Française," and which are being reproduced by a process analogous to that of M. Launette. M. Munckaczky kept out of the Salon as usual, and had his own private exhibition at M. Sedelmeyer's, along with other painters who usually exhibit there—M. Brozik, a vigorous portraitist and historical painter; M. Tito Lessi, an Italian disciple of Meissonnier; and MM. Pettenkofen and Jettel, both exquisite landscape painters. Munckaczky has abandoned religious art this year, and painted the scene at the death of Mozart, where the great composer, leaning back in his armchair, listens to the rehearsal of his Requiem. This picture, like its predecessors, was ushered in amidst a perfect largesse of declamation. M. Munckaczky had shown it in the first instance at his own studio, and by invitation; and during this private view the Requiem itself was being performed by an unseen orchestra. This *mise-en-scène* annoyed the critics, and they were severe on the new work. Without rivalling the "Milton" or the "Christ before Pilate," it seems to have M. Munckaczky's usual merits, his force of colouring, his striking attitudes and original types. Unfortunately the colour is obtained by an abuse of bitumen. In twenty years the pictures will have turned black, and lost three parts of their value.

Besides these, we find in the Rue Scribe a collection of interiors by Bonvin, one of the most remarkable painters of our time in this department—simple, serious, and solid. At the Galerie G. Petit a three days' exhibition was held of the works left by M. A. de Neuville, which prove him to have been not only a spirited and picturesque painter of martial scenes, but a landscapist of the first order, always excellent in colour and refined in rendering.

At the Ecole des Beaux Arts there is a large collection of the pictures, portraits, designs, and water-colours of P. Baudry, who was taken from us a few months ago in the plenitude of his genius. The peculiar merit of Baudry is the way in which he unites an ideal of beauty conceived under the inspiration of the antique and the Renaissance with a great deal of very modern feeling. He is at once classical and revolutionary; he had studied all the traditions of the ancients, and was in sympathy with all the innovations of the moderns. You trace in him at the same time the influence of Leonardo and of Manet, that of Courbet and that of Titian.

This is the secret of his originality; it is also the reason of his defects—of something of hesitancy, or even contradiction, which may be noticed in some of his works. One questions whether he was not a little too learned—had not stayed a little too long, at any rate, in the company of the old masters; and whether also he was not a little too eager in the pursuit of the best, too ready to improve by modifying, too quick to admire and imitate the good in others. But nothing can be more interesting than the evolutions of this genius, ever in motion, who passes on from purely classic subjects, like the burying of a Vestal, to such work as “*La Vogue*” and the decorations for the Opera; and from neutral portraits in greys and browns to portraits more luminous than those of any impressionist. In portraiture Baudry stands alone with Ricard at the head of the French school in the nineteenth century.

Nowhere is the influence of the Impressionist school—the school of the open-air—more striking than in this year’s Salon. “Light, more light!” is the cry of our modern painters, as of the dying Goethe. And we do not complain so long as they keep within bounds, and do not altogether lose the shadows, the chiaroscuro, the contrasts which are the charm of Nature, and without which form would be impossible. It must be recognized, moreover, that real progress is being made in truth of tone and precision of effect, that art has become more simple and more sincere, even if it is also less imaginative and less rich in ideas.

The most remarkable work in the Salon is the great decorative painting which M. Puvis de Chavannes has executed for the city of Lyons. It is composed of three parts: the centre is a lovely landscape showing the confluence of two rivers, and with two allegorical figures, the Rhone and the Saône; the left compartment contains a number of women in antique costume, grouped in various attitudes on the hill slope, while in the distance white cavaliers ride by along the shores of a gulf bathed by the azure sea. This panel is called “*Vision antique*.” The other side shows the interior of a Florentine cloister, where a painter is at work on a fresco. This scene is entitled “*Inspiration Chrétienne*.” Notwithstanding the somewhat grotesque forms which M. Puvis de Chavannes sometimes gives to his women, the triptych, taken as a whole, has unrivalled grace, dignity, and even grandeur. You feel yourself in the presence of a true artistic inspiration, and you bring away with you a vision of beauty. This noble creation leaves far behind it the decorative paintings—also remarkable in their various ways—of MM. Humbert, Comerre, Montenard, and De Liphard.

Historical painting is badly represented this year. The “*Justinian*” and the “*Judith*” of M. B. Constant, in spite of their fine qualities of colour, are cold and insipid. M. Rochegrosse’s “*Nebuchadnezzar*” is a heavy fall after two great successes. To find a really interesting historical composition you must go to the designs, and see M. O. Merson’s studies for windows. The “*Torquemada*” of M. J. P. Laurens, however, has boldness and character; the “*Battle of Champaubert*,” by M. Le Blant, is full of life and movement; and M. de Rixen’s “*Don Juan*” is a touching composition.

But the historical pictures are few. Our artists have been attracted rather by modern subjects and the study of the nude. The majority of these figure-studies are ugly, commonplace, or indecent; but there is

one among them which very nearly compels you to pronounce it a masterpiece. This is a reclining figure in the foreground of a landscape by M. Raphael Collin. It is hardly possible to imagine purer and daintier outline, or more refined and harmonious colouring; and yet the impression it leaves is rather that of the exquisite than of the beautiful. It lacks the nobleness of form and attitude which is never wanting to the women of Baudouin, and which clothes them with chastity.

As instances of *genre* painting, I may notice M. Brouillet's well composed and forcibly executed "Paysan Blessé"; two admirable studies by M. Pelez, one of a beggar-boy, and the other of a woman swooning—this last a fine example for its modelling of form; and, finally, the "Déjeuner d'Amis" of M. Cormon, a picture scintillating with force and animation, by a painter who has hitherto accustomed us to nothing but grave historical scenes.

In the "Gôûter" of Jules Breton, and the "Retour du Travail" of Edelfelt, we have carefully studied figures associated with important landscape—in the one case a plain of Picardy, in the other a lake-side in Sweden. M. Breton in warm and luminous tones, M. Edelfelt in grey and silver, have given us each a faithful transcript from Nature which leaves an impression at once of strength and sweetness.

Amongst the landscapes we noticed especially the "Forêt" of M. Bernier, the sheep of M. Zuber, the "Plaine" of M. Binet, the pictures of MM. Pelouze, Japy, and Pointelin, the drawings of M. Lhermitte, and last, and most of all, the Norwegian landscapes of M. Normann, which stand out amongst all others of their kind in the room, and eclipse them all by their force, their colour, their relief. Amongst the sea-pieces, M. Courant's picture of fishing-boats in the estuary of the Seine seems to me the most remarkable. One feels in it the fresh and large sensation of the sea.

The portraits are, as always, one of the most interesting parts of the Salon. Here, again, one of the first places is due to M. Edelfelt, whose portrait of M. Pasteur in his laboratory is at once harmonious and profound. He has put into the face of the biologist, whose eyes are fixed upon a phial, the look of powerful and sustained attention and of deep reflection which marks the man who is wrestling with Nature that he may snatch her secret from her; and in the rugged features of M. Pasteur he has happily caught the expression of earnestness and solid goodness of heart which make their beauty. M. Bonnat, with all his powers as a painter, has not succeeded in getting a similar effect out of the same subject.

M. Delaunay has given us two portraits of surpassing vigour; M. Dubois an exquisitely graceful female head; M. Lefèvre a portrait of a young woman—one of his best; M. Fantin-Latour a fine portrait of a man; M. Friant's portrait of a woman promises us a painter of the first rank in the future; and finally, M. Cabanel, who has seemed for some years past to be declining in power, has suddenly reinstated himself by a master-stroke. Never before has he reached such a height as in this admirable portrait of the foundress of the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Nor must we omit to notice the two pictures of M. Ary Renan, the son of the great author. These compositions, which are an attempt at the revival of the Oriental antique, have in them nothing of reality;

they are symphonies in blue and white and red, as fantastic as any of Blake's or Rossetti's; and yet they have an indisputable charm, and poetry.

We should not be giving a faithful account of the movement of thought during the last few months if we failed to mention the scandal produced by M. Drumont and his "*La France Juive*," which has already cost him two duels and two sword wounds. This tedious allegation in two volumes is a tissue of insults and calumnies of every sort against Jews, Protestants, and Freethinkers. It would be possible to write a very interesting and curious book on the part played by the Jews in modern society, on the character they derive from their origin and history, on their peculiar virtues and essential defects. Instead of this, M. Drumont has put together, without the pretence of wit or the slightest regard for veracity, an incoherent mass of anecdotes, most of which are either false or falsified in the telling; and he adds the most impudent incitements to murder and pillage. According to him, the solution of our social problems is to be found in (so to speak) sacking the Jews' quarter. This is childish; it is insane; but it is also odious. He has, unfortunately, got what he wanted—a scandal bad enough to sell twelve editions of his book in a month.

By way of consoling ourselves after this disheartening spectacle, we may turn our eyes to the laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm, where M. Pasteur continues with unabated success his inoculations for hydrophobia. Of course the truth of his system as applied to hydrophobia is not yet scientifically established. We are still in the empirical stage. But the fact that more than a thousand persons bitten by mad dogs or wolves have been subjected to his treatment, and that out of that number only five have died, three of them from the bite of wolves, seems to place the efficacy of the method practically beyond doubt. The most conclusive fact is the immunity, so far, of sixteen out of the nineteen wolf-bitten Russians from Smolensk, since it is well known that a mad wolf's bite is almost invariably mortal. An immense subscription has been started for a Pasteur Institute in Paris, which shall be at once a hospital for persons bitten by mad beasts and a scientific establishment for the study and development of the germ theory. M. Verneuil will there carry on by the side of M. Pasteur his investigations into the causes and the cure of phthisis. This is a truly noble and encouraging spectacle, and one which may help us to forget many of the sadder aspects of our modern civilization.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.—The “Letters and Journal of W. Stanley Jevons,”* edited by his wife, is a work of more than ordinary interest, because it describes a manly and genuine life governed from first to last by rare purity and elevation of purpose and a certain wise simplicity in all things. The letters contain surprisingly little that is of scientific importance, considering the originality and versatility of the writer. Their interest is almost entirely personal, as revealing, unconsciously but very distinctly, the features of a very attractive character. The events of Professor Jevons’s life were only such chances and changes as happen to most men, but it is stimulating to watch the spirit in which they were successively met, and the persistency with which Jevons carries through and over them all his early-formed aim of being “a powerful good in the world.” Economists are vulgarly credited with being cold and hard, but, as a matter of fact, their very subject leads them to have more care than others—not less—for the general good and for social improvement. Mackintosh said Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo were about the three best men he ever knew. There have been few purer or more disinterested characters than Mill and Fawcett; and not the least important service of these letters is that they show Jevons to have been one with these great economists in spirit as he was in faculty.—The “Memorials of the Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Herbert B. Edwardes, K.C.B.,”† written by his wife, carry us through more stirring scenes. Sir H. Edwardes was a good type of those great soldier-administrators in whom our Indian empire has been so fertile; a man of striking heroism and resource in circumstances of unexpected danger, with a decided gift of rule, and, like so many other Indian soldiers, with a strong and active Christian faith. His life was well worth writing, and his letters contain much that will interest, but more abridgment would have been an advantage.—Joel Barlow is now an obscure enough name, but he is described on the title-page of his biography,‡ as “poet, statesman, and philosopher,” and is declared in the text to have been “the first to give American poetry a standing abroad.” Spite of these rather ludicrous pretensions, Joel Barlow was one of the eminent men of the American revolutionary epoch, and his biography is an interesting book. He lived much abroad—in London, Paris, and elsewhere—in official positions,

* London: Macmillan & Co.

† London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

‡ “Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL.D., Poet, Statesman, Philosopher; with Extracts from his Works and hitherto Unpublished Poems.” By Charles Burr Todd. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

was made a citizen of France *honoris causa* by the National Convention, met people of importance in politics and literature, and gives us in his letters fresh peeps at some phases of public life and men in that stirring period.

TRAVEL.—In February of last year Major de Cosson left England to join the forces at Suakin, and his "Days and Nights of Service" * contain a full record of his experiences till his return in June. Sir Gerald Graham deputed him to look after the water supply, which was conveyed on the backs of camels. He was present on March 20 in the purposeless battle of Hasheen, our loss in killed and wounded being sixty-five, and the death of Captain Dalison of the Scots Guards the particular sorrow of the day. There is a full account of the memorable attack of the Arabs upon Sir John McNeill's zareba on March 22, and it is pleasant to find Sir John vindicated from the accusation of being surprised, which even his victory could not wipe out. Major de Cosson had charge of the camels whose stampede all but caused a second Isandhlwana. The rest of the narrative is of secondary interest, the abandonment of Suakin closing this chapter of the abortive Soudan war. If the author's poetical temperament gives his prose the air of being long drawn out, his military ardour and gentleness of heart are perhaps none the less apparent.—After Froude's "Oceana" it will be difficult for some time to write on colonial subjects, and Mr. Aubertin, in his "Six Months in Cape Colony and Natal, and One Month in Tenerife and Madeira" † inevitably suffers from unavoidable comparisons. If both tourists are verging on old age, the mental vigour of the historian is at its best, but the garrulous pleasantry of the translator of "The Lusiads" hints of the approach of St. Martin's summer. It was hardly worth while telling the universal world that the "growing popularity" of the International Hotel, Capetown "will justify Mr. O'Callaghan in building additional rooms." The author made many excursions, and gives valuable practical details about modes of conveyance, food, and other travelling experience, as well as about ostrich and other farming. He discusses the Boers, especially those of the Transvaal, with bitterness, and took the trouble of visiting Majuba Hill and other scenes of British defeat, Isandhlwana included. The Kimberley diamond mines were seen, and on the way to England he broke his voyage to climb the Peak of Tenerife. His style is good, with considerable appreciation of natural scenery; and if not put to too close a test, the book will prove both readable and useful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. H. Larkyn's "Carlyle and the Open Secret of his Life," ‡ the first announcement of which excited considerable interest on account of the special footing of intimacy on which the author was known to have stood with Carlyle—will prove very disappointing. It consists mainly of a rather commonplace summary of Carlyle's successive works, and contains almost nothing drawn from the writer's own private knowledge. Even the theory which the book seems to be written to sustain—the so-called "open secret" of Carlyle's life—

* "Days and Nights of Service with Sir Gerald Graham's Field Force at Suakin." By Major E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Cradle of the Blue Nile," &c. With Plan and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

† "Six Months in Cape Colony and Natal, and One Month in Tenerife and Madeira." By J. J. Aubertin, Translator of "The Lusiads," and "Seventy Sonnets of Camoens," and Author of "A Flight to Mexico." With Six Illustrations and a Sketch Map. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. ‡ London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

is a mere deduction from Carlyle's published writings, and is, moreover, on the face of it, preposterous. His married life was unhappy, it appears, mainly because he had a secret which he could not bring himself to impart to his wife, and the secret was nothing more than an ambition he inwardly cherished of becoming an active politician. He may have listened, as many other great men have done, to that temptation for a time, but why should he keep his doing so dark from his wife?—The American lady who writes "*A Study of Dante*"* can be congratulated at once on her ability and brevity. In her book of about one hundred pages she has said more as to the real value of the poet than is usual in even what is called the higher criticism. She did not need Dr. Harris of Concord to write an introduction to her thoughtful and well-written findings. His philosophy is poor, and his English reads as if it were not his birth tongue. The lady's position is that "nowhere shall we find such vital grappling with the universal problem of man as in the utterances of this sternest and tenderest of poets." She deals with the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso* in the light of modern experience. Her fine sympathy has all but surprised Dante's chief poetic secret. His art, however, hides its art from the deepest criticism.—The Hon. Roden Noel's work† is not unfamiliar to readers of the CONTEMPORARY. In the opening chapter of his volume upon poetry and poets, he contends against the theory of "pathetic fallacy," and carries his interpretation of Nature, and its bearing upon the realities of life, to somewhat extravagant heights; even asserting that these "outer things are because these inner realities are;" that light, for example, exists in outer space, *because* light exists in the spirit and understanding. It would be rash to criticize this, or any other theory of the author's, for he is at pains to invent the most opprobrious epithets for the class of outcasts who take delight in carping at the great. The author himself is not of these; he reviews his own favourites, and to do him justice has written in a rich style of careless eloquence that is very charming. His criticisms are full of sound judgment and good taste. He has the utmost contempt for the "finicking" modern school, who, with the support of a worthless clique of critics, evolve vapid idylls, in which the meaning is totally subjected to the music, the reason to the rhymes; from this class he is good enough to exclude, in a footnote the names of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang. There is a delightful chapter at the end, on Cornish coast scenery, where the blending of the author's highly coloured style with simple details of adventure is very curious and picturesque.—Dr. Strong and Dr. Meyer have published a short treatise on the German language,‡ intended to supply a want among teachers and advanced students. It does not profess to be a work of originality, but is based upon Schleicher's "*Geschichte der deutschen Sprache*," and the publications of Paul, Wedewer, Kluge, and other philologists. In discussing the formation of a common German language the authors show clearly the difficulties arising from the Humanistic or Neo-Latin tendency,

* "*A Study of Dante*." By Susan E. Blow. With an Introduction by William T. Harris, LL.D. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "*Essays on Poetry and Poets*." By the Hon. Roden Noel. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

‡ "*A History of the German Language*." By H. A. Strong, M.A., LL.D., and Kuno Meyer, Ph.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

from the process of *Verwölschung*, or the constant introduction of non-German elements, and from the need of a metropolitan centre of culture in Germany to set the standard of a national *Schriftsprache*. Luther led reform by adopting a language drawn partly from that of the Saxon Chancery and partly from Middle German, and the work of purification was continued by Opitz, who tried to regenerate German poetry by the introduction of the Dutch law of *metric*. The era of Leibniz receives very scanty recognition in this book, and the effect of the sudden flood of national literature in the middle of the last century upon the unity of the German language is only alluded to in the most cursory manner. The volume contains very much that is of interest, especially in its examples of derivation, but it is far too hurried a sketch to be reasonably entitled a "History of the German Language."—The first volume of the "Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise" * deals, as the author says, "with a period of brilliancy, infatuation and magnificent splendour, whose dazzling brightness will furnish a contrast to the horrible gloom which succeeded it." It begins with a genealogy of the matrons of the Hapsburg line, who seem to have taken a traditional "pride in fecundity;" and proceeds through a long series of *fêtes* and firework triumphs, marred occasionally by a thunderstorm or a conflagration, in which the author, with fine discernment, perceives a presage of impending ruin. The story stops on the eve of the fatal Russian expedition, at which point in his career the author thinks that Napoleon resembled a balloon trying to penetrate beyond a zone which might not be passed "except on pain of death." The book is ridiculously fulsome in style, but it contains much that is entertaining, and a great deal of information now published for the first time. Amongst the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the writer has discovered the letters of the Emperor and Empress of Austria to Napoleon, and the dispatches of Count Otto, French Ambassador at Vienna. The next sketch will be entitled "Marie Louise and the Fall of the Empire," and the series will be complete in five volumes.—Mr. G. Caislake Thomson devotes two large octavo volumes to a most complete and instructive analysis of the political controversies and agitations that attended the last Government of Lord Beaconsfield. The author is right in recognizing the importance of those controversies, because they revived the old conflict between arbitrary authority and public opinion under new conditions, and constitute accordingly something like an epoch in constitutional development. Mr. Thomson's account of the discussions, both in Parliament and outside of it, is very full, and his examination of the constitutional questions involved is able and thoughtful.—If from the writing point of view "Reminiscences of an Attaché" † is invertebrate and scraggy, its substance, as relating to some of the most prominent figures of recent European history, can claim to be of rather unusual quality. The references are chiefly to persons and events immediately before the Franco-German war of 1870, and curiously fresh light is thrown on the political and social problems of that time, a diplomatic position in Paris giving opportunities of

* "The Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise." From the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand. London: Remington & Co.

† "Reminiscences of an Attaché." By Hubert B. H. Jerningham. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

special information. There are incidental subjects, such as meetings with literary men of the various countries, but the author is most at home in his own field. It is to be hoped that he will proceed further with his experiences. The public would appreciate much more detailed record than this interesting little volume imparts.—Scherer's "History of German Literature,"* perhaps the best work existing on the subject, has been brought within the reach of English readers by Mrs. F. C. Conybeare in an excellent translation, which has been edited by Professor Max Müller, whose name will be a sufficient guarantee for its quality. The history begins with the earliest times, and comes down to the death of Goethe; and the author having not merely scholarship, but decided gifts as a critic and a writer, his two volumes are a very satisfactory guide to the whole subject, neither meagre nor overloaded, and, while solid, readable.—Decorative embroidery being one of the hobbies of the hour, Lady M. Alford's "Needlework as an Art"† is a very seasonable publication, and will no doubt find many readers. The book seems big for the subject, but it discusses the history and archæology as well as the art of needlework, and, big though it be, it does not contain an uninteresting page. It is based on much solid reading and study, but is written in a sketchy and easy style, and conveys a great deal of useful instruction in an agreeable way.—Professor Blackie's two lectures on "What does History Teach?"‡ discuss, one the State, the other the Church, with a certain independent and well-instructed common-sense, and from the fruitful standpoint gained by looking at history in the light of modern analogies and at contemporary problems in the light of history. On the question of established or disestablished churches he takes up the position that both are better than either alone, because they provoke one another to good works.—Lady Caroline Kerrison publishes "A Commonplace Book of the Fifteenth Century,"§ from manuscript in her possession at Brome Hall, Suffolk. The commonplace-book contains a religious play and poetry, legal forms and local accounts, and is therefore of considerable interest in both literary and economic archæology. It has been edited, with explanatory notes, by the competent hand of Miss Toulmin Smith.

* Oxford: the Clarendon Press.

† London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ London: Macmillan & Co.

§ London: Trübner & Co.

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